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THE PEOPLE Address,

Barnwell C. H. S. C.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling; The embers burn low on the hearth; And stilled is the stir of the household. And hushed is the voice of its mirth; The rain plashes fast on the terrace. The winds past the lattice moan; The midnight chimes out from the minster.

And I am alone I want you, my darling, my darling, I am tired with care and with fret; I would nestle in silence beside you, And all but your presence forget, In the hugh of the happiness given To those, who through trusting have grown To the fullness of love in contentment;

But I am alone. -I call you, my darling, my darling, My voice echoes back on my heart; I stretch my arms to you in longing, And lo ! they fall empty apart; I whisper the sweet words you taught me, The words that we only have known, Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,

For I am alone. I need you, my darling, my darling, With its yearning my very heart aches The load that divides us weights harder I shrink from the jar that it makes. Old sorrows rise up to beset me; Old doubts make my spirit their own,

Oh, come through the darkness and save me, For I am alone.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIS H. COOKE.

It was just one week before Christ-

Soft and satin-white the snow lay over the fields about the old court; like tiny drops of blood, the scarlet holly-berries gleamed through the woods, and the avenue of black-green pines seemed to fold their druidical garments about them like a row of solemn old sentinels. scarcely bending their heads to the rush of the stormy west winds.

Lulu Ripley sat in the great ories window that faced the west, her cheek leaning in her hand, and her great dark eyes fixed, with unseeing lustre, on the steel-blue surface of the frozen river. where the orange shine of the sunset mirrored itself like a pool of gold. And as she sat, there came a tap at the door.

"Come in!" said Lulu, almost impatiently, as if it were an annoyance to her even to be disturbed.

It was Emma, the apple-cheeked maid.

"Please, miss," said Emma, smoothing down her white-frilled apron, "Simon has just come from the woods with a wagon-load of mistletoes and holly and princess-pine, miss, and he says, where will you be pleased to have it put ?"

"Nowhere," retorted Miss Ripley. "1 want no meaningless decorations about my house."

Emma started. "But, miss, it's only one week from

to-day, and--'

"I shall keep no Christmas this year!" said Miss Ripley, sharply. "Why should I? It is only a name to me

And she dropped her head on her hand once more, with a great lump rising in her throat, as she remembered last Christmas, when Will Graham was at her side, his strong, loving arms about her, his tender voice in her ears.

"We'll keep next Christmas just in this merry, old-fashioned way, God willing," he had said.

And then he had gone away on that long voyage, and his vessel had been wrecked in sight of land, off the cruel recfs of-

The news had come when the first snow-storm folded its wings of pearl about the bleak landscape—and Luly Ripley had never held her head up

"Please, miss," said little Emma. when she came in to light the cluster of candles that stood in a silver stem on the table, and heap fresh coal on the fire of scarlet-glowing anthracite, "could I go home for Christmas day?"

"No!" said Lulu, shortly, "you can not. Why should I be inconvenienced for your silly revels?"

"If you please, miss, mother is to

"No! I tell you no!" said Lulu "And let that be sufficient." Emma crept out, abashed and dejected, and Miss Ripley felt a sort of gloomy satisfaction in having quelled

the girl's fresh enthusiasm. "Christmas!' she repeated bitterly to herself. "I have nothing to keep Christmas for! Heaven has held back the drop of sweetness from my cup, and not all the chiming of every church bell in

the land can make me thankful !" As the dusk deepened and the shadows began to darken mysteriously over the great echoing ruius of the old court, Miss Ripley rose and began pacing up and down the corridors, wringing her hands and mosning, like a restless ghost, until at last she paused in the very spot where Will Graham had stood nearly a year ago, when he bade her farewell—a spot where the reflection of the faint starlight through the stained-

you cross on the waxed walnut floor. "Oh, my love, my darling!" she wailed sloud, looking wildly up into the serene heavens, "can you hear me from the world of dreams and shadows? Can you isten to the pulses of my breaking

heart ?" And as she knelt there, all alone with her great sorrow, she could hear the servants talking in the room beyond-talking idly, as servants will talk.

