

PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES.

Noted Statesmen who have Won and Lost Great Wagers.

Much gossip has grown out of the reports that several members of the Fifty-fourth Congress had mortgaged their salaries to make good bets lost at Washington gambling tables.

Col. Cola Martin, in commenting on this to a Washington correspondent, said it brought to his mind some of the statesmen with gambling propensities who served in Congress before and just after the war. 'The Statesman,' said Col. Martin, 'of today does not begin to compare with his brothers of ante bellum days in this respect. Back in the '40's and '50's, when Dave Prindle kept the leading faro bank, it was not an unusual thing to find a quorum of the United States Senate under his roof on an afternoon or evening.'

'Dave Prindle ran one of the most genteel and elaborate gambling establishments in the country on Pennsylvania avenue, between Four-and-a-half and Sixth streets. Thaddeus Stevens, Senators Green of Missouri, Rusk of Texas, Pierce of Maryland, Bob Toombs of Georgia, Lancy of Alabama, Hannegan of Indiana, and Corwin of Ohio, were among the most frequent habitués of Prindle's house. Others included Congressman Herbert of California, Gen. Jos McKibben of the same state, who acted as second for Broderick in the famous Broderick-Terry duel; Jim Lane of Kansas, Henry A. Wise of Virginia, Lawrence Keitt of South Carolina, Marshall of Kentucky, Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, Savage of Tennessee, Whitley of Delaware, and Edmonston of Virginia, besides dozens of others.'

'Prentiss strolled into Prindle's one day and remarked: 'Dave, I am lucky enough to-night to win the stars from heaven. Please don't limit me.'

'There is no limit for you, Mr. Prentiss,' said Prindle.

'Prentiss started in by making \$100 bets on a card. Luck was with him, and he began to increase his bets, and before closing up time he had beaten the bank out of \$20,000. Prentiss thought his luck would stay with him, and a few days after this winning, he returned to Mississippi where he ran up against a snag, losing \$200,000 in half a dozen plays.

'Senator Green, taken all around, however, probably went against the bank heavier than any other man in his set. One day he remarked to a group of Senatorial friends in the cloak room of the Senate that he was burning up with luck, and asked them to chip in \$1,000 each. He felt certain that if he were allowed to make the play Dave Prindle would turn his deal box upside down. A combination was then made to force an adjournment of the Senate, \$15,000 was put in the pool, and a dozen or so Senators walked into the bank in single file, headed by Green, all singing a verse, which they had composed on the way down, about 'ace to lose and king to win,' etc., and sung to the tune of 'The Arkansas Traveller.'

'Green started in with the \$15,000. He won the first bet. Then he began to play the ace and king, according to the song, ace to lose, and king to win, until the end of the deal, without winning another bet. On the next deal he kept to his combination, as he did on all succeeding deals, and it is an actual fact that he did not win more than three times before his \$15,000 went into the box. The other men in the combine with Green refused to stake him farther, but, still having faith in his combination, Green played \$5,000 more of his own money through and then quit the game.

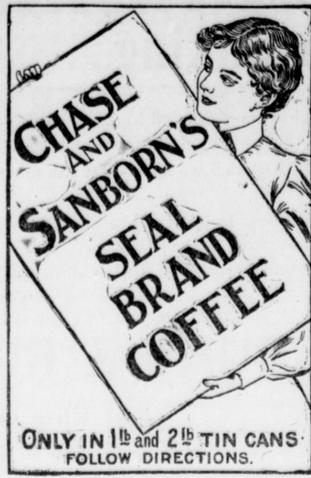
'Another celebrated Senatorial hangout at that time was that of Joe Hall. He never permitted a person to play against his bank unless he knew that the player could afford to lose. I recall once when a Southern planter, who had just disposed of a pack of slaves, realizing thereupon some \$30,000, came here by appointment to meet some Northern capitalists, who held a mortgage on his plantation. Failed with him one night, and with the entire proceeds of the slave sale in his pocket, the planter strolled into Hall's bank, and before morning had parted with the last penny of his \$30,000. Bankrupt, the planter became disconsolate, and talked of suicide so seriously that he won Hall's compassion. The planter explained to Hall that the money he had sunk was to be used in lifting the mortgage, and that his loss ruined him. After hearing the man's story Hall said, quick as a flash: 'I'll tell you what I'll do, friend. I'll return two-thirds of your money under one condition, and that is that you shall accompany me to a magistrate and take oath that you will never touch another card so long as you live.' The planter agreed, and, after he had taken the oath in Hall's presence, Joe handed him a bag containing \$20,000 in gold.

'In point of intellectual attainments,' continued Col. Martin 'the old-time gamblers were far ahead of the modern sports. They were for the most part well read and thoroughly educated men.'

Not she.

Kean—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?

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THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Jerusalem is Not Disillusionizing to the Western Visitor.

In The Century an article on 'The Miracle of the Greek Fire,' by Richard Watson Gilder, describes the scenes of Holy Week in Jerusalem. Mr. Gilder says: A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the stairway near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her Son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession in the Church of the Sepulcher. Then I went over to the Mount of Olives. Looking back from a field well up on the hillside, the whole city lay beneath—the temple area, with the great mosque in full view across the valley of Jehoshaphat. From here Jerusalem with its clear and stately outline of walls, the domes and minarets of the mosques, and the old towers and churches, has a singular completeness. Perhaps even in Solomon's time from the outside, though different, it was not more lovely. The warm gray of the stones of the city is the color of the unbleached wool of goats. The hills are darker, with a delicate bloom over them, spotted with gray olive orchards and melting in the distance into violet. It is indeed a city set upon a hill, isolated, distinguished. The picture realizes one's lifelong dream of the city of God.

The sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased and the air grew warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes. Perhaps it was heard that Christ wept over Jerusalem. Along or near this path he must have come on the day of his 'entry' on the first Palm Sunday, whose feast was being kept this very day through out all Christendom. There were no other travelers. A few Syrians passed by. I gathered some flowers by the wayside and turned again homeward.

You see that we did not find the Holy Land disillusioning. There are many things that confound the western mind. There are filth and degradation and superstition. But here are the same sky, the same landscape, the same dominating orient. The painter who knows the Holy Land best said to us in Jerusalem, "At times when I look at these fields and realize that this very picture was reflected in the eyes of Jesus I feel myself shiver." The Bible, no matter what one's theology or philosophy, here takes on a vitality and meaning beyond the power of conception hitherto. Are the places real? Jerusalem, all Syria, is real, and some of the 'sacred places' are unquestionable. But you do not have to be sure that the place is exact when you listen, with a new emotion, to the words of Jesus repeated by the French monk on Good Friday, and at that 'station of the cross' where Christ cried out, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.'

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

How He Got the First Recognition of His Services.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly after the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all flocked to the wharf, says Harper's Round Table, which relates the story, to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

'This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you return to New York with this boat?'

'We shall try to get back, sir.'

'Have you any objection to my returning with you?'

'If you wish to take the chances with us, sir, I have no objection.'

'What is the fare?'

After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, 'Six dollars.' And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

'Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case.'

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success, and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to fellowmen was the \$6 paid to him by his first passenger.

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A NOVEL LADDER.
An Heroic Action of a Janitor, Saved Many Lives.

A ladder is made to be walked on, but a human ladder is a novelty, and sometimes a grand novelty. Such a ladder came in to requisition in New York not very long ago. But after all, though the act was novel, the actor was but one in the long line of men and women who, in life's emergencies, are always on hand to exhibit that spirit of courageous self-forgetfulness which makes the looker-on feel that there is something grand left in humanity yet.

It was but the old story of a tenement-house on fire, and a small crowd of frightened escaping tenants. They came down the fire-escapes in desperate haste, before the firemen arrived upon the scene. But between the last rung of the ladder and the ground was a drop of ten feet.

The light, flimsy ladder swayed beneath the weight of the most venturesome tenant, who stood irresolute, frightened to take the big drop, and unable to return, for above was an ever-increasing weight of human beings pressing downward. It was a moment of peril, and it threatened to be one of catastrophe. But just then the janitor stepped forward, self-possessed and self-forgetful. Standing on the stoop he reached up and found that his arms could just grasp the end of the shaky ladder.

'Climb over me,' he cried, and stood his ground, holding on to the flimsy ladder, while men, and women and children scrambled over him to a place of safety. By means of that human ladder they all reached the ground.

HE LOOKED HONEST.
He Discriminated Against the Others in Favor of a Rogue.

An honest face, so called, is one part of a rogue's capital, a truth which is suggested anew by a story reported by the New York Herald from the lips of the district attorney of Kirg County:

I went to Poughkeepsie once with another lawyer and a detective in plain clothes, who was escorting a prisoner who was to be sentenced there. The prisoner was shackled to the detective. They sat in the seat ahead of that occupied by the other lawyer and myself.

The train stopped fifteen minutes at Poughkeepsie for lunch, and in order not to expose the manacled prisoner to a curious crowd, I suggested that we sit in the car for a few minutes after the train was stopped, allow the passengers to alight and go to the lunch-room, and then go quietly to a carriage which awaited us. The others agreed, and we sat still.

A nervous passenger who had ridden in the same car with us from New York, and who did not know that one of us was a condemned criminal, wished to get out for lunch, and thought it advisable to ask some one to keep an eye on his hand baggage in his absence.

He hesitated until he saw only four of us left. Then he approached and looked keenly at each of us in turn. After a close scrutiny of our countenances, he leaned over, tapped the prisoner on the shoulder, and said:

'Will you be good enough, sir, to keep an eye on my baggage while I get a bite to eat?'

MANY WOMEN DECEIVED.

At the present time many manufacturers of crude and adulterated package dyes are making lively efforts to induce the wholesale and retail druggists and grocers to buy their dyes.

These common dyes are quoted at such low prices that some profit-loving dealers are tempted to buy them. The profit-loving dealers then take care to sell these adulterated dyes to the inexperienced and careless at the same price as the popular and reliable Diamond Dyes are sold for.

This iniquitous and deceptive work has caused a vast amount of loss and trouble to many in Canada, and will continue as long as women are foolish enough to take anything that is offered them.

If home dyeing work is to be a successful and money-saving work, every woman should see that she gets the Diamond Dyes, as they are the only guaranteed package dyes in the world.

Warned.

A gentleman who spent last summer in the country with his family has two little boys, who one day wandered into a pasture in which a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer was grazing. Although no harm was done, the gentleman the next day received the following note from the owner of the bull:

Sir.—You better not let your little boys go into the pasture with my little creature for he is not a amiable bull creature and he might do considerable damage if he lost them twenty or thirty feet into the air which I would not be responsible for him not doing it he took a notion to, so please take notice and beware of the bull hereafter.

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DEAR SIRS,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair.
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