

POKER WITHOUT CARDS.

An Amusing Invention of a Brooklyn Sportsman.

A Game Played on Ocean Fishing Grounds in Which the Best Catch Takes the Pot—One Player Who Failed to Fill His Hand.

Colonel William E. Sinn, the well-known theatrical manager, is now feeling as chipper as ever he did in his life, and has been remarkably good humor ever since he got out of Dr. S. Fleet Spier's hospital, freed forever, he believes, from the tumor which had formed in his neck. He was laughing and remonstrating when a Brooklyn Eagle reporter saw him the other day, and in the course of the conversation he told a fish poker story that proves the possibilities of both pastimes.

Well, it's a great game anyhow, and it's questionable whether it does not beat out of sight the parents from which it sprang. The first game of fish poker was played about a year ago by Colonel Sinn and two prominent Baltimore gentlemen, Dr. Brewer and Mr. Benninger. They were on the coast of Maine at a little village named Vinal Haven, between Portland and Rockland. Each day they went out to fish in a large, comfortable row boat and each evening found them at a card table engaged in a sociable, friendly game of draw for small stakes. Thus they had passed three or four nights, and the morning of the fourth day found them out in the row boat hauling out fish at a great rate. They were conversing about the haul, and the doctor, who had been on the previous night and Mr. Brewer said: "I'll have a glorious game after supper."

The thought stirred all the sporting blood in Colonel Sinn's veins. "What's the matter with having it now?" he asked, excitedly. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Benninger, his rich Southern voice raised in surprise. "Leave this glib-lorious fishing, this lovely scenery, and let us have a game of fish poker." "How could we?" asked Dr. Brewer in piteous appeal. "Leave nothing," said the Colonel decisively, "we will have a game of fish poker right here," replied the Colonel. His companions stared at him and wiped their foreheads.

The Colonel was perfectly cool and collected. He got a bite, tilted up the end of his cigar and hauled out a magnificent cod. Then he faced round and prepared to expound his ideas on the subject. "Why not make cod, high-calls it yellow-back haddock next, king-calls it yellow-back, queen, and flounders, jacks." "What will we do with the conger eels and skates?" "Throw 'em out—they will delay the game. If a man catches a skate or an eel his hand is dead," said the Colonel, serenely. "Each hand will last thirty minutes," continued the Colonel. "However, a man catches in three times before his hand. Two pairs best one pair, three of a kind best two pairs, full hand best three, and four of a kind best full hand."

"How about the ante?" "Each ante up a dollar, and at any time any player can raise it, and the others must come in or lose the pot." "By gracious, it's a go!" cried both the Southern. Then the fun began. It didn't last long. Benninger caught a man hour and some only one or two, but was not lost to the low man till the half hour was up. He was so lucky he could often lift a skate or a conger and thus queer his whole hand. Colonel Sinn caught a pair of cod in the first ten minutes, and played a good haddock and a yellow perch, and Dr. Brewer a pair of flounders. Colonel Sinn promptly raised the pot a quarter, and the others caught a yellow perch and a little larger another haddock. "Whoop!" he cried, "I've got two pair." He raised and the others saw him.

Colonel Sinn and the doctor both had hoes and pulled in their lines with frantic haste. "Three flounders!" shouted the doctor, rising and performing a waltz on the spot, and he proceeded to raise the pot again. "Three cod!" shrieked the Colonel, flanking another quarter. The men were now fishing with desperate earnestness. A loud triumphal yell from Mr. Benninger broke the silence. "Full hand on haddock!" he announced, and up went the pot again. "Four flounders?" shouted the doctor. "Four cod?" was the Colonel's response. The half hour was up and four cod took the pot.

The next hand began and proceeded with varying fortune, and the game grew more and more exciting. The fish bit as though they understood and entered into the sport, and the vicissitudes encountered were of the most tantalizing description. Dr. Brewer caught a pair of cod, Mr. Benninger got three flounders, and the Colonel two pairs, cod and haddock. "Rah!" shouted the doctor as he pulled up a third cod. His triumph was short-lived, as the Colonel filled his hand on haddock and Mr. Benninger caught a fourth flounder. Time was nearly up when the doctor grew excited again. "Got 'em! Got 'em!" he cried. "Four cod, by links." His taut line and hard pulling showed that a very heavy fish was coming out. Mr. Benninger sat on the bow of the boat all anxiety. With a final effort the doctor landed his cod, and he was the biggest and ugliest conger he had ever seen. Wild shrieks of laughter rose from the Colonel and Mr. Benninger as the doctor and the eel mixed up, wrestled and tore around.

His queue-queue-queered his hand," exclaimed Mr. Benninger. He kicked up his heels in triumph, and a moment later was a loud splash. His companions fished Mr. Benninger out, choking with laughter and salt water. They all fell too weak to play any more and the boat was pointed for home immediately. Every day thereafter fish poker was played with varying fortune, and the party got more fun out of it than all other sports put together.

It had a false bottom. A dealer in surgical instruments at Paris had an Italian doctor among his customers. "I want to sell you," he said, "a pair of forceps for you." "I have a customer for you," replied the doctor. He introduced the friend, and the purchase money and the other conditions were soon agreed upon. When the preliminary work was finished, the Italian said: "I shall call to-morrow to sign and settle. But producing a handkerchief, why should I carry about this heavy bag? I cannot carry it any longer, as the owner refuses to guarantee my treasure against robbery. You see there is a great deal of money and notes in it." He opened the bag and took out a small box in black tin which actually contained a treasure. "Will you allow me to leave the bag with you? It is very heavy, and I would like to deposit your own money in it, instead of having it in that crazy wooden box of yours. The instrument dealer considered. He placed some 5,000 to 6,000 francs in gold, and nearly 2,000 francs in bonds, into the box, and put the bag behind his counter. The Italian was leaving. "Let me look at my bag. I want to take out a paper." The bag was handed out. Taking out the box of black tin the Italian said: "Keep the money here, I may as well take the bag, it is not heavy without it." On the day following the instrument dealer walked in the Italian did not come, and he went to see the doctor. The doctor had disappeared from his place of business. When he opened the tin box he found in two papers a receipt for the money he had up in oakum to keep it from shaking. The money and bonds were gone with the Italian.

