BEAR HUNT JOKE FAILED

REAL ONE TURNED UP AT THE TIME FOR LAUGHTER.

John Gilbert Proves an Unexpected Hero After Having Been Told That There Are No Bears Within Miles—Trailing the Tracks of a Pair of Rubber Boots.

"Soon as the boys up at Jack's Lake heard that I was disappointed so to learn that the bears had gone in for the season and wouldn't show up again for months, as I was anxious to knock one over," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, "a couple of 'em laid themselves out to get me up a bear hunt anyhow, and they succeeded 'way beyond their expectations or mine.

"A pretty stiff fall of snow was holding me up at Jack's Lake on the upper edge of the hemlock belt, and the couple of days I was snowed in there I heard stacks of hair raising bear and wildcat stories, Doc Preble and Dave Ramsey being particularly prolific and glib in thinking them up. They said, though, that this snowstorm had come on so suddenly and so deep that there would be no more fun with bear for the rest of the season.

"'That's too blame bad!' said I, thinking it would be a pretty safe bluff with the bear outlook such as that. 'Nothing would suit me better than to go out and knock over a bear. I've never killed one yet.'

"Doc Preble looked at Dave Ramsey, and by and by he said:

"'I don't know, Dave, but what there might be a chance of digging one out of some laurel patch before he gets too sound asleep. John is anxious to go up against one.'

"I was hoping that Dave would think no more about it right off the reel, but he didn't. He looked at Dave awhile, thought it over and said:

"'Why, I don't know but what we could, Doc. There's plenty of 'em coiled up in the swamp, only I always hate to break in on 'em after they've holed up for the winter and are enjoying their long snooze. Still to oblige John I guess it could be done.'

"It looked to me as if I had maybe committed myself a little too far, but I kept up my bluff and said I'd be just tickled to death if they happened to find one willing to show up. Doc went away by and by and after a while David departed. I had about put the bear hunt out of my mind when along in the afternoon Doc Preble came in again.

"'Well, John,' said he, 'you're in luck! From the tracks I saw in the snow this afternoon up along the mountain the biggest bear that ever wintered in this bailiwick has hunted quarters in some laurel patch back that way and is just about coiling himself up snugly at this minute. It won't be much trouble to rout him out, I guess, although it's safe to say that any bear that made tracks the size of them tracks is bound to be an ugly customer. We'll see that you get the chance to finish him all right, though. Hello, Dave!'—Dave Ramsey having come in just then. 'Just telling John. I never saw as big a bear track as the tracks I saw in the snow this afternoon up along the mountain. We'll take the boy out to-morrow and give him his chance after all. Huh?'

"'I dunno why not,' said Dave. 'Glad to do it. Big one, eh, Doc?'

"'Judging from the tracks,' said Doc, 'any bear that could leave footprints in the snow like them must be bigger and uglier yet than the one that ripped and slashed all the clothes and a good deal of the meat and skin off of Sam Carter that time, and that was the biggest and ugliest bear that ever made things lively around here.'

"'Might have been the biggest one,' said Dave, 'but it wasn't the ugliest. It wasn't as ugly, I don't think, as the one that licked Ike Hazlett's five dogs so quick, almost scalped Ike before he managed to shin up the tree standing so handy by, lucky for him, and chased Fritz Wise nearly two miles to Jugg's camp, with four of Ike's bullets and both barrels of Fritz's buckshot in him at that, and half of one paw left in the trap he tore loose from. But any bear that made tracks as big as them you seen this afternoon, Doc, more than likely can discount either o' them for havin' fun in him.'

"Seemingly pleased as could be that they were going to be able to give me the bear hunt I said I was aching for, Doc and Dave told me to be ready to join them early in the morning, when they would have everything ready for going up against the big and ugly bear Doc had located, and then by and by they went home. Now I didn't want to go out after bear, particularly such a bear as that one was declared to be, any more than I wanted to sit on a red hot stove, but after that bold break and lusty bluff of mine I couldn't back out without losing caste. I was feeling all broken up over the prospect and I guess Landlord Jack must have noticed it and got sorry for me, for along toward bedtime as we were taking a good night smoke in front of the fireplace he suddenly spoke up and said:

"'There hain't been a bear nor a sign of a bear seen nor heerd on anywheres in this deestric' nor within twenty mile of it for a good five years an' more.'

"I looked up quick and by and by wanted to know what he called this one that Doc Preble had got on the tracks of.

"'I call it a feller of about the heft o' Doc Preble,' said the landlord, 'an' him stalkin' along in Doc Preble's rubber boots. That's what I call it. That's jest what that bear is that Doc Preble seen the tracks of. The boys is calc'latin' on havin' some fun with you, John. They sized that bluff o' your'n up an' they're goin' to call it. The idee is to tramp you four or five mile along the trail that Doc tramped the makin' of with his rubber boots this afternoon, give you all the p'ints o' the danger there's goin' to be when that bear's routed out o' the laurel patch an' makes its rush, an' then fer Dave to go in an' do the routin' out in the laurel patch where the trail ends, makin' a tremendous hubbub as if the bear was headin' straight fer you, the fun to have its grand bust out when you can't stand the prospects no longer, drop your gun, break fer the nearest tree, an' jest about skin the bark off of it tryin' to git up into it. There hain't been a bear nor the sign of a bear seen nor heerd on here nor within twenty mile o' here fer more than five year. Now you know how the land lays, an' what you kin do if you want to,' and the landlord went off to bed.