"Put up plenty of berries over the loor, Simon," said Emma's chirping, birdlike voice. "If Miss Luly don't want 'em, we'll have it look like Merry

Christmas down here, see if we don't !' "And don't she want not a single thing?" Simon demanded. "Why, we couldn't fasten up enough greens for her years back. What's the reason of her changin' of her mind?"

"I don't know," said little Emma, making a great rustling among the heaps of crisp evergreens. "Fine ladies does take such queer notions sometimes. Oh, Simon, I wish I was as rich as Miss Lulu !"

"Wishes is chesp," said Simon, his voice proceeding from the height of a step-ladder, and sounding curiously muffled, as if his mouth was full of nails. "Ever heard the old proverb: 'If wishes were horses beggars would

"Never mind your proverbs," retorted Emma. "There, you've got that garland all crooked! But I wish I was rich, all the same."

"What would you do with your money?" questioned Simon,

"Such lots of things," said Emma. "You heard about-Bank failing last week, didn't vou ?" "I heard it," said Simon, between

the clicks of his hammer, "Old Marrable. our neighbor, had five hundred dollars in it to pay off the mortgage on his house," went on Emma. "He'll lose it all now, and Widow Portage had saved up forty dollars-a dollar at a time-to buy a sewing machine. She rut it in-Bank for safe keeping, and now it isn't likely she'll ever have a sewing-machine, Then there are the five little Chipleys. who can't go to the Christmas tree or church, because they have no shoes, poor lambs! And lame little Billy Powers is so sure that Santa Claus will bring him a wheeled chair, because he has prayed for it every night for a month. Mrs. Powers cried when she told me of it, for she says as how it'll be such a disappointment. Wheeled chairs cost twenty dollars, and poor Mrs. Powers hasn't twenty cents ahead in the world. And old Miles Stimpson and his wife, as is going to the poor-house next week, will have to keep their last Christmas without so much as a peck of coal or a bit of butcher's meat. Oh, dear what lots of trouble there is in this

world!" And Emma drew a long sigh. "I know that," said Simon, gruffly, "Hand me up some more of them cedar boughs. We can't help it -can we?" "No, of course not," said Emma, sor-

rowfully. "But if I was as rich as Miss Lulu, I could find such lots of ways to spend money. That's what I mean. Simon."

" If riches were horses beggars would ride," chanted Simon, in a high, monotonous sing-song. "Ain't that about enough greens for this room?"

Lula Ripley had listened to the con versation, mechanically at first, but with gathering interest as little Emma chatered on. A new light had dashed across the brooding darkness of her brain.

"I am wretched myself," she thought but that is no reason why I should not help to heal the sorrows of others. God helping me, this shall be a merry Christmas to some one in this world!"

She went back to her room and rang the bell.

"Emma!" said she, gently, "Miss!" said Emma, guiltily, feeling of her head, which was powdered over with loose sprigs of cedar and stray holly-berries.

"I have changed my mind. You may go home to your mother for Christmas Day, if you wish.'

"Thank 'ee, miss, kindly!" said Emma, brightening up at once. And she ran breathlessly down stairs, to trampet forth her delight to the assembled house hold of the kitchen.

Golden and glorious the sun of the blessed Christmas morning rese up from behind the snow-glistening hills. From a thousand church-spires the clang of rejoicing bells greeted it, from a million holly-garlanded homes the voices of little children bade it welcome-the sacred little ones whom Christ Himself holds ever dear in His heart, as He held the babes of Bethlehem in His arms, eight-

een centuries ago! The Widow Portage had been aroused unwontedly early by the joyful cries of the three blue-nosed little Portages, who were as well pleased with their penny wooden toys, home-made cakes and one apple apiece as if they had fallen heirs to a whole ship-load of automatic French

marvels. As she unbarred the door, to get a pail of water to set the kettle boiling, she

"Good land o' Goshen !" cried Mrs. Portage, who was rather given to oldashioned expletives: "what's this?" It was a big pine packing-box, on the very threshold of her door-a huge, inexplicable mammoth of a thing, labeled

"One Sewing Machine,
"From the Factory of Messrs, D—and P"For Mra. Malina Portage,
"Christmas, 1878."

