

Etiquette of Cold Feet.

'Some rainy afternoon, when I've got nothing to do but sit indoors and wait for people to come and hand me money, I'm going to write a treatise to be entitled 'Poker Cold Feet, from a Pathological and Psychological Point of View,' said 'Doc' Ladd of the Cherokee Nation at an uptown hotel the other night. 'Not that I cherish the belief that the grisly symptoms of cold feet in poker are not fully apprehended by the whole community of poker players; but it seems to me that the nature and character of cold feet in poker, together with some general tips as to how and when to get the same, and perhaps a map of the United States showing by shaded sections those parts of the country where it isn't healthful for a man who's a big winner suddenly to acquire a case of frigid pedals in a game of draw, would be a good thing, and that it ought to sell pretty well. We're all subject to sudden attacks of trappe underpinnings when we're 'way to the good in a game of draw, but all of us don't just exactly know how to get away with the proposition. The work of some of us when we get that way is pretty coarse: we're not convincing enough to make it stick; and it occasionally happens that we have real difficulty, or embarrassment at the least, in breaking out into the open with the goods on us. That's why I think a brochure on the subject ought to make a hit.

'I once sat in a game with three sheep men out in Idaho. I didn't know any of them very well. From the beginning of the soiree I couldn't lose. I was due to take the midnight train on the U. P. for a town in Oregon, but I hadn't said anything about that before sitting in the game. And when I went right out and got their money in gobs, I didn't feel that it would be exactly dead wise on my part to mention it. At 11 o'clock, after three hours' play, I had \$1,850 of their money, and still going easy, yanking down three pots out of five. In another hour I had to make that train, and I knew that I could never do it with all that gilt of those sheep men on me. Said I to myself, 'Five hundred's a good enough winning; so I'll just slough off all but \$500 of this bunch, and by that time it'll be midnight, and I can do a sudden cash-in, and maybe they'll let me go away with it.'

'So I began to bluff 'em out of their boots. I raised it before the draw and stood pat on king high, and they cursed and laid down; I drew to three—card flushes and filled 'em; I'd hold out a dead one to a pair, and draw two more just like the dead one; and it seemed to be simply impossible for me to push any portion of that \$1,850 over to them. On the contrary inside of another half hour I was \$600 more to the good of them, making me, \$2,450 winner. I knew that I couldn't get away with all that—not with sheep men on the other side of the table; and I didn't want 'em to render me porous and leaky with the forty-five that they had strapped in plain view around their waists. Neither did I want to do any backing and filling and crawling. I'd got their money on the level, and it was mine; and if I couldn't lose it back to them decently and in order at the same game at which I'd got it away from them, then it was up to me to do something else. The tempers of the three sheep men were pretty craggy by this time, and I didn't know what to expect of them; but ten minutes before the train was due, just after I'd hauled in another jackpot worth \$150, I pushed back my chair, stretched my arms, yawned quite cavernously and got up.

'My friends,' said I, hanging on tight so as not to permit my voice to tremble, 'this concludes my portion of the entertainment. 'They all leaned back in their chairs and looked up at me, and they looked darned ugly, at that.

'The devil you say?' said one of them. 'Yes,' said I, still fighting that tendency of my voice to wobble on critical occasions 'this is where I pass out. I'm going to—'

'Feel a draft on your feet, yeh?' said the ugliest of the sheep men, surveying me sardonically. 'Subject to chilblains, are you? Look a here, podner, that may go all right down in the Cherokee country, but up this way such conduct is viewed with distavor, if not with suspicion; and, anyhow, you're not well acquainted enough around this neck o' sage brush to do a jack rattle scramble of that sort. You've got to know—'

'I cleared my throat loudly, took a grip on the back chair, and cut in right there. 'I'm up against it, in a way,' I said, and

I don't think there was a quaver in my pipes then, on account of my neglectfulness. I neglected to state, when I sat into this game, that I'm booked for the west-bound train that creeps in here at midnight consequently, in accordance with the poker code that's lived up to in this section, it's probably not up to me to make that announcement now, when I'm way to the good and expect to hike with my winnings. It's coming to me to state, however, that I'm a square man, and that I got this bunch in strictly on the level play. But the business that I'm embarking on this midnight train for is of a whole lot more importance to me than any poker winnings and I'm not trying to butt the hinges off any unwritten poker rules or notions that may prevail up this way. Therefore, for the sake of being agreeable, I'll just cash in the hundred dollars' worth of chips that I bought when I sat in, and you gentlemen may make whatever division of my winnings that best suits you.'

