

Desperate Gamblers.

The group was sitting in the smoking room of an uptown hotel and the talk had turned upon a stiff game of poker played the night before. Every one had a high play story to tell. Finally the old Indian fighter, who won his title of Colonel before he left active service behind him, took his cigar from his mouth and plunged into the conversation.

"You may talk about your dead game sports and your nervy gamblers," he said in a quick, crackling voice that sounded like rifle fire, "but you don't know anything about the gambler, mania unless you have lived among Indians. I believe they are born with the gambling fever raging in their blood. They'll bet on anything; they'll play anything; they'll risk anything. I've seen a whole village stark, staring mad over play. What is more, I've known a whole village to be lost at play—houses, horses, cattle, wives, everything of value the place held.

Indian gambling isn't what it used to be. The Government has imposed restrictions that hold the vice within limits but the passion is there just the same, and in most of the tribes the Indians would rather play the poker or monte than do anything else in the world.

They are good losers, Ill say that for them. I've seen them lose everything they owned in the world without making a sign, and go away unusually cheerful. They seemed to think they had had their money's worth of fun.

Once upon North three Indians from a settlement twenty miles away came into our village and went up against three Hurons at platter. They played all night and half of the next day. The visitors got rid of everything portable they had except their clothes, and finally they put up their beaded leggings. The leggings were added to the home players' pile, and the three losers went home barelegged through three feet of snow, but in the best of spirits.

Out among the Iroquois, one night, a young brave played hubbub until he lost four horses, all his money, his gun and knives and blankets and provisions and his two wives. Then he started in on his ornaments and got down to his clothes and never stopped playing until he stood as naked as when he came into the world.

He didn't want to let up then. He offered to stake himself, to play for his servitude for a certain length of time. That wasn't an unusual thing among Indian gamblers in the old days; but this young Iroquois opponent wouldn't have it, so the game had to stop.

"What's hubbub," asked one of the listeners, as the Colonel stopped to nurse his cigar.

"Oh it's a dice game. The whites taught the Indians to use cards, and poker and monte are the great games now on the reservations but the whites didn't teach the Indians to gamble. The Indians knew all about that, long before they ever saw a white face. Each tribe has its own game and they use a good many of them yet.

They are all variations of the bone games or straw games. The northern Indians went in for platter. They took a wooden bowl and put dice in it, usually six dice were made of bone, colored differently on the two opposite sides.

A crowd lined up, two lines facing each other, and the two sides elected casters or throwers. Some Indians had crack reputations as casters. They were supposed to own very powerful fetiches, or have some sort of magic power over the dice.

A caster took the bowl, thumped it on the ground till the dice jumped and then twirled it fast so that the dice went spinning around. Everybody set up a howl of invocation and charm. "Come seven, come seven," isn't it in it with a platter exhortation.

When the bowl stopped twirling the side whose color was shown most in the dice won. The system of counting points varied. Sometimes it was tremendously complicated. I've known a crowd of Indians, to stick at a platter game for a week at a stretch.

Hubbub was a dice game, too, but the dice were thrown from hand, more in crap fashion, and everybody yelled "Hub, hub, hub," all the time. You could hear a hubbub game half a mile off.

The women were great on hubbub too. The squaws were as daft over gambling as the men were, in many of the tribes, but they never had much money to lose, so they had to play a low limit.

Ten-cent monte is the sq w's game in the Southwest, and penny ante poker suits the Northern squaws, but the braves are plungers.

Out in Oregon the Indians play with marked beaver teeth or muskrat teeth instead of bone dice, and the Dakotas used to use plum stones. The Utes liked to line up as if they were going to play platter but, instead, the couples facing each other played together on their own hook, throwing hand dice.

The Nez Percés were gamblers from way back. They wouldn't stop at anything. Family or group gambling was a specialty with them, family against family you know, and they didn't stick at gambling themselves into slavery.

There are other bone games besides the dice games. The Chinooks and Chilkats favorite game was to take two small bones one marked and one unmarked, shuffe them in the hands, and then let the opponent guess under which finger and in which hand the marked bone was.

Almost all the tribes had some game of that sort and they'd play the foolish simple game by the day and go wild over it. They are just natural born gamblers. That's a fact. They'll bet on anything. They'll put up their last cent on a horse race or foot race, and they'll bet on tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, arrow shooting—anything that has an element of chance in it.

They cheat like the devil, too. It isn't a disgrace. To be able to cheat successfully is a feather in an Indians cap, an honor. To be caught cheating isn't in the least disgraceful form a moral point of view, but an Indian's ashamed of it because it marks him as stupid and bungling.