DEFIES THE FIRE FIEND.

A New Flame Quencher Invented in Switzerland. Remarkable foreign journals speak of a most remarkable fire extinguishing agent, the invention of which is due to a Swiss chemist, Dr. Benninger, of Switzerland. This chemical compound is stated to be nine times more effective than ordinary water, and among its other valuable qualities it is said to be perfectly non-toxic, rendering individuals virtually fireproof. A number of experiments have been made to prove its efficiency, and the inventor has passed three or four nights, and the morning of the fourth day found them out in the row boat hauling out fish at a great rate. They were conversing about the haul, and the doctor, who had been on the previous night and Mr. Brewer said: "I'll have a glorious game after supper."

ROBIN LEE'S PERILOUS RIDE.

A STORY OF WAR TIMES.

Robin Lee sat lonely and disconsolate on the terrace in front of his home.

Robin Lee sat lonely and disconsolate on the terrace in front of his home. Robin's affairs at that home were very sorrowful indeed, and reason enough for the great tears which followed each other down his chubby face, and dropped off from his little nose unheeded. Robin was too proud to admit that he was crying, even though there was no one to see, except little Dolly grazing about the lawn behind him.

In fact, it was principally because there was no one there that Robin felt so very sorrowful. A few months ago, only so far back as Christmas time, there had been twenty other children, and as many as twenty other grown-up people, gathered gleefully about the homestead, where everything was as gay as any boy could wish. A dozen horses had stamped in the stables, and the quarters had been full of jolly milling hands. Now everything was different. All the uncles and aunts had taken their families home of course. That was to be expected. But now, even father and dear uncle Joe, who had always lived there, had gone. Gone to war, too, where they would probably be shot, and never come home. And father had left the tears, unshed.

The slaves had grown unruly, and would not let them do as they pleased, and "independent," with no master to guide them. "Uncle Pete" and "Aunt Sally" were still faithful, but they were too feeble to do very much. And Dolly, dear little Dolly, was the only one of all the horses left. But that was not the worst. Oh, no, indeed. Even with all these troubles, mother and Bess and Robin could have managed very nicely, had uncle Joe been sick, and that seemed just too much to bear. All day she had tossed her hot little head on the pillow and cried for help, and she had been so sick, and so weak, and that seemed just too much to bear. All day she had tossed her hot little head on the pillow and cried for help, and she had been so sick, and so weak, and that seemed just too much to bear.

Colonel Lee's plantation was about fifteen miles from the town of Rome, in North Carolina, and the house stood on a hill. The house itself was of the old-fashioned style of that section. At the time of my story, however, the roads were much less frequented than they are now, and the danger which menaced travelers from desperate fugitive slaves. The field of war had not stretched to that part of the country, but the fugitives were already there, and the slaves were becoming unmanageable. Robin had been sitting on the terrace all the afternoon, watching the sun sink, and he was thinking of the message to the doctor. It was growing dark, however, and with his arm about Dolly's neck, he was slowly going to the house. There on the veranda stood mother, with a patient look on her pale face, which made Robin shudder at the thought of her going to the doctor. "Has any one passed, dear?" she asked, kissing his flushed little face, and with no mention of his own troubles.

"No one, mother," said Robin, "and it is too late now for any one to reach Rome before night. Is Bess—?" "Oh, she is very ill!" said Mrs. Lee in a tone of anguish. "If only we had some one to send for the doctor. Have you been down to the quarters?" "Yes, mother. They have all gone away except some of the little ones—and some who are very sick. I have had to go myself, but her broken legs— you know—and she says Big Jim is down with fever."

"Mother!" he cried, "I will go—Dolly and I; we would do it, wouldn't we, Dolly?" "Oh, my little boy, it is fifteen miles, and nearly night now. We must think of some other way." "But, mother, there is no other way. I am ten years old, and have been twice over the same road. When I reach there, the doctor can bring me home—you know. Please, please say I may, for Bess!"

Tears came into Mrs. Lee's eyes. How she let him go! The peril of such a journey at such a late hour, and the realization that she had sacrificed so much already. "Who's ashore?" came trumpeting through the darkness. "Take me aboard," shouted Robin's little voice. "A boat was lowered and came cautiously up the river, and the doctor came on board, making fast with no cargo and no stops."

Robin ran down the bank, and clambered over the water, and low-hanging branch waited in breathless excitement. "Loud and louder came the sound of the paddles. Robin listened, in despair, but his mother would not let him go. "But, mother, there is no other way. I am ten years old, and have been twice over the same road. When I reach there, the doctor can bring me home—you know. Please, please say I may, for Bess!"

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NEW MEAT MARKET.

WE WISH TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS, and the public generally, that we have this day opened up a New Meat Market at the Southwest Cor. Twentieth and J Streets, Sacramento, where we will keep on hand a fine supply of all kinds of Fresh, Salted, Smoked and Canned Meats, Lard, Sausages, Etc., which we will sell at the most reasonable prices