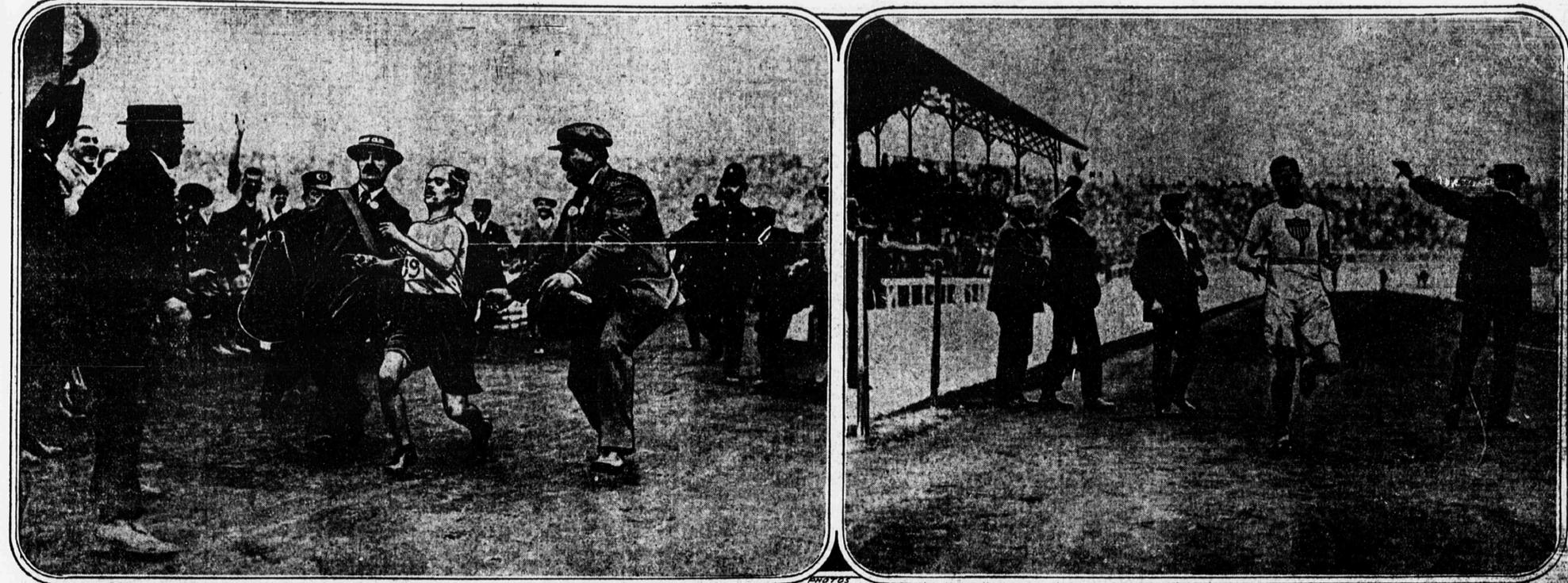


THE ITALIAN, THE AMERICAN AND THE BRITISH TRACK OFFICIALS.



OFFICIALS HELPING DORANDO TO THE LINE IN THE MARATHON RACE.

OFFICIALS NULLIFYING CARPENTERS' VICTORY IN THE 400 METRES FLAT RACE.

THE OLD MAN FOUND A SCAPEGOAT

Diplomacy of Greenhut When Five Kings Appeared in the Poker Deck.

The arrival of big Ike Bamberger with a small cohort in Arkansas City was an event of no small importance among sporting men on the Mississippi River. For a number of years the reputation of that town as the headquarters of the most renowned poker players of the South—and therefore of the whole world—had been stoutly upheld by old man Greenhut, and though there were many who would fain detract from it it had come to be generally admitted that he had at least some ground for his contention. No other group of professionals had so high an average of winnings as the half dozen who played in Greenhut's saloon, and though there had been instances in which outsiders had despoiled them of some of these gains such occasions were infrequent.