"It ain't true," feebly cried Widow Portage, holding on to the door-handle for support. "I'm a-dreaming yet. A sewin' machine! For me? Some of you pinch me, children, to make sure I am swake."

Mrs. P. had settled this problem to her entire satisfaction, when old Marrable came hobbling across the road. waving something over his head.

"Look a-here, Miss Portage!" bawled he, in the high treble of age. "It's Santa Claus, as true as you live! We are all children ag'in, an' the old chap with the fur cap an' the team of reindeers is around at his old tricks! A five-hundred-dollar bill, sealed up in a valler envelope, and poked under my door, in the dead o' night, an' ma pickin' it up for waste-paper! It's the Lord's own mercy as I didn't burn it up, to set the kindlin's a-goin', afore I see I what it was! Labeled 'John Marrable, Esq., to pay off the mortgage. Christmas,

"Well, I never !" said the Widow Portage. "Jest look what I've got." John Marrable put on his spectacles

"Well, now !" quoth he, "I am beat. must go right home and see what the old woman has got to say to that."

and stared harder than ever.

Little lame Billy Powers, waking up to the chill consciousness that it was Christmas morning, and that he had but a scanty allowance of bed-clothes, sat up and rubbed his eyes before he quite realized the fact that his mother was calling him.

"Billy! Billy; I say! Make haste down and see what Santa Claus has sent you, God bless him! You're very rich, my son-you're very rich!"

And flying headlong down stairs, in his tattered night-gown, as fast as his poor crooked limbs would allow him, Billy Powers beheld a cosy wheeledchair of black walnut, trimmed with crimson plush, with a side apparatus, whereby he might convey himself from place to place at his own will. No more sching bones -no more painful limping along the dusty road-no more lagging behind the other children.

Billy laughed aloud in the plenitude of his delight, while Mrs. Powers, seated on a broken splint-bottomed rocker. cried almost equally loud.

"I don't know who there is in all this wide world," sobbed Mrs. Powers, "to think of me and you, Billy. But whover it is, I hope the good Lord will re turn it onto their bosom, heaped up and sunning over."

When Moses Chipley, the eldest of the family of four who were detained at home in a state of involuntary blockade on account of the unsettled bill at the shoemaker's opened the door to obtain a satisfactory snowball wherewith to anoint the faces of his four sleeping brothers and sisters, he bounded back gain like a magnified Jack-in-a box.

"Mother," gasped Moses, "there's sutbin' there-a basket! And I'm mortal sure I seen a tin steam engine and a doll's legs a sticking out ov it!" "Oh, get out!" cried the incredulous Airs. Chipley. "Doll's legs and steam

engines, indeed !" By this time, the namesake of the great ruler of Israel had made a second sortie, and, bringing in a gigantic basket, emptied it on the kitchen floor. "Five pairs o' shoes!" bawled Mrs. . heedless of the herrings that were

scorching over the fire. "A doll !" shrieked little Jemima. "Hooray! Skates!" yelled Moses.

"Picture-books!" chimed in the twins "A tin ingin and a train of tin cars!" cried little Joe, the youngest, and chub biest, and dirtiest of all.

"And flannen and caliker enough for all creation !" said Mrs. C., in delighted amazement. "Lord save us! it's like the miracle the parson reads about Wherever could they have come from?' Old Miles Stimpson lay late in his bed that morning. Not that it was his usual wont, but old Miles had been distanced in the race of life, and somehow got discouraged of late.

"Where's the use of gettin' up." said Miles, dolefully, "with never a spark of fire to warm me, and nothing in the way of good cheer to keep Christmas with?" But his old wife could not so readily

vercome the habit of years. "There's the last o' them chairs father gave me when we went to housekeepin'. said she. 'It's all broken and worn. and it'll serve as well as anything else to make a little blaze to warm our old bones. I kind o' kept it for the sake of old times; but if we're goin' to end our | That is a good way and saves clerk hire days in the 'House,' it won't do us no good there. And p'rhaps there'll be a knotty log in the wood-shed to help it

along." But presently Mrs. Stimpson came trotting back with wide-open eyes and toothless mouth to correspond.

