LIFE STAKED ON A CARD.

A GAME OF POKER IN WHICH TWO REVOLVERS FIGURED.

Whether They Should Be Used or Not Depended Upon the Turn of a Card—A Big Bluff Raises a Question of Cheating.

The Major had just concluded his story wherein he figured as the hero of a mighty poker game and won thousands of dollars on a royal flush, which he held against another man's four jacks. Every time the circle of ancient and honorable recounters of adventures gathered in that corner of the club the Major was sure to spring one of his marvellous poker tales upon the party, and on this occasion he had quite outdone himself and likewise undone himself, as was evident when the Westerner asked:

"What kind of a deck were you using in that game, Major?"

"Why, a regular deck, sir, a regular deck. Same as any other poker deck."

"Then either you or the other man must have had a jack up his sleeve," was the Westerner's conclusion, "for there were evidently five jacks out in that hand."

A roar of laughter at the Major's expense greeted this announcement, and it was redoubled when that veracious raconteur got rattled and endeavored to explain that he meant four tens. Perhaps it was with a view to covering the Major's embarrassment that the Westerner struck in, when the noise subsided, with a poker story of his own.

"I would venture to say," he began, "that no man living ever sat in a game when more was at stake on the turn of a card than in a certain game which I once played in 'Frisco. Five of us sat in and we all had plenty of money to stake, but before the game was over money was a matter of secondary interest, for three of us had sat back and seen a card thrown on which the life of one man, and probably of two, depended. I say we all had plenty of money, but that isn't so, for young Harry Randall, who was then cashier of a bank, was, as I knew at the time, playing with money which meant ruin to him if he lost. Before the game began I tried to keep him out, but he said to me:

"'I've got to make a heavy win to-night or—well, they'll have big headlines on me in to-morrow's papers."

"By that I knew that he was involved too deeply to stop there, and the game began. Next to Harry, on his left, sat Mort Henry, a man who should have been a professional gambler, for he played better poker than any man I ever had sat down to a table with before or since. He was a fanatic upon the subject, and any interruption or irregularity in the game made him furious and even dangerous, for Mort was, in a quiet way, a bad man, and more than one man had fallen before his revolver. He was clear nerve all the way through, and during the week in which the same five of us had played every night he was a big winner, taking chiefly from Harry Randall. I sat next to him on his left, and next to me was a mine owner named Smith, who would have lost thousands instead of hundreds but for his great caution in play. A wealthy retired physician was the fifth member of the party. He and Smith were going East on the following day, so that night was our last play, and it started high. There was no limit, and though I was pretty well fixed in those days, I began to get uneasy at the pace, but my cards kept me about even. Smith and Mort Henry were winning, the Doctor was losing heavily, and Harry was petering out his chips little by little, the most maddening thing in poker, and getting up a very nasty temper over it.

"Whiskey was going pretty lively, and Harry was taking more than his share of it. This made the more uneasy, because the more he drank the more ugly he became, his temper being directed toward Mort Henry, who was taking it good-naturedly. As time went on and Harry became more abusive, I saw an ugly look come into Mort's face, and once or twice I managed to slip in a word, quietly begging him to overlook the young fellow's remarks, for I was afraid of trouble. Well, the trouble came soon enough, and along with it the most stupendous and splendid bluff I have ever seen. Harry had lost quite a little money through the evening, and the play was steadily getting higher under the forcing tactics of Smith and Henry, who kept winning steadily. At length it came to a big jack pot, Mort Henry dealing. I opened it with three good ones and was rather inclined to exult when Smith raised me, but less inclined when the Doctor raised him, and positively doubtful when Harry lifted him with a good, big stack of chips. Mort dropped out, not feeling qualified in putting up so much on a medium-sized pair. I stayed, Smith stayed, and the Doctor raised, only to be lifted back by Randall, who was raising his all on a lucky chance, as we afterward saw. My threes were too good to throw down, and I stayed until after the pot represented enough money to have made up all Harry had lost during the week, the final call was made by the Doctor, and the draw came.

"Of course my draw was two cards. Mort dealt them out slowly, and they didn't help my hand any. It was Smith's draw, and I began wondering if my trio wasn't better than his.

"'I'll play these,' said the Doctor, steadily, and I saw Harry's mouth, which had become a little contemptuous, settle down into a firm line for one card. My estimate of his hand was that he held a bob-tail straight flush open at both ends, for I reckoned that he wouldn't have raised on two pairs, as he had done, and it proved that I was right. For once in his life Mort let the cards high, and the first one off the pack fell face up, and it was the eight of hearts. Never in my life have I seen emotions so portrayed in a man's face as in Harry Randall's. By the rules of the game he could not claim the fallen card, but was required to take the next one. Despair, doubt, and a sudden resolve swept across the young fellow's face one after another, and then the young man's eyes were fixed on the pack from which Mort Henry had half pushed the next card. It seemed impossible that Harry could have seen it, yet I would have sworn that he did, as his face lighted up, and then would have sworn that he didn't as it blazed forth in anger the next instant.