"Huh, heh-h-h. Going to have some fun with me, eh? Good! I went to bed, slept like a top and was waiting for Doc and Dave when they came around early next morning. They had their rifles and they had provided for me a double barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot, a double bitted axe and a long bladed knife. I asked 'em if I hadn't ought to have a revolver or two besides, and they said no. It'd only be a bother to me, and too much lead in a bear spoiled the skin. Anyhow, they said if they saw that the bear was pawing and clawing and chawing me so that things looked ticklish for me they'd pitch in and see that I had fair play.

"'But where's the dogs?' said I.

"'Dogs!' said Doc. 'We can't afford to put our dogs onto a bear like that one, to be ripped and torn to shoestrings. Dogs are worth a little too much around here to risk 'em like that.'

"We trotted along. Their fun was beginning all right. Sure enough, a mile from Jack's we struck the big tracks in the snow. Dave measured one of them:

"'Great gosh!' said he. 'Fourteen inches! Why, that big one that tore Sam Carter up that time up yonder in Nelse's patch made only a ten inch track, didn't he, Doc?'

"'Nine and three-quarters,' replied Doc.

"'Snakes a creepin'!' said Dave. 'There's bound to be some blood spilt before night this day, and it won't all be bear's blood neither, John.'

"I gave a shudder. The boys grinned. They were enjoying themselves.

"The trail twisted and turned here and there from laurel patch to laurel, patch for four or five miles, and Doc remarked that no bear that wanted to whet up a fellow's appetite for a tussle with him could have left a trail better for doing it than this one was, and all the way he and Dave gloated over me with recollections of how this, that and the other bear had chawed or pawed or clawed such and such a person before he could get the best of the bear.

"At last we got to the edge of the laurel patch where the trail ended, and Doc said the old fellow was in there sure enough. Then he stood me a few paces back from one end of the patch.

"'When the bear comes pitchin' out,' said he to me, as if there was where it was going to come out and nowhere else, 'don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes. He'll come like a steam engine, and pointed straight to run you down, to trample on you and claw you. It being your first hunt you'll more than likely miss him when you shoot, and that's what he'll aim to do—run you down and claw you. That'll be part of the hunt, though, and while he's clawing you and maybe chawing you, then's when you draw your hunting axe and knife and get your work in with 'em. Don't forget that, John, for it's a very important piece of the hunt. Understand?'

"I guess I only nodded, for I was too full for words, and that seemed to tickle Doc, so that although he went off into a thicket to do it I could see that he was rolling in the snow and stuffing his hat in his mouth to keep from howling, and Dave stood near and grinned.

"'Some folks can't stand it when they hear the bear coming,' said Doc when he came back from his hilarious spell, 'and so they break for the nighest tree. That maple yonder would be a handy one for that, seems to me,' and I heard Doc say to Dave that he certainly would lie down and bust when he saw me throw down my gun and make the dash for that tree, and that if I was too scared to climb it he knew he'd die.

"They sure were having their fun with me. Then Dave went into the laurels to rout the bear out. In about three minutes the disturbance began. I wouldn't have believed Dave or any other man could have made such a commotion in such a tangle of laurels. The growling and snarling were great. For a while the line of disturbance led straight toward me. It got fiercer and fiercer. At first Doc gazed expectantly at me from where he was standing up along the laurels, about fifty feet away, ready to lie down and bust when I cut and ran, and then I thought he began to look a little anxious. The combination of yells and howls and snorts that came from the midst of the disturbance in the patch was such that there isn't a bit of doubt at all but what I'd have cut and run all right if I hadn't known it was only Dave. So I stood and waited, evidently much to Doc's surprise and disappointment.

"'John,' he shouted to me, 'he's a holy terror! He's going to be twenty times worse than I had any idea of when he breaks out! Headed right for you, too!'

"I don't know what I was going to holler back, for just then I heard a shot in the swamp and a yell that beat all, followed by a startling cracking and swaying of the laurels, and the next second out of that laurel patch, not twenty feet beyond where Doc was standing, crashed a bear that was mad all through. Doc dropped his gun, gave one look toward that maple tree he had commended to my attention, and actually flew for it, his eyes bulging and his hair on end, hollering as he came, the bear only a jump or two behind him:

"'If you go for that tree, John, I'm a goner! There's one just on the other side of you! Go for that one!'

"I didn't though. I started for the maple. Doc put on steam and got there first. He grabbed the tree, clasped his arms and legs around its trunk and sat down in the snow. And there he sat scared, oblivious to everything. He didn't even hear the two shots I fired into that bear. He came to pretty soon, though, and looking around in a dazed sort of way saw me standing there with my foot on the bear, which was dead, for my two loads of buckshot had lifted the top of its head off. Doc got up, white and sheepish. On a log off to one side sat Dave. What clothes there were on him hung from him in tatters and his face and hands were streaked with blood.

"'Funny, ain't it, Doc?' said he by and by. 'It's so damn funny that I've got to git out in the open country where there's room to laugh!'