'The three sheep men listened attentively to that spiel. It was the only way I knew to get out of the predicament. As I tell it now, it may look as if I showed the milk white plume; but they were three against one, and I never went a hunting for that kind of bother. When I got through they looked at each other. Then they all got up.

'Cash in your hundred, nothing,' said the ugliest of the three, looking me straight in the eye, and right then I figured that when the shooting began it would be best for me to drop suddenly to the floor and try to crawl to one of the windows. 'You don't cash in no hundred here. You cash in every damned chip in your stack, and you get away with it, too. We ain't no hogs out this-a-way, and we don't do the baby act when the game doesn't run our way—not out here in Idaho, we don't, and when a man hands me, for one, a proper talk like that one you've just put up, he gets all that's a-coming to him, and no trouble to follow. You cash in and you take a drink with us, and we'll put you on the train, and if you ever happen back this-a-way, it's all right. That's me.'

'Same here,' said the other two in chorus. 'That's how I got out of Idaho with \$2,600 of three sheep men's money, when the best I was looking for was a chance to jump out of the window and take the ash along with me. But I was just lucky enough to be up against three square men, and I've seen an exactly similar situation come out altogether differently. This happened in Tucson, about eight years ago. George McAlpin, an ex soldier of the cavalry, regular army, was the man who got the cold feet. McAlpine had cleaned up all the money drawn from the government by three troops of cavalry during his five year enlistment, and when he got his discharge he was several thousand dollars to the good, so that he didn't want any more soldiering in his'n. He played cards around Arizona and New Mexico played square when the people on the other side of the table were doing the same, and phony when he knew that he was in that kind of a game. On this occasion McAlpin, who was a big, sinewy, courageous man, got into a game in a small room over a Tucson saloon with three California prospectors who had struck a silver lode in old Mexico, and who were in Tucson enjoying themselves. I looked on at the game, along with four or five other chaps who didn't feel like playing McAlpine knew that he was with men that didn't manipulate the deck themselves nor stand for anybody else doing it, and he played fair. But the way he got the money of those silver men was a caution. He didn't have to bluff. He got the cards. He was over \$3,000 ahead of the game after two hours' play, and still winning. He shoved over all but one stack of chips then, saying to the banker:

'Just turn some of this junk into gilt. It obstructs my view. 'The banker cashed the checks, and then McAlpin shoved the remaining stack in front of him into a jackpot and lost. He got up. 'I've got a date with myself at a honk-tonk down the way a bit,' he said. 'The three prospectors became fierce all together. They knew that McAlpin was a professional gambler, and they weren't altogether sure that he had got their money on the square. At any rate they didn't intend to permit him to get a sudden case of the polar props when he was into them over a thousand each, and the shank of the evening not yet arrived, and their hands went right straight back to where their

guns protruded.

'Then McAlpin did precisely what this detective fellow Sherlock Holmes does in the play when he's collared in that gruesome gas cellar. He had his hand on the back of his chair. The light was furnished by a coal-oil lamp in the middle of the poker table. McAlpin gave the chair a lightning swing, and down it came on the lamp. After the crash the room was black dark, and it's a miracle that some of us weren't punctured in the shooting that followed. McAlpin was wise. The three prospectors figured that he'd take the door, and they shot in that direction. But he took the window for his, dropped fifteen feet to the ground, and was off and away before a match could be struck. It was sudden work, but McAlpin was a sudden man. When Tucson heard the story Tucson notified the three prospectors that the town didn't feel like extending hospitality to people who couldn't stand for little poker losses without gunplays that put the place in jeopardy of being burnt up, and they took themselves back to their lode in old Mexico.