"'I take that card,' he said, pointing to the eight of hearts.

"'The card is out by the rules,' said the Doctor.

"'Don't be a fool, Harry,' I put in quickly, for I could see danger in his expression.

"Mort Henry dealt the next card, which fell face down.

"'I beg your pardon for that slip,' he said steadily. 'The second card is yours.'

"'Damn you!' cried Harry, reaching for the eight. 'What have you to do with it? You're not in this hand. I take the heart,' and he put his hand out for it.

"'Rules,' said the other briefly, setting his hand over the others. 'The heart is out of the deal.'

"'By God!' the young man burst out, 'you've been against me from the beginning. You've had all my money, and now, when you're not even in the game, you're trying to cheat me.'

"At the word 'cheat' a cloud of Mort's eyebrows come down to a straight line as he turned full face to the young man, still keeping his hand guarding the card. Then both men reached behind them, and the other three of us had risen and were standing with the prospect of murder before us. Harry spoke first. Have you ever listened through a telephone when the receiver was out of order and the voice clacked and rattled in your ear? That's the way Harry's voice sounded to me when he spoke.

"'Fair play. It's an even chance.' Put down your gun.' He laid his on the table as he spoke. Mort did the same. 'I believe I tried to say something, but it wasn't a success.

"'You've ruined my hand and me,' said Harry, his voice steadying as he spoke, looking straight into Mort's eyes, which returned the gaze as straightly. 'It's a matter of life and death to me to win or lose the pot, and I'd shoot you like a dog for what you did.'

"He pulled his hand away from the card and Mort seized his own pistol, but dropped it again on seeing that the other made no movement to pick up his weapon.

"'Now,' continued the young man, 'there's the card. I've got a right to call for my card face up when it's dealt. If that card is a heart, as the other was, we'll play the hand out. If it's not, Mort Henry, it will be death for one of us.'

"'For God's sake, boys, don't do this,' the Doctor found voice to say. 'I wouldn't turn that card for anything on earth.'

"'I'll turn it,' said Mort, without a tremor.

"There lay the two loaded pistols and the two cards, one face down, the other face up. The only sounds I could hear were a drumming noise in my head, the short breathing of Smith, and the Doctor's feet shuffling on the floor. With his left hand Mort picked up the card and turned it, at the same instant seizing his pistol with the right. The card was the three of hearts.

"'Thank God!' said somebody. Perhaps it was my own voice I heard. I don't know. The first thing I remember distinctly is hearing Harry say:

"'Go on with the play, gentlemen,' and then I made a small bet quite mechanically, for I should have known better. Smith dropped and the Doctor, after a long hesitation owing to the fact that he had a good straight, saw me, but both of us dropped when Harry pushed his whole pile into the centre. Three of a kind isn't much good against a flush, nor is a straight. Harry, with a long breath, scooped in the pot and threw down his own four clubs—king, queen, jack, and ten, and the three of hearts. He had bluffed.

"'That is the last game of poker I will ever play,' he said, rising. 'Mort, I ask your forgiveness. Will you shake hands with me.'

"'Yes,' said the other, after a moment's hesitation, 'I will, and congratulate you on the greatest bluff I ever saw made. Even if my life was involved in it,' he added, in an undertone, as he grasped Harry's hand.

"That ended the game. Afterward Harry Randall explained his play to me. He had sized up the Doctor as holding a straight, and he wasn't much afraid of the threes that Smith said he held. Of course he didn't want the heart that was turned up, as it would fill neither the flush nor the straight, but he caught a glimpse of the next card as Mort Henry half dealt it, and saw it was red. This meant the ruin of his hand, but in that moment the lightning flash of an idea came to him, and he resolved on his bluff that risked his life and Mort's. It was an even chance for him, for he knew only that the card was red, and if it had been a diamond there would have been a tragedy.

"'In spite of my coolness in thinking it all out,' he told me, 'I was furious, and would have shot without hesitation had the heart not turned. When it did turn, of course you fellows thought that I had filled. The bluff was safe to go unless the Doctor had held a flush or a full. Any way, I had to take the chance, for if I had lost I would have gone home and shot myself.'

"'That, gentlemen,' concluded the Westerner, 'was what I call an exciting game. Ordinary poker for money hasn't interested me much since. I saw that game for life.'

"There was a moment's silence around the circle and then the Major said:

"'What I want to know is, did Randall cheat or didn't he?'

But nobody could answer him.

NOTES IN HAT LININGS.

Reading Factory Girls for Whom They Have Secured Husbands.

READING, Pa., March 16.—As in all other manufacturing towns, the factory girls of Reading have lots of fun inserting little notes in packages or articles they manufacture and send out to all parts of the world. The best fun of this kind is enjoyed by the girls who work in factories turning out articles used exclusively by men. Hence hat factory girls receive possibly the largest mail.

