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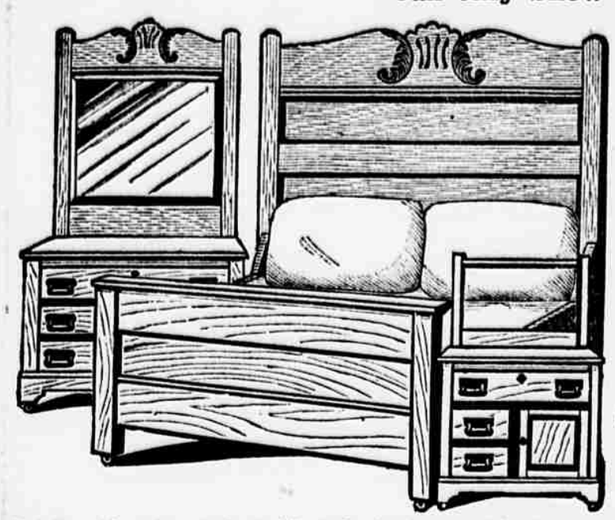

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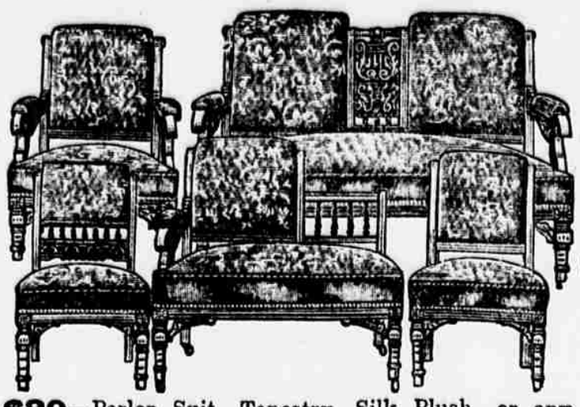

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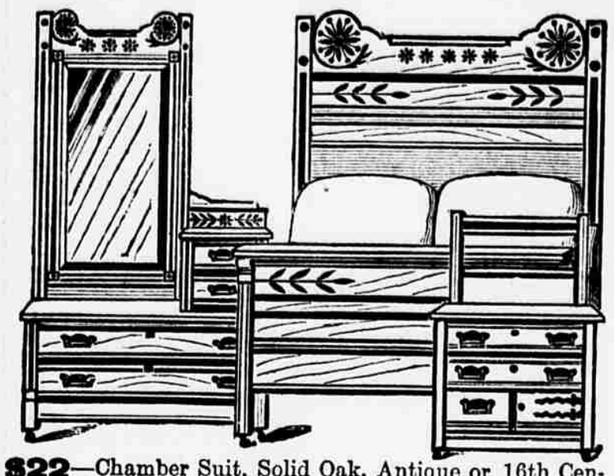

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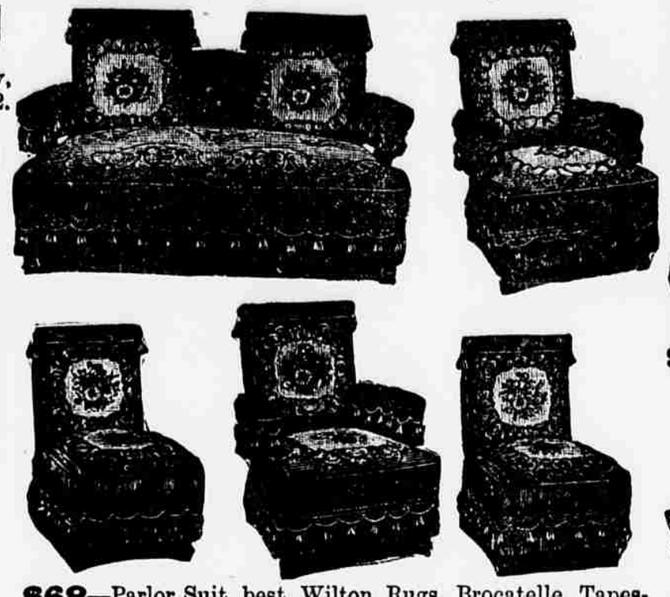

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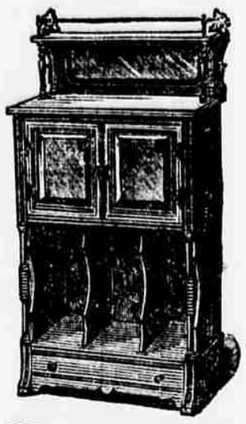