Moresover it had come to be understood that for any outsider to venture alone in such an effort was foolhardy, and that even an invasion of Greenhut's place in numbers was by no means devoid of peril. The Arkansas City men were as deft with weapons as they were with cards, and more than once the sudden breaking up of a game at a critical moment had brought disaster to the invaders.

It had therefore come to be understood by all the professionals along the river that Greenhut's saloon was among the least desirable of all places in which to engage in their calling. And this, while it was enough to deter most of them from visiting it, was on the other hand a constant temptation to the more venturesome spirits among them.

It was harder to win there than elsewhere and it was also true that more glory was to be attained by the winning, wherefore from time to time there were exciting events in the dingy little back room. And despite all the assaults that had been made upon it the prestige of the place seemed to be increasing, and the discontent of all who aspired to professional fame.

Among these big Ike Bamberger was a prominent figure. A player of renown, he had also reputation as a fighter. Individually he was held to be the peer of any professional in the Mississippi Valley, but having attained that distinction, he aspired to more. Old man Greenhut, as was well known, seldom touched a card himself, but by his ability as an organizer and his profound knowledge of the principles governing the theory and practice of draw poker he had come to be the acknowledged leader of the most famous group in the country, and the knowledge of that fact embittered Mr. Bamberger's existence.

Selecting Natchez as his headquarters, he had established a temple of fortune there which soon attracted much patronage, and in one of his side rooms he had instituted a game of poker well calculated to compel the attention of the most expert players on the river boats. Mr. Bamberger had no reason to complain of his venture as a business proposition, but that alone did not satisfy him. He yearned for old man Greenhut's distinction, and planning to attain it or something like it, he began the organization of a group of players who should fairly rival the Arkansas City experts.

After long and careful effort he became so well satisfied with the result that he sent one of his most efficient men to Greenhut with a challenge to a match game, and this man, Sandy Butts, having returned with an assurance that the challenge would be accepted and with a flattering account of his own success in an individual struggle with Jim Blaisdell, the most skillful manipulator of pasteboard in the State of Arkansas, Mr. Bamberger had journeyed to Arkansas City with four of the best men and well holed in every respect and eager for the game.

A better equipped party could not have been selected for the enterprise, and big Ike Bamberger's confidence as he left it up to old man Greenhut's bar was, to say the least, surprising. The only account of emotion that could be detected in the Arkansas City crowd was the vindictive gleam in Joe Bassett's eye when he saw the one-eyed man among the visitors. He had pledged himself, however, to make no

hostile demonstration till after the game. The etiquette governing the occasion was duly observed when Bamberger called for drinks and invited all present to participate. There was no hesitation about the response, but it was noticeable that no one in the crowd took a grown man's drink. Greenhut's red liquor was too potent for safety when a struggle of wits was pending such as was expected just then.

Nevertheless several rounds were called for by one and another, as befitting the importance of the occasion, and all present observed the formality of at least seeming to drink. Then Bamberger said, as if moved by sudden curiosity: "We uns o' draw," he said. "Pears like there don't nobody but you uns know how to play the game proper, 'cordin' to what's said, an' we uns is some desirous o' seein' how it's did. We don't understand o'wey much about it, but we're anxious for to see if you uns can't say whether the boys 'd care much about goin' furder'n that, not 'bouten they got some het up when they'd played a spell."

"Oh, well," said Bamberger, "that'll do well enough to begin on." And they discussed the preliminaries. The first difficulty was to choose the players, and in order to make matters even, it was decided that there should be a six handed game. Winterbottom, Blaisdell and Pearsall were the home team and Carrington, Halsey and the one-eyed man took the other seats.

Play began with Winterbottom's deal, and the first hand furnished some excitement. One Eye had anted a white chip, or \$5, and Blaisdell came in. Carrington, Pearsall and Halsey all dropped, but Winterbottom stayed, and One Eye raised it a red, or \$20.

"That suits me," said Blaisdell, and he put up two reds. Winterbottom said nothing, but he slid in three reds, and before One Eye had decided what to do Bamberger remarked cynically: "It's a game of early in the game for to be startin' a cross out, ain't it?"

