

The Man Who Won and Quit.

They were talking about the new system to beat the wheels at Monte Carlo, and the man who had made his pile in the west, and come to New York to spend it, ejaculated a contemptuous "Pooh!"

"Square wheel or crooked," he declared, "there never was a system that would overcome the regular percentage in favor of the bank. There's no money in roulette or any other gambling game, except for the bankers, and sooner or later they get it all.

"Of course you hear every once in a while of some lucky chap who has made a bundle at one game or another. But it never sticks. They all get back at the game again and then the money goes back to the bank roll. Or if it isn't blown in that way, it is soon blown in another.

"I remember seeing two cowboys do up a bank in Cheyenne one afternoon twenty years ago in a fashion that was spectacular. They came in on the range, with their guns in their pockets and went down to Lew Morison's to throw things around a little. When they had about enough aboard, they set down to play faro.

"Everything was coming their way. Every one of the dealers took a whack at those cowboys, and finally Lew himself sat in to deal. But it made no difference. Luck was with the boys.

"They were not playing any system or even attempting it. It was just hit and miss and let 'er go Gallagher all the time, and whatever they touched won.

"At last the thing got too much for even Lew to stand. It was only about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when he called the halt.

"I'm sorry to spell a good thing for you, boys," he said, "but luck seems to be all one way. If you have gone into me as far as I can stand just now, I think I'll take a rest for a while."

"With that he shut up the place, and it was two weeks before he opened up again. Those two cowboys had hit him for a total of \$50,000, and that was a big roll for Cheyenne in those days. But they let it all go again before Lew was ready with another roll to try another whack at them.

"If he had staid down before he was broke he could probably have got his own and theirs, too, the next day. But he was too slow getting his new roll, and the other gamblers had skinned his lambs for him.

"That's the sure way. I never knew but one man who actually quit gambling when he was a winner, and that fellow had a won enough to start the average man up in a peanut stand.

"It was down in the Gold Room, that used to run just across the street from the Baptist Church, I dropped in there one night to see how things were going along, and saw a fellow standing at one of the roulette wheels who evidently was a newcomer. He looked nervous, and every one in the room that he didn't know anything about the game, and it very soon became apparent to me that he was more anxious to win than most gamblers had been just for the excitement of the thing.

"He was a railroad man, a fireman or engineer, I judged by his clothes, and he was going home from his run without having been off his running rig. I figured it out also that he had just been paid off that day, for his pocket jangled with money, and he played with it instead of buying chips.

"He had his dinner pail hanging over his arm, and he shoved his way up to the table, where quite a number of men were playing, and watched the game for a while before he made a bet. He thought he was trying to get the hang of it and that he had never seen it played before.

"By and by he got his courage screwed up to the sticking point and he hauled a coin out of his trousers pocket. The wheel was spinning when he reached out and slapped his money down on the nineteen. He kept his hand over his coin until the wheel had almost stopped, and when he lifted it he left a silver dollar on the number.

"There was an air of deadly determination about the man, and such a serious earnestness in his manner of playing that it won the smiles of amusement that began to go around the room at seeing the size of his bet, for he had played it as if it were the house limit and he was certain of breaking the bank before he had gone very far. But nineteen did not win, and the dealer grabbed up the chips he had won and scattered around those he had lost.

"The railroad man stood looking at the performance with a perfectly blank expression on his face, as if he did not understand how it could have happened that he did not win. Then the new bet was placed, and the wheel was spinning around again when he seemed to recover consciousness.

"He came to with a jump and thrust his hand down in that pocket again. He brought it out and with a resounding slap banged another coin on the nineteen. Again he held his hand over it until the wheel was nearly stopped. When he removed it the coin revealed was, as before, a silver dollar.

"By this time half the room was watching the man, and it was plain from his expression that he had lost again for some reason, it would mean a great deal to him to win. I know that for one I began to speculate as to what was the trouble and to conjure up all sorts of pictures of trouble at a distance that brought with it an immediate and pressing need for extra money besides what he could raise.

"But he did not. Again and again he plunked down his dollar on the nineteen and every time the dealer raked it in. Each time it was placed after the wheel had spun and the hand hung over it until the wheel was nearly stopped.

"As the losses continued the railroad man began to show the strain of the worry. It seemed to me now that he was not only anxious

about the money he hoped to win, but that he was beginning to be frightened about what he had lost.

"No one said anything to him, and he spoke to no one. He kept steadily at it, playing always the nineteen, and he had figured it out that it must turn up before long, and then he would get back all he had played.