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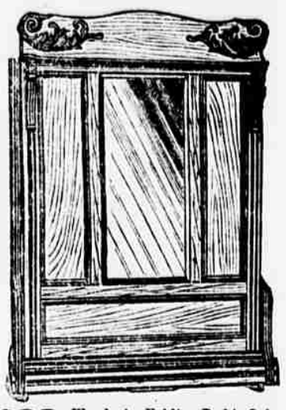

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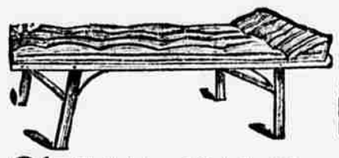

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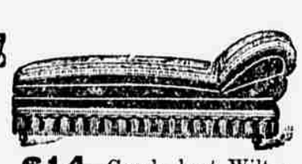

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ELEONORA DUSE.

Italy's Greatest Actress in Critical Vienna—A Revelation in Natural Acting.

VIENNA, March 1.—The oldest Vienna playgoers, who hold to their traditions and reminiscences with fully as much tenacity as the most inveterate theatre habitués of Paris, cannot, in the last fifty years which have brought to the Austrian capital everybody distinguished in music or the drama, remember the appearance of any artist, male or female, that has created so great a stir or has compelled so unanimous a verdict of admiration as that of Eleonora Duse, the famous Venetian actress. A week ago her name was known merely as that of an oft-mentioned ornament of the Italian stage, who had assumed the heritage of Adelaide Ristori, without accepting the heavier responsibility of its exclusively tragic side. Now her name is in every mouth, her art and her triumphs are the subject of endless newspaper articles; she has not only erected a standard of criticism that will serve for many a year to come, but has brought new life, new ideas, new suggestions to that ever-interesting topic, the art of acting. La Duse's methods and ways are discussed, not as something debatable, because new and altogether different, but rather as a novel manifestation which one accepts unconditionally while seeking to discover the line of demarcation where art ends and nature begins.

Not unlike the success which has this winter in America fallen to the share of Paderewski Eleonora Duse, after her first appearance, attracting audiences far larger than the capacity of the good-sized house in which she played, has appealed in strongest measure to the members of her own profession. At every performance the various histrionic celebrities of Vienna have been the most attentive listeners and observers, while with one accord the tribute of unqualified endorsement has testified to an art so potent, so all-convincing, that even professional jealousy was effectually silenced. No one, for instance, of all her auditors applauded more loudly or expressed her delight more enthusiastically than the famous Charlotte Wolter, the pride of the Burg Theatre, the greatest actress of Germany, and so habitually envious, it is said, of the triumphs of other artists that she cannot even with equanimity witness the successes of Girardi, a low comedian not unlike our own Francis Wilson in his methods. Although the appearance of Eleonora Duse has come to the good Viennese very much in the nature of a revelation, and her fame has spread over only a limited part of the globe, it is not in Italy alone that her laurels have been won. In Russia for several years she has been appreciated at her worth, while in South America, Spain, and Egypt her name is as familiar as it is universally popular.

Of Venetian parents, Eleonora Duse was born in Padua some forty years ago. Her father and mother were on the stage, though neither attained any celebrity, save what the former had inherited as being the son of the greatest Italian actor of his day. Nature is given to such freaks, whereby the talent of the grandfather, slumbering for one generation, has reappeared in the person of his granddaughter, who adds to conspicuously fresh distinction to the name of Duse. As a child her dramatic talent manifested itself so powerfully that Cesare Rossi, the father of the celebrated tragedian and an excellent actor in his day, undertook her stage training, and later started on a trip with her as a youthful phenomenon through the principal cities of Brazil and the Argentine Republic. At first not financially successful, a second tour achieved more than satisfactory pecuniary results, the clever impresario realizing a profit of more than half a million francs. On her return to Europe Eleonora Duse became engaged to and married an Italian aristocrat, with whom, as so often happens in the case of artists, she lived unhappily for several years, and from whom she subsequently separated. She has a daughter by that marriage who is being educated in Turin.