"With that Dave got up and limped away toward home, leaving Doc and me gazing in mute wonderment at that bear.

"'Landlord Jack told me,' said I by and by, 'that there hadn't been sight nor sign of a bear around here in more than five years, and so——'

"Doc knew then that I knew, and with a snort he interrupted me and said:

"'Neither has there! Some ding smarty went and planted that one in them laurels.'

"And away Doc went tearing homeward through the snow. I was wondering how I was going to get my bear in when along came a couple of lusty hunters puffing and mad all the way through.

"'We've been chasin' that bear fer two days 'way from the Kittle Creek country down yonder forty mile,' hollered one of 'em, 'an' I don't think we're goin' to let any sneakin' interlopin' cuss lay fer it, plug it, an' lug it home! I don't think we are!' said he.

"No further argument was necessary to convince me that they meant what they said. I handed that bear right over to 'em and broke for Jack's Lake on the double quick. I was sorry not to see Doc or Dave again to thank 'em before I got away, for they certainly did lay themselves out in getting up that bear hunt for me."

ITALIAN CLIFF VINEYARDS.

Grapes Growing in Places Reached Only by Ropes and Ladders.

From the American Wine Press.

The steepest vineyards in all Europe if not in all the world are situated on the northwest coast of Italy. I have seen grapevines growing in many countries and in many queer places, but nowhere have I ever seen vineyards located like those on the seacoast between Levanto and Spezzia.

The vines in some places along the Rhine grow on very steep hillsides, but nothing to compare with those growing on the lofty Italian cliffs. You can now and then get a good glimpse of these vineyards while riding in the train from Genoa to Pisa, which follows the coast almost all the way. The trouble is that tunnels succeed each other in rapid succession, thus continually breaking off the view of the sea and of the rocky coast.

After leaving Levanto, a small town situated on a semicircular bay, and going through a long tunnel, you soon come to what are called the villages of the Cinque Terre. Each village is separated from the other by lofty cliffs. The vines cover the face of these bold cliffs, which are almost perpendicular. As such places can be reached only by ladders or ropes the difficulty of working the vineyard and of gathering the crop of grapes can easily be imagined.

Almost as striking are those places where the vines are trained upon wire across gorges made by the streams which cut the rocky coast. This whole region is probably unique in its viticulture. Only men like the Italian peasant farmers, who love the vine and its luscious fruit, would go to so much labor and trouble as to plant vineyards on the face of sheer cliffs.

"THE SMELL OF THE LIVING"

HOW UNNECESSARY ANNOYANCE IS LAID ON GHOSTS.

A Detail of Spirit Communication Which Has Eluded Societies of Psychical Research but Is Known to Savages—Blunderbore and the Words of Might.

Somehow or other the ghosts have seldom met with fair play. They squeak and gibber in the Roman street on business. In moated grange and ancestral manor house they moan and clank their chains, specific performance of contract. As the White Lady of the house of Hohenzollern they appear in solemn warning to reigning princes, it is their duty.

What manner of reception do they meet? Humanity always says, "What a nuisance these ghosts are!" Humanity has other symptoms—horripilation is the succinct term for them in scientific terminology; gooseflesh, hair standing on end, voice sticking in the gullet, trembling at the knees, sinking at the pit of the stomach. In other words the yellow streak. That's what ghosts do to men.

But the instinct of fairness demands the inquiry into the feelings of the ghosts toward men. Live ones are quite as objectionable to deaders. Thus only can any school of psychological interpretation account for the conduct of the spooks when the entranced and inspired medium in the snuffy circle of believers succeeds in bringing them down to the earth plane. It's no such great pleasure to the spirits to be in touch with so many humans all alive. They resent it as best they may; the flick of an icy hand is a mark of disapproval, the groans from the cabinets are but so many signs of disgust.

If Little Bright Eyes and Sagamore John and Katy King and the rest of the spirit controls who do such a lucrative business in mystery could only be brought to tell the truth they would make it clear that the living are highly objectionable to those who have passed over.

Particularly obnoxious seems to be the smell of life.

This appears to be a new contribution to the knowledge of spirit phenomena. It rests not upon the compiled data of the societies for psychical research but upon the intimate acquaintance of simple folk who live closer to the spirits than those of wider culture are quite willing to acknowledge. The clearest disclosure of this important fact is in the beliefs of the rude people of New Britain, whose faith has just become a matter of study.

You are going about your ordinary business in the jungle. Somebody says a word of greeting, some equivalent of howdedo or good morning. You start to bring your spear into action, or your club, as you would do ordinarily when some stranger passed the time of day; it's sweet to be anthropophagous and have your dinner come to you on the hoof, and a merry fight in settlement of the initial uncertainty as to whether you dine or are dined. But it proves to be a ghost which greets you and not a potential food supply.

So you and the ghost get quite chummy. No horripilation in your case, for you are but a simple savage man and have not advanced beyond words of one syllable, certainly not beyond two syllabled ideas. All day long you and the sociable ghost go prowling through the jungle, observing the beauties of nature and things in general.

When evening comes you turn toward home, for, even if you haven't found anybody to eat, the women will have fish and yams and bananas and cocoanut puddings baking in the oven, and the hot cobbles will not be forked out of the smoking pit until the head of the house comes back.

