

ONE EYED MAN SENDS AN EMISSARY AHEAD

To Propose That He Be Allowed to Sit in the Game Once More.

HIS REQUEST IS DENIED

But a Mysterious Man Plays and Mr. Owen Pepper Offers a Surmise.

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

It could not be said with truth that old man Greenlaw was unduly fastidious, generally speaking, with regard to the personality of the men who came to his little saloon in Arkansas City, though there was one particular in which he was inflexibly stubborn in judging whether or not they were entitled to become guests of the house. He entertained at all times a strong prejudice against any individual who was not in the possession of money. Aside from that, he was fairly to be considered as being entirely without prejudice so far as the personality of his customers was concerned.

What might have happened if the customs of the community had been different is another matter. Had a woman entered the place with a view to enjoying its privileges he would almost certainly have made objections to entertaining her, for his prejudices against the female sex were so extremely violent as to seem unreasonable. But happily for his peace of mind it was unheard of for any woman in Arkansas City to do anything of the sort.

Given therefore that the customer who came in was a creature with money on his person, it made little difference to old man Greenlaw who or what manner of man he was. It is true that no individual of the colored race would have been welcomed as a guest, but the colored people of Arkansas City were fully aware of that fact, and none such ever presented himself in that capacity. It can fairly be said, therefore, that whoever chose to go into the saloon could feel assured of a reception with which he could find no reasonable fault.

There was, however, one notable exception which must be made to this statement. The first time the one eyed man had been in the saloon, he had been one who visited many places in the regular course of his business, he had done what most people did who went there. That is, he went to old man Greenlaw's saloon. There was nothing else for visitors to do.

Having entered, he was treated with all due consideration. It was something of a disappointment to the old man that he was not addicted to the habit of drinking strong liquor, but he freely admitted that he had no objection whatever to playing draw poker, and the old man immediately proposed to certain friends of his own who happened to be in the saloon at the time that they "should get up a game for the entertainment of the gent."

It appeared that these friends were also void of prejudice against the great North American pastime the matter was arranged readily, and a party of five persons, namely the one eyed man, Jake Winterbottom, Joe Bassett, Jim Blaisdell and Sam Pearsall, joined in a sitting, of which nobody, excepting the one eyed man himself, had any pleasant recollections.

He, however, was so well satisfied with his experience that he visited the saloon again the next time he found himself in the town, and again he abused the confidence that was bestowed upon him.

Escaping with his life and ill gained booty of a considerable amount, he essayed a further attempt after an interval of some days, but he was so well satisfied with his experience that he visited the saloon again the next time he found himself in the town, and again he abused the confidence that was bestowed upon him.

Being an adventurous person, however, undaunted by an ordinary peril, he had repeated his appearances at irregular intervals through a period of some days, and had acquired a considerable amount of Arkansas City capital. And the home talent was aroused to unusual exertion.

All three were excellent players, though there was no evidence of team work among them which the Arkansas City men could discern. To all appearance they were as keen to win from one another as from the home players, and as the game progressed one of them seemed to show even greater ability than either of the others.

He was a taciturn man who showed a willingness to let the others do all the talking, but though he said nothing he demonstrated remarkably good judgment in backing the cards he held, and moreover, was quite lucky in holding. No cards were seen to come from his sleeve, but he improved almost every time he drew.

He was a heavily bearded man who wore a wide brimmed slouch hat, well down on his forehead, but as all the others wore their hats, this excited no remark. His two companions referred to him once or twice as "George," but his other name, if he had one, was not mentioned, and it would have been considered ill mannered to ask any questions on the subject, so that the home players were ignorant of his identity, as they were also concerning that of his two companions.

The natural reluctance of the losers to part with their money was mingled with indignation at the gross favoritism of the Goddess of Chance, which was displayed in the falling of the cards, and this gentleman was in a fair way to get himself disliked, when the sound of a steamboat's whistle was heard from the river.

On the instant Joe Bassett grabbed his chips and going outside demanded the cash for them. Receiving it, he departed. "I reckon," said the stranger who had first made his appearance, "what the gent is gwine gun' fo' the one eyed man." "Mo' n' likely," said Jake Winterbottom. "That'll be with lookin' at," said the other with much interest. "I motion we adjourns. We c'n finish the game later on."

they won't be no mistake made. I don't want no hard feelin'." "I reckon they won't be none," said the old man, a little doubtfully, "p'vidin' what yo' all is gwine to say sounds reasonable. Yo' might lay them guns on the bar while yo're a-talkin', so's to make sho', but th' ain't nobody gwine to 'lar up and yo' explains yo' self." "Pears like yo' p'cedin's is some p'ccol'ar."

"Mebbe they be," admitted the stranger, "but I ain't takin' no chanse o' bein' took up hasty. I come fr'm the one eyed man, an' he said how yo' uns was liable to get hit up if I was to say so 'bouten some p'liminari's."