Since 1879 Mme. Duse has been at the head of a troupe which bears her name, and in all essential details has remained unchanged since it was organized. Her leading man, who is also her stage manager, is Signor Hano Ando, and he has received the highest praise, inasmuch as he has been found in every way worthy of his distinguished associate. Playing together for so many years, it will not seem surprising that the two artists present a semblance of reality that, to say the least, is extremely unusual. Their scenes together have been likened to the duets in an opera, where one singer does not wait till the other has completed a musical phrase, but where the voices are heard frequently in unison, one supplementing the other. It has been hailed as a new form of art, and one better because truer to nature, this realistic treatment of intimate conversation, where one sentence is not made to wait ceremoniously until the last syllable that precedes it shall have been duly enunciated. Undoubtedly the interruptions and evident disregard of all conversational formality is in a way the expression of a new form of art, but it is at the same time the natural result of constant and uninterrupted artistic association.

Physically unfitted for the more arduous tasks of the stage, Eleonora Duse counts only few of the purely classic roles in her repertory. She has been justly called the "tragedienne of the modern drama," and in a line of work much like that of the most famous of French actresses, Sarah Bernhardt—indeed, in some of her best known parts, "Fedora," "Frou Frou," "Adrienne," "Marguerite Gautier"—she has achieved her greatest triumphs. She was the first to introduce Ibsen in Italy through his "Doll's House," which is one of her favorite plays, and to which she intends shortly to add "Hedda Gabler," having a profound admiration for the Norwegian dramatist whom she regards as the poet of the future, the "Wagner of dramatic art." In Vienna she appeared in three different plays—"Marguerite Gautier," "Nora," and "Fedora"—dissimilar, nay, diametrically opposed, in their character, nationality, and in the qualities required for their truest impersonation. In all was the same consensus of admiration—the identical verdict of perfect accomplishment that accepted unquestioningly a well-nigh astounding manifestation of histrionic art.

Physically Eleonora Duse possesses only a few of the advantages supposed to arrest at first sight the attention of a merely casual observer. Of medium height, extremely thin, with dark hair and eyes, a well-formed brow, she has every feature, every movement under her control, and she is capable of expressing eloquently the suttlest shade of feeling. Not until one begins to see, as it were, the inner nature of the character she portrays with all that is pest and most ennobling, is the realization of positive and rare physical attractiveness brought home. Her voice, too, seems hardly to belong in the category of beautiful attributes, but when we have noticed its rare power to convey by subtle tones the most varied shades of feeling, we realize how it has been rendered capable of every possible modulation. Her gestures and attitudes make, by comparison, the ordinary actor's stock in trade seem inexpressive and elementary in the extreme, and timid, too, inasmuch as they do not venture to assimilate to themselves the number of movements which, although true to nature, border too closely on the grotesque, and even ridiculous.

A psychological disquisition on the art of Eleonora Duse mentions the case of Prof. Fechner, physicist and philosopher, who had to power intuitively to gain an insight into the true character of a person by closely imitating his exterior. It frequently happened to him unconsciously to assume the gait and carriage of some one walking in front of him, and thus to gain a knowledge of his feelings, his character, and his general state of mind. Frequently he had occasion to assure himself of the accuracy of these psychological experiments. In the same way the writer claimed that the assumption and assimilation of her various roles meant for Eleonora Duse an absolute temporary substitution of their individuality for her own.

Although much might be written of Eleonora Duse, only personal experience can convey an adequate notion of how remarkable an actress she really is; and yet there are certain moments in a play as hackneyed as "The Lady of the Camellias," in which it would have seemed as if every possibility for dramatic effect had, during the forty years it has been acted, been completely exhausted, when the power of the Italian actress asserts itself most originally and conspicuously. Who that has ever seen it will forget the eloquent moment when, in the second act, *Armand's* letter is brought to *Marguerite*, and while she reads it by the light of the lamp, the expression from careless lightheartedness changes to one of rigid despair? The light goes out of the eyes, a seemingly livid pallor spreads over the countenance, and the moment presages the death that is to come later. In that moment we see *Marguerite* as she will look when life as well as joy shall have left her. It is a triumph of facial expression achieved not merely by marvellously mobile features and an entire disregard of all those artifices of the toilet table generally considered so necessary for the stage, but also a momentary insight into human character such as the art of the greatest historians seldom affords. To mention only this single role of *Marguerite Gautier*, the most familiar perhaps in La Duse's repertory, there are many new and original bits of business, notably in the last two acts, that fully entitle her to the encomium earned here—that she has recreated the rôle. Of her death scene, with its touching simplicity and startling fidelity, can be said what was remarked once of Salvini in "La Morte Civile," that he made it so unlike an effective stage death that it seemed wrong to witness anything so sacred inside an ordinary playhouse.