"Get up, father-get up!" cried she. 'Something's happened!"

"It ain't the house afire, is it croaked Miles, from under the bed clothes : "'cause that wouldn't be so un comfortable on such a day as this!"

"There's a ton o' goal in the woodhouse !" cried Mrs. S. : " and a load o kindlin'-wood, and a turkey hangin' up. and a basket o' potatoes, and a peck o' oranberries, and tea, and sugar, and--" "Old woman, you're crazy!" said

"Come and look for yourself!" said Mrs. 8. "Who sent 'em?" demanded breathless Miles.

"The Lord knows!" piously respond ed his ancient helpmate, "Oh, husband, we can keep out of the poor-house for another month at least !"

And Mrs. 8, wiped the tears of glad. But this, we are told, "would have been ness from her poor, rheumy old eyeseyes that had been dark and brilliant whipped them off, and, after a chase of once as Lulu Ripley's own.

The ruddy firelight was penciling its shifting arabasques upon the drawingroom walls, where Lulu's own tremulous hand had hung up a tiny cross of ivy and hemlock twined together, and

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Thus she sat musing, until the unexpected apparition of Emma-roundeyed, and rosy with her long walk-disturbed her.

upon the table lay the materials of her

illuminating work-a half-completed

"I'm sure, miss, I beg pardon for comin' in without the bell bein' rung for me!" fluttered she; "but there has been such doin's down in the village Please miss, it can't be miracles, nor yet it can't be Santa Claus-but what is it?' Lulu smiled quietly to herself.

"Tell me what it b, Emma," she said and then I shall be a better judge."

And Emms told the story of the glad hearts everywhere—and of the good gifts that had come to the widow, and the fatherless, and those that were ready to perish.

"Emma," said Lulu, kindly, "listen to me. It was I that sent those things.' "You, miss?"

"Yes, I. I heard you, a week ago, telling Simon about all those poor people, and I made up my mind that, out of my abundance, I could spare something to them." "God bless you, miss!" faltered

Emma. "And I caly wish you could see how glad and happy they all are!" And Emma tripped away, to answer a peal at the hall bell, while Lulu, who lived as secluded a life as a nun, and neither saw nor espected visitors, sat looking dreamily into the fire.

"Lulu!" She started with a wild cry, half joy half incredulity, and there, standing on the threshold of the door, she beheld Will Graham-Will Graham, alive and in the flesh.

He came forward with glad, sparkling eyes and outstretched hands.

could not help it. I hungered and thirsted "Oh, yes; although statistics show that so to see you again. Oh, how I have only one-third of the people of the prayed and longed that I might reach United States who really need artificial here by Christmas Day !" And he told her how he had lain for

dead upon the cruel rocks; how a kind wrecker had detected some faint signs tear, as it is. Prices have come down of life and carried him to shelter; how terribly, though, and where dentists of life and carried him to shelter; how months of brain fever had enfeebled him until the flame on life's altar had burned faint and dim, like a flickering spark; of his convalescence and homeward journey.

"My own precious one," he murmured. God has given us back to each other. even from the very gates of death! How shall we ever thank Him for the great happiness of this Christmas Day?" And Lulu Ripley knew that God had indeed heard her prayers, and answered them through the sunset glory of the Christmas evening. And of all who rejoiced over their Christmas gifts that day she was the happiest.

Why Georgians Won't Steal.

I have been living in Georgia sever years and have never had but one visit from a beggar. I have never locked my front door at night. My family sometimes go from home on a visit to a neighbor and stay all day and leave the house unlocked, and nothing has ever been stolen that we know of. My stable and corn-crib is never locked. No honester reople never lived than live around us. My opinion is that our people are most too lazy to steel and wouldn't go after corn unless it was shucked and shelled and sacked: I believe that if I was to put a bag full of nice corn out at my front gate some fellow would take it and carry it off; but they won't go to the crib after it. It is too much trouble. Bayard Taylor tells of a canton in Switzerland where a merchant marks the price of his goods and goes off to his little farm and leaves the store open. and when a man wants anything he goes into the store and measures it or weighs it and puts the money in the drawer. but I wouldn't advise our merchants to make the experiment for fear of acci dents. The books might not exactly balance when he took account of stock. -BILL ARP.