"He sho'ld speak the truth fo' onet in his life," said Joe Bassett, advancing in a threatening way. "An' th' ain't nothin' sho' 'bout they bein' no trouble after them p'liminari's, not 'bouten yo' all makes a doggone good explanation. Th' ain't no friend a-livin' no mo' welcome round hyar 'n he is hisself. I reckon it's up to yo' all to take some quick."

"I reckon th' is," said the stranger coolly, "but I don't 'pose to be hurried none. That's why I done laid down my guns. I'm some keeless with 'em my ownself, case of a misunderstanding, an' I'd rather not have none this time." "Well, speak up, then," exclaimed Bassett with no abatement of his hostility, but the old man interposed. "Hold yo' horses, Joe," he said, "there's time enough fo' to 'dabble the gent later on if it's desirable, but he's done spoke fair enough this fur."

"But," turning to the stranger, "mebbe yo' all 'd best fo' to say first off whether yo' be a friend o' One Eye or not, be yo'?" "Not so's to be painful, I ain't," said the stranger with a grin. "I reckon he ain't got no reason to be hurted none. That's why I done laid down my guns. I'm some keeless with 'em my ownself, case of a misunderstanding, an' I'd rather not have none this time."

"Well, he won't play no mo' poker in this house," declared Bassett vehemently, "not 'bouten he plays a dead man's hand all through the game." "That's final, is it?" asked the stranger. "Well, 's' it," replied Bassett.

"Well," said the stranger, "that bein' disposed of, I'll present a couple of friends o' mine 'd like to set into a game. He's comin' on the next boat, an' he fr'st us to wait till he come, case of 'em bein' room fo' him in the game, but if they ain't, mebbe we c'n begin right away."

"Game'll begin soon's yo' all fetches yo' friends," said old man Greenlaw promptly, "but I reckon Bassett'll quit when he hears the whistle." "Bet yo' boots he will," said the gentleman with great earnestness, and the stranger picked up his guns and went out forthwith.

In a short time he returned with two other men and old man Greenlaw's prediction as to the beginning of a game was fulfilled.

It occurred frequently that strangers who undertook to play poker in old man Greenlaw's back room found themselves utterly unable to hold their own against the four notable players who were almost invariably in the game, but these three proved themselves exceptional in this respect. Before any great number of rounds had been dealt they had demonstrated surprising ability of their own, and had acquired a considerable amount of Arkansas City capital.

All three were excellent players, though there was no evidence of team work among them which the Arkansas City men could discern. To all appearance they were as keen to win from one another as from the home players, and as the game progressed one of them seemed to show even greater ability than either of the others.

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POEMS WORTH READING.

The Great God Speed.

I'm the ruler of earth to-day,
Whatever will, all men obey;
I call, and the liner strait ahead
To the iceberg waiting her aid.
Or she rushes on, through fog and dark,
In a sister ship to find her mark.

I send the train on its heading way
Through night and storm, though culverts
sway,
Though the flooded rails are spreading wide,
And the bridges tremble with the tide;
"Tough another train may block the way,"
I call, and all my voice obey.

I hold the wheel of the motor car,
Which leaps through space like a shooting
star,
No living thing disputes its way,
The swift wheels mangle, and crush, and
slay,
To reach unmindful on the track
To leap the destined bivouac.

And the fragile craft that boldly rides
Through wind swept clouds to upper skies,
That sail the uncharted etheric sea,
From all the dangers grows a light,
Afloat upon their trackless way,
They hear my call and they obey.

Gone are the old time peaceful days
Of pleasant rest and seaside ways,
Moloch incarnate aye,
Love, friendship, peace, I pass them by;
I call and all along life's way,
A frantic crowd my voice obey:

"Of love or friendship take no heed,
This only matters, speed, oh speed!"
NINETTE M. LOWMYER.

Smiling.

It is easy to keep smiling
When the world is going wrong,
To be cheery in the darkest hour,
For it stirs the buldog in you
And your dander up and scores
Through the long lane and the wreckage
And the midnight black is yours.

It is harder to keep smiling
When the world is going right,
When the lane has found its turning
And the darkness grows a light,
Yes, it's harder to keep smiling
And suppress the sighs and groans
When the turning and the haven
And the dawning come—to JONES.

Reflections.

In the still depths of her clear eyes
I see Tyrolean lakes of blue,
And know not whether 'tis the hues
Reflected from Italian skies,
Or from her heart's deep tenderness.

Sweet Clover.

This morn' I plucked sweet clover in the lane,
And laid it tenderly,
Where some may pass, when snow and bitter rain
And some far day when snow and bitter rain
Bursts o'er the pane,
Its spicy scent,
Its fragrant ravishment,
Will bring my golden summer back to me!
CLYDE W. SCOTLAND.