The essential quality of all Eleonora Duse's assumptions is their winning womanliness. In that characteristic, indeed, she is ahead of her various rivals, not even Ellen Terry being more tender and exquisite in her happiest moments. That very quality, clothing certain parts with a femininity that does not belong to them by right, may sometimes interfere with our preconceived notion of one or the other characters, but it never predominates so that it seems to be out of place.

Alexander Dumas, son, speaking of "The Lady of the Camellias," is reported to have said there was no character easier to act than *Marguerite Gautier*—"all that was needed was a good figure and sufficient diamonds." Without either, for La Duse wears no jewelry, she has represented the part, in the opinion of those who go back in their recollections as far as the original, Mme. Doche, more perfectly, more convincingly, than any predecessor.

The sensation created by Eleonora Duse in Vienna is as great as it is genuine. The first outcome of it is that she has contracted to play a return engagement here in May for the unusually long period of twenty nights, with the further promise to return every year. The triumphs in Austria will unquestionably induce the great artist to extend her travels beyond the few countries she has visited. Berlin is clamoring to see and applaud her, and London, as well as Paris, will probably add their plaudits to those of the more southern critics. Of a possible trip across the Atlantic and a tour of the United States report is vague, and yet it can hardly be presumed that her achievements are likely to be confined exclusively to the Old World. W. VON SACHS.

Tabby Whipped an Alligator.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

VERNON, Fla., April 3.—One of the most remarkable combats ever witnessed in this country occurred on Holmes River, near this place, last week. In the battle a cat and an alligator fought for three hours, with the final result in favor of the tabby.

The alligators have infested the river, and it is considered dangerous for any person or animal to go near the bank. The saurians are not large, but appear to make up in activity what they lack in size. A house cat belonging to Mr. Walton was in the habit of going to the river and feeding on mussels and such fish as it could get, and it was noticed several times that when the cat moved along the bank a ripple in the water showed that an alligator kept pace with it in the water. The cat, however, was aware of the alligator's presence, but showed no signs of fear.

On the day mentioned the cat approached too near the water in its eagerness to get a fish, and was grasped by the hind legs by an alligator about three feet long. The cat made a spring and got away, but its leg was bitten badly and bled freely. The taste of blood seemed to put the alligator into a frenzy, for it came out on the bank and continued the pursuit. The cat turned on its enemy, and then began one of the strangest fights seen in a long time. The cat was so quick that it was impossible for the alligator to get a bite at it, and the result was that the saurian soon endeavored to beat a retreat to the water. But the cat now began an offensive attack and cut off the way, biting the alligator in the throat and tender spots under the arms until the reptile was bleeding and almost exhausted. The fight continued, and when at last the alligator gave up it was bleeding from a hundred wounds. The cat was seemingly unhurt, except in the wounded leg, which was injured before the fight began.

An Unworthy Lochinvar.

From the Richmond Times.

LYNCHBURG, April 4.—Mr. Wood, who resides near Lowesville, is the father of a very handsome daughter. Yesterday morning this young lady attended Sunday school in a church some distance from her home. After the session the lover of the young lady, named Campbell, appeared on the scene in company with two companions, and the party started for the nearest railroad station to take the train for Washington, where the young couple were to be married. The prospective bride rode behind her lover on the same horse.

The young lady's father heard of the runaway, and, mounting his horse and arming himself with a shotgun, galloped in pursuit. He overtook the party near Amherst Court House and opened fire on the two companions of the lovers immediately put spurs to their horses and have not been seen since. The other animal, tired of carrying double, bucked, and the young lady, losing her seat, fell to the ground. Her would-be husband, fearing that he would be riddled with birdshot, followed his flying chums into the village of Amherst and sought shelter behind a rock wall.

He was afterward arrested by the county authorities and fined $2.50 for disturbing the peace. The young lady's father remounted his horse, took the young lady up behind him, and placing his trusty weapon across the pommel of his saddle returned homeward.

SUN'S SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Accepting THE SUN as an authority, I beg the favor of a reply to the following questions: A, B, C, and D are playing poker, penny ante, five-cent limit. A deals and all come in. B, having the age, has put up one cent (one calling two). After the others are in B puts up the additional cent and claims that, as he is the last man, he has the privilege now of raising the ante to five cents, the limit; and if the others want to draw cards they must each put up the additional five cents. Can the age make a raise of this character? Is not the dealer the last player who has that privilege? If B has this right, and all the others come in again, can he not still keep on raising *ad infinitum*? An answer will decide a bet, establish a rule for the future for a social poker club, and at the same time oblige "THE AGE."