Story of a Tame Fox.

In a number of the Newcastle Cour ant, toward the end of the last century, there is a curious story of a tame for which had been brought up from a cub at the White Hart Inn at Bridgwater. where he had been trained to officiate as a turnspit. The wild strain breaking out, he one day escaped, got away to Sedgmoor, and made sad havoc among a flock of geese. A pack of hounds chancing to be out, found him in covert, would get the order for a suit I and the fox, breaking, led them a long would lose. The customer, who is for the direction of his old home. He finally leaped the fence of his mistress's days, knows that he den't want a gay, garden, and, entering the kitchen, high-colored wristcoat any more than he darted to the spit and began to perform does a pair of knee breeches, but he his office quite unconcernedly. The cook, with whom he was a great favorite, hid him with her petticoats, at the same time beating off the hounds.

TEETH FILLED WITH GOLD.

A NEW TRICK IN THE TRADE. How the Precious Metal is Packed Away

"There are about seventeen thousand dentists in the United States, and they pack into the teeth of the American people a ton of pure gold every year. guess about five times that weight of less precious metal, such as tin, silver and platinum, go the same way. Now these metals are worth \$1,000,000, and in the twenty-first century all the coin in the United States will be buried in the graveyards." The dentist looked distressed at the result of his calculations and the reporter, to revive him. suggested that the figures were an argu-

surugged his shoulders. "Yes," he said, "but you've no ider how the gold is thus becoming used up, People used to be content with filling the dark caverns of their molars with any kind of metal; now it must be gold. There is also a growing industry in filling artificial teeth."

ment in favor of cremation. The dentist

"How can they want filling?" asked

the surprised reporter. "Why, my dear sir, they are made so You know how carpenters will pick the fairest, smioothest board for interior work in a house and will then have a painter to daub it all over with knots. erossgrains and splits? So the modern patron of artificial teeth takes his elegant new set to the dentist and has him drill out vacancies to fill. Looks natural, don't you see? Hundreds of pounds of gold are disposed of in this very way every year. It isn't so particularly the gold that the wearers of these artificial teeth want to display as it is to have the average citizen look upon them as their natural grinders. You see, don't

you?" and the dentist tapped his own false teeth with a little probe that he held in his hand. "Is the artificial teeth industry abrupt, my darling," he said, "but I growing one?" inquired the reporter teeth avail themselves of them, Strange, sisn't it? Yet there are about four mil-Mion of them made in this country a used to retire after eight or nine years of practice and live in luxury the rest of their lives they now have to struggle on the best of their lives and then die poor. We formerly had from \$40 to \$100 for double set of teeth. Now \$30 is a good price, and good ones that will last five or six years can be bought for from \$8 to \$16." "Is the decay of teeth increasing or diminishing among the people of this

"Oh, increasing. Two hundred years ago one person in five had sound teeth. A hundred years ago but one person in twenty-five had perfect teeth, and in this nineteenth century age of reform our very latest statistics show that but one person in eighty has perfectly sound teeth. It's an alarming condition of things, and by the same ratio it doesn't take a very deep mathematician to se that the time is near at hand when unsound teeth will be universal. Their decay is largely augmented by the use of cheap dentifrices and powders which are advertised to give them a pearly look. It does just the reverse. It re moves the sparkling enamel and puts in its place a ghastly plaster of Paris color that is positively repulsive."

A Harmless Weakness.