In my day an Indian was as proud of being a great gambler as of being a great warrior. Some of the Indians played on the square, though.

There was Quelpah. His honesty was a proverb. There was a saying When one plays with Quelpah, the game is honest and the limit is what one wills. He was a professional gambler, a solemn, thin, cadaverous cuss who seldom spoke and never smiled.

I knew him once, but I never played with him. He was still travelling ten years ago, but he may be dead now. There were a good many professional Indian gamblers in my day, but there are few now. The Mexicans fill the role. Mexican gamblers go out on regular tours, through the Sierra country and go back to Mexican towns loaded down with Indian money.

Quelpah used to travel with two other Indians as a body guard, villainous looking Apaches they were, with big scragging records. You see he made enemies and he coined money, so he did not care to travel alone. The Indians in the village always knew when he was coming and saved up money for weeks to play with him.

Then one day he would come riding in on a scrubby pony, down on his back on the ground, and he would sit in it and take out his money bags. The Apaches sat, one on each side of him. All the Indians crowded around him, wild to play. He gave them all a chance. He never left until he had cleaned the village out thoroughly.

Then he rode away. No one bore him a grudge. They were all ready to welcome him when he came again. There were all sorts of crazy rumors about a wonderful fetich he had.

You see, every Indian has unbounded belief in luck. He believes implicitly in his fetich. That is the reason he is not afraid to plunge. He has full faith in his own charmed sailman, if it fails him once, that is only because it runs up against a more powerful charm. It will make him win out next time.

The Crees have a stick game that was always too much for my mathematics. They take an odd number of little sticks, say 51 or 101. One player holds a sharp bone in his hand and divides the sticks into two piles; the odd number wins.

They do it like lightning. They don't seem to have to count. Then, again, the sticks have different lengths and values, and the calculation beats any higher trigonometry you ever saw, but those stupid Crees can do it like a shot.

The most dramatic of the stick and bone-games is one that is more or less common all through the tribes. Two lines of players face each other. Two chiefs are chosen. One chief takes the bone. He goes through all sorts of weird movements and contortions and gesticulations, passes the bone from one hand to another, &c.

He passes or pretends to pass it to the Indian next him, who goes through the same sort of performance. The whole side is soon swaying and mouthing and gesticulating and grunting, using every dramatic trick to hide where the bone really is. It's worth seeing.

If one of the opposing side thinks he can place the bone or straw he tries it. The hand he points at is held out. If it holds the bone the gusser's side scores. If it is empty, the gusser's side loses.

Down on the Ute agency, years ago all the men of a village played that bone game, with a band of Navajos, and lost the whole village to the visitors; didn't save a scrap of anything. The Utes swept on a raid, though, and evened things up.

Whenever any of the reservation lands are opened up and the Government pays the Indians for the land, there are high old times among the Indian gamblers. I remember when the Cherokee Strip was opened, the Indians known there held a regular gambling festival. Everybody played. There were ten Indians in one place who got their \$700 apiece one day and sat down to play bones, five on a side. They played for fourteen hours straight. Then the game broke up. Five Indians had \$1,400 apiece. The other five didn't have a copper cent.

Don't talk to me about your gamblers down here. The Indians are the real thing.

A Teacher's Worries.

FREQUENTLY RESULT IN A BREAKDOWN IN HEALTH.

Headaches, Backaches, Dizziness, Poor Appetite and Lassitude are Our enemies—How to Avert These Troubles. From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Only those engaged in the teaching profession realize how much care, worry and perplexity is met with daily. It is therefore little wonder that there are so many health breakdowns, especially among young ladies who follow this calling. Miss Christine Pare, of Ojibway, Ont., is one who has suffered much in this respect. To a reporter of the Windsor Review, Miss Pare said: "For several years, while teaching school, I was continually troubled with headaches, dizziness and a weak back. I tried several doctors and medicines, but got no relief. I could scarcely run down that I thought possibly a change of employment would give me relief. I gave up my school and tried other duties, but the result was disappointing as the trouble seemed to have taken a firm hold upon me. The headaches grew more and more severe, my appetite failed me and I was frequently compelled to take a rest in order to overcome dizziness. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try a box, and before they were all used I found much relief. I continued taking the pills for some time longer, every day gaining new health and strength, and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am never bothered with the old troubles. You may say therefore that there is nothing I can recommend so highly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Young girls who are pale and weak, who suffer from backaches, headaches, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms that overcome so many in early womanhood, will find a certain and speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and give new life and vigor to the whole body. The genuine bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MR. KINLEY'S HYMNS. The Sale of These Greatly Increased Since His Death. "Our sales of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' said the head of the wholesale department of a big music publishing house, were more than trebled as a result of the increased demand for it following President McKinley's death, and our sales of 'Lead Kindly Light,' increased in even greater proportion, this being due to some special causes.