"You was sayin' somethin' 'bout we uns knowin' how to play the game proper. Well, 'bout that," observed Joe Bassett, "but there's one thing 't a feller's liable for to learn if he's lookin' on. That is, 't we uns don't stand 'r nobody buttin' in to no game."

He was plainly looking for trouble, but though Bamberger glared at him for a moment there was no outbreak. "Well, Halsey spoke up," said the one-eyed man. "Any way it's too soon 'r to have a rough house. One Eye had thrown down his hand, and Blaisdell, seeing no object in contesting a hand with Winterbottom, also folded.

The next few hands were played in silence and without important results, but when Halsey dealt there was a jack pot, and One Eye opened it after Winterbottom had passed. Blaisdell and Carrington came in, and Pearsall raised it. Then Halsey and Winterbottom dropped, and One Eye raised back.

Blaisdell stayed, thinking that Pearsall might need cooperation, and Carrington, perhaps for a similar reason, put his money in, but Pearsall said "Once more," and threw in a blue chip for \$10. "It was the first play that had seemed to promise important results, and One Eye, as his custom was, deliberated. Looking first at his adversary and then at his own cards, he seemed to be studying his chances. Then he put up three blue chips, saying nothing, as was also his custom.

Blaisdell and Carrington realized that they were not likely, within the limits of the game, to be of service when the bets were running so high, and they both dropped. Pearsall said grimly, "Reckon I'll have to 'b'ist that some," and he put up four blues, and One Eye, still silent, pushed his stack forward.

"Pearsall called with all he had and Halsey picked up the deck to serve the draw, but laid it down again when the two players stood pat and showed their hands. One Eye had an ace full, but Pearsall showed four kings and reached for the pot. Before his hands were on the chips, however, Halsey spoke up.

"Pears like there's a considerable many kings into this deck," he said. "I discarded one 'em my ownself, and they both in it the king of clubs." "Foul deck, sure enough!" ejaculated Bamberger, and the big Sheriff fiercely retorted: "I tell'd ye once at there wa'n't no buttin' in stood for. What the hell is it to you?"

The two men, thoroughly angered, would have been fighting the next instant but for old man Greenhut, who bustled into the room, bungstarter in hand. "No shootin' on the premises!" he exclaimed, with the bungstarter poised for a blow. "The thing to a time," he continued, seeing that Bamberger had hesitated. "What's this I hear'd about a foul deck?"

They showed him the five kings, and explained matters, but even he was unable to devise a pretext for the claim that Pearsall had won the pot.

"I reckon you'll have to draw down what you all done put in," he said a little sadly, "an' mebbe it's some lucky 't there ain't no evidence o' who rung in that there extra card. There can't nobody play cards into my place what's did a thing like that. Not if he's caught he can't. I'll get ye a fresh deck, an' you all had better skin it down afore you begin playin' again."

There was no appeal from this, but One Eye said quietly: "I reckon there's too many lookin' on at this here game. Pears like we uns o'd play better if there was less doin' on the outside." "There'll be somepin' diddin' on th' outside, all right, if you'll step out with me," said Joe Bassett, who was now at the boiling point.

"I didn't come here to fight," said the one-eyed man coolly. "I came to play poker, but if you're spilin' fer it, I reckon Bamberger 'll take you on." "Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper walking into the room. "P'n what I hear, Bamberger ain't overanxious for to tackle nobody single handed."

"Look-a-here," said old man Greenhut with sudden indignation. "The Good Book tells how the children of Israel, when they got all het up, uster chase a goat out into the wilderness, an' then set down 'n have some peace. Looks like the good Lord done sent Pepper here 'r to but in just in time to be the goat. Mebbe if some o' you uns'd chase him out into the river there'd be considerable more harmony into this here game nor there is."

At the word every man in the room sprang forward, and a few moments later the holy-les Mr. Pepper made a loud splash in the water. "These del's in it!" asked Carrington, as the players resumed their seats after a round of drinks. "Mine," said Winterbottom, and they recommenced with good humor a game that was talked of for years after throughout three States.

