

QUEER WAGERS.

Edison's First Experiment the Result of a Bet.

Funny War Time Bets—Curious Devices of Soldiers With Gambling Propensities—Naming a County by a Game of Poker—Mackay's Grasshopper—Superstitions of Professional Gamblers.

There is probably no other country where so much and so curious betting takes place as in the United States, says the New York Sun. Especially in the case of election time, Wizard Edison, it is said, made his first unusual experiment in electricity as the result of a bet. He was a telegraph operator, and the lunches of the boys were carried in tin cans, into which the roaches made their way, causing much kicking at meal time. Various methods were tried to get rid of them, and finally Edison made a bet that he would suppress them. The next day the dinner cans were piled in a heap, and the Wizard placed around them a circle of narrow iron ribbon about an inch wide, and about a quarter of an inch away another similar circle, and then he connected both with the current. The consequence was that every roach, in trying to get to the cans, placed himself with his hind legs on one pole or piece of foil and his forelegs on the other, completing the circuit, and rolling over dead. The bet was won, and the dead piled up.

LIKE AN IRISH FENCE. In the civil war the soldiers at the front spent much of their spare time in gambling, and battle-fields would be literally strewn with packs of cards. The reason for this was that, although everybody played more or less, as soon as the attack was sounded every man threw his cards away, for the soldiers were superstitious about dying with a pack of cards in their possession. The result was that after a great fight there would not be a pack of cards left in camp, and curious substitutes were evolved.

One of the most characteristic was the use of the "array grayback," or loose. Men would gather at a table, and each would pay in their pockets, or with tobacco, which was almost as good as money, the greater part of the time, and someone would produce a fairly good piece of board, on which a circle about two inches in diameter would be made with a piece of charcoal. Around this circular outer circle, to a distance of two inches in diameter would be drawn. The board was heated pretty hot and competing "graybacks" were dropped into the inner circle. As soon as they touched the board they set off like race-horses to get away from the heat. The first to cross the outer circle was adjudged the winner. Considerable money changed hands.

On one occasion a soldier offered to race his "god" against the whole camp for all they liked to wager. The bet was made, and the races came off. The longer winning pretty nearly everything in sight. He then went to other camps, and did the same thing, enjoying quite a run of prosperity until someone discovered his trick. He had found out that the speediest "grayback" was a HALF-STARVED ONE.

And he had three in his leather pocket-book in a very advanced stage of starvation, with which he was able to beat all comers. Many old G. A. R. men will smile at the recollection of these races.

"Millionaire" is another story of a contest he had three years ago with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist, and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the West, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay bought the grasshopper, and he and Mackay backed them against the record-breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined to win, and sent several of his men to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpose, until one day he discovered a new spot on the cable near where the grasshopper had sat. Investigating the matter he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a phial of ammonia with a dropper in his pocket, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with a dropper, and then went to another battle. The same morning he managed to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it, filled it with chloroform instead of ammonia, and then kept the foreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought in, and Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and heaved, finally rolling over and going to sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

One night last April a party of railroad men strolled up Broadway after dinner. Near Forty-second street the conversation turned upon the prices of cab hire in different cities. William Hayward, ex-Railroad Commissioner of Connecticut, said that in New York the price was higher than in any other city in the country. "Where are you staying?" asked a New Yorker. "Within six blocks," was the reply, "and a cabby will not drive me to my door for anything near \$5."

A CABBY'S FARE. The New Yorker made a bet of supper for the crowd that he could make a dollar drive him to his door for a dollar. "Bring him along," was the reply. The money was posted, the cabby called, and the address given, and he drove to St. Cloud Hotel, fourth floor. "Drive right up to the door." A merrier party than the one which drove around to one of the tenderloin "cabs" would have been difficult to find.