You need not fear that a blockade of this sort can occur. The age man had the right to raise the limit before the draw; but if he was not raised back, on his first raise, by any other player, he could not again raise the ante. Cards must then be served, and betting to the limit is in order.

In a game of forty-five, diamonds trumps, the ace of hearts is led and I have no trumps, but hold a heart. Am I compelled to put the heart on, or can I renege said heart? CARDS.

The ace of hearts called for nothing but a diamond, and if you had no diamond you could play anything. The ace of hearts is never a heart at forty-five, save when hearts are trumps.

To enlighten a poker circle, will THE SUN tell us what constitutes the highest hand in poker? OLD SPORT.

Four aces and a fifth card are the highest hand that can be held in poker, unless it has been specially agreed to play straight flushes, any one of which will beat four aces and the odd card.

A, B, C, and D are playing poker. C and D drop out of a hand. A and B continue to raise each other until A calls B. B shows his hand—three aces. A lays down on the table his hand face down, and says, "Three aces are good." C and D demand to see A's hand. A declines to show it, on the ground that he admits B's hand beats his, and neither B, C, nor D has a right to make such a demand. C and D declare any player can demand to see both the winning and defeated hands on a call. J.

C and D are right. The caller and the called alike must show their hands, if so requested by any other player in the game.

A, B, and C are playing poker, ten-cent limit. A drops out. B, with nothing in his hand, bets the limit. C raises him the limit. B then calls, but has not in the right to see C's entire hand? C claims that he has only to show enough to beat B. G. W. BOLSTER.

C was wrong. He must show his whole hand. That is what B paid for—a sight, and a whole sight, too, and, moreover, both the called player and the caller were obliged to show their hands to any one else in the game, if it was so demanded.

By answering the following questions you will oblige several constant readers of THE SUN: In a game of draw poker A calls B. B puts up his money, and says: "What have you got?" B says: three jacks, and lays his three jacks on the table. Then A says: "I have three queens," and lays them on the table. B then lays down a pair of threes. Who gets the pot? Please answer in THE SUN. HENRY D. HEINSOHN, New York city.

B wins the pot, even at the risk of A's having heart disease. This species of "funny business" is annoying, but it is common.

In draw poker B calls A, who shows his hand, disclosing three of a kind. B says: "That's good," whereupon A throws his cards in the pile and proceeds to rake in the pot. B then discovers that he has bettered his original hand of two pairs and ought to have returned the chips, stating that he had not looked at his draw when he called A's hand "good." A claims that when a player acknowledges his opponent's hand as being the better, that is decisive, and that B must suffer the consequences of his neglect to study his hand. Who wins? CULPRITS.

A is right in his claim. B's blunder must be suffered by B. In poker, mistakes are invariably to the disadvantage of the player making them. We have decided in this way hundreds of times.

To decide a wager, will you kindly answer in your paper, also giving your authority, if in a game of draw poker a card be exposed in the draw, is the player to whom the exposed card should have gone to receive the next card, or wait until the other players have drawn theirs? A. T. C., New York city.

1. He must receive the next card. 2. THE SUN is its own authority, custom, equity and common sense governing its decisions.

A party are playing poker, a "premium hand" being agreed upon. By "premium hand" is meant that the gentleman holding the highest hand before exactly 12 o'clock receives three dollars from every player. The highest hand shown contained four aces. Shortly after 12 o'clock four aces were shown, but all the watches agreed it was after 12, varying from one to four minutes, and the premium went to the four aces and was paid. Once there has been argument that the hand holding the four aces, having been dealt before 12, should take the premium. We are not sure the hand was dealt before 12, but we are sure the gentleman drew cards to fill the hand after 12, and it certainly was not "shown down" until after 12 o'clock. In our game the premium is due and always paid at precisely 12 o'clock. Do you think the four aces have any standing against the four tens? M. MANCUS.

The payment of the "premium" to the player who held the four tens was proper and just. The four aces could not be considered in competition with the four tens. The exactness of the "before and after" leaves no room for doubt.

Kindly decide this dispute in draw poker: A, B, C, and D are playing. A deals; after the deal all the players decide to "come in." C holds three aces, discards two cards, but, by mistake, asks for and receives three cards, and does not discover his error until all have drawn cards and examined their hands, when he explains his position and asks for a ruling. A, B, and D, having examined their completed hands, insist C must discard the third card, and so play the hand as given to him. An "outsider," upon appeal, claims C's privilege to be to either play the three cards in his original hand (three aces) or accept two of the three given to him in the draw, and so complete his hand. C did not examine the three cards dealt in the draw until obliged to accept A's, B's, and D's ruling. W. J. LEE, Philadelphia.