"I have known at least a dozen girls who became the wives of men who found their little notes in the hats they bought," said the forewoman of a hat factory. "Several girls have their sisters at work at home making copies of the following note:

"'I hope you will be well pleased with this hat. I have tried to line and trim it satisfactorily. If you have a few minutes' time to spare, and care to do it, please write and tell me how you like your hat. Of course, you must be a single man, as I am a single girl. Lovers are scarce in this town.

"The girls slip the notes under the lining of the hats, allowing just an end to stick out under the sweat band. A note so placed would not be seen unless the sweat band was turned down. Of course hundreds of hats are sent out, and possibly the notes are never seen, but very many are found and answered. The girls receive answers from all over the United States, principally the West. The letters they receive would make quite a collection. Generally they are read out aloud in the shop. Very many replies from the West say that girls are very scarce out there. Some men want to correspond with a view to matrimony; others just for pastime. One man recently wrote that he wanted a hat trimmed by the same girl.

"A few days ago a letter was received from southwestern Colorado for a girl who died here eight months ago. She had put in her trimmed hats a lot of notes. The writer had nearly worn out his hat before he discovered the note. He offered to send the girl money to come out to him if she'd marry him. Poor Mary, she had died of pneumonia. The picture of the man in the letter looked as if he would make any girl a good husband. Mary's sister had opened the letter. She answered it. They are now corresponding.

"If a girl exchanges a few letters with an unknown correspondent, and the man's answers suit, she generally sends a letter to the town's Chief of Police or Mayor and asks a confidential report about the character of her correspondent. In nearly every instance the officials send courteous replies, and tell all the girl wants to know. Photographs are exchanged and little gifts are received, generally curiosities from far away States. One of our girls receives letters from a man up in Puget Sound, another from another in southern California, and from another in Havana, and from another now in Yucatan. The girls have gone into the stamp collection business, and our factory album is quite a curiosity in its way. Of course, the girls can't answer all the letters they receive. The newsboys write very odd letters. One ranch man said he owns 1,000 acres and 5,000 head of cattle, and wants a wife. The letters generally have full descriptions of the men. They all ask for photographs of the girls. Some of the girls send pictures of actresses, as a hint as to the kind of face they like. Some of the girls depend upon their own faces, because many of them are really pretty and winning. One factory girl made a practice of sending photographs of a deceased maiden aunt, with side curls and fancy headdress, telling her correspondent she has a kind heart and is very respectable. One correspondent returned the picture, saying he was not making a collection of freaks.

"Some girls who have been married a few years receive answers to their notes.

"I know two young Indiana men who came East for wives and secured them. In all other instances the girls went West or South and became happy wives, so far as I know. Last year two girls who made vests for a wholesale house, and had slipped notes into the bottoms of the watch pockets, secured husbands. Another girl of my acquaintance, who works in a stocking factory, slipped a note into the toe of a No. 11 sock, and about sixteen months laterheard from the buyer, who was an iron ore miner up in Michigan. They are still corresponding, I think. Girls who pack note paper occasionally write their name and address with a lead pencil on one of the sheets. Sometimes they get replies if the note paper falls into the hands of romantic young men. But frequently married men answer these notes."

NOT CUT OUT FOR AN ACROBAT.

So the Bear Dog Toby, Smart as He Was, Fell a Victim to His Zeal.

"I had a dog named Toby when I was living up in the Pennsylvania lumber woods," said George W. Reynolds of the National Lumber Company. "He was a bear dog. Bears, as every one knows who ever lived among them, hate dogs beyond everything else, two-legged or four-legged, and will frequently give up a good chance to escape from a pursuing hunter just for the satisfaction of waiting for the dog that is yelping behind him, and taking a fall out of him when he comes up, a fall that usually ends the dog's career, especially if it is a dog not especially trained to the hunt bear.

"This dog Toby of mine was famous all through these woods. He was acknowledged to be the most accomplished dog when it came to getting the best of bear that had ever been in that country, and if any hunter didn't catch a bear when Toby was along, it wasn't the dog's fault. Once Toby was borrowed by a man named Crowley, who knew where a couple of bears were hanging out. The dog routed them out and drove them plumb to Crowley, who could easily have shot them both, but instead, when he saw them coming, he cut and run. Jim Bull, who was along along with Crowley on the hunt, said that Toby just stood still and gazed in amazement after the flying hunter. Crowley, seeing that the bears had got away scot-free, made the dog shower his opinion of Crowley by bristling up and growling savagely and threatening to eat him for a few seconds. Then he quit and went home. Ever after that Toby would snap and growl at Crowley whenever he saw him.

"One day I was looking over a logging job I had contracted for, and discovered signs of bear along the creek. Next day Toby and I went out to see what we could do with the bear. We soon struck the trail, and Toby located the bear in a small patch of laurels, from which he soon routed bruin. He brought the bear to bay in a little open space in a piece of chestnut timber. There was no necessity of the bear turning at that, but he evidently wanted to get a whack at Toby. I could have easily sent a bullet through the bear, but having the utmost confidence in Toby's smartness, and seeing that the bear was anxious to put his smartness against the dog's, I concluded to let him have the chance and to enjoy a spot of a few minutes' manœuvring between the two.