"Both these hymns are to be found in many hymnbooks, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' in almost every hymnbook; and both are published in sheet music and in octavo form. 'Lead Kindly Light' is published also in various arrangements, for mixed and for male voices by a number of different composers. The greater demand for 'Lead Kindly Light,' was due to the fact that it was a little less commonly found in the books, and to the calls for the different arrangements of it.

"Both these hymns are orders, regular sellers; but now we get orders for them from all over the country at once, from the West and South and all parts; and here in the city, in our sacred music department, the demands for them were so numerous that they are now kept, not, as



Easier Work
Pleasanter, quicker, healthier—with PEARLINE.
What worse for throat and lungs than long working over heated steam from a bushy? Here is the simple, sensible, way: soak the clothes in Pearline; then wash them out. No heavy ironing on washboard. Save time, save clothes, wear, and keep your health.

commonly, on the shelves, to be taken down when customers called for them, but on the counter where they were convenient of access.

"And with the greatly increased demand for these two hymns there came also, from city and country too, an increased demand for other music of a sacred character."

Opie Read's Telephone Story. Discussions and stories of a linguistic character have a peculiar charm for Mr. Opie Read. Recently he was surrounded by a group of newspaper men. One of these confessed that he had lately taken up the study of the Russian tongue, with very discouraging results, considering the fact that French, Spanish and Italian had been comparatively easy for him.

"Oh! that's not strange, consolingly remarked the story writer; the Chicago Telephone company had a worse experience than with the terrors of the Slay tongue. A druggist in the heart of the Russian colony recently had a telephone instrument installed in his place for the accommodation of his patrons. The minute the first user of the phone began to talk Russian into the receiver the wire kinked into small knots like a tensely twisted string. They couldn't do a thing to meet the emergency until one of the telephone line men, who had once attempted to do missionary work in a Russian settlement in Minnesota, replaced the smooth insulated copper strand with the ordinary barb wire. That jagged medium proved a perfect means of transmission for Russian speech.

War Humor. One of the first fruits of the victory at Waterloo was to cover the lords of England with honors and the people with taxes. Great distress followed and riots were frequent. In the year of the reform bill a mob broke into Downing Street, 333 A writer in Temple Bar, and approached the entry stationed at the door of the Foreign Office, crying: Liberty or death! The entry lowered his musket. My lady, said he, I know nothing about liberty, but if you come a step farther I'll show you what death is!

There were 'iron soldiers' as well as an 'iron duke' in those troubled days, and humor was a trifling and harsh.

BORN.
New York, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. Laurie L. Lyon, a son.
O'Leary station, Oct. 13, to the wife of W. F. Macdonald, a son.
Tappanfield, Oct. 11, to the wife of Lewis W. Chipman, a daughter.

MARRIED.
Digby, Oct. 17, Nelson Sabin to Ella Sabaan.
Malifax, Oct. 16, Harold Mills to Clara Forbes.
Bedouque, Oct. 8, Charles Arthur to Mary Thomas.
South Boston, Oct. 9, Albert Lewis to Edna J. Byers.
Billwater, Sept. 18, Charles Keely and Lillie Crow.
Digby, Oct. 16, Harry Warren to Jennie Franders.
Cambridge, Oct. 4, Albert Horton to Helen Foley.
Indian River, Oct. 15, J. Murphy to Maude Hughes.
Turo, Oct. 16, Blanchard Mattinson to Edna McPherson.
Charlottetown, Oct. 16, James Constans to Maria M. Gunn.
Springhill, Oct. 15, James McDonald to Margaret Gibson.
Kelly's Cr., Oct. 16, James Higgins to Mary A. Trainor.
Bloomfield, Oct. 2, George Macinnis to Lizzy Axworthy.

DIED.