Mistakes at poker are invariably to the disadvantage of the player making them. C has no one save himself to blame for his error. He asked for three cards. They were duly given to him. He must accept them. The "outsider" was wrong in his assertion. The other players were right in their demand.

What constitutes a straight flush in the game of poker? F. J. C.

Any five cards of one suit, running in their consecutive order, constitute a straight flush. It may be from the ace to the five, or the six to the ten, or the ten to the ace, and so on.

In a game of all jack pots, where the rules prohibit the opener from splitting, the pot is broken on, say, sevens and fours. He is raised by a four-flusher, and, with a view of strengthening his hand, the opener re-raises and draws two cards, without bettering. The four-flusher fills and beats him out, but as the breaker cannot show the two pair he opened the pot with, the rest of the players demand that the opener be returned all the money he put in except the original opening amount and the pot be played over. Is this ruling correct? Should not the flush win? EIGHTH JULY.

Your special rule has muddled matters, sure enough. The opener erred in splitting his two pairs, but, as he did not open the pot falsely, it would be manifestly unfair to the "four-flusher" to adopt the plan suggested. The player with the flush is entitled to the pot. You must mutually agree upon the amount of the opener's penalty for breaking the regulation; that is, if you care to inflict one.

We were playing poker, fifty-cent limit. It was a jack pot, and I opened it with a pair of kings. Two or three others came in, and all drew. I calling for three cards. I bet fifty cents without looking at my hand, and all the others stayed out. I then turned over my hand and found six cards—a pair of kings and four other odd cards. Am I not entitled to the pot, as I had the openers and no one called me? If I am not entitled to it, who is? E. D.

The pot belongs to you. No one was in a position to know whether you had two cards or two dozen cards. Openers only were all that you had to show in order to take the pot.

Regarding the game of poker: 1. If the player picks up six cards before the draw, is it a misdeal or is his hand dead? 2. If he is opener of a jack pot split his opening pair when he is not raised before the draw? 3. Does the age ever pass? If so, when? H. SHAW.

1. His hand is dead if he picks it up or examines it prior to discovering the surplus card. 2. Yes. The opener can split his openers. The fact of his not being raised has no bearing upon the rule. 3. The age never passes from one player to another in any one round.

A, B, and C play "cutthroat" euchre, ten points to the game, until A has 1, B 11, and C 8 points. B and C then euchre A, putting B and C out. Can B be said to have won as against A, or is the result a tie so far as they are concerned? I prefer to send this question to THE SUN because I have undeniable faith in its judgment, and a large party of us have decided to abide by the decision of THE SUN in the matter.

The result is a tie between B and C, in the sense of their being winners alike. They both beat A, individually and dually.

In a game of draw poker A is dealing and B has his age up. C raises the ante to draw cards, and D, A, and B each raise in turn, after making good the previous raise. Can C, after making good, raise the amount itself when it comes to him, and then go on as before, or can they wish without agreeing on it before the game started? Is it allowed in what they call the regular game? TEXAS.

The method of raising was proper, and could be continued indefinitely. This is true of the "regular" game. A mutual agreement would be necessary to effect a change in the rule.

Kindly answer through the columns of your paper the following, thus settling a dispute arising from a four-handed game of euchre: Eldest hand deals 4 cards, says nothing; second hand looks at cards and says "pass," as does also third hand. When dealer takes up the card, announcing that he will "go alone," eldest hand immediately claimed that he had not yet said what he would do, so orders the dealer up. Thus preventing the "lone" hand, to which the dealer objects, claiming that he had not only plenty of time in which to say what he would do, but that both second hand and his own partner had passed, whose turns of course precedes his, which at least implied that he passed. Which was right? A. B. C.

The "eldest hand" was in error, morally at least if not quite technically. He should not be allowed to profit by his hesitancy under the circumstances. The dealer can pick up the trump and play.

1. In a game of draw poker A deals, B antes, but when it his turn comes to fill his ante B drops out. Does C bet first or does the age pass? 2. A deals, B antes, C "straddles." After cards are drawn does C bet first or does the first bet pass to D? 3. For the benefit of myself and a number of friends, can you tell me of any "stag" whist club, well established, in Brooklyn? ALLAN J. FRASER, Brooklyn.

