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Clean your Gold and Silver, but don't rub the worth away; then look upon it sadly and repine. If you'd have your silver brighter, and yet make your work much lighter, just use the modern method
quite unprofessional-like, and whispers into the sky-pilot's ear off-hand, that he can draw on him as high as two hundred.
"The old judge leans back and laughs and raises him ten, which leaves the sky-pilot lookin' kind o worried for a minit or two. Then Captain Jade raises 'em another ten Captain Jade raises 'em another ten, and Creepin' Kolker goes em ten better, and Tune-up has to whisper for
the sky-pilot to raise 'em all ag'in. the sky-pilot to raise 'em all ag'in.
Which same he does, while the old Which same he does, while the old
judge shoves his pile to the centre judge shoves his pile to the centre,
free and confident, sayin' he ain't a quitter, with a hand like his. And Captain Jade does the same, chucklin' down in his lean old throat and makin' believe he'd a hand to sweep the board. Then Creepin' Kolker does the same, firm and belligerent
"And the sky-pilot raises 'em agin. And they keep a-sweetenin' that pot until the sky-pilot's eyes begin to bulge and his hands is tremblin' and Tune-Up remarks some casual that mebbe it'd better be a show-down.
"'What $y$ ' got?' demands the old judge as he plumps down his pair o' two spots on the board.
"Why, I beat you!" hollers Captain Jade. 'I beat you, with two threes!'
"Then Creepin' Kolker he laughs kind $o$ ' free and easy, and says, 'I does you easy, with two sevens!
"Then all turns to the sky-pilot, who was a-grinnin' from ear to ear as innocent and unknowin' and unobservin' as a yearlin' lamb.
"'Well,' they hollers, hot and impatient, 'what $y$ ' got?'
"The sky-pilot puts down his hand one by one. Then he sits back and rubs his Adam's-apple, kind o' nervous, and beams round at 'em kind o' silly, and rubs his Adam's-apple $\mathrm{ag}^{\prime \prime}$ "
"'Why, you've got four aces!' says Creenin' Kolker, lookin' up surprised, so bland and innercent that the skypilot chuckles out loud
, 'What!' gaspis the old judge, blinkin down at 'em. Well, I'll be dem med.' says he, 'if he ain't!'
"'Why, be takes the pil says Captain Jade, kind o' weak an disgusted lookin'
" 'And I felt so sure 0 ' this here pot!' says Creepin' Kolker, uncommon sad and dejected, watchin' Tune-un countin' and sortin' up the money for the sky-pilot.
"But as they tucks it down in the nockets $o^{\prime}$ his faded old green vest with the shiny buttons, the sky-nilot stands back and makes 'em a little sneech. kind o' falterin' and hallhearted. about not bein' able to take that money. And he lays that plle out on the table ag'in, slow and sorrowful, and the four old growlers is nlum sloughed down, until Bill stens un and says hell appropriate the wad. if all's willin' for three months 0 , good Cone Feak board and keep.
"'Only," says Bill. as he picks out a fifty what he finds is left over and hands it back to the sky-pilot, 'yóu've got to gi' me your solemn word that you keens out $o^{\prime}$ the game as long as you stays in this health-joint of mine!
"And the sky-nilot promises, some fervent, and begins thankin' 'em for nothin' at all, and is a-goin' to cry, anparent. when the old judge shuts him off. some sharp.
"Look a-here. my young friend. he savs, a-noundin' the table, 'it ain't you that's winnin' this money; it ain't you or all vour studyin' what roner ir that pile! It was just the cards! It were these here four aces a-comin into your hand won the trick. And If you're repudiatin' the Lord for sendin' you a full house that a-wav. why. I ain't got much respect for you or your gratitood'?
"And he pounds the table ag'in, and the sky-nilot allows. kind $0^{\circ}$ dazed that mebbe he may be right.
"'Of course it were the cards!' savs Creenin' Kolker. withont a blink.
"Which same is sure bad poker, and ain't mebbe good morality. But as $T$ laid out to von short-horns at the first there's nothin' gained tryin' to divide this here corral of mixed humanity into the breed that's all good, on the one side, and the breed that's all bad on t'other!"

(xac)
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