

Luck and Skill at Poker.

'Luck is such a queer thing,' said old man Greenhut, as he leaned his elbows on the bar and looked meditatively after a prosperous appearing man who had just strolled in with a friend, and after taking a drink had walked out, absently neglecting to pick up the change for the silver dollar he had thrown down in payment.

'There goes a man,' he continued, after musing a few moments, 'that was one of the unluckiest fellows that ever riffled a deck of cards for the first thirty five years or so that he was a meandering along the dusty highway of life. There didn't seem to be no kind of trouble handed out nowhere within a hundred mile of where Sam Sanger was but what he'd get there in time to take a good big hunk of it afore it was all gone. Then all of a sudden he drew the deuce of clubs, settin' into a game of poker one night, an the whole tide changed, right on the minute, an since then I don't reckon he's ever knowed what was to have things go agin him like they used to.'

'Now, I've heerd fellers say that there was more luck than anything else about poker, an' when I hear 'em say it I always feel like tellin' 'em that sich talk is sinful. There was a feller from up the river come and settled in Arkansas City some ten year ago that used to play poker on that principle and I must say, he done very at it for a time. 'Peared like he had all the luck there was some nights, an' other times he couldn't win a pot, no matter what cards he might hold. I've seen him win a hundred dollars on a pair of sevens, and I've seen him lose four hundred on all ace full. That ain't nothing very strange when it's took by itself of course, but the funny part of it was that them sevens come on one of his lucky nights when he win everything in sight, no matter how poor his cards was, and the ace full come one night when he didn't take in a pot.'

There ain't no denyin' but what there is such a thing as luck, and it does have a heap to do with the game of poker, but the man as plays luck against skill is goin' to lose in the long run. This here feller from up river, his name was Bill Dobson, used to say that if he only had luck it didn't make no difference to him who he was playing against, but he got come up with, very sick, one night when Jim Appley set into the game. Jim was just the other kind of player, he used to say 't he didn't care how good any man's luck might be, if he only had his regular turn at the deal.

'This here night Dobson, he'd been a winning right along for more than an hour when Appley come into the game. Appley he came in and looked on a while afore he offered to play. 'Peared like he was a watching how the other fellers all seemed to be losing their nerve against Dobson's luck, so they wasn't making no sort of play even when they had him beat, which wasn't often. After he'd looked for awhile, though, he spoke up sudden an' says he will take a little of it if there ain't no objections.

'Nobody made none, and he flashed a hundred right at the start. 'I see there's one man got that much in front of him,' he says, 'and I always likes to have as many chips on the table as any other man has. Just naturally there wasn't nobody made no objections to that, neither.

'They hadn't played long afore they all seed that Appley was playing a piking game too. 'Peared like he hadn't nerve to come in when anybody else opened the pot, or else he wasn't holding nothing, for about all he did for the first half hour was to ante when it came to his turn, an' chip in for all the jackpots without ever gettin' none of them.

'It wasn't like Appley to play that way, and I made up my mind that he was a laying for Dobson, and it looked to me as though there'd be some fun when he lit on him, which was more'n likely to be on his own deal.

'Sure enough it came. Dobson had been fillin' flushes in a most outrageous lucky way. 'Peared like he couldn't catch the wrong suit when he drew one card, so I reckoned he were likely to get a pretty good high flush on Appley's deal. Sure enough he did. It was a jackpot and it had been sweetened two or three times, no freely good dealing having been did till it came Appley's deal. Dobson sat on his right, so he had most the last say, and when he saw an ace, king, jack flush in his hand, pat, he opened it for the size of the pot, all the others but Appley having passed.

'Appley studied his hand for a long time afore he comes up. 'Peared like he was studying whether to raise or not, but finally he did raise it twenty Dobson having opened for twelve. Just naturally the other four laid down. None of them having openers it wasn't no time to be playing for monkey flushes or drawn to ace, king, against openers and a raise.

'After they had passed, Dobson made it twenty more to play, and Appley made good after another long study. He soon did look like a man that had a chanst for a good hand but was afraid to bank on it to no great extent. And Dobson, being a man as played on his luck always, and was having a particular good run that night, was cocksure of winning the pot.

'When Appley picked up the deck to serve the draw, he says 'How many?' and Dobson never says nothing but pushes up a stack of reds, being ten dollars, as the reds was fifty cents. And then Appley studied a while longer, and finally says, 'Well, I'll take one, an if it's a spade I reckon I'll have to raise you.' An he threw his one card face up on the table.

'Sure enough it were the nine of spades. Now, Dobson's flush was a spade flush, and him having, as I said, ace, king and jack, sure thought he had a cinch. It were as plain as anything that Appley was pulling for a spade flush and of course, Dobson's would be the best hand.