"It was fun. Toby worried the already ugly old chap with tricks and quick movements until the bear was wild with rage. Do what he might, he couldn't get a blow or a bite in on Toby, while Toby got a nip at the bear at almost every turn. This amusing dance lasted for ten minutes, and I felt so proud of my dog that I declared there and then that it would take a good deal more than a hundred-dollar bill to buy him.

"Some wise old natives of those woods assured me afterward that what this bear finally did was a premeditated act, deliberately and successfully carried out as planned. Others declared that it was an afterthought of the bear's. I myself held, and hold yet, that it was entirely an accident, because I will not admit that there ever was a bear smart enough to get the better of Toby by design.

"After sparring and rushing fruitlessly at the dog for ten minutes the bear put his back against a tree and breathed hard for at least a minute. Then it suddenly dropped to all fours and hurried toward another tree a rod or so away. Toby followed, and, as the bear started, climbed half way up the tree behind it by one of its hams. Although the dog must have set his teeth deep in the flesh, the bear did not stop on his way, but climbed on as if nothing was worrying him. The dog held on and was lifted from the ground as the bear climbed. The higher the bear went the tighter Toby appeared to hang on to its rear, and presently he was swinging in the air fifteen feet from the ground.

"The sight was so funny that I just tumbled on the ground and roared. The bear stopped when about fifteen feet up the trunk of the tree, clung there a moment, and then let loose. He came down like a pile driver. When he struck at the bottom of the tree Toby was between him and the ground. There was a faint yelp, and that was all. Three hundred pounds of bear had flattened forty pounds of dog out of all kind of shape. The catastrophe was so sudden and unexpected that before I could recover from the painful surprise it gave me the bear had disappeared in the laurels. There never was a smarter bear dog than Toby, but he wasn't cut out for an acrobat. There is where he made his mistake. There never was a smarter dog than Toby, nor was there ever a deader one when that bear got off of him."

TO EDUCATE SERVANTS.

THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION AND WHAT IT PLANS TO DO.

Training Schools to Solve the Soul-vexing Servant Girl Problem—Self-supporting Women in Other Callings to Be Assisted Also—Co-operative Work of the Union.

In a room occupied by the Red Cross Society in the Johnston Building at the corner of Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, is the headquarters of an organization designed to improve the American household. As might be supposed, it is an organization of women. It has taken the pretentious name of National Industrial Union. Its scope is as comprehensive as its title, but the movement was instigated by a realization of the faults in the household economy brought about by inferior service.

"Something must be done about that," said Mrs. Virginia Chandler Titcomb, the President of the union, yesterday, "or our household system will be ruined. The only women of independent position to-day are the household servants. Frequently they have more money to spend than the ladies for whom they work. The word woman is good enough. I use the word ladies there for the purpose of intelligible distinction. I know three servants here who worked in one family for a number of years, and now the three girls live together at ease, in luxury it might be said, in a house of their own. Of course, their youth is gone, but they are not old, and they are at ease.

"I know another servant who in a comparatively few years saved $4,000. Contrast these instances with the thousands of cases of those girls who sew, who go to work in factories and shops, whose whole earnings are taken up by rent and the expense of clothing and food, and those girls do not half live, either; they are pinched and many times they are hungry. They certainly do not live well, while household servants live and and have many presents."

The National Industrial Union desires to open training schools in various cities of the United States where servants may be instructed in household duties and where American girls particularly may be taught that domestic service is not degrading, and that it is the individual, not the occupation, that marks the work.

"I cannot understand," Mrs. Titcomb said, "why we should be willing and apparently contented to have our children cared for by persons of a character different from what we want the children to have and from that of persons with whom we want and expect to have the children associate. If the servants are of rough character they must, to a greater or less extent, influence the children. Ladies of the great families consider it an honor to wait upon the children of royalty. Is there any reason why ladies should not want those who attend their children to be ladylike? Intelligence is always to be desired, and intelligent service in any employment is more valuable than haphazard service.

"To obtain this, and so to attain our object, something must be done by the ladies themselves, not merely in an educatory way, but in their own conduct. The profession or occupation of household servant must be made an honorable one and treated accordingly. American girls are born with self-respect, and they revolt at anything menial. But why should household service be regarded as menial, except that it has been allowed to become degraded?

"See the difference in the case of boys. The son of the best gentleman, so to speak, may go into a store or factory and sweep out or clean up, polish the gentleman's boots or do any kind of labor about the place, and it is not considered degrading. That boy may become President, and his early employment will not militate against him. Sometimes he boasts of it. Some men make these facts of their early life their stock in trade. Why should sweeping out the house, the rooms of a family's home, or clearing up the kitchen be looked upon as so much worse for a girl than cleaning out an office is looked upon for a boy? We do not aim to equip women for men's duties, nor to put them on an equality with men, as the phrase is used, but we do want them to have an equal chance with that enjoyed by men as men.