1. C must bet first. The privilege of the age never transfers. 2. The "straddle" does not carry with it the age. It is C's bet. 3. We don't know of any, but perhaps some of our readers can help you out.

In a game of poker, jack pots played. A deals, B passes, C opens the pot. A comes in. Can A raise the pot after once passing? 2. In the same game, A deals, B calls for one card. It turns face up. Must B take the next card, or wait until C, D, and A get their cards, and then take the next? CONSTANT READER, Hartford, Conn.

1. Yes. B can see the opening bet and raise it. 2. B must be served with the next card. The fundamental rule for this is that no player after him can be helped to a complete hand until he himself has the full complement.

Please let SUN light fall upon these card queries: 1. Wherein does a royal flush, in poker, differ from a straight flush? Define each. 2. What is THE SUN'S authority, and how says Hoyle on this point? ARTHUR P. RIKER, New York city.

1. There is no difference. Any straight flush is also a royal flush, and a straight flush or a royal flush is made up of any five cards of one suit, in consecutive order, as ace to five, five to ten, ten to ace, &c. 2. The usages of experts and common sense constitute THE SUN'S authority, and it is pretty good authority, too. "How says Hoyle?" Well, he says nothing. Edmund Hoyle died over a hundred years ago, many years before poker was invented. He never wrote a line about the game. But the various so-called latter day "Hoyle's" are wise enough at least to agree with THE SUN on the point under discussion.

Would you kindly answer the following to decide a bet: A, B, C, and D are throwing poker dice for drinks. A and B gets out, and C and D draw off. C throws two pairs (threes and twos). B bets D $1 that he can't beat two pairs. D throws aces and fours, and claims he has won. B says he has not and won't pay. Will you please decide? PARK ROW.

D was right in his claim. He won on his aces and fours, the fours taking precedence. The spots count in their numerical order, the ace ranking as one, or low, and so on up to the six which is high.

To decide a bet, will you kindly say if, under any circumstances, a player receiving from the dealer at a game of poker four cards only can play such a hand? Must not any hand of fewer or more than five cards picked up by a player on the deal, be accounted a foul hand and its holder be debarred from participation in the pot being played for? DEALER, New York city.

1. No. 2. Such a hand becomes foul the moment it is picked up or examined by the player who receives it.

A and B are throwing two ordinary dice. A says that a combination of six and four is more likely to be thrown than double sixes. B, on the other hand, insists that one combination is just as likely to be thrown as the other. A—Are you the chance of throwing by two given numbers whatever, whether doubles or not, is precisely the same as the chance of throwing any other two numbers. Which is right?

B is correct. Let A bet on the throw a six and a four, and he will find that combinations just as difficult to get as the combination of a six and a six.

Please answer this question: J and S are playing poker for a limited time. J deals, S that dealer. In the result, does A win or lose? J says he wins, S says he loses. Who is right? A. WIN, Brooklyn.

1. A would lose. 2. Wagers on fights generally go the way of the referee's decision. In the case cited, the man doing the pleasing would lose in the event of a drawn battle.

A, B, C and D are playing euchre. A and C against B and D. A asks, for objects to deal long game, as none of his cards are trumps. Can he raise such objection lawfully? EUCHRE.

He cannot object. B's privilege to order up is indisputable.

"Empire" Bridge—The queen fill beats the flush.

H. Rose—He is not compelled to play a trump holding no club.

J. P. B., Brooklyn—The queen counts two for A—no more, no less.

William C., Long Island City, N. Y.—The answer to "P. S., H., Altoona."

John Fisher, New Bedford—The dealer has no right to deal or many cards any player save himself has drawn.

F. A. H., Boston—We do not attempt to settle disputes in double pinochle. Too many coteries play it in various ways.

A. S. T.—The game does not assume to decide faro disputes. The game itself is law, and the dealer is the expressed law. The game is not played unfairly.

Lester B. Ho, Boston—A wins. He did not beat the blind, as he expressly bet that he would beat it, not yet said what he would do, so orders the dealer up. Thus preventing the "lone" hand, to which the dealer objects, claiming that he had not only plenty of time in which to say what he would do, but that both second hand and his own partner had passed, whose turns of course precede his, which at least implied that he passed. Which was right?

The "eldest hand" was in error, morally at least if not quite technically. He should not be allowed to profit by his hesitancy under the circumstances. The dealer can pick up the trump and play.

Subscriber, Cincinnati—Your note wanted time and space. The best is a draw. Stakes you next at draw poker you and your friends had better make a special agreement as to the admission and value of straights and straight flushes. In most coteries of eights beat three of a kind; in this vicinity the practice varies.