'He bugged hisself with delight when Appley pushed up all the chips he had in front of him, and counted up his own chips to match, as eager as a schoolboy. It reely seem almost too bad to see how slick he were caught when he were so sure of winning. But it were a good lesson to a man as relied in luck the way he did.

'On the showdown, Appley turned up a nine full, having raised, it seemed, on aces up. It were Dobson's finish for the evening. He had a few chips left, but it didn't take him long to play them in, for he never won nary a pot after that.

'Just naturally, I didn't say nothing to him about it, but I says to myself that he'd got about all that any man could expect that was ready to play his luck against real scientific play. There wasn't no better dealer in town, them days, than Jim Appley.

'Still, there is no denyin' that luck does count. That very case of Sam Sanger drawing that deuce of clubs showed it. As I were saying, he were the most unlucky player that ever come down the pike up to that night, and I have heard say that he were playing in the last five hundred he had in the world, that very time.

'They'd started a table stakes game that night and each man had put up two hundred, making twelve hundred on the table. The game had gone on for an hour or more and Sanger had chipped out the bulk of his'n when this here particular deal come. Appley were in this game, too, and so was Bassett and Jake Winterbottom. The other two was a couple of crossroads gamblers from up the State that had come, as fellers does, from time to time, to do up Arkansas City. Appley told me afterward that one of them, a cock-eyed man calling hisself Major Carson, was a particular slick dealer. How he come to give Sanger the hand he did Appley said was sure a disposition of Providence, and come from his not taking particular notice of the small cards.

'Anyhow, it appeared like Sanger must have had a bunch, for while this cock-eyed man were dealing an before he'd looked at his cards, he fingered his chips kind of anxiously, and findin' he had mighty little in front of him, he said kind of sudden, 'I declare three hundred in,' and at the same time pulled out the money from his pocket.

'Of course that were regular, and nobody said nothing him not having looked at his cards. If I were a jackpot an' Sanger, having first say, squeezed the cards down close and careful, and findin' no openers, he passed. He did notice, though, that he had four small clubs.

'The next man passed, and the cock-eyed man's pal, that sat next, opened it for the size of the pot. Bassett were next and he come in on three aces. He said afterward that he would have raised it, only he were struck with a sort of fool confidence in them aces and didn't want to frighten anybody out. Next come Appley and he passed. The cock eyed man stayed and Sanger raised it. It sure were a brash play, seeing the luck he were in, but he did it. Winterbottom passed and

the two strangers and Bassett all saw the raise. That made pretty near two hundred in the pot.

'When it came to the draw Sanger took one, of course, and it were the deuce of clubs. The opener took three and threw in a white chip, Bassett drew to the strength of his hand, but catching nothing found his three aces didn't look so big as they had at first. There was the dealer and Sanger to hear from yet, and he just chipped along waiting to see what there was doing.

'Peared like there were considerable. The dealer drew one card, and after looking at it careful he raised it fifty. I reckon he must have counted on a call from Bassett, for he likely knowed where the aces were, but it is not likely he was looking for Sanger to do nothing.

'But Sanger were as much surprised when he skinned his hand down again as the dealer were later on. He found he had six high, and the deuce of clubs had filled a straight flush. So he see the fifty and raised it his pile.

'The opener laid down of course, and Bassett found he had lost interest in his three aces after the second raise, so it were up to the dealer, and he were fair puzzled. It looked like he were studying the thing out for a minute or so, and finally concluded that Sanger was bluffing. Any way, he called, showing down a jack full, and Sanger of course, took the pot. And after that, as I said, he is always been lucky.

'It all goes to show that you can't tell nothing about luck till afterward. It will beat science all holler when it is good enough, and similar, science will beat luck when that's good enough. The best way to play poker, though, is to look out for the science first, and then wait for the luck to come.'

He Made Fool Bets.

The New Orleans 'Times-Democrat' tell of a florid man with a sample case who flourished a pen above the register of a mirror St. Charles street hotel and told the clerk to give him room No. 13. 'It taken,' answered the man behind the diamond stud. 'What? Is there another blank fool on earth?' mumbled the visitor, as he grasped his valise and made for the door. A reporter who had heard the request hurried after and sandbagged the stranger as he hit the sidewalk. 'Excuse me, sir, superstition of yours, I suppose, that thirteen business?' 'Young man,' answered the red faced individual, 'it's fool cure I am taking. I am in my third month of a six months' treatment. It is effective, and can recommend it to your freinds. Stay in this place and I'll tell you all about it. Two highballs here, Now, it is this way: I was born a tom-fool, and when I was a kid if anyone dared me to jump off the roof coalhouse I did it, even if it jolted me 'dotty' for a week. I was expelled from college for plugging 'Prex' with a snowball at the instigation of a 'coed', and when I spent half my time wheeling fellows around court house squares in barrows. I went with my wiskers one-half shaved off till my own family wouldn't speak to me to pay for my confidence in John L. Sullivan, and this spring I got thumped for trying to work the Buffalo hold-up on a man who couldn't see the joke. Then, to cap it all I made this thirteen bet with a fellow—idiot, and I have \$500 of my hard-earned lucre deposited in neutral hands in New York to guarantee that I sleep in only No. 13 hotel rooms during my six months' trip. If I had only agreed to tar and feather myself or eat a window glass every morning or wear one foot in a sling for a week it mightnot have been so bad, but six months of room No. 13 will hasten my death ten years.