In parting from the companion of your day's wanderings you find that the ghost has taken quite a fancy to you. He invites to better acquaintance.

"Suppose you come down with me some time," he says, "and meet the rest of the fellows."

"Fine," say you in savage courtesy; "nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Why not come now?" the ghost asks, and having absolutely nothing that ever really must be done from your first birthday until you become a ghost yourself you are perfectly willing.

"First off run home and get some fish or a piece of pig," the ghost directs. "I'm not inhospitable, but living folks can't eat our stuff, and you'll have to bring your own."

So you stuff a green cocoanut basket with a light collation, eight or ten pounds of whatever the women have cooked. You and the friendly ghost set off together. Just where you go is not quite distinct, but it's somewhere down below the surface of things.

When you two get there the other spirits have not yet come back to ghostland. Your host blows up the smouldering fire and bids you make yourself quite at home, showing you a place where you can sit and be in nobody's way, or rather in no spirit's way. Then the rest of the ghosts come trooping in from their day on the earth plane.

They open the shadowy baskets of their peculiar food, the mat plates are heaped high and a pleasant spiritual time is under way. You, off in your corner, are gorging on pork and pudding and thinking to yourself how much better it is to be alive.

Suddenly one of the ghosts stops eating, others look up in wild surmise, some one sniffs, and then all are sniffing the ghosthouse air.

"I smell a live one," squeaks one of the ghosts.

"So do I," another; "so do we all."

All except your host. "Not so, brothers! Are you not here in your own ghosthouse in ghostland? There's no live one here, there cannot be."

"But we all smell a live one!" they cry.

"That's easy," replies your own particular ghost. "I was pretty close to the houses up above to-day and I must have carried away some of the life smell with me; its pretty strong, you know."

But the other ghosts are alarmed, they refuse to be pacified by the reasonable explanation. Their eyes, dead eyes, are not good enough to see you, but their noses are keen, they smell the live one, the reek of life nauseates and affrights them. They float tumultuously away in the dark.

You are left to find your way home alone in the creepy night past strange forest figures, hearing strange jungle noises, conscious that the wandering ghosts are all about you, sniffing, ever sniffing the smell of the live one. That's the story you have to tell when at last you come within the cheery light of a real fire and friends sitting around.

The smell of life is repugnant to the ghosts.

It isn't necessary to go as far as the utmost cannibal island to learn this interesting fact in the relations of the living and the dead. What says the ogre, great giant Blunderbore?

"Fe, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

Proof enough there in our own folklore that normal life has a distinctive smell that the abnormal has no difficulty in identifying. Jack was small in the castle at the top of the beanstalk, he was hidden from view, but the ogre sniffed him out. Incidentally it proved rough on the ogre, but that does not mar the psychology of the matter.

There's something in the exclamation of Blunderbore which challenges remark. Every child detects at once the falsity of rhyme and instantly corrects it. Promptly he says "Englishmun" in the hope that the assonance will do somewhat even if the consonants are irreducible. Why not, however, correct the senseless first line?

It's sacrosanct, it's the words of might, and such words are never to be altered or their virtue goes; witness abracadabra and the konx ompax of the Eleusinian formulary. Just wherein lies the sanctity of this thaumaturgic litany no scholar has yet discovered. Maybe it inheres in the Latin inflection, the Second Declension is a solemn acquisition, mastery is felt by him who for the first time has acquired the mystery of bonus-boni-bono-bonum—with the accent all wrong.

But it is clear that if the merciful man is to be merciful to his ghost he will never approach spirit communication until he has popped himself into the autoclave and has come forth properly sterilized. The smell of the live one is to the spook objectionable.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Care of a Plant Which Is Found Blooming in the Snow.

"Last year the day before Christmas I picked 102 Christmas roses that had grown and blossomed out of doors with no other protection than the snow," a woman whose home is in the northern part of the State told the reporter.

"The Christmas rose has white flowers fully two inches across and resembling the blossoms of a gigantic single rose. It grows only six or eight inches tall, and the large white bolls come in clusters nestling close among the leaves. In the long cold weeks between mid-autumn and April, whenever the weather is mild enough to melt the snow which should be allowed to cover the bed where the Christmas rose grows, it is possible to pick a handful of beautiful blooms.

"When they are brittle with frost, as they often are, they should be plunged at once into a basin of cold water and placed for an hour or so in a cold room They will become as fresh and beautiful as though they had grown in a hothouse and never felt the touch of winter. If not kept in too warm a room these dainty blossoms will keep fresh for two weeks. Heat quickly spoils them.

"When the Christmas rose first opens it is of a waxy whiteness; after a day or so it becomes a delicate pink and then gradually changes to a greenish white with pink spots on the petals. Unlike other flowers the Christmas rose does not wither, but after it changes from white to pink and then to greenish white the seeds begin to grow and the petals become gradually a deep green like the leaves of the plant. In this state they should be cut off to prevent the plants from becoming exhausted from seed bearing.

"Though I have raised the plant for more years than I can remember I do not believe it has an enemy except the heat of the summer. Even that is not dangerous if a little precaution is taken to protect the bed from the direct rays of the sun.