Bedouque, Oct. 16, Mrs. Binas, 82.
Halifax, Mary Blanche Gilroy, 5.
Eidon, Oct. 4, Mary MacLeod, 16.
Seartletown, Oct. 18, Silas Wright.
Belton, Oct. 19, William Pearson.
Winnipeg, Oct. 19, John A. Macinnis.
Garfield, Sept. 28, John A. Macrae, 58.
Brooklyne, Hans, Frances Satter, 87.
Greenmonst, Oct. 9, Pearl Hamill, 14.
Springhill, Oct. 12, George W. Porter, 17.
Little Sands, Oct. 8, John Mackenzie, 87.
St. Mark's, Oct. 14, Patrick O'Sullivan, 85.
Rawdon, Hans, Oct. 9, William Wood, 67.
Sober Island, Oct. 12, Norman L. Verge, 52.
Springhill, Oct. 12, George W. Martin, 5 mos.
Charlottetown, Oct. 16, Capt. John Macleod, 70.
North Wilshire, Oct. 19, Hattie Lee Clew, 21.
Brooklyne, N. Y., Oct. 7, Capt. Dorval P. Hicks, 69.
Moncton, Oct. 20, Charles Edward Fitzpatrick, 19.
Belleville, Oct. 11, Gertrude Hathaway, 1 yr 8 mos.
Grand Tracadie, Oct. 14, Leonard E. Macdonald, 81.
Nine Mile Creek, Sep. 27, Margaret Macgregor, 60.
Dartmouth, Oct. 18, Catherine Frances Jen.les, 61.
Charlottetown, Oct. 17, Margaret Priscilla Morris, 29.
Georgetown Royalty, Oct. 15, Mrs. Capt. Edward Delorin, 40.

"Regular Practitioner—No Result." Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure charged the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose." Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

A fellow confined in the goal. Once turned most exceedingly good.
What is it? They cried,
And the fellow replied
I thought I had swallowed a whale.

"My Heart was Thumping my Life Out." is the way Mrs. K. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Why do you speak of him as inconsiderate, ungalant and disappointing? asked her dearest friend.
He deliberately and persistently refrains from giving me opportunity to refuse him, answered the sweet young thing.

The Stomach's "Well or Woel"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weel or woel." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres means good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nerve Wine makes and keeps the stomach right. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

You had a surprising nerve to come over that fence, cried the farmer's wife, angrily.

Ah! exclaimed Wears Wasples, lifting his tattered hat politely, but my spirit, madam! Was that not even more surprising?

Pill Dosed with nausea, big purgers, prejudice people against pills generally. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are revolutionizing the pill demand—they're so pleasant and easy to take—the doses are small and so is the price, 10 cents for 40 doses. Bilelessness, Sick Headache, Constipation dispelled. Works like a charm.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

If women could be got to show the same enthusiasm over the municipal problems that they do over military problems, reform politics would be easy.

Bright's Disease—Invidious! Deceptive! Relentless! has tolled hundred of trials by medical science to stem the tide of its ravages—and not until South American Kidney Cure proved beyond a doubt its power to turn back the sea, was there a gleam of anything but despair for the victim of this dread form of kidney disease. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Mistress—Another package, and a wedding present, too! However did you do it?
Jane, snubbing.—They always break when I drop 'em.

Baby Humors.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes, quiets, and cures quick and effective cures in all skin eruptions common to baby during teething time. It is harmless to the hair in cases of Scald Head and cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases of old people. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Little but Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big nauseous doses—they are the pure vegetable peppercorn—the medicinal extract from this luscious fruit, and the tablets are prepared in as palatable form as the fruit itself. They cure indigestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

One Short Puff Clears the Head.—Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is the breath off-niv? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a remarkably short time. If you've had Catarrh a week it's a sure cure. It's of fifty years' standing it is just as effective. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7:00
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Sydney	8:00
Express for St. John	12:15
Express for Sussex	15:30
Express for Quebec and Montreal	17:00
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22:35

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	6:00
Express from Sussex	8:30
Express from Montreal and Quebec	12:40
Suburban express from Robbsey	13:30
Express from Halifax and Ficton	18:00
Express from Halifax	19:15
Express from Moncton Saturday only	23:00
Daily, except Monday	

All trains are run by Eastern Star and Time Twenty-four hours notation.
D. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.
MONCTON, N. B., October 16, 1901.
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.,
174 St. John, N.B.

VOL. XII

TOPIC

Some Inter

The departure of was followed by the people have had about and talk about are not numerous and fatally in the city, taking all reasonable citizens are assisting forward willingly for

IT IS SURE

There is still room for

In connection with trial in St. Andrews circumstances the Beach awakened painful acknowledgment on young men who had of the free schools an almost of such an end; Stephen, confessing that they could not name. Had there individual the circumstances have been so remarkable or four out of the same this humiliating consideration. overheard remarking favored compulsory witnessing this pitiful