In the first place half the hotels I find haven't any No. 13 at all, and when they do, they assign the disgraced number to some purblind apartment at the opposite end of the building from the elevator and fire-escape, mouldy, musty and used by chamber-maids as a storehouse for soiled sheets which it is too much trouble to carry downstairs. There is generally a horseshoe dangling from the gas jet, and the negro porter keeps his fingers crossed as he brings in your grip. I'll gamble that not 2 percent. of the callbells in Rooms 13 of the United States are in working order. In three cities the police were notified of my supposed mania, and in Atlanta I surprised a house detective comparing my features with those of a small photo, taken front view and side view, with specifications and aliases on the back with the name of one of the land's most notorious hotel workers. Then the man with whom I made the bet writes me on black-margined paper with a skull and crossbones in the corner, and addresses it in immense figures to Room 13.'

The most talked about people in the world—neighbors.

BORN.

Woodstock, Aug 23, to the wife of Geo. Sigkey, a son.
New Glasgow, Aug 29, to the wife of A. Dennis, a son.
Falmouth, Aug 26, to the wife of Harry Shaw, a son.
Woodstock, Aug 29, to the wife of Wm. Lilly, Jr. a son.
Bridgetown, Aug 24, to the wife of CL Piggott, a daughter.
Amherst, Aug 27, to the wife of J T Trenholm a daughter.
Campbellton, Aug 27, to the wife of Jas Shaw, a daughter.
Westport, Aug 21, to the wife of George Gower a daughter.
Westport, Aug 20, to the wife of Ernest Peters, a daughter.
Baker's Settlement, Aug 27, to the wife of Robert Baker, a daughter.
LaHave Branch, Aug 20, to the wife of Albert Crouse, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Jamaica Plains, Charles Snow to Bertha Arbing.
Springfield, Aug 28, Wm Essory to Mary Bagnall.
Boston, Mass, Oliver Tupper to Nellie McCarthy.
Sussex, Aug 29, E M Brewster to Minnie A Blake.
Glassville, Aug 27, George Allen to Eden Young.
Long Settlement, William Duffield to Sarah H Toms.
Milton, Aug 28, Samuel Tupper to Carrie May Wolfe.
Digby, Aug 23, Jacob Whitehouse to Florence Lewis.
Little Shemogue, Aug 21, Walter Monk to Matilda Baker.
Kentville, Aug 26, Perry Bishop to Viola Mary East.
East Sable River, Aug 26, Atwood Pierce to Lena Pierce.
Brooklyn, N Y, Aug 27, Robie Gardner to Mattie Carter.
Souris, Aug 27, Michael Macdonald to Velanda Paquet.
Halifax, Aug 27, Alexander McKay to Emma Yeman.
Charlottetown, Aug 28, Ivo Macdonald to Lily Rattray.
Freetown, Aug 28, Andrew W Humphrey to Annie Jardine.
Georgetown, Aug 28, Daniel Sencobaught to Matilda Graham.
New Glasgow, Aug 28, W O Rose to Brownell Crawford.
Berwick, Aug 28, Clifford Lee Martin to Lena E Middlemas.
Shubenacadie, Aug 28, Jessie Gordon to John A Kirkpatrick.
Campbellton, Aug 27, Napoleon LaCouture to Maggie Allard.
Charlottetown, Aug 21, Simon Murchison to Miss Ella Macdonald.

DIED.