"My bed of Christmas roses is on the shady side of an old grape arbor with a large pear tree spreading its limbs well over it. It really gets only a peep from the sun early in the morning. After that only rays strong enough to penetrate the protecting foliage of the pear tree touch it. In the autumn the leaves from the pear tree are allowed to cover it as they fall.

"The bed is never watered and receives no fertilizer beyond that furnished by the heavy mulch of its own leaves supplemented by those from the pear tree. Indeed I know of no plant that is so willing and able to take care of itself as the Christmas rose.

"There is a tradition in our family that the roots should be taken up and divided once every two years. This may be true, but I know the bed is never disturbed unless some friend comes begging roots. Then there is a thinning out.

"The best time to move the roots is in the early spring just before the new leaves unfold. The soil in our garden is a deep rich sandy loam which allows the thick roots to grow down as deep as they please. In taking out plants for friends I have found roots growing fully a foot below the surface of the bed. As I usually have many friends to supply I suppose I cover the bed once every second year in dividing the roots."

SAVED FROM BISHOPS.

The New Testament Edited by a Missionary for Nauru Christians.

The newest version of the Scriptures is the text of the New Testament in the language of Nauru.

Not, even under its alternative name of Pleasant Island has Nauru found a place in the geographical record. It is a tiny spot of rock northwest of the Gilbert Islands and north of the New Hebrides, lying far and alone in the almost untraversed sea, rarely accessible even when visited, for the sea breaks in a smother of foam and landing is always dangerous and frequently impossible for weeks.

Yet the American Missionary Board in Boston has sought out this obscure spot; a missionary has lived and labored there for many years with gratifying success. The largest evidence of his work is this text of the New Testament. The translation is all his own except that his more intelligent converts have assisted in the polish of his Nauru diction so that it might be worthy of the great theme.

The mechanical execution is almost wholly Nauru. The mission scholars set the type and printed the book sheet by sheet on their own press, for the supply of type is so small that when a sheet was composed the next sheet could not be begun until the former had been printed and the type distributed. The only foreign assistance was the binding of the sheets in San Francisco and the grant of funds by the American Bible Society to meet this expense and the paper bills.

There is a slight shock in this version for those who believe in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. It appears that the missionary is evangelical in his variety of faith. This makes a difference in the result. The English and Nauru versions of I. Timothy iii., 2, show this in a phrase:

A bishop then must be blameless.
Me flagat a film eó erereketjit minister.

Dissenting himself from the triune division of the clergy believed in by the apostolic churches, he was not going to allow the faith of his flock to be corrupted at the very source and fountain head. "Bishops, priests and deacons," indeed! That may have done well enough for St. Paul when he took his pen in hand, but then St. Paul had not the advantage of acquaintance with ministerial orthodoxy of the evangelical type. No bishops for Nauru to lead new Christianity into the pitfalls of prelacy and Erastianism. Just a little editing, just a shade of modern inspiration, and the deed is done. So far as Nauru faith is involved the bishops are abolished, lawn sleeves and all; triumphant orthodoxy puts in their place the minister, as the cited text will show.

Increased Price of Elk Teeth.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

"During the last five years the value of elk teeth has more than trebled," said a Western traveller at the Frederic. "In 1904 you could get any number of fine specimens in Idaho, Montana, Washington and bordering States for $2.50 apiece. Now you will pay from $7.50 to $10, and they are hard to get for even that. The Apache, Sioux, Comanche and Chippewa Indians used to have dozens of them in their possession and traded them for trinkets. But the redskin got wise to their value, and you can buy them from a regular dealer cheaper now than from the Indian. The passing of the elk and the great demand made by the members of the Elk lodge for teeth for emblems have boosted the price."

The traveller recited an incident of an Oklahoman who bought a robe covered with elk teeth from a Wichita Indian for [illegible]

WHEN POKER WAS A YOUNGER GAME

An Incident of New York When the Chop House Was in Its Best Days.

"I have often wondered," said the gray haired young looking man in the club smoking room, "why it is that there are no more of the old fashioned chop houses to be found in New York, or if there are any why it is that I can't find them. I mean such places as Old Tom's, that flourished for a hundred years near Trinity Church, or Ireland's Star in Lispenard street, or Clifton's in Houston street.

"I know of course that for some reason or another all those places must have failed to pay. I never knew anything that paid to be given up in New York. But back of that there must be some reason why they didn't pay any longer, and that's what puzzles me.

"Some of the most delightful evenings that I can remember were spent in one or another of those dingy, smoky old rooms with good cheer, hearty service and cheery companionship. The younger generation seems to prefer the gas and glitter of the modern restaurant, but perhaps—I only say perhaps—it is because none of the old places are left.

"One night in particular I remember when four of us met after the theatre in the back room of the Star for a midnight supper. My own choice was always a welsh rabbit at that hour, and Bass's ale from the wood was the only thing to drink with it. One or two of the others took chops—such chops!—instead of a rabbit, but there was no difference of taste as to the ale.

"Now, you do not drink old ale to excess. You take enough to wash down your supper, but not enough to exhilarate you. So it was no undue excitement that provoked the contest that followed. We were all young men of sporting instincts and more or less proficient in athletics and in most games, and there was considerable chaff over the pretensions of this and that.