"Nursing has become fashionable. Girls do not now consider themselves as quite up to date unless they know something about cooking. We want all household service to be regarded in the same way. Both the workers and the employers need it, and it has got to be if the system is to be saved from ruin."

The National Industrial Union is co-operative in the broadest sense. According to its theory the beneficiaries under its operation are both those who are taught and those who are benefited by the instruction is given, and, of course, eventually the housewives of the community in general will be gainers by the workings of the union if the scheme of its promoters are successful in the fullest measure.

But the work of the union is not restricted to the education of servant girls. It aims to help all women who are obliged to support themselves by offering to them opportunities of instruction in whatever line of work they naturally may be best fitted for. First, it seeks those who desire to be good servants, and to this end communication has been instituted with the Italian land authorities. The best of the German and Scandinavian immigrants who want to do household work are desired. The union does not wish to be understood as excluding any one with good recommendations, but the Teutonic element and its northern kin are especially desired.

Besides this work the union purposes to aid women of good character, both young and old, to equip themselves for self-supporting careers. The various church missions have been invited to send to the union deserving women whom the missions can recommend. The movement is not in opposition to any church work, but among the erring is not contemplated. One of the chief forces actuating the union is the desire to lessen the number of those called upon in the first place to face the alternative of deprivation or a dishonorable life. The union designs to include in its work those who are suffered to fall into the reverses of material conditions have thrown upon their own resources. If one has a natural aptitude for music or painting, she may be taught in one of those arts, and so qualify herself to be a teacher of them.

The work will begin in some cases with children. There are in Brooklyn six industrial schools for children, but they are charitable institutions. The National Industrial Union is a self-sustaining organization. The charitable industrial schools take boys and girls, but can only keep them until the age of 12 or 13 years. The children get the rudiments of an education, but are equipped for nothing. The design of the union is to instruct the girls further in some line of work by which they can earn their living and by it support themselves. The idea of furnishing instruction in some of the arts is an inheritance the union received from a parent organization, of which Mrs. Titcomb was also President, that was started in Brooklyn about ten years ago. At that time Mrs. Titcomb, who, as she modestly puts it, "paints a little," with Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, Mrs. Theodore L. Cuyler, Mrs. Joseph C. Hendrix, and some others organized a club to help the talented poor. It was called the Cheiron, after the centaur that taught Orpheus the use of the lyre. Its object was called the improvement, but for the purpose of assisting any respectable young person who showed a very marked talent for music, painting, sculpture, literature, or the drama. The club or society had a membership fee of $5. Its workings were co-operative, the beneficiaries under its instruction repaying into the treasury the cost of their instruction after they began to be self-supporting. Some who profited by the Cheiron fund are now earning their own living in Brooklyn.

The workings of the Cheiron showed to Mrs. Titcomb that the only way for an industrial organization to succeed was to have it co-operative. She conceived the idea of training schools as a practical extension of the Cheiron work, and saw in it also, as she thinks, the solution of the soul-vexing servant-girl problem. The Congress of Women at the Columbian Exposition afforded her the opportunity to inaugurate the establishment of her scheme on a large scale. It was received with enthusiasm, and the National Industrial Union was organized. Mrs. Titcomb's statement was that the training schools could be founded without appeals to charity and without endowment by requiring the initiation fee of large dollars in staples and in various useful and desirable articles and commodities, and inducing them to sell to the union on the same terms that they sell to business houses. Then women who applied to the union for its offices were to be put to work selling these goods at prices advanced just enough to defray the expenses of the union's operation.

Miss Nellie Boyd of California, who had for several years conducted a profitable business for herself in raisin culture, immediately offered to supply raisins at the best terms, and otherwise to aid in the work. A Chicago lady is described as a patron of all things good, and supplies various articles for surgeons' use, promptly agreed to supply the union with an olive oil soap at terms that would enable the industrial workers to do a good thing for the union and themselves, and, incidentally, if business was big enough, for the patron of all things.

Not long after the union was organized, with Brooklyn naturally as the headquarters, a woman in Brooklyn, who had been supporting herself and her daughter by teaching music, became very ill. It seemed as though there was no way by which the daughter could make enough to support them. She applied to the union and was put at work selling the soap. She did not canvass from house to house, but asked her friends, her church acquaintances, and so on, to buy the soap, and asked them to tell their friends about it. She earned money, and since then the union workers in Brooklyn have sold scores of dozens of the cakes of olive oil soap.

Another instance of the union's work in a different way was in connection with a woman suddenly called upon to endure penury after a life of affluence. Her husband caught a fatal cold that developed into consumption and he lost his business. He died in a year. His only consolation, he said before he died, was the knowledge that his wife would be provided for by his insurance policy. Before steps could be taken to collect the money the insurance company failed and the widow, 45 years old, found herself with no means of support. She faced circumstances with common sense, and applied to the union, declaring herself willing to do household work.