"But the nineteen was perverse. Time after time the ball landed in the next pocket or the next one, but never did it stop in the one that would have meant so much to him.

"I noticed that as the man kept diving down after that unfeeling dollar the money in the pocket jangled less and less, and I concluded that he was reaching the bottom. I wondered what he would do if he got to the end of his pay before the nineteen turned up, for I had become so much interested in the man and in the case I had imagined as being his that I would have been more than willing to stake him to any reasonable amount, and several times I was almost on the point of going to him and offering to help him out of any trouble he might be in of a financial nature for the sake of having him get out of that gambling house and stay out.

"Just as I was about making up my mind to do something he reached down in his pocket with extra energy and slammed down a coin on the nineteen with sudden emphasis.

"There's the last one," he exclaimed, "and win or lose, I'm done with that!"

"The wheel spun, and the man kept his hand over the coin. Finally, as the wheel slowed down so that it was near stopping, he raised his hand.

"The expression that came over his face as he saw the coin on the nineteen was ghastly, and I knew then that there was serious trouble in his establishment, and he had been trying to win out of it by gambling. The coin was a shining twenty dollar gold piece.

"For an instant as he saw it the man stood as if transfixed, then he made a sudden, impulsive start, as if to grab the money, but checked himself and I don't think he saw the look the dealer gave him. Then he fell back, hopping and skipping about the brackets, finally stopped with a little click, and the dealer dropped out.

"Nineteen, red, odd and above!"

"I was watching my railroad man gamely. It hit him very hard. The reunion of feeling and the relaxation from the strain seemed likely to be too much for him, and I stood ready to catch him if he fell.

"But he recovered his grip in a few seconds, and the smile that came over his face and the light in his eyes must have been worth the bank all its cost. The dealer looked at him once with a swift, comprehensive glance and said nothing, but began to count out money instead of chips to pay the man's winnings.

"He stacked up the double eagles, and the man just rocked back and forth as he watched the process.

"When the pile was complete the railroad man reached out and picked it up. The sign that he gave as he thrust them into his pocket surely came from the bottom of his heart, and it meant that he had a long and lasting that every man in the room could feel it. Then he turned and made for the door without a word.

"Just as he was about to go he swung around, and addressing the entire room called out:

"That's the last for me!"

"Then he went out, apparently not hearing the dealer, who called after him:

"Good night, Bill. Good luck. Keep out of here!"

"It turned out that the dealer had sized him up just the same as I had and had been nodding to have him win. He had no more notion of what the trouble was than I had, and as I never saw the man again I never heard anything about what it might have been.

"But I have always had the hunch that that man actually made good on his declaration, and did not try the game again. I never saw a man so frightened as he was when he found he had played the twenty instead of a one. And when he won with it, and got so much more than he had figured on trying to get, I have always believed that he thought he had been about good enough for him for the rest of his time."—New York Sun.

POSTMASTER IS MADE HAPPY

After Years of 'Sickness' Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Plain Statement of a New Brunswick Postmaster Whose Kidney Fatigue Has Gone Never to Return.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N. B., Sept. 28.—(Special.)—T. H. Belyea, Postmaster here, well known and widely respected, is happy in the recovery of his kidneys, and is the Kidney Pills that have troubled him for years.

"I have been bothered with Kidney trouble for years," Postmaster Belyea says. "I have tried many medicines and had plasters without getting any lasting benefit, till hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly spoken of, I determined to try them. They seem to have made a complete cure in my case, as I feel as well as ever I was."

"I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble and will do all they are claimed to do."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney, and with healthy kidneys no other ailment has any chance. Lumbago, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Pain in the Back, Thousands will tell you this out of their own experience.

FEW ITALIAN SERVANT GIRLS

One Nationality Which is Practically Unrepresented at the Agencies

Next to May, September is the month in which the employment agencies in New York are busiest. Women who have to depend upon these places note as a remarkable circumstance, that among the number of girls to be engaged for domestic service, including Irish, Swedish, German, English and French, maltese, colored girls, Swiss and Russian girls, Canadian, Dutch, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian and Bohemian girls, there are no Italians.

This exception is the more surprising because male Italians devote themselves largely to the class of work which most nearly corresponds to domestic service among women. There are Italian waiters, Italian valets and Italian porters, not to speak of Italian peddlers, bootblack, barbers and grocery men; but there are no Italian servant girls.

The dearth of these is the more surprising because Italy is one of the countries in Europe in which the number of female births greatly exceeds the number of male births and Italian girls, usually precocious, do not lack training in their own country as to the requirements of household service, to which they devote themselves almost exclusively, and being few, co-eds and still fewer professional women in Italy.