CLASS IN MANNERS. Instruction for the Shy and Awkward in Old Time Southern Sehees.

From the Youth's Companion. The father of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which the pupils learned in manners, evidently made a deep impression on little Alexander, writes Louis Pendleton in his biography of the statesman. The plan was no less admirable than quaint.

It is related that about once a month on a Friday afternoon, after the spelling classes had got through their tasks, the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of the row would rise and walk toward the center of the room and the girl at the head of the row would do likewise.

As they approached the boy would bow and the girl drop a courtesy, the established feminine salutation of those days, and they would pass on. "At other times they were taught to stop and exchange verbal salutations and the usual formulas of polite inquiry. These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary hall, the entrance, introduction and reception of visitors, with practice in "commonplace" chat."

Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting, after salutations of the usual kind, would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them, the boy saying, "Allow me, Miss Mary, to present to you my friend, Mr. Smith," Mr. Smith, Miss Jones. After Miss Mary had spoken to Mr. Smith she would in turn introduce her friends.

These exercises, trivial as the description may seem, the Vice-President of the Confederacy says, were of great use to raw counsellors and to those who were afflicted with the painful sense of being "at a disadvantage" or the dread of appearing ridiculous.

"My grandfather," said he, coming to the side of my wagon and resting on his cane, was a sojor in the Revolution, and fit at Baldwin's Creek. This Long Wolf was in the Injin band that cleaned out the Cherry Valley settlements, and was one of the head butchers in a lot more of massacres that I don't know about, but which my grandfather used to tell lots of things about, as I've heard him time and time ag'in. And here is one of 'em in particular."

"The red squirrel came out and sat in front of his unsanny home, scolding and chattering away, seemingly directing his tirade at the old man. "Tain't because I've got a notion to tell you how that hole happened to get in the forehead of that skull that Dicky's lecturin' me so," said the old man. "He has got an idea in his mind, 'em gittin' up dicker with you 'n' invitin' the goin' away from here of that home of his, and he's givin' me a piece of his mind about it."

THE SKULL OF LONG WOLF

And the Tale of the Lame Man's Grandfather, Which Lacked Affidavits.

"On one of my trips up State," said John Gilbert, the travelling groosyman. "I was passing along the road on the bank of the Chemung River when an odd looking object on a rustic bracket at the side of a farmhouse door, near the roadside attracted my attention. It was a skull, grim and grinning.

"A reputable looking old man with patriarchal whiskers and quite lame in one leg came out of the house as I sat in my wagon gazing at that curious doorway decoration, and I said to him: "Why, that's a human skull there, isn't it?"

"No," replied the old man. "It's an Injin's skull." "He took the skull down from its place on the bracket and limped outside where I sat in the wagon, to give me a closer inspection of it, and while he was explaining to me the difference, as he called it, between an Indian's skull and a human skull, I noticed a small hole in the middle of this one's forehead.

"Yes," the old man said, putting his finger in the hole, "that's a bullet hole. I don't know just how old this skull was before it got to be a skull and was only a head on an Injin's shoulders, but it's been a skull now somethin' over a hundred and twenty-five years."

"The feller that carried that skull around on his shoulders when it was a head was one of Brant's big chiefs, Long Wolf. I can't say just why they called him that, as he wasn't particularly long, although he was wolf enough. I've heard my grandfather say."

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it out, I guess, so he always has his suspicious. Fact of the matter is, I've been holdin' a pretty stiff finger on it, an'—but as you asked me if my grandfather put that bullet hole in the skull, and I said no, he didn't. I've a notion to tell you how it happened, and I guess will."

"The squirrel peeped out of the skull and scolded the old man for a minute or more, and when he quit and went back the old man said: "Why, the squet'n' little critter ought to know that from the finger I've always set on it there ain't no danger of his havin' the roof sold from over his head! You'd think he knowed how that bullet hole got in it and how that made dicker'n' for it worth while."

"Young Complanter didn't know nothin' about the killin' and scalpin' of his squaw for a good while after it was done by Long Wolf, but when he did hear of it he naturally got mad, and my grandfather said he swore by all the great spirits and happy huntin' grounds there was that he'd be even with Long Wolf before he died, and that nothin' would make him even but the life and scalp of that murderin' chief."