She was a woman of refinement, and the Union found for her a place as nurse in the family of a Brooklyn member of the judiciary, where, besides caring for the children, she did the work of a second servant. The family were pleased to have one of her refinement, but at the same time wanted one to whom they could deliver orders as to a servant. The unfortunate woman said that when she entered their employment she expected to serve them. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory until the work proved too much for her strength. She is now a teacher in New England.

One of the most notable features of the National Industrial Union is that it is designed especially as an American movement. Americans are preferred, especially in the work of securing better household servants, and bringing about the desired change in the feeling with which servants are regarded. There is in Germany a movement, which was also instituted by the women, and has the patronage of the Empress, that aims to educate women for household service. It was described in THE SUN recently. Its object is solely to fit women, particularly those from the rural districts, to become good household servants, and at the same time aid those who are likely to become the wives of workingmen, to fit themselves for the place of housewife. The Vaterlandische Frauenverein which engineers the movement sends women agents to the railroad stations to meet country girls before they fall in with those who would be likely to do them less good. Mrs. Titcomb said she had not known of the German plan. The most pretentious of the German society's homes is the Marienheim in Berlin. At this home the girls cook, serve, tidy rooms, dinner served at fifteen cents, and very popular.

The Brooklyn institution is very anxious to establish a home and enlarge its functions soon and get its training schools going, but it cannot appeal to public charity, and the work is slow, though it is progressing, and a consignment of Miss Boyd's raisins is expected after the California season, and the union has entered into negotiations with a coöperative association that will enable it to sell coal, giving long-ton measure at the short-ton prices. It also intends to let those who work with it sell other things daintily or deftly put up on a plan similar to, but more aggressive, than that of the various women's exchanges.

For those who pass through its training schools it undertakes to find employment or occupation and it plans to furnish them with badges and to guarantee their ability and integrity. Its protection in this last matter will be the care it exercises in accepting workers in the first place. In addition to giving instruction in lines of work already pursued by women, the union believes it may be possible to create occupations for women, but such innovations are not expected in the immediate future.

There are now being formed two branches of the union in Washington and one in this city. It is intended to form one at the seaside for certain work this summer. Reports from New England tell of interest there, but no branches have as yet been formed. The officers of the union are distributed over the country and some live abroad. These are the officers:

President and Treasurer, Mrs. Virginia Chandler Titcomb, Brooklyn; Vice-President at large, M. Louise Thomas, New York; Secretary, Genevieve Lincoln, Brooklyn; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Helen E. Backus, Dr. Lucy Hall-Brown, and Grace E. Winslow, all of Brooklyn; Miss Nellie Boyd, California; Jennie C. Croly, New York; Lady Alice Caroline Carvelle, Prince Edward Island; H. C. Hollenberg, Arkansas; Hanna K. Korany, Syria; Mrs. William McKinley, Ohio; Pamela V. Pike, Boston; Lady Henry Somerset, England; Alice Freeman Palmer, Massachusetts; Mrs. David Clifford Smith, Maine; Francis E. Willard, Illinois.

SCIENTIFIC HOUSE DECORATION.

A Young Woman of Observation Speaks of Color Schemes for Rooms.

"I have been helping an old school chum to refurnish her house," said a young woman of observation, "and I have learned more about color effects in one week than I ever knew before. You see, houses are not painted or papered as they used to be, on the old, simple plan of 'that will look well here,' and 'such a pattern will be all right there,' but according to settled laws, canons, and rules. It's quite a scientific matter now, I assure you.

"Yellows, for instance, are all right for a hall or vestibule, but they must not be used in any room in which one rests or reads or works. Why? Because yellows do not absorb any light, but are strong reflectors, and the reflected rays of light are not only trying to the eyes, but positively affect the brain and the spirits, creating a distinct disturbance of the nervous centres. So the modern scientific decorator, at any rate, tells us, and we believe him.

"On the other hand, buffs and creams are recommended for the nursery and children's sleeping rooms, because of their tonic qualities. They are better than white, which is apt to disturb the young optic nerves by its brilliancy, and are calculated to impart a cheerful but not too boisterous temperament as well as a good complexion to the youngsters.

"For the library or workroom there is no color like coffee. Coffee, in fact, is the most soothing thing in the color world, it seems. It induces a pleasant nirvana feeling, such as nothing else does; it conduces to habits of speculative thought; it produces a philosophical calm, and it is eminently successful as a mild incentive to good deeds. Really important effect about colors, however. I used to imagine that there was no color so cool as white, but I have been taught that, to the contrary, the coolest of all colors is red—not the flaring, glaring red, but the dull Pompeiian red and terra cotta. These are cool because they are partly absorbent qualities. It is almost impossible to light or warm them, and I had to-day a most convincing object lesson of this fact—that while the cool white room of the Wordsworthian poem is all very nice to read about, and does at first sight impress one as being cool, it does not begin to compare in coolness with one in dull red. A visit to the two rooms had just the same cooling effect on me that is produced by passing from sunshine into shadow. Of course you know I am speaking all the time of interior decoration, although I am not sure whether a terra cotta town would not be considerably cooler than a whitewashed one. So you see the old Pompeiians were right when they cooled off their atria and tablinums by painting the town red. The only other color which approaches Pompeiian red for coolness, so the elegant and artistic young workman told me, is dark green, but it has been found to have so depressing a mental effect on most people that it is not recommended. They used lots about mass effects, distance shadows and length lines, and I don't know what else, but quite enough to convince me that the decoration of our house interiors is conducted upon a plane so lofty that it is impossible to say whether it is an artistic science or a scientific art."