For many years the explanation of this anomaly was to be found in the fact that a large proportion of the immigration from Italy was male, but in recent years this disparity has not continued. Italian girls are not lacking in the attributes required for efficient household service. They are quick, industrious and frugal; they do not drink; they have no top-lofty social notions; there is little demand for their services in such professional occupations as typewriting, bookkeeping and stenography. The fact is that the girls inclined to domestic duties marry. They do not become servants.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Paper in Japan.

In no other country is paper used for so many different purposes as in Japan. Since the discovery of the art of making paper by the Egyptians, thousands of years ago, it has been used for writing material, but some of its other most important uses have come to light within the last few centuries. Now we make many things of paper, including heavy rails, and car wheels and dishes. Nearly every civilized government has a corps of engineers investigating the possibility of balloons in time of war; but hundreds of years ago the Japanese sent up large paper kites, to which were suspended human spies, who thus could spy into enemy territory, without need of fortifications.

—From "Japanese Paper Workers," by Jason Trench, in Four-Track News for October.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

A Question of Titles.

The City Treasurer of Edinburgh, Colonel Sir Robert Cranston, who has lately been knighted by King Edward, was called upon recently by a commercial traveller, who wished to see the colonel on business.

As Sir Robert, like most of his associates, is of the volunteer corps, not of the regular army, the traveller's inquiry was for Mr. Cranston, Colonel Cranston, he was informed, was out.

"Oh, very well; can I see Mr. — then?" (naming another member of the firm.)

"Major is not, too."

"And is Mr. — out, also?"

"I am sorry to say that Captain has just left to attend a military class."

The exasperated traveller turned to go, when he was recalled and asked if he wished to leave any message.

"Well," he replied, "it's of no consequence, but you might just say if you think of it, that Lord Wolsley looked in."—Harp's Weekly.

The Longest Tunnel.

The longest tunnel in the world will be the Simpton Tunnel, in the Alps. Its length, when finished, will be 14 miles, each one of which will average a cost of nearly one million dollars. The tunnel is now about two-thirds finished and the worst difficulties have been met and overcome. The greatest of these was the ever-increasing heat in the tunnel, it being stated that at the tunnel head the temperature reached 136 degrees Fahrenheit, while outside thermometers were registering "thirty-six degrees of frost."

—From "In the Trail of the Traveler," in Four-Track News for October.

Little Winnie (Just returned from Sunday school)—Is it true that even the hairs of our heads are numbered?

Mr. Frontsot—The Bible says so, my child.

Little Winnie (After a pause)—It won't be very hard to keep track of yours, will it, papa?

How It Happened. Buffalo Commercial.

Mr. Haysode—I see by your advertisements that you're going to issue some more stock. What's that for?

Oh Pre-lent—What for? Why, say good-bye to your old stock, and issue some new money for the past six months that we're obliged to have more stock to pay dividends in order to get rid of it.

WOE FOR TRAMPS

In the West the Gentry are Made to Earn a Living.

The moment that winter breaks and we in the high altitudes, winter west of the Mississippi is a wild and comfortable thing in comparison with our eastern weather. The police of St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver, in fact of all the towns and cities, wage relentless war on vagrants. The wide rolling prairies, the roads, the mills are all inoperative in their demand for unskilled labor. Crops rot in the fields for lack of harvesters, mills are idle for lack of men to drive the heavy loads wagons to their doors. The idle will not work so long as they can beg or steal. In the west they have little chance for either.

On an average fifty men a week are arrested in Kansas City during the months of June, July and August. The police wisely refuse to burden the city with their support, and instead give them the alternate choice of going to work honestly, and for high wages, or breaking stone for the improvement of the abominable western roads. The choice nearly always is for the better paying labor. Great numbers are shown in the distribution of these men. Only one or two of a gang are sent to any one camp.

In the labor camps the tramps have a rough time. There is nothing to distinguish one from the other, for under the eagle eye of the sections foreman all work alike.

Religious Intolerance.

Next month, in the city of Geneva, Switzerland, will be erected by the followers and disciples of John Calvin, the great Protestant theologian of the sixteenth century, a monument to the memory of Michael Servetus, a native of the town, who, for his existing heretical opinions, in October, 1553, the granite shaft will bear this inscription: "Erected in memory of Michael Servetus, victim of the religious intolerance of his time and burned for his convictions, at Champel, Oct. 27, 1553, by followers of John Calvin, 260 years later, as expiation for that act of intolerance and coercion in matters of faith."