"Well, by and by young Complanter got his chance and dropped Long Wolf in his tracks. Young Complanter ripped the scalp of the Seneca chief and left him layin' there for the crows."

"Well, after the Six Nations was cleaned all young Complanter went further West lookin' for his scalp. He was a good many years in the fall of 1800, accordin' to my grandfather's recollection of it, and I never seen a wif's mace that had longer recollection than grandfather had, young Complanter appeared at his house this very house only fixed up consider'ly."

"Tony," says young Complanter, my grandfather's name bein' Anthony, but he ain't knowed everywhere as Fighin' Tony. Well, by and by young Complanter killed Long Wolf, time of Baldwin's Creek fight. Complanter want to find Long Wolf's bones."

"Young Complanter always knowed that young Complanter had killed Long Wolf, but he didn't know where he done it, so he went all with Complanter down along the river, and the Injin soon found the spot where he had popped the Seneca chief over, and kickin' round in the leaves come onto the skeleton. Complanter hiked the skull away out into the woods, and stamped the bones to powder."

"My grandfather went and picked up the skull, and from the way he well make out the forrid where young Complanter had buried his skull, he found a hole in the middle of its forehead, and he said to me, 'That's a hole in the middle of its forehead, and it's been in the family for the birds to nest in and squirrels to live in ever since. Dicky's had it now for better'n three years, and from the way he well make out when folks come and looks it over, I know he must somehow found out how it belonged to, and he's been tryin' to set a figger onto it fer dicker'n'." But if he knowed I was goin' to—

"The old man glanced back at the skull, and I ventured to ask him if his grandfather had fired the bullet that made the hole in the center of the big Indian's forehead. "My grandfather," said he, coming to the side of my wagon and resting on his cane, was a sojor in the Revolution, and fit at Baldwin's Creek. This Long Wolf was in the Injin band that cleaned out the Cherry Valley settlements, and was one of the head butchers in a lot more of massacres that I don't know about, but which my grandfather used to tell lots of things about, as I've heard him time and time ag'in. And here is one of 'em in particular."

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IF MR. GNAGG WERE BUT SINGLE

AN EARLY MORNING SOLILOQUY IN HOT WEATHER.

He Considers the Wisdom of the Fellows Who Don't Get Married and Entertains Mrs. Gnagg With an Account of What He Has to Put Up With in His Home.

Mr. Gnagg, awaking very early after a night of fitful sleep, equirred and wriggled and coughed until Mrs. Gnagg was aroused for a slumber too. Then he regarded her with reasonable observations, in part as follows: "Huh! You're awake, are you? How you can sleep as you do I don't know. I'll bet you could sleep on an unpainted tin roof at high noon of one of these sizzling days without once turning over. You're wonderin' that's what you women are."

"I've just been thinking, tossin' around here, about what crafty mugs these fellows are that don't get married! Whee! but they're the wise old ones!" "I know dozens of 'em that right now are fishin' around on the Adirondack lakes, joshin' up the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, fittin' the old trumps that consider 'em eligible for their daughters up in the Catskills, havin' a bully, uncombed, cool time of it at the summer resorts all over the country, with no one to bother or hinder 'em, nobody to report to, nobody to have to get home to on the minute or stand for a row or the weeps, and all that great stuff, while I—

"Oh, I'm just rolling around here, waiting for the minute to pop for me to hop up and swallow a cup of bum coffee and then bolt off to work! That's what. That's what I got out of life. I'm just the good old haw Dobbins that brings in the stuff and has to walk the chalk line and do things on the minute or else have the dickens raised with me all the time."

"I'm one of the diabed ones, one of the shelled propositions, that's what I am, and I guess I might just as well make up my mind to it now as any other time. When a fellow is pinhead enough to get his neck in the matrimonial noose, why, then it's up to him to stand the gaff, and I guess maybe I'm not standing for it!" "Living in a dinky flat, hotter'n Tophet, and never getting anywhere without havin' to drag the whole works along—oh, I know for myself, didn't I?"