Of late the jumping bean has received some attention. The game played in the downtown offices is a betting game, the divisions is drawn and bets are made as to which one the bean will jump into. Down at Panama the great holiday game is cat-racing. In several of the gambling houses or sheds about 100 yards long, and in the center of these are board-out tables like a bowling alley, but wider. From end to end of each of these are stretched tightly ten thin steel wires, and at the extreme end of each is a number, which, on being touched, lies up. When the races take place each cat is fitted with a leather collar, at the top of which is an eyelid, through which is threaded one of the wires, so that each wire has one cat on it. Firecrackers are attached to the tail of each cat and fired simultaneously. The cats give a despairing howl and rush away in the only direction possible, namely, straight ahead, guided by the wire. The further they go the louder they make a howling noise, the faster the poor cats fly, until one of them passes under the wire, or rather the eccentricity, which works the numbers and sends up the winning signal. Some of the cats have split second records, but they cannot be worked very often or they lie down and let the firecrackers have all the fun. This appears to be a modification of the electric spur and whip device used at Gattouberg some years ago.

A story is told of an actor who was returning home rather early in the morning, and came to an early organ grinder. A piece of green baize was stretched over the top of the organ, while a miserable monkey gathered in the receipts. The actor saw the green cloth, stopped, and put down a silver dollar, which was immediately grabbed by the monkey. The actor stared a minute, rubbed his eyes, and walked away muttering: "Quickest game I ever ran up against in all my life."

SKILLED BY FOUR AGES. Poker, the national game, has many curious happenings. On April 27th last there was a game in progress in South

Eighth street, near Walnut street, Philadelphia. One of the players was Arthur S. Poulterer. Cards were dealt, and Poulterer held up three fingers and requested three cards. He picked them up one by one, his face gradually flushing with excitement. As he placed the last card in his hand he laid them down and slipped slowly from his chair to the floor—dead. His hand was four aces! He was a well-known gambler.

About fifteen years ago, when the extreme west part of Dakota was colonized, there was a lively squabble about what the new county should be called. There were four Commissioners whose duty it was to decide on the name, and at the board meetings the vote for the name of the county was always two and two, and the feeling began to run high. John Winn suggested that the four Commissioners should take 500 white chips apiece and play a game of poker to decide. The chips to represent \$5 each. This was agreed to, and the game commenced with the entire population on hand. For two hours little game was made, and then a Jack pot came, and for which seventy-three hands were dealt before it was opened. Finally Commissioner Edwards opened it for \$200. He held three kings, and the other three held a zigzag, and the others dropped out. Edwards drew one card, La Moure dealt himself five cards, and the betting commenced. Men with their hands on their heads were seen. After several raises there was \$5,000 in the pool, private money, besides the chips. Then the hand was called. Edwards held a full, three aces and a pair of fours. He rose to his feet and cried:

NAMING A COUNTY. "Gentlemen, this is McKenzie County." "Gentlemen, this is McKenzie County," he repeated. "I have named it McKenzie County, and it shall be named McKenzie County." The game lasted eighteen hours, and La Moure and Winn were carried shoulder high round the town, which saw no sleep that night. The game cost \$200,000, and the name was found among the archives of the county, labeled "La Moure's Five-Card Draw."

On February 27th last there was a little game of faro, at the Hotel Montezuma, when Miss Estlin and General G. S. Warren came together and commenced throwing dice. General Warren had an opinion on the game, and he said that he had seen it in the hands of a man named Warren, who had a little talk about it. The two men came to an understanding that they would throw dice, and that if Warren won he should pay \$50,000 for it. The town turned out to see the fun, and the result was that Warren won \$50,000, and the \$50,000 changed hands while the drinks were being called for.

It is well known that the average gambler is somewhat superstitious, as to how he carries his money, but Abe Slusky of St. Louis broke the record some years ago. He ran a second-hand clothing store at one time in St. Louis, and eventually merged into a politician. When the Democratic convention was held in Minneapolis he went there with \$2,000, and was so successful that he had a million dollars in his pocket when he returned. He had a million dollars in his pocket when he returned. He had a million dollars in his pocket when he returned.