MUST THEY TELL THEIR AGE?

Women in Kansas Excited About a Ruling of Election Officers.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 19.—The female part of the Kansas voting population are excited over the treatment they have received at the hands of the Election Commissioners. The permanent registration laws of Kansas require every voter securing a registration certificate to give the officer his or her name, age, address, and occupation, to be entered in the poll books.

The Populist wing of the suffrage army in Kansas, calling themselves the Women's Progressive Political Club, declared a few days ago that they need not give their age any more exactly than to assure the officer that they were over 21 years. They have been besieging the registration offices ever since, and the Commissioner or his deputies have been spending most of their time reading the law to a lot of misguided women. The Election Commissioner takes a very liberal view of the intent of the law, and to-day he said: "The fact is, I am independent that, he believed the age requirement was intended to provide an additional safeguard against fraud and to assist in the identification of the voter in cases of trouble. He has insisted on all voters answering the questions as provided by law, but the question to the women who appeared as if they were not certain themselves about their own age, has been in this way:

"'Your age? about 20? or 30?' and it has never failed to bring the blushing suggestion:

"'Add one more year, please.'"

The female voters have been decreasing at the polls in Topeka for the last four years. In 1891 the Republicans refused to place on their ticket for Mayor the man selected by the leaders of the W. C. T. U., and the Democrats surprised themselves and everybody else by persuading the leaders of that organization to take revenge on the Republicans by endorsing the Democratic candidate. The women not only endorsed him but elected him, and the night of the election the victors drank many toasts to the ladies of the W. C. T. U. To this day neither the party nor the society has entirely recovered from that election. Many women then declared they would not take part in another election. A large number register regularly, but are never seen at the polls except in some very close fight over the mayoralty.

This year the woman are registering very generally, and the fight between the incumbent and a candidate brought out by the politicians, and the business interests of the city are being looked after by the women. They are for the further reduction of the city expenses and the city taxes, whether the ward heelers and politicians get places or not. The registration of women is larger now than it has been for four years.

HE SAW NELSON AT AMIENS.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN OLD-TIME SAILORMAN.

He Was a Former Slave in New York State, Who Ran Away in 1800, Traversed Many Seas, and Visited Many Lands—In France When Toussaint L'Ouverture Was Brought There in 1802.

SCHENECTADY, March 16.—This is the story of the wanderings and adventures of a black man, a former slave in the family of the late Dr. Daniel McDougall of Schenectady, an ancestor of Mr. Duncan McDougall, now resident here. The facts are gleaned from a letter written by the former slave, Anthony Allen by name, from Oahu, Sandwich Islands, under date of Oct. 11, 1822. The story, which tells of life in the Sandwich Islands during the reign of King Kamehameha I., is of peculiar interest at this time, when the affairs of the infant republic of the North Pacific are attracting such widespread attention. The letter is addressed to Dr. Daniel McDougall, Schenectady, N. Y., U. S. A., and opens as follows:

"OAHU, Sandwich Islands, Oct. 11, 1822.

"MY DEAR MASTER: I rejoice that you have found out my residence after supposing I had been dead. I thank you for your good letter to me and for your kind regards. I love you still. I remember how kindly you and all your family used to treat me. I was like a child in your father's house. I remember your kind father once wrote a letter from St. John's to his family, and said to them: 'Take good care of my black children.' * * * As you have written me a long and very kind letter, and requested me very particularly to write to you an account of myself since I left your city, I have confe to the house of the missionaries to get one of them to write what I wish to say to you respecting myself. They are ready to aid me in writing the letter, and in forwarding to you and to my sister such things as I may wish to send."

The writer begins the story of his wanderings and adventures by telling how he ran away from Schenectady on May 13, 1800, travelling on foot, and passing through Troy, Hoosick, and Pownall, finally reaching Hartford, Conn., where he went on board the sloop Henry, William Wickam, master, and worked his passage to Boston, where he expected to find his father. Not finding him, he returned to Hartford and made a trip to New York, where he embarked for Wilmington, S. C. He thus describes his experience:

"We were driven off the coast, sprung a leak, put in an Ebecore, and hove out part of our sand ballast. I found the leak and put my foot on to it till a quantity of tarred oakum could be put into it and a board nailed over it. We put to sea, and were soon overtaken by a squall in the night. I was ordered to lower the mainsail, and as soon as that was done a clap of thunder came and lightning shivered our mainmast to pieces and two men were struck down speechless. We lashed our mainsail when the gale was over and proceeded. We were overhauled by two privateers belonging to New Providence, but as they found only ballast they let us go. We took a freight of molasses from Havana to Boston. Had bad weather in the Gulf, lost our cask of water and a young man, George Knox of Hartford, Conn., and had nearly lost our boat. We were driven off the coast, and were not able to make the land under eight days. When we arrived in Boston I took my discharge there in May, 1801.