Halifax, Aug 30, Charles Crean.
Harvey Bank, Daniel Bishop, 67.
Halifax, Aug 30, Peter Connors, 84.
Moncton, Aug 29, Joshua Ward, 45.
Summerside, Aug 29, Isabella Shea, 90.
Morell Rear, Aug 17, James Phelan, 77.
Clifton, Aug 29, Nancy C Hamilton, 82.
Dundas, Sept 1, Mrs Hugh Maclean, 25.
St Peter's Bay, 23, Hilary MacIsaac, 83.
Clifton, Aug 26, J Edward Fiewelling, 85.
Green Hill, Aug 24, Frank C Barron, 46.
Miscouche, Aug 23, Catherine Macneil, 68.
New London, Aug 24, George Cannon, 101.
Carleton Co, Aug 17, Brundage A Chase, 28.
Baldwin's Lot, Aug 26, Thomas Corcoran, 84.
Westchester, Aug 28, Hiram F Halliday, 66.
New Glasgow, Aug 28, Thomas McC Smith, 80.
Dutch Settlement, Aug 22, Mary C wife of Isaac Isenor.
Liverpool, Aug 28, Catharine, wife of Harry Anderson.
Moncton, Aug 24, Enith Maud, wife of James W Pitfield.
Murray Harbor North, Aug 10, Evelyn Macdonald, 12.
Newtonville, Aug 26, Ernest, child of Mr and Mrs Fred Caldwell, 1.
Brighton, Aug 27, Elizabeth, wife of the late William Hayward, 95.
Amherst, Aug 31, infant son of Mr and Mrs H Steeves, 5 months.
Hortonville, Aug 29, Bessie, daughter of Mr and Mrs Frederick Yorke.
Moncton, Aug 29, Agnes M infant child of Mr and Mrs W N Bovard, 2.
Truro, Aug 23, Levi Lockard, infant son of Mr and Mrs J J Johnson, 6 months.

Quelling a Panic.

The New York Mail and express tells how a woman's self-control and sense averted serious disaster.

A street-car caught on fire in the tunnel above Thirty-fourth Street. The car was crowded. A puff of smoke came up from somewhere about the wheels at the forward end, and three women in the second seat leaped in horror to their feet. A man rose and called to the conductor in a sharp tone:

'Can't you see your car is on fire?'

A girl with a big bunelle in the second seat tried to fling herself off the car against the stone wall. The conductor began calling:

'Keep your seats! Don't be alarmed! You can't get out until you get to Thirty-fourth Street!'

Then a lady in the front seat turned and put her hand on that of the girl with the bunelle, who was quivering and trembling in every nerve and muscle.

'We are safe! The conductor would not take us on if there was anything else to do,' she said in a clear, gentle voice of authority, smiling into the girl's dazed eyes. 'We are safe!'

The girl calmed down like a baby at its mother's touch; the other passengers harkened to the conductor's command to sit down, and obeyed like children.

When the car got out of the tunnel and was vacated, the lady disappeared in the direction of Fifth Avenue. She had undoubtedly quelled a panic and saved life.

But the gown doesn't fit, insisted the patron.

That replied the modists calmly, is because you are not made right.

Tried and Convicted, Too.

Politics in the West, even more than in the East, says the author of 'Life and Sport in California,' is a profession. I remember two men who were candidates for the office of district attorney. One had served before; the other was a young man conducting his first campaign.

The veteran was speaking in a small town, and after setting forth his own claims he spoke as follows of his opponent:

'I understand that Mr. X. is in every sense a worthy and honorable man, but I ask you to remember that he has never been tried.'

'That's so!' exclaimed a voice. 'You've been tried old man, haven't you? And convicted, too, you know!'

After due inquiry it appeared that the veteran had been, indeed indicted for horse-stealing, and convicted. He was not elected.

Japanese Caution.

Among the characteristics of the Japanese an American at once notices their love for children. It is doubtful if any Japanese child ever got a whipping.

An American woman who became acquainted with a Japanese matron noticed that she allowed her little children to ramble through the streets at will, and one day commented on it.

'Why,' said the Japanese lady, 'what harm can come of it? Our children never quarrel, and no grown person would harm a child.'

'But,' said the American, 'the child might get lost.'

'That would make no trouble,' was the smiling reply. And then she showed how in little children's apparel there were inserted cards containing their name and address, and explaining that should they stray any person finding them will first give them a full meal and then bring them home.

Sure Proof.

When France and Germany were at war, an Englishman was arrested by the French and accused of being a German spy. A letter dated 'Berlin' and signed by his mother, was found upon him. He was tried by drumhead court martial, and condemned to be shot.

On the way to the place of execution, he said that he had left something behind, and insisted on going back for it.

'You can't go back,' was the reply.

'You are about to be shot.'

'I can't help that, said he. 'I have left something, and I must get it.'

'What have you left?'

'My umbrella.'

That settled it. He was released. No one but an Englishman, said his captors, could be such a thorough going imbecile as that.

A Way out of the Difficulty.

A little diplomacy is necessary in handling every kind of people, as is evidenced by this testimony from the Montreal Star:

A woman member of a fashionable church had gone to her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

'Do you know,' she said, 'that the man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing? Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?'

'Well,' answered the pastor, reflectively, 'I feel a little delicacy on that score, especially as I should have to give a reason. But I tell you what I might do—I might ask him to join the choir.'

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....	5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....	7.00
Suburban express for Rothesay.....	11.05
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....	11.50
Express for Sussex.....	12.30
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	17.45
Express for Halifax and Montreal.....	19.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....	22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....	13.03

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.00
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	7.15
Express from Sussex.....	8.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay.....	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	17.00
Express from Halifax.....	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....	14.15

*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
71st St. John, N.B.