BORN, NOT MADE

Seven Years of Practice Required to Considerable Money Changed Hands.

"A juggler, I think, like a poet, must be born, not made. All the same, it is not easy to learn the art, even if you are to the master himself." Thus spoke Paul Cinqvevall, the juggler whose marvelous feats are familiar to a reporter of the New York Sunday Advertiser. "You would hardly believe me," he continued, "if I told you the amount of time I have spent upon a new trick, and yet it comes so naturally to me that as a boy running about the streets I was doing juggling or balancing something, to the admiration of my playmates."

M. Cinqvevall is indeed a born juggler. A native of Poland, the son of a steady-going merchant who afterward lived in Berlin, the boy ran away from home at the age of 12 because his father would not let him become a traveling company of acrobats. Although Cinqvevall was always expert at juggling, it was as a trapeze and aerial performer that he spent the first seven years of his professional life. A terrible fall which Cinqvevall received when he was 19 years old, and which confined him to his bed for six months, was the turning point in his life. He turned to juggling, and his giving up his elevated sphere of activity and becoming the foremost juggler in the world. Cinqvevall is now 40 years of age, with a long, slender, and a pleasant smile, and a curling mustache. He has traveled all over the world, and speaks several languages.

"The juggler who is to attain any success in his profession," says M. Cinqvevall, "must have, first, perfect steadiness of hand, and a quick eye, and next, a quick and accurate eye, and an equally agile and dexterous hand. Even having these, he must work hard, and he must be able to keep his attention fixed upon his work. I try to make my feet as novel and difficult as possible, and I use the most unusual implements I can find. Some of the things I have done in the last few weeks or months, but most of them I work over for years. It took me two years working regularly over the ball, and I do not do it on the average, before I was able to do that little trick of tossing a ball in the air and catching it accurately in the pocket fastened to my back."

"For seven or eight years I practiced balancing two billiard balls on the end of one, and a third on top of the second, in a cup which I hold in my mouth. Several times I gave it up, and then returned to it again. I do a trick in juggling six balls, and a seventh, which looks quite simple no doubt. It took me over two years to learn that."

"Once I have learned a trick perfectly, so as to do it in public, I do not need to practice it—the stage performance keeps me in trim, but I am constantly at work several hours a day on my own feet. "While I was learning the way to catch the forty-eight-pound steel ball which I throw in the air and balance on my neck I had several accidents. One time the ball knocked me senseless, and I lay unconscious for over an hour. It took years to master that trick perfectly."

"May the juggler drink or smoke?" asked the reporter. "While the people of the East and Europe are suffering from zero weather, here in Sacramento the cherry and almond trees are putting forth their blossoms under the genial influence of warm, sunny days. It will not be many weeks until people in various sections of the State will be claiming the first shipment of new fruit to the East."

More Rain. There was quite a sprinkle of rain early last evening, and about 11 o'clock it began raining quite heavily. A little rain just now will do no harm, but on the contrary so good, the streets were becoming so dusty as to be disagreeable.

Prisoners En Route. John Maroney, sentenced to serve a term of ten years in State Prison for burglary, and Gus Marshall, sentenced to three years for a similar offense, were lodged at the County Jail last night by Deputy Sheriff Riley of San Francisco on route to Folsom.

Diad In Africa. News has been received of the death of Harry A. Adams, well known in Sacramento and Grass Valley. Adams was a mining expert and went to South Africa. He died of typhoid fever.

Extinguished. "I love you dearly Jack," she said. "You are the light of my life." "You sorry," said her lover, as he appeared in the doorway, "but I will have to put your light out."—Life.

A Correction. Wilbur was quite hoarse, and when the doctor came he said: "I guess you've got a frog in your throat, eh?" "Guess not," said Wilbur; "Taint' big enough for anything bigger'n a polly-wog."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. The National Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

A CLUB DINNER.

