

was clever enough to understand you, Maisie," he remarked. "I give it up. Tell me what I've done."

"Nothing," she said, wiping her eyes and drawing herself up—"only married me."

Sir Charles shook his head and tugged his mustache again. "Don't see it yet," he protested. "If that's all I've done, upon my word, I believe I'd do it again!" He put his great hand on her fair hair; but she pushed it off.

"If I had money, you meant?" she said.

Sir Charles stared at her for a moment. Then he suddenly flushed and said a bad word—several bad words. Then he laughed and picked her up in his arms. "No," he said, "I didn't. You little—what shall I call you?"

"Idiot!" she said, and clung to him and laughed and cried. "Of course you didn't. What did you mean, you—you great bear?"

Sir Charles tugged his mustache again. "Well," he said, "I suppose I meant that I've been rather a useless sort of chap, don't you know; a drone like my idle ancestors. I tell you what it is, Maisie, ancestors are a millstone round a fellow's neck. I'm going to cut the string and take another name and go into trade and get on."

Sir Geoffrey fairly danced with rage. It was obviously impossible to appear to a man who called him an idler and a millstone and who was prepared to drop the family name and become a huckster, and get on! He was going straight back

to Speeterland, when the charming syndicate's daughter spoke.

"Sir Geoffrey wasn't an idler, Charlie," she said firmly. "He was a brave man, and he did a man's work in his days. You're going to do a man's work in your days. So he needn't be ashamed of you; and you needn't be ashamed of him or his name. We're going into trade, Sir Geoffrey, and I'm not afraid to tell you!" She curtsied to the portrait and went out, hanging on her husband's arm.

The eyes of Sir Geoffrey followed her. "Odsbodkins!" he said. "There's the spirit of a man in the wench. I'll ask my solicitors if I can't regard her as a gentleman and appear to her."

He communicated with his solicitors by spectrogram; but they advised him that he had no right to alter the terms of his vow in the manner proposed. He had distinctly undertaken to appear only on the explicit invitation of a gentleman connected with the family.

Sir Geoffrey was a law-abiding ghost and he accepted the decision without a murmur; but he hoped against hope that his unworthy descendant might drop some expression which he could construe as an invitation. So he followed him all the morning as he went over the old place, arm in arm with his wife and with their two little boys clinging to her skirts.

She told the story of the siege to her boys when she put them to bed. "That is the story of a brave gentleman," she concluded. "You must be brave

and good like that, and then perhaps some day his ghost will come and show you where he put all his golden pennies."

The ghost of Sir Geoffrey waited in the picture-gallery till the next morning, however, to take his invisible leave of the syndicate's daughter and give her an old ghost's blessing. He was sure she would come to look at him in the faded portrait on the wall.

She came, hanging upon the arm of a square-faced, white-haired man. Sir Geoffrey hoped at first that he might be a gentleman of the family; but he found that he was only the huckster whom people called a syndicate. He was a blunt-spoken old man, and he made the ghosts of Sir Geoffrey's hairs stand on their ghostly ends by the way he spoke of him.

"So this is your precious spook, Maisie," he said. "A truculent old rascal, by the look of him. Looks as if he had grit, though. To my mind, these old knights were a set of pirates and thieves. If they lived nowadays we would clap them into prison!"

"Rascal!" "Thief!" "Prison!" The ghost of Sir Geoffrey laid his hand upon his ghostly sword and uttered some inaudible expressions not found in modern glossaries of ancient speech.

"Oh, popper!" Lady Mallinson protested. "They were Charlie's ancestors, you know."

"He'd be better if he hadn't any," the old

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SEAFARING GAMBLERS

By Lance Pierson

I HAVE crossed the ocean often, and for shameful cheating I think the smoking-cabins of some steamers are the limit.

Many years ago, perhaps twenty, I recall two passengers who were constant patrons of the smoking-room and members of the council which sat around the green-covered table. One was a tall and thin man known as Paterson; the other a mite of a Scotchman named Peck. Neither of them missed a single session, and they were invariably among the first to take their seats at the table, always managing to have corner seats next to each other. Not a game passed that these two did not wrangle over it, and more than once first Paterson and then Peck came to me, saying: "I am going to quit the game unless Paterson (or Peck) is put out of it." They never spoke to each other outside of the game and were apparently deadly enemies.

I left the steamer at Queenstown. So did Peck and Paterson, and on the tender taking us ashore I was amazed to find they had become chummy. I came upon them suddenly, comparing memoranda in their note-books, and then it flashed upon me that they were confederates and had been working some collusive game in the smoking-room all the way over.

"Did it pan out well?" I asked them, and Peck replied:

"Yes, very well," while Paterson smilingly remarked: "It's a good game and a new one."

Imagine my surprise some months later, when Peck called upon me in New-York and suggested that I get up a game on the same quarrel "system" and that we divide the results.