"Sedgwick and Taylor were both enthusiastic horsemen and each fellow owned a road horse in which he took pride. I remember that they made a match to be trotted the next day for a fairly large wager. Appleton and I were both a little puffed up regarding our ability with a billiard cue and we agreed to a series of games of pool to be played at Chris Conners's place in Fourteenth street on the following evening, the stakes to be something larger than we usually played for.

"After a little we fell to talking of draw poker, a game that was not played as much in New York then as it has been later. We had all played the game, though not enough up to that time to be classed as experts, and we had begun to see for ourselves the fascination there might be in it, though we had not yet felt its full force. So although we had not become devotees we were ready enough to listen to Taylor's suggestion, made after we had finished our supper.

"This was that we adjourn to Petrie's place next door and engage one of his private rooms for a quiet game of our own. Just as we started out from Ireland's Billy Hatch came along.

"Hatch was a man whom none of us knew particularly well, although all of us had made his acquaintance in a casual way. We did not realize until we thought it over afterward that he seemed to make it his business to become acquainted with everybody who was interested in sporting matters.

"He was a companionable fellow, and though we knew little about him we had been quite taken by his personality, so we greeted him pleasantly; and when he learned what we were about to do and suggested that he wouldn't mind joining us at the game we were all rather pleased than otherwise.

"The game we played in those days was considerably different from what is generally played now. In the first place, there weren't so many different hands. The straight was played in some places, though there was a question whether it was better than three of a kind or not so good, and this had to be settled by consent before the game began in case the straight was recognized at all. As to the straight flush, we had never heard of it, and four kings and an ace made an invincible hand.

"Then we hadn't heard anything about a limit up to that time, nor was the device of table stakes known. When you played you were at liberty to bet any amount you pleased so long as you had the money to put up, or in case you could persuade your opponent to wait you could send out for more money.

"The only limitation you could put on any play that was made was to declare that your pile was all in. Beyond that amount it was obviously useless for your adversary to go, and you had a right, universally recognized, to call for a showdown when you had bet all you had. Only you couldn't play any more in that game after making the declaration unless you were lucky enough to win the pot It was a freezeout, in fact, if you lost, though we hadn't learned the word at that time

"Well, Petrie gave us the room readily enough, and we took $20 apiece in chips from him. We had no intention of indulging in high play, and chips anyhow were only used for change as a rule. It was very common to see large bets made with real money.

"The game began modestly enough. I remember that the ante at first was five cents call ten, but after a while we made it ten call a quarter. For myself I had less than $50 with me and no intention of losing more than that in any event, even if my luck should prove bad. As I learned afterward, Taylor and Appleton were situated about as I was, but Sedgwick had a considerable amount, though he did not expect any more than we did to do any plunging. He was a natural born gambler, however, and as it proved it was unlucky for him that he had the money with him. Possibly it would have been still worse if the rest of us hadn't taken the stand we did at the last.

"I had puttered along for perhaps half an hour, playing more with the idea of losing little than of winning much, and as the others seemed to be doing pretty much the same thing and there were no very good hands out together the game was not particularly interesting. So far from it being an exciting pastime I was beginning to think that draw poker was uninteresting when it happened on Hatch's deal that three good hands were held and there was something doing.

"Sedgwick had put up the ten cent ante, and Taylor, sitting next, came in promptly. Appleton had the next say and he stayed also, but I found a four flush in my hand, and having failed several times already to fill such a hand I had determined not to try any more of them and I threw down. As I think of it now I imagine that Hatch expected me to stay, as I would have been justified in doing for one round at least.

"Hatch, however, raised it one red chip, and Sedgwick dropped. Then Taylor [illegible] hadn't raised on the first round, but it appeared later that he must have wanted to get us all in, for he raised it two reds.

"Then Hatch said pleasantly, 'It looks like there might be something doing on this deal,' and he raised it two. Then Taylor saw the double raise and put in a blue. Appleton chortled a little and made it two more blues to play. It was the first three cornered contest we had had and we all got interested.

"Each of the three raised in turn for two more rounds till there was more than $50 in the pot, when it came to Hatch to play again. He pulled out a roll of money and made it $20 more to play, whereupon Taylor looked sober, and after studying his hand again simply made good. Appleton had only about enough on the table to see the last raise, and he put his hand in his pocket as if about to raise again. Then he paused and, seeming to consider, he trailed.

"On the draw each man stood pat, and I can remember thinking that I would probably have lost considerable if I had filled my flush, for I felt sure that there must be at least one full out.

"It was Taylor's first bet, and he put in a white chip only. Then Appleton trailed and Hatch raised it $50. Taylor explored his pockets and adding the contents to what he had on the table called for $15, which was all he had left, so they divided the pot, leaving him a show for all but $35 of the last raise. Appleton wasn't much better off, but he called for $25 and Hatch drew down the remaining $25. Then they showed down.

"Taylor's hand was a flush and Appleton's was a small full, but Hatch had a king full on aces and the two others were out of the game.

"I was ready enough to quit also, though I hadn't suffered much up to that time, but Sedgwick had grown excited. Some instinct prompted me to play on as I saw that he intended to do so, and I knew something of his passion for gambling. I couldn't explain it even to myself, for I had not mistrusted Hatch, but I felt that something was going to happen and that I might by staying in keep it from going too far. I had a warm regard for Sedgwick, and though I had no wish to play guardian to him I was willing to do him a good turn.