The Critic Club Celebrates Washington's Birthday—Exercises. The Critic Club celebrated the eve of Washington's birthday, the entry upon the ninth year of the club's existence, by its fifth annual dinner last night at the Maison Faure.

The room was draped at one end with the American flag, over the portrait of Washington. At the other end hung the portrait of a clock from the great hall of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and on the east wall an engraving of "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

The club and its guests at the table were H. Weinstock and wife, Dr. A. W. Briggs and wife, A. Bonniemi and wife, Dr. George Pyburn and Miss Pyburn, Miss De Laguna, Mrs. Southworth, Rev. C. P. Massey, Robt. Abram Simon, J. Thielen and wife, Dr. W. F. Ward and wife, A. C. Hinkson, J. A. Woodson and wife, Superintendent of Public Instruction Black, Deputy Superintendent of Instruction Leaman and W. H. V. Raymond. President Weinstock presided, and Secretary Raymond was Toastmaster.

After the discussion of the dinner, the regular toasts were announced and responded to as follows: "The Day We Celebrate"—J. A. Woodson; "A Stuffed Club in the Hands of a Jolly Good Fellow," Dr. George Pyburn; "The New Philanthropy—Found in the Heart of a Clock," H. Weinstock; "1789—1895, the Ten on Ten Years," Rev. C. P. Massey; "The Relation of the Common Health to the Commonwealth," J. A. Woodson; "From Cave Man to Club Man," a Study in Evolution," Dr. W. A. Briggs; "The Brotherhood of Man—Is It a Fiction?" Rev. Abram Simon.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Ex-Mayor Ellert is here from San Francisco. George B. Green came up from Courtland, concluding the exercises by singing "America" and then with joined hands, "Auld Lang Syne."

FOR CHARITY.

A Good Attendance at the Relief Society's Party. The Catholic Ladies' Relief Society gave a "Washington Party" at Turner Hall last evening. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the national colors predominated. The attendance was large, and the result of the ladies to make the party a financial as well as a social success must have been gratifying to them. The committee in charge were as follows:

Arrangements—Mrs. R. B. Moore, Mrs. J. F. McQueeney, Miss Annie Harney, Mrs. D. J. Desmond, Miss Emma Lanford, Miss Lizzie O'Brien, Mrs. J. W. Willem, Miss Emma Hughes, Miss Mary Haggerty. Reception—Mrs. J. Miller, Mrs. C. K. McClatchy, Miss Etta Gorman, Mrs. F. D. Ryan, Mrs. H. B. Synow, Miss Kate Lamming, Mrs. T. W. Sheehan, Miss Annie O'Neill, Miss May Quinn. Floor Director—Miss Nellie M. Ogden. Floor Committee—Mrs. M. H. Hopley, Penelope Murphy, Louise J. Conrad, Alice Dunn, Eliza Wittenbrock.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Clunie Opera-house this evening Mr. Higgins' powerful drama, "Jack Rose of Tennessee." The big hat sticks to the Clunie opera-house audiences too closely. There is no more reason for wanting it there than at opera in the Metropolitan. Better abandon it, good women, it is heavy, and did not to your credit from any point of view.

A musical entertainment will be given at the Congregational Church on March 6th, under the direction of Miss Eugenia A. Kelley, for the benefit of the King's Daughters of the First Christian Church.

The Clalhoun Opera Company concluded a successful engagement last night at the Metropolitan Theater. The company was "Said Pasha." It was very handsomely staged; the scenery was handsome, the costumes rich in oriental color and brilliancy. The Clalhoun made his first appearance. He is a good comedian of fine humor and good dramatic ability. The entire company was in the cast. The Clalhoun opera to a good audience in an excellent manner, giving satisfaction and receiving plentiful applause. Miss Farrington was especially heard to better advantage, and as the queen proved her capacity to be much broader than her name supposed. The company goes to Stockton this forenoon and thence to Fresno.