A correspondent of the Boston Transscript tells of his trip to a tailor shop this way:

"Said the proprietor, as he exhibited a bright pattern of silk plaid which he assured me is the latest agony in London for the class of young men of the 'old chappie' order: " 'There is a phase of human nature

brought out in connection with these fancy waistcoatings. I have for years kept a number of patterns in my stock solely for the purpose of amusing certain of my customers. I have now and then an application for them, and I go through the formality of exhibiting them. but a sale is as infrequent as an angel's visit. Why do I take the trouble? It is simply this: A man comes in and asks to be shown a fancy waistcoat pattern. I show it him. He looks it carefully over and very often before going away he orders a suit of clothing to be made of some regular material, and the Tancy pattern is put back in its accustomed resting place in a drawer. If I did not have it to show, the chances are he would go elsewhere and another tailor, if he were wise in his generation and kept a few patterns, who remembers the styles of his younger favorites, and is disappointed if he can't see it. It's merely an illustration of human eccentricity, a harmless little weakness, nothing more."

unavailing if the huntimen had not | You may be wise snough to be able to say your prayers backward, but if your nearly thirty miles, left this unlicensed life is not correct you know what you poulterer to his domestic occupations." | are, and so do other people.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S REPORT.

He has Something to Say About Our Roten Old Navy and the New Craisers,

Admiral Porter, the Admiral of the navy, in his annual report criticises the proposed new cruisers in some respects. He says: "In case of our having a war with any foreign power, all the coaling stations of

the world would be closed against us,

Hence the necessity that we should build

vessels having full sail and steam power, so that they could make good speed cruising under sail with fires banked, ready at a moment's notice to get up steam." He says the Chicago, for example, would not move through the water under the small amount of canvas she will be able to spread, except in a very fresh breeze. There is no reason why a cruis-

ing ship-of-war should not be of full power in sails and masts. He adds: "I am not an advocate for extremes, but I am certain that no ship will be a first-class cruiser unless she has sail enough to send her thirteen knots through the water off the wind and ten nots by the wind."

He says we should build a class of swift vessels like the Oregon and Alaska. Young men who learn to play at home The report continues:

"I don't see any reason why Congress

should not appropriate liberally for an immediate increase of the navy, as it did in the time of the late civil war. We are now, in fact, in as bad a condition as we were at the breaking out of that conflict, though then we could conform to the law of nations, by buying up every old ferryboat and rattletrap that could mount a gun, and using them to blockade the Southern ports. If Spain, the least formidable of maritime nations, went to war with us to-morrow she would sweep our gradually increasing commerce from the ocean by setting affoat the large, swift steamers she our naval force, would retire under Sandy Hook or the friendly guns of Fortress Monroe, and be obliged to look quietly on while we were being despoiled, unless they chose to add to the laurels of the despoiler by fering themselves up as a sacrifice, In the end we would no doubt get the better of our antagonist, but would that satisfy the country for a commerce destroyed or repay our people for ravaged coasts and burned cities? For with all the new appliances for destroying human life and property, the horrors of war are likely to be greater than anything we have ever imagined. With the private workshops we have in this country we could build twenty large ships in two years. How much better it would be for us to go to work and build a set of vessels for the immediate wants of the

"There is not one of our ports that has any defence against even an enemy of very inferior character. There is not a harbor in the country where an ordinary ironclad cannot pass the batteries. choosing their own time for so doing. So it appears that our army defences are in the same category as those of our navy. It is, therefore, indispensable that both should forthwith take a new departure to insure that effectual protection to our countrymen which they have a right to demand."

Romantic Story of a Cemetery.

The Baltimore Green Mountain Cemetery has a most romantic history. Fifty years ago it was the happy home of the Oliver family, which consisted of the father and two children, son and daughter. The daughter, who was a beautiful girl, had many suitors, but to all did she say nay, save one, a poor young man, of whom her father disapproved, and whom he had forbidden her to see. He had also taken an oath that if he caught the young man on the grounds he would shoot him. But true love not only laughs at bolts and bars, but at shot guns as well. One evening the young lady, having agreed to meet her lover at the foot of the lane, donned thereby to escape detection, and sallied forth. Her keen-eved father caught sight of her as she marched boldly along, and, thinking he recognized in the trespasser the young man who had been forbidden the grounds, raised his gun and fired. The feminine shriek which pierced the air revealed to him what he had done. His daughter was dead before he reached her side, and from that day the father became a wanderer on the face of earth. He took his son and went abroad, leaving his property in the hands of an agent, with orders to sell the homestead for a cemetery. In a

THE Pinchbeck family, of Austin, is considered one of the meanest, stinglest, and close fisted of any in Texas. One night a new baby made its expected anpearance in the Pinchbeck family, and when Johnny Fiszletop heard the news. he said: "Golly! won't that beby be surprised when it comes to find out what kind of a stingy crowd be has got in cat we amongst !"-Siftings

LADIES AND POKER.