'I have also known of some occasions when the desire of a man who was a good winner to quit the game was improperly diagnosed by the other players as a case of cold feet. I sat into a four-handed game in a hotel room in Denver one night a few years ago. I knew two of the players, but the other one was a stranger to all three of us. We'd been introduced to him by somebody or other in the corridor of the hotel, and when we said we were going upstairs to have a little draw fun he asked to be allowed to butt in. He was a guileless sort of a young fellow, and was the manager of a big wholesale grocery in Denver. For all the young man's guilelessness, he was an almighty good poker player, and he had us all the run from the first jump. He went right out in the lead, and won steadily. We hadn't started the game until after midnight, and before we knew it the light of dawn began to sneak in at the window, and the young man who managed the wholesale grocery had stuck us each up for something like \$500. When we saw the daylight creeping in, he announced that it was pretty near all off as far as he was concerned, but we jollied him out of that notion, and he played on, winning right along. At 9 o'clock in the morning he gave a quick look at his watch pushed back his chair, and said that he guessed he'd cash.

'Quite without justification, we all three set up the cold feet wail. 'You won't do,' we said to him. 'You're a quarter horse, and you can't go the distance. Can't you interview your chiropodist about those cold feet later on in the day? Here it is just just—'

'The young man gazed at us helplessly, and then he broke out with: 'Damn it all, I'm going to be married at 11 o'clock this morning, and I've got to go home and jump into my duds haven't I? 'Of course we had to apologize for accusing him of being a victim of frozen lower extremities, and I guess he started to housekeep with that \$1,500 he took away from us.

'On another occasion I felt resentment in my soul over the desire of a man to quit a wholesale winner and was just about to suggest the hot water cure for his pedals when I was tipped off to the situation in the nick of time. I got into a game with a Sheriff I knew in a little town in Southwestern Colorado, and after we were well under way a dark skinned chap, with a lot of Mexican in him, stuck his head in at the door of the Sheriff's office, inside the jail, where we were playing.

'Come on in, Jim,' said the Sheriff. 'Want to break into this?'

'The man the sheriff addressed as Jim didn't mind, and he went out for a minute and returned with a sizable sack filled with gold coins. He bought a hundred dollars worth, and the cards began to filter his way for the go-off. I was sorry the sheriff had invited the chap in before an hour was over, for he had more than \$200 of my pieces of eight, and it didn't look like Jim knew how to loose at poker—anyway, he or we played it. He got into the sheriff just as hard as he did me, and the longer we played the more he won. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Jim looked up at the clock and said that he guessed he'd pass out—that he had a few letters to write. I felt like being real rude to Jim, and I was just about to tell him that 2 o'clock was a pretty untoward hour for a man to pry himself loose from a game in which he was such a big winner, when the sheriff gave me a kick on the leg under the table. So I didn't say anything while Jim cashed in, and when he took me by the hand and bade me good by with quite a whole lot more fervor than seemed to be called for under the circumstances, I wondered a heap just what kind of a proposition Jim was, anyhow. He packed his winnings into the bag he'd brought into the room and went out.

'Huh!' said I to my friend the sheriff, 'you took that good and easy, pal, didn't you? It's a wonder you wouldn't let out one roar, any-much of your good dough in his gunnysack.'

'My friend the sheriff spat at the stove, and grinned dreamily.

'Well, maybe I would ha', said he, 'on'y I'm goin' to nang Jim at halfpast 7 this mornin' and I guess he wants to git ready for his little parade across the border.'

'Jim was hanged on schedule time, all right and as he swung into the circumambient I couldn't help but feel sort o' guilty for thinking that he'd had cold feet when he drew out of that game.'

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The Author of "Spartacus."