"The Major"

IN the summer of 1890, on board the Sphynx, I was a player in a daily game, in which one of my companions was a faultlessly dressed, excellently groomed Englishman, known at the table as "the Major." The second day out it dawned upon all that the Major was not playing a straight game. None of us, nor any of those who volunteered to watch the play, could detect anything wrong, but there existed the feeling, I may say the absolute knowledge, that the Major had "something up his sleeve," so to speak. Two of us, a Mr. Harts and myself, were appointed a committee to request him not to take a seat at the table again. We told him it was his personality that was not liked and that it would be much easier if he stayed out of the game himself than for all of us to get up if he seated himself. It would also attract less unpleasant attention to himself. He fumed and swore a bit, but said he would do as suggested, and he did.

Three years later, on another journey, just as we were leaving the dock, my wife called my attention to a man who was staring at me. It was the Major,

and though he had grown a beard I knew him instantly.

Coming up to where we stood and raising his hat to my wife, he accosted me with the remark: "I believe we traveled together once before, on the Tiger?"

I answered: "Yes, I believe so."

Then he left us, walked a couple of times around the deck and returned, to make the remark: "You know very well it was the Sphynx on which we traveled together. Why did you say it was the Tiger?"

I assured him that I had said nothing of the sort, that he had named the Tiger and, not wishing any argument or controversy with him, I had assented.

"Do you remember that unpleasant incident of the smoking-room?" he asked me.

"Perfectly well."

"Are you going to mention it on board this boat and queer me?"

"No," I told him, "upon two conditions: that you do not enter any card game, and that you do not speak to me during the trip."

He gave me his solemn promise that he would do neither, and as I never saw him except at meals I flattered myself that he was keeping his word.

As we were nearing our English port, and some of the passengers were already on the tender, he approached me, valise in hand, all ready to disembark, and said: "The trip is over. May I have one word with you now?"

"Yes, if you have something interesting to say."

"I want to thank you for a great favor. You suckers of the saloon aren't in it for easy marks like those fellows in the second cabin. I have had three sessions of poker every day with them and I am about fifteen hundred dollars to the good. Good-by, and blank you!"

I have never seen him since.

The Day's Run

THERE is not an atom of doubt in my mind that there is crookedness and collusion in connection with the auction and hat pools on the day's run of some steamers. I have seen unfair play in both. It is a matter of fact that not many years ago the first-cabin men passengers on a certain steamer presented a round-robin to the New-York office protesting, and giving proof, that the Captain of the steamer was in league with a certain gambler and had "cooked" the "miles run" so that his confederate might win. The Captain was called before his directors, broke down and pleaded guilty, but said that for months he had been hypnotized by the gambler, and begged for mercy. Every one of the signers of the round-robin was notified

by a confidential letter of the Captain's confession, but was asked not to expose him, as he had been in the company's service for thirty years and was a brave and efficient officer with a distinguished record.

I know the officer of a steamer who has frequently marked the run on a pane of glass in one of the portholes in the men's retiring-room, and invariably has been followed by a certain passenger, who just as invariably made a few small hurried pre-posting bets, which he has always won. Recently I heard a man say, jokingly of course: "Oh! I am awfully lucky in winning hat pools. I always travel on this line, generally with Captain Courageous, and I always win several pools."

I did not go into a single pool on that trip; but I watched the fellow. Every day between eleven-thirty and noon he went to the bridge "to take a cocktail with the Captain," and he won four out of eight of the pools.

"Sam'l o' Posen"

APROPOS of gambling for big stakes, I recall an episode that took place in the smoking-room of an old steamer not now in service. In the fall of 1883, M. B. Curtis, the actor known as "Sam'l o' Posen," was in the height of his popularity. Large stakes had been played for at poker and in the pools on the run of the ship. About the fifth day out a two-pound-sterling or ten-dollar pool was made up of twenty numbers, amounting to two hundred dollars, and then these numbers were sold at auction, and the separate numbers sold at from three to ten pounds each, until No. 384 was reached, when an exciting scene took place.

Curtis tried to buy this number, which brought thirty-six pounds, but did not succeed. He then announced that the game was a fraud, and defied the Captain to put up that number as the run the following day. The excitement grew so hot that the Captain was called into the smoking-room, and Curtis informed him that if he dared to post No. 384 as the ship's run he would expose him when the ship got to New-York.

The Captain thereupon informed Curtis that if the ship's run was three hundred and eighty-four miles he could depend upon it that would be the number put up, and that if that number was put up and he dared to make any objection, he would put him in irons and hold him in close confinement until the ship arrived in port.

Sure enough, the following day No. 384 was posted, and Curtis did not open his mouth. It was the consensus of opinion, among the cabin passengers however, that Curtis had had an inkling of about what the run would be, as he purchased the three numbers on each side of 384 but did not succeed in getting that particular number. The total of the pool was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars.