There were but two big hats worn at the Metropolitan Theater last night. Vaie big hat!

What a Difference. While the people of the East and Europe are suffering from zero weather, here in Sacramento the cherry and almond trees are putting forth their blossoms under the genial influence of warm, sunny days.

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Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

This Evening's Reception at the Association's Rooms. The reception at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms to-night in honor of Washington's birthday is all the talk among the members. The delicacies of the season will be served in fitting style by the Ladies' Auxiliary, and toasts will be responded to by President Chalmers H. Dunn, State Secretary John L. Spear, Howard M. Bryant and Joseph Lemer. This affair is in the nature of a "stag" picnic, only members being invited.

The meeting last Sunday afternoon was held in the gymnasium, when eighty to one hundred men were present. The meeting next Sunday promises to be one of unusual interest. Dr. Watts will be the leader, and he will be assisted by the young men of the Congregational Church. The song service will begin at 8:45. Mr. Chalmers, a singer of note, will have a prominent part. One member of the Reception Committee will be found on duty each week night. The several committees are assigned as follows: Monday, Monday Allen; Tuesday, Beauchamp; Wednesday, Lemer; Thursday, Ribbe; Friday, Koenig; Saturday, Thurday. The Reception Club held an interesting debate Wednesday night, the question for discussion being, "Resolved, That Foreign Immigration Should be Further Restricted." The affirmative was carried, affirmed, Messrs. Coffey and Holt denied. The judges thought the affirmative had the best of it. Henry W. Miller gave a recitation in pleasing style. J. H. Arnold acted as presiding officer.

Basket ball and hand ball are absorbing a good deal of attention. The game of the late E. G. Blossing is the Captain of the team, and several of the boys are developing quite rapidly as experts. Gymnastic drills with piano accompaniment by Professor Stickney have come into fashion of late.

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Crepons, Crepon Serges, Redfern Suits, Shirt Waists.

Crepons, The latest novelty in European Dress Coats. We have them in all the Latest weaves. Colors are Black, Navy, Havana, Tan, Cream and Fancy mixtures. Crepon Serges, Black and Colored, 50 inches wide. Redfern Suits, The latest English material. Width, 50 inches. \$1 00 A YARD. Shirt Waists, For Spring and summer wear. In a variety of New styles. And materials Just at hand. Large, full Sleeves. Link cuffs; Solid Colors, Stripes and Figured designs. \$1 00, \$1 50 AND \$1 75 EACH.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE. SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM) DECEMBER 20, 1894. Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at Sacramento.

Table with columns: LEAVE TRAINS RUN DAILY, ARRIVE TRAINS. Lists various routes and times for Sacramento.

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CAPITOL HOTEL. CAPITAL HOTEL, CORNER SEVENTH AND K STREETS. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE BATHS and from the cars. BLISSING & GUTHRIE, Proprietors.

WESTERN HOTEL. THE LEADING HOUSE OF SACRAMENTO. Cal. Meals, 25 cents. WM. LAND, Proprietor. Free bus to and from hotel. Unique Restaurant. S. W. Corner Third and J Streets. For an oyster stew, a raw or fry. This first-class Cafe should try. EXCELLENT MEALS AT ALL HOURS. MARCO ZARUK, Proprietor.

STATE HOUSE HOTEL. Corner Tenth and K Sts., Sacramento. BOARD AND ROOMS, \$1 25 TO \$2 PER WEEK. Accommodations FIRST-CLASS. Free bus to and from by W. J. ELDER, Manager.

PACIFIC HOTEL. CORNER K AND FIFTH STREETS, SACRAMENTO. Meals, 25 cents. Nearest Hotel to Post and Telegraph Office and Transfer. Street cars pass the door every three minutes. Elegantly furnished. Rooms in single or suites from 25 cents. G. F. SINGLETON, Proprietor.

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