"Nothing happened on his deal nor on mine, and as we weren't playing jackpots the antis were drawn down. Then Hatch dealt again, Sedgwick putting up a red chip for the ante. I found three jacks in my hand and not wishing to raise too soon came in with two reds. Then Hatch raised it two and Sedgwick went back at him with two more.

"At that moment I developed a strong suspicion. It came to me that I was going to get the fourth jack in the draw and then get beaten, and I determined to go through with it just to see if I was right. So I trailed, and as I had expected Hatch raised again. Sedgwick was plainly delighted and reraised.

"They kept it up that way, seesawing me till I was all in, and then continued till there was over $400 on the table. I could see that Sedgwick had made up his mind and that it would be hard to stop him, but I kicked him under the table and he looked up suddenly to read a warning in my eyes. Then he looked at Taylor and Appleton, who had remained looking on, and seeing their expression he hesitated and trailed.

"On the draw he stood pat and I called for two cards, getting the fourth jack, as I had expected. I reckon Hatch had supposed that I had more money with me than I had. Then Hatch took two.

"It was his first bet, and he put up $100. Sedgwick paused and I think he would have raised if he had not had the warning, for as it proved he had an ace full and would have been justified in doing it against two two card draws. As it was, however, he called, and Hatch showed down four queens.

"Even after that I think Sedgwick would have continued the game, but I rose hastily and beckoning to Taylor and Appleton to follow me I went out to see Petrie.

"We told him what had happened and asked him to break up the game. We made no charges and of course looked for no return from Hatch, but we gave Petrie to understand that we were suspicious and that he could not afford to have a stranger play a suspicious game in his house with four men whom he knew well.

"He saw the point readily enough and interfered just as Hatch was about to deal again, nothing having happened on Sedgwick's deal. He made the excuse that he was about to close up and though Sedgwick was inclined to be and Hatch really was indignant he made them stop playing.

"Some time later when Hatch had been caught trying to cheat in another gambling house further uptown and the story of it got around Sedgwick acknowledged that we had done him a favor in breaking up the game."

DETECTING CRIMINALS.

Scotland Yard Expert Says There Are Few First Class Professionals.

Sir Robert Anderson, for many years the chief criminal expert in Great Britain and until a few years ago in charge of London's Scotland Yard, declares that when it comes to special feats, such as safe breaking, the men competent for the task are so few that some police officers could probably write down the names of them all from memory.

"On taking charge of the criminal investigation department in 1887," he writes in the *Strand*, "I was no novice in matters relating to criminals and crime. Notwithstanding all this, to my surprise I found myself credited with a vast amount of ignorance by one of my principal subordinates.

"When any notable crime occurred and I began to investigate it, à la Sherlock Holmes, he used to listen to me in the way many people listen to sermons in church, and at the conclusion he would stolidly announce that the crime was the work of So-and-so, naming one of his stock heroes—'Old Carr,' 'Wirth,' 'Sausage,' 'Shrimps' or 'Quiet Joe'—and I soon found that my prosaic subordinate was right. Great crimes are the work of great criminals.

"There is nothing spontaneous and occasional about the crimes of 'professionals.' Take the case of a 'ladder larceny,' for example. While the family is at dinner the house is entered by means of a ladder placed against a bedroom window, all outer doors and ground floor windows having been fastened from outside by screws or wire or rope. Wires are stretched across the lawn to baffle pursuit in case the thieves are discovered.

"A case of this kind occurred some years ago at a country house in Cheshire. The next day brought the chief constable of the county to Scotland Yard. Such a crime, he said, was beyond the capacity of provincial practitioners, and he expected us to find the delinquents among the criminals on our list at Scotland Yard.

"He gave me a vague description of two strangers who had been seen near the house the day before. An hour or two later I handed him three photographs. Two of these were promptly identified as the men who had come under local observation, and arrest and conviction followed. They were well known 'ladder' thieves.

"Once Dr. Max Nordau called upon me. I put his 'type' theory to the test. I took a couple of photographs, and covering all but the face of each told him that one was an eminent public man and the other a notorious criminal. I challenged him to say which was the type, but he evaded the test.

"One was Raymond, alias Wirth—one of the most able criminals of my time; the other was Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and if anything the former's countenance was more replete with strength and benevolence than the latter's. It was Raymond who stole the famous Gainsborough picture, for which Mr. Agnew had [illegible]

BEASTS FOR THE CARROUSEL

EVOLUTION OF PLAIN WOOD INTO HORSES AND LIONS.

Heads, Legs and Bodies Made Separately and by Different Processes—Finishing Touches by a Wood Carver—Fine Horses Worth $40 and Lions $120.

Hanging against the wall on the opposite side as you enter this room you see two long lines of horses' heads, thirty or forty of them altogether, all lifelike and no two alike; all carved in wood. Further along on the wall you see, likewise carved in wood, scores and scores of horses' legs, hind legs and fore legs, and these legs are bent in a great variety of shapes, as would be the legs of horses rearing or in motion.