"And if I took you along with me in an attempt to get away from this devilish heat, why, what recreation would there be in that for me? I know everything you're going to say before you so much as open your mouth."

"Oh, stop that, will you! I haven't said that you were stupid or thick-headed, I only says that we're together—scrapped together in this infernal heat, and here you begin imaginin' about me mind head ergs that I'm sayin' that you must have dreamed about while I was talkin', for you were more than half asleep all the time."

"Oh, well, I apose I've got to crawl now and let you walk all over me, simply because you accuse me of pickin' on you, when as a matter of fact I've only been tryin' to get out of a little wiff, you know. I'm the fellow for expectin' a woman to have any sense of humor, anyhow. That's the whole thing."

"I shouldn't expect a woman to be able to see the point of a little badinage. Oh, well, out the weeps, won't you, and I'll do anything you want."

"There, there, now, forget all that junk. Who's said a word to you? You'll see my point of view some of these days, and then you'll understand. There, there, now, flag that wadded handkerchief business, and let's have some breakfast. Come on, hun, everything's all right!"

"OLD BEAMS FOR ORGAN PIPES. Turning Lumber From Ancient Public Building to Account. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Organ pipes," says a well known builder of this city, "are made of the best white pine and the older and better seasoned the wood, the better the quality of tone given out by the pipe."

In Germany and England when an old public building, such as a church, town hall or large structure of any kind, is to be taken down there is always an organ builder haunting the place to find out of what wood the roof and floor beams are made and if he discovers that they are of white pine he is ready to pay almost any reasonable price for them, provided, of course, they are in good condition, without knots or nail holes. He knows that many of these churches and other buildings were erected long ago and that through forty or fifty decades the wood has been slowly drying and hardening until it has reached a condition which from the organ builder's point of view is perfection. Then he takes the beams home to his factory, covering them in transit with tarpaulins, cuts them into boards of the desired size and makes his pipes with perfect confidence that the organ will be a musical success.

How's that? It's only a quarter to 9, and you feel sleepy? Oh, of course you feel sleepy. You always do when I am trying to have any kind of conversation with you. That's the way it goes. A married woman doesn't care any more about responding to her husband's pleas than she does for last year's hat. She's got him, and he's shelled and stuffed away, and that's the end of it. You might at least show a half decent regard for what I'm saying, instead of lying there thinkin' at me like a cat before a grease fire."

"How's that? Oh, you've heard it all before, have you, and it doesn't lead any where, anyhow, and you just can't keep your eyes open?" "That's more of the old stuff—so much as to say that I'm harpin' on the same old thing all the time. You are the most peevish person before breakfast in the morning that ever I saw in my life."

"Say, can't we have breakfast a little earlier around here during the hot weather? What time does that infernal maid get here of mornin', anyhow?" "Huh! Oh, you've well awake now, are you, and you'll prepare some breakfast yourself this mornin', seeing that the maid ain't within miles of the flat yet? Oh, never mind, say, you got breakfast for me just once, 'd you not hear the last of my life that I made you work like a galley slave, and probably you'd ramp around and tell everybody we know that I wanted you to take in washing for a living."

"What? You'd rather get a hundred breakfasts than hear me complain so much? Now, that's a stab that I shall not tolerate. Who's complainin'? Who's uttered a word of complaint? I only said—

"Oh, that's it; go on and blubber. Just because, being unable to sleep, I endeavored to engage you in a little before breakfast conversation—why, you fall to sniffling and all that. I tell you what, most women could appreciate havin' their husbands making them so a little persiflage upon awakin' in the mornin'. But that's all the appreciation I get—havin' the handkerchief pulled on me."

"Look here, what's it all about, anyhow? Who said anything about being tired of anybody? Well, of all the beddigin' inventions ever!" "All I said was that these fellows that keep out of the matrimonial harness know what they're about, and here you begin imaginin' about me mind head ergs that I'm sayin' that you must have dreamed about while I was talkin', for you were more than half asleep all the time."

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