"I then shipped on board the ship Eliza, Capt. Michael Parsons, for Havre. Lay in France four months. I was there and saw Nelson when he arrived at Amiens and peace was proclaimed between Great Britain and France. I was there when Toussaint [L'Ouverture], the black General of St. Domingo, was brought in. He had been enticed aboard a frigate, which slipped her cable and ran away with him. The town was illuminated a week for joy at the peace and the prize of Toussaint. One of his servants told me that Toussaint requested of Bonaparte one favor, that he might return once more to St. Domingo and then he would come and give himself up. They told him no; he was a brave man and they did not like to let him go.

"After staying in France four months I returned to Boston and stayed there two months, when I embarked with Abiel Storer of the brig Hannah. I was three days at sea when she was sunk, perhaps purposely. The Captain and Robert Pierpont sat in the pillory, and were in the prison in close confinement four years. They lost all their effects in consequence of the sinking of the brig. About 3 o'clock she began to sink. We hoisted our colors at half mast as a signal of distress, and the brig Sally, in company, bore down to us. We left the Hannah at 5 o'clock, and at 8 she went down with her cargo of beef, pork, soap, and barrels of ballast stones marked 'beef,' &c. The brig Sally carried us into Newport, R. I. I took a packet for Boston and stayed in that port from Thanksgiving Day until the following March. In Boston I fell in with my father, recently returned from a three years' voyage to the northwest coast in the ship Belle Savage, which had been attacked by the savages at Millbank Sound. My father had been badly wounded in the side with one of the ship's boarding pikes, which an Indian had seized. The Captain was wounded, and his girl, an English woman from Port Jackson, was killed with a dagger by one of the Indians. My father carried himself to the utmost. He was cook, and he threw hot water upon the Indians till his water was gone, then took his axe, and received the boarding pike in his bowels, partly on one side. He then split down at a blow the shoulder of one Indian; another jumped into a canoe, and another standing in the rigging he struck with his axe in the neck, and he went overboard with the axe sticking in the Indian. The ship was soon cleared. They repaired to Newitte, came down to the Islands, and returned to Boston in 1802. I was much rejoiced to see my father. He never got over his wound, and I have since learned of his death, some years after he was wounded.

"Up to 1811 Allen made numerous sea voyages, and in the latter year was shipped to the Sandwich Islands. He had in the mean time purchased his freedom for $300 from his former master, to whom he had been sold by Mrs. McDougall. He continues his story as follows:

"I took passage on board the Isabella, Capt. William H. Davis, and came to the Sandwich Islands in 1811, came ashore with permission, and here lived four months with Hévaháva (pronounced Havah-havah), the High Priest of the islands. Capt. Davis employed me as steward in passing from one island to another, particularly in waiting on Mr. King, Tamahamehla (Kamehameha I.), and his live stock, which was a tabooed man, and they would like my services the better.

"I applied to Hévaháva, the high priest, for land, and Mr. Moxley, a white man now residing at Pearl River on this island, then the King's linguist, interpreted my request. The high priest gave me a piece of land at Waitiri (Wy-tee-tee) containing about six acres, having on it a few cocoanut trees and three small houses or native huts. I gave the priest a few small articles, principally a fathom of broadcloth and a bar of Russia iron, which I cut into pieces and gave him one or two at a time as he wanted them. With these he gambled and gained more.

"After going to Hawaii (Owhyhee) with the King and his wives and company, who sailed in the ships O-cain, Isabella, and Lilly bird, we left the King at Hawaii and came in the brig Canton with Capt. Thomas, who allowed me $20 a month as steward. At Macao we heard the news of war between England and America. Came back to these islands in 1812 and celebrated the Fourth of July at Karakekuah—a great day. We returned from Hawaii to these islands, and after about a fortnight I came ashore with my wages, which amounted to about $150, and came to live on my place with two families, the people of the high priest, belonging to the land. And here I must tell you that according to the custom of the country and the practice of some of my white neighbors who settle in these islands, I took me two wives. They were cousins, and were daughters in the two families living on the land given to me. You, sir, may think it strange that I should have two wives; but most of the foreigners who come here have two at once, which can be easily exchanged for another if some have four or three. Isaac Davis had six, and one American gentleman whom I could name kept ten for two or three years! This is as true as the book of Genesis!

"In 1813 I began to build me small thatched house. I built one for a sleeping house, one for an eating house for myself, and one for an eating house for my wives, for we might not eat in a sleeping house without breaking *ta