At the end of the room, where light comes in at the window, there is a work bench with at one end little elevated platform or table on which you see a horse's head upon which the carver is now at work. This head is almost finished, its eyes of glass are already in place; and very lifelike and natural it all is in appearance.

Look around still to the right now, to the side of the room opposite to that on which you saw the finished heads and legs, and on this side you see stacked up, first, a pile of horses' bodies rounded out and well advanced toward their final shapes, and next to that stack you see another pile of things with nothing horselike in appearance about them, three foot long sections of heavy planks joined together in couples, with blocks of wood at the middle and both ends, between. Horses' bodies these lengths of planks will come to be when they have been finally fashioned. And then on that side of the room near the door you see now on the floor a pile of shapes in wood, containing each within it when it shall have been carved out, the form of a horse's head. An interesting lot of stuff it is that you thus see here, some in the rough and some finished, a place this, where they make carousel animals.

All the animals are made of fine, seasoned white wood, which is tough and yet soft, and with its fine uniform fibre, easily carved. The bodies are not made of solid timbers, which would make them too heavy and more liable to crack, but of thick planks joined together with blocks glued and bolted. This built up barrel section of the horse is mill sawed to length as it is also to shape at the ends, but the rounding and finishing of it including the fashioning upon it of whatever carved ornamentation it may finally bear, are done by hand, the planking is thick enough for all that.

The legs are drawn in pencil outline on a single thickness plank from patterns or free hand and then these rough shapes are sewed out with a band saw; but the final shaping and finishing of these, as of the bodies, is all done by hand. Legs that are bent are made in two pieces joined at the knee, so that the whole leg may be of wood straight grained. If they were made all of one piece one length to the knee both would be cross-grained and the leg oft to break.

Heads are made of two thicknesses of planking bolted and glued together. Upon one side of this doubled planking the draughtsman, who may be also the carver, draws the horses' heads, a lot of them, in profile outline. These shapes, each containing a head and neck, are sawed out and then each is roughed out as a sculptor roughs out a block of marble from which he is to carve a figure, and then the animal carver places this roughed out wooden block upon his carving table and proceeds to carve upon it.

Under his deft hands out of the rough block comes the horse's head in its final true outlines; and then as he carves away the mouth and teeth appear and the nostrils, and the ears grow and the mane flies in the wind; with every touch the lifelikeness increases until at last the rough block has been transformed into the very lifelike semblance of the head of a living and breathing horse.

Then the parts are assembled, these all having been made of course in the case of each individual animal with a view to having them fit perfectly and appropriately. The legs are put onto the body first and then the head, all being joined to the body with dowels and screws to make them stay on firmly and securely. If this horse is to have a carved wooden tail that also is now put on before the painting; but if it is a fine horse, to have a tail of hair, the animal is first painted and the tail put on last of all; and then the animal is ready to be mounted on the carrousel.

On the floor above that on which these animals are made they will show you completed animals, some painted and finished and some awaiting painting, still in the natural wood. Here you find horses galloping, with head outstretched and ears laid back, and gentler steeds with heads held high, and horses with leopard skins and heads carved on their back for saddle cloths, and horses with neck and shoulders encased in horse armor carved upon them in the wood, horses in many attitudes and carrying their heads in all the varied ways that horses affect, a bunch of horses from which may be selected for the equipment of the merry go round as many horses as may be required, with no two alike.

A carrousel may have one circle of animals or two or three circles; but if it has more than one circle the same number of animals is carried on each, the animals being set in groups in line from the outer to the inner circle, this being to make aisles between the groups, to make access to all the animals easy and quick, time saving. With the same number of animals placed on each circle, those on the middle circle of, say, a three tier machine would be made smaller than those of the outer tier and those on the inside circle would be made smaller still. So these carrousel animals, horses or whatever they may be, are made in various sizes.

A full sized carrousel horse of fine design and finish costs about $40. A lion, bulkier and calling for more work upon it, would cost about $120. A big carrousel, mounting from forty-eight to sixty high grade animals, may cost $5,000 or more.

THUMB MARK IDENTIFICATION.

Its Adoption by Bank With Many Foreigners as Depositors.

From the Washington Herald.

Martin S. Steel of Cheyenne, Wyo., said last night that the old Chinese system of identification by thumb marks has been adapted to modern banking, and the method is now in practical use in the First National Bank of Cheyenne as a means of identifying the signatures of the many foreigners who carry deposits at that institution.

"In fact, the thumb mark has become as necessary on checks drawn by this class of the bank depositors as is the written signature of the drawer of the check," said Mr. Steele. "The system has been in use almost two years now, and in that time the bank has not had the least trouble with its foreign depositors, but instead has found that the arrangement works to perfection.

"There are probably more nationalities represented in and around Cheyenne than in almost any other city of the country. The great mining camps of the State have drawn every nationality of Europe to themselves, while the Union Pacific and Burlington railroads have brought hundreds of railroad laborers from Asiatic countries. Corean ditchers, Japanese section men, Chinese workmen, Mexicans, Indians, Lithuanians Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians, Welshmen, Irishmen, Greeks, Italians, and about every other nationality can be found around Cheyenne in the course of a day's search. Many of these persons deposit their savings in Cheyenne banks, and very few of them, comparatively speaking, can write their own names. [illegible]