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND that a skin disease may be but a symptom of bad blood.

In that case supplement Weaver's Cerate with Weaver's Skin Dandruff.

England's Ill-Paid Clergy.

Archdeacon Sinclair draws a very direful picture of the circumstances of the Church of England parson: "The bare number of the clergy of the Church of England have not enough to eat and drink, hundreds of them are clothed in second-hand garments sent to a charitable society; and the number of those who are by means of which to keep themselves warm. Think of it! Leave all the necessary curates, for the moment, out of the question. More than 7,000 incumbents are bringing up families upon less than £18 a year. Their lives are one perpetual struggle to keep themselves alive and to avoid debt."

Itching, Burning, Creeping. Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves itching, burning, creeping, crawling, and all eruptions of the skin. It never fails to cure itching, burning, crawling, and all eruptions of the skin. It never fails to cure itching, burning, crawling, and all eruptions of the skin.

Severe Hail Storm.

A severe hail storm, the like of which has never been witnessed before by the oldest residents, visited Brunswick, Me., a few days ago. Hail stones measuring from one-half to three-quarters of an inch, broke windows.

Weak Hearts, Weak Blood, Weak Nerves

Relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart never fails to cure the heart and nerves and to cure the blood. It relieves in 30 minutes. It is a beacon light to lead you back to health.

W. H. Musselman, G.A.R., Wellesport, Pa., says: "Two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure entirely cured me of heart palpitation and extreme nervousness. Its value cannot be estimated."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves Eczema and tetter in a day, 35c.



A Little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

Locomotive Life.

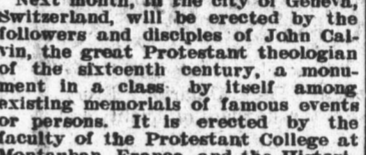
Statistics have been completed recently which state that the average life of an English express locomotive is twenty-five years, of a local passenger engine twenty-five years, of a freight locomotive twenty-six years and of a switching engine twenty-seven years. The total mileage of an express passenger engine was fixed at from 7,000 to 1,000,000 miles, and for each of the other classes of engines a mileage of 500,000 to 800,000 miles.

In the United States the average life of an express locomotive is eighteen years, of a local passenger engine sixteen years, of a freight engine sixteen years, and of a switching engine twenty-two years. Whereas the mileage of an English express locomotive was only at the outside 1,000,000 miles, twenty-five years, or 40,000 a year, in the United States it is often as high as 2,000,000 miles, or 110,000 miles a year.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

YOUR FACE ON BUTTON 25c.



Turn away Wrath. Mrs. Enpock—Oh, you needn't talk. You're not quite perfection yourself, I would have you know.

Stanstead Junction, F. Q., 12th Aug. 1893.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gentlemen,—I fell from the bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back and I struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for its being very fleshy would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MILLARD'S LINIMENT and the third day went to Montreal on business and got on my feet by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use.

Yours truly, C. H. GORDON.

And Johnny Fought.

"My son," said the father, "I am grieved to learn that you engaged in a disgraceful brawl with the little Hornick boy."

"I don't care, papa. I had to fight him."

"Had to fight him, Johnny? What was the reason of it?"

"Why, he said something about you that I couldn't stand for."

"He did? The little rat! And you licked him?"

"Of course I did."

"Good for you, my son! Here's a nickel for you. What did he say, about me?"

"I don't like to tell, papa."

"That's all right. You can tell me."

"But I don't like to repeat it. It had swear words in it."

"It did? Well, leave out the swear words and tell me."

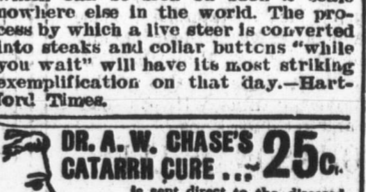
"He said—he said that I was the bad worded picture of you."

—From Judge.

Miss Ellicott—Why did you discharge your chauffeur? He made such a fine appearance.

Mrs. Lippincott—But the man had no tact. Why, once when I was dining he ran over a fat woman, and almost jostled me out of my seat!—October Smart Set.

Always see that the MATCHES YOU BUY BEAR THE NAME



Our Father Brand—KING EDWARD, HEADLIGHT, EAGLE, VICTORIA, LITTLE COMET.

Our Father Brand—"Telegraph", "Telephone".

A QUICK, SURE LIGHT by using any one of these brands is ensured EVERY time. FOR SALE by Dealers Everywhere.