One who had visited any school on any 'declamation day' anywhere between the years 1860 and 1880, would have been reasonably certain to hear two 'pieces' spoken. Millicent Jane Hopkins, the girl who was just approaching the sentimental age, would have purred and twittered her way through 'The Death of the Flower.' John Henry Richardson—who was less impressive than he should have been because his voice had begun to change—bellowed in bass and lamented in treble, and fitted eloquent gestures to the 'Supposed Speech of Spartacus to the Gladiators.'

Possibly this declamation—which the maturer judgment of manhood approves as a sincere and forcible production—began its surprising vogue earlier than 1860. When questioned on that point the author, the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg, used to smile and shake his head. He did not quite like to talk about it, or about that other school-boys' standby, the 'Supposed Speech of Regulus to the Carthaginians,' of which he was also the author. Modest man though he was, he knew he had accomplished greater things.

His father was a Congregational minister in Maine—a man of keen wit and independent spirit, who ruled his people with a rod of iron and was respected and beloved by them. Elijah, the son, was born in Portland, Maine, May 20, 1813; followed the sea, as a youth, for several years; was graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 1840, and from Andover Theological seminary three years later; and in 1844 became the pastor of the Congregational church at Harpswell, Maine.

The town of Harpswell is said to have more seacoast than any state on the Atlantic coast except the state of Maine itself, and Mr. Kellogg, who loved the sea and the sailor, felt very much at home. He pursued a pleasure as well as a duty, therefore, when in 1855 he went to a wider field, as chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend society, a ministry to sailors, like that of Father Taylor.

And in his Boston Bethel he labored happily and successfully until in 1866 the call to use his pen as well as his voice had become too strong to be resisted. Then he returned to his old church in Harpswell, and there he remained until his death on March 17, 1801, at the age of eighty seven.

Probably nobody knows how many thousand copies have been sold of the stories Mr. Kellogg wrote about the Elm Island boys—Elm Island is near Harpswell—and about Bowdoin, his alma mater. His books number thirty or more, most of them dealing with 'down east' life, many of them with its pioneer phases. They are natural, simple, wholesome stories, and they deserve the honorable place they hold as favorites of two generations of American boys.

It was a good deal of an event in the Portland churches when Mr. Kellogg could be lured to the city for a Sunday. Bowdoin boys liked to go over from Brunswick to hear his sermons, and summer residents at Harpswell were very fond of him. His talents qualified him to fill a larger place in the world than that which he occupied seemed to be. But the modest man was modestly content, and the boys whom he loved, and for whom he labored, may take him as an ideal type of the sincere, unassuming, thoughtful and helpful gentleman.

Many Uses Of Salt.

Salt is such a common article in the household that many of us do not sufficiently appreciate its high medicinal value. Many and various things are the remedial uses to which it is put.

As a dentifrice common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water.

Warm salt and water held in the mouth will sometimes banish toothache and at least make affliction tighter.

Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth will often give relief when other means have failed.

To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part.

A bag of salt applied hot to the feet or any portion of the body is better for giving and keeping warmth than is the conventional brick or hot water bottle.

Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time.

An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone if taken in time, gargling every hour or every half hour, as the need warrants.

A flannel cloth wrung out of salt water is also an excellent remedy for simple sore throat.

Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic. As an antidote for the poison of silver nitrate or lunar caustic give salt and water freely.

For poisoning by alcohol an emetic of warm salt and water should be given and repeated often.

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Teacher—New, Willie, just own up and tell me who broke that window.

Willie—I cannot tell a lie, I never.

Teacher—Who did it, then?

Willie (with an inspiration)—Sir, it would be dishonorable in me to tell tales of my young companion. (Aside.) And also Tom can lick me.

Teacher—Nobly said. I will not ask you to reveal me his name. You may return to your youthful gambols, and a by the way, tell the boy who broke the window I want to see him.

Willie—Yes, sir.

And Willie wonders how the teacher found out that Thomas was the guilty person, and whaled him without further enquiry.

Corn Sowing

Is a process excused by vanity, backed up by good tight boots—you may lack the vanity but you have the good tight boots—you may wear any size boots you please up to three sizes too small, if you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists sell it.