POKER TO BE THE GAME OF THE PUTURE.

What a Chicago Cambier Thinks Popularity of the Game.

[From the Chicago Heraid.]

"Are there many lady players her "Immense numbers of them. They get stuck on the game worse than men. Why. I've known respectable ladies to pawn their jewery-even their wedding rings-for money with which to set in

the game," "Do ladies play well?"

"They generally play a bold game, and bluff more than men. The best players I've ever met in society games have been ladies. Many ladies give little parties regularly, where poker is the order of the evening. And many of them make money at it. I've several times been 'downed' in a game by ladies."

"How do people learn to rlay?" "They commence by playing for buttons, then freeze out for ice cream or some other trifling treat, then penny ante for keeps, and finally drift into a game only bounded by their means, and sometimes without that limitation. and in the houses of friends soon tire of a small game and visit the poker rooms, of which there are literally hundreds in the city. From these to the larger gambling houses is but a step, and in a major ity of cases their ruin is complete. Many a defaulting clerk dates his downfall from the night when he first opened the festive 'jackpot' for the limit-five cents and many a woman has been driven, or rather drawn, to the bad through the seductions of that game where 'it's all in the draw,"

"Is the interest in the game on the in crease ?"

"Yes; decidedly. Twenty-five years ago poker playing was a rarity in the could buy in Europe, and we could not North. Now it pervades all classes of prevent it. Our vaunted home squad- society. It has demoralized the army. Secretary Lincoln is trying to suppress statesmen declared a great auxiliary to it but with poor success. With pork and beans it divides the American claim to originality. A native of the South, it has gradually spread, until it is now played in every town and hamlet in the land. It has been introduced abroad." "To what do you attribute its popu-

larity?" "To a variety of causes. It is a simple game with few rules, and hence easily learned, but its peculiar fascination lies, I think, in the happy combination of chance and skill; in the circumstance that it is not a silent game, like whist, but admits of converse and chaffing; in the great inducit offers to a study of character, and more particularly that one may sometimes by a skilfull bluff win with a much smaller hand than is held by his an-

A Typical Case.

tagonist."

A "Family Doctor" in Cassell's Family Magazine writes:

"There is Mr. Robinson's case. Mr. Robinson, I need hardly say, is in this instance a mythical individual, but I don't think you will have far to go to find his counterpart in real life. Mr. Robinson is something in the city. He has to catch a train every morning, and always does, though he sometimes misses his bath in order to do so. He hurries through his breakfast-he never is much of a performer at this meal, and I do not wonder at it. He enters the train somewhat heated, somewhat excited, the heart beating faster than it ought. Toward noon he feels the edge of his appetite, and blunts it with a biscuit and a glass of wine. He has a 'snack' for luncheon, probably a sandwich or two composed of cheap tough meat and new bread, and a glass of wine. He could eat more heartily now, but he has no time, and besides he does not want to spoil his appetite for dinner. When he does get home for the meal of the day, perhaps his digestion needs a 'spur,' and gets it; then follows a dinner of many courses - soup, fish, entrees joints, etc. Well, if Mr. Robinson were a savage, and only needed to est once a day, he would get on very well. But after such a meal is it any any wona suit of her brother's clothes, hoping der that he is fit for little or no exertion? He has more 'spure,' however, and probably knocks billiard balls about in a smoke-filled hot room before retiring for the night. That he does not sleep the healthful happy sleep of the strictly temperate is not to be marveled at. Robinson's diet needs reform in many ways. If he could begin by getting up a trifle earlier; if he always had plenty of time for the sponge bath, preceded by the warm soap-and-water wash; if he ate his breakfast more leisurely; if the toast were crisp, the bread not new, the tea good and well made, and the most or eggs inviting and palatab short time the city purchased all the took no wine between meals; if he had a dinner; if he studied not to cat disher that were imprompatible with each and, finally, if he reduced his dies is quantity quite one-half, then I assure

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