J. H. E.—Your thorough acquaintance with the subject is commendable; yet you will agree, perhaps, that it's not the name but the game that counts. "Old Sledge," "High, Low, Jack, and the game," an "Seven Up" are simply various terms for the one game. Seven points is the score; but if any particular coterie sees fit to increase the number to ten, or twenty, or a hundred, the rest of the world should form itself into a mute admiration society, if just for the sake of peace.

HIRAM'S AWFUL FATE.

Joining Lodges Without Thinking that He Couldn't Be in Two Places at Once.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Hiram, can you go with me to call on Mrs. Bonser this evening?"

Mr. Phipps looked up from the newspaper he was reading.

"You know well enough, Hester," he said, "that I'm the Recording Secretary of Friendship Lodge, No. 347, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and it meets at 8 o'clock sharp."

"Can't you go to-morrow evening, then?"

"Have you forgotten that I am Keeper of Records and Seals of the Knights of Pythias lodge, and that it has its regular meeting to-morrow evening."

"Is there any evening this week you can come with me?"

"How would Wednesday do?"

"That's prayer-meeting night."

"Come to think of it, I couldn't go then anyhow. There's a special meeting of the Masonic lodge that evening to exemplify the work of the third degree, and I'm Senior Warden. I can't miss that."

"You couldn't go Thursday evening?"

"Certainly not. I'd like to oblige you, but that's the evening the Red Men meet, and we've got three candidates to put through. Friday evening the Royal Arcanum has a special meeting to prepare for installing its officers. If it had been Friday evening last week I could have gone with you. Saturday—let me see—there's nothing in the way for Saturday night. The National Union doesn't hold its meeting till a week from that time. I can go with you Saturday night, Hester. Mrs. Bonser will keep."

An hour later Hiram Phipps took his hat and went down town.

At about the same hour for four succeeding evenings Hiram and his hat went through this same act.

Saturday afternoon rolled round, and he came home a little earlier than usual.

His face was pale, his hands trembled, and he appeared intensely agitated.

"Hester," he said, "some weeks ago I handed in my application for membership in the Loyal Legion."

"And they have blackballed you?" said Mrs. Phipps, with a gleam of hope in her eye.

"Blackballed me? No! They elected me, and I've just been notified I am to be initiated this evening at the regular meeting."

"Then you can't go with me to call on Mrs. Bonser?"

"Mrs. Bonser? Who's Mrs. Bonser?"

"Why, I told you remember you promised me last Monday you would go with me and call on her this evening?"

"I did, did I? Look here, Hester!" exclaimed Hiram, wildly. "Just after I had promised to be on hand to-night to be initiated into the Loyal Legion I got a notification from the Knights of Honor that there would be a special meeting at the hall this evening to decide whether we are to have a festival next month or not. I can't miss that meeting."

"Then, of course, I can't go to see Mrs. Bonser."

"Mrs. Bonser be—vaccinated! Don't you see I can be initiated and attend that meeting of the Knights of Honor? I can't be in two places at once, can I? And that isn't the worst! Just as I was starting home I got a postal card from the Secretary of the Mutual Aid lodge. There is to be a called meeting this evening to transact important business. I've got to be on hand. There's only one way out of this difficulty, Hester!"

He rushed into the next room, and the next moment a pistol shot rang out.

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The violence of Widow Phipps's grief has so far spent itself that she has registered a vow if she ever marries again it will not be with a man who belongs to a lodge of any description whatever.

Justification.

From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.

A little girl's pious father was wont to comment bitterly upon the evil things he saw and heard, always ending his denunciation with the consolatory reflection, "Well, it's none of my business."

One cold winter day the little lady was out riding in the park, wrapped in furs and closely muffled in the robes, when she saw a child of her own age scrambling along on the ice, frozen and crying bitterly, the tears already coursing on her cheeks. She was very much glad, having only some rags about her feet, leaving the toes bare to show, and freezing. The sight made a deep impression on the little one's mind. All day long she could talk of nothing but the poor ragged little girl, and in her prayers before retiring she was moved to lay the matter before the Lord, in the following addition to her accustomed nightly petition:

"Lord, I saw a little girl to-day. It was awful cold, and there was snow in the street, too; but she only had on a thin, ragged dress and no shoes at all. On, dear, she did look so cold, and I did feel so sorry for her, but it isn't any of our business, is it, God? Amen."