Then and Now.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
When Homer smote his blooming love
He sat upon the Thracian shore,
And when it smote his desire
He hit the water with a roar.
He never sank, and never lights
From that sacred and favored place,
And therefore all his poems are
Printed and read to this day.
He never struggled with the things that
poets latterly must tempt.

When Homer felt his temples flush
He calmly said his own,
And hitting o'er his head
He passed the balise going down.
He hid his face in his hands,
And often gazed in the bliss
Of thinking what a sailor's grave
Must be upon the sea.
He never tried to woo the Muse on any
such hot day as this.

What an Artist Said.

From the Boston Transcript
I saw her when
A crimson arc
Rose in the east,
And it was dawn;
When, met seeking
I had passed
Beyond the town,
By path and lawn,
She stood beside
A path that led
Rose bordered
To an ivied door.

The Stay at Home.

From the Baltimore American
The fates were being
And our road to roam,
But take our rest for reasons best—
Vacation spent and
But what the odds, when oh, ye gods!
With joys the time we fill
Of home made pie and pleasure and
In shady Hammockville?

Though we may miss the ocean's kiss
In briny waves' embrace,
Or have no share in mountain air
No clothes to get, no plane to fret,
No vain regrets to lurk;
But time to seize in drowsy ease,
A care free time, where comforts chime
Out there in Hammockville.

The Climate Chaser.

From the Washington Star
The city man
Will take a train
And gaily plan
Some rest to gain.
The city man
Some rest to gain.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who was Miniver Cheevy and why did he wish that he had not been born?

The poem is familiar enough. It was published in Scribner's Magazine years ago, but with the limited references at hand I quite fail to trace the allusion. Tab. Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

The poem is included in Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" at page 1826. In six succeeding stanzas the poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, assigns as many reasons for Miniver's mood of pessimism and then sums them all up:
Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed and called it fate
And kept on drinking.

Mr. Robinson is a Maine poet; maybe there's a temperance moral in the lyric.

Please submit for decision by your alert correspondents the author and other incidents belonging to the poem. He roamed an Arab on life's desert waste." None of the books of familiar quotations seems to have it. M. A. G.

Yet would it not look toward the betterment of human expression if there were no quotations, at least no books thereof? What is the logical result of Bartlett is shown in the specimens of Babu English which from time to time have found record in these pages. To identify a quotation is a service which we are frequently asked to render to our friends. Yet to speak in the words of another, concerning which St. Paul has a shrewd comment to make in I. Corinthians, xiii, 1, can never carry the force of one who speaks in his own words and the thought that may be within him and on the anvil of need with the sledge of his good will forges a weapon of speech. This is mere attributions comment upon the sad uniformity of common speech, at best an echo speech.

Many years ago, possibly fifty, there was said a very interesting sketch of Windust's old saloon, situated near Barnum's Museum, corner Broadway and Ann street, New York. It was a favorite resort for many of the old time actors like John Brougham. Among other features of the beefsteak broiler was this sentence:
"If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well it were done quickly."
—Macbeth, 1, 7.

Perchance some one who reads this query may be able to give a description of the old saloon and some of the actors who were accustomed to frequent it. C. L. R.

Windust's cellar was on Ann street, but of course there was no Broadway corner. It was at the beginning of Park Row just south of the Park Theatre, whose site is now partly occupied by the Park Row Building. Windust's was the place of meeting of all the writers for the newspapers then strictly localized on Printing House Square and of all the actors of the Park. Of the latter the Wallacks, the Kembles, Thomas A. Cooper, Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, Tyrone Power, Macready and the Ravels. Here Windust acquired a competence. In fact became wealthy for that period, and before 1837 followed the upward march of fashion and opened the Athenaeum at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street. He left behind him all that made his cellar delightful and after a few years the Athenaeum passed from his control.

I have a young friend, 18 years of age, stranded in Glasgow, Scotland. He has tried to earn his way home on ships and has failed. He is now in a predicament, although he is experienced in sailor life. He has appealed to the United States Consul there and received no help; the Consul absolutely refused to aid him. He has some money but without any duty bond to give aid to a fellow citizen in distress. Kindly let me know to whom I can refer in order to secure my friend some aid, as his parents are not able to send him some money but he is only too anxious to work his way home if given the opportunity. CARL SCHICK.

The stranded American is the bane of the Consul. His office is invaded by persons claiming his good offices after their plans have gone askew. Those in better circumstances demand that the Consul endorse their notes at the bank, those in poorer circumstances demand to be sent home. It is apparently a fixed idea that a Consul can draw on the treasury for the relief of stranded Americans. Many cases of distress are pitiable and Consuls, not even recouped against the social expenses incidental to their position, have to give relief out of their private means and to stand the inevitable loss. The only persons whom Consuls are authorized by law to aid are sailors on the articles of a vessel of American registry who are within their consular districts, and in this case only to the extent of immediate relief and passage to the next American port.

Can you give me any information regarding the Misericordia of Florence? Is it still in existence? Dromo.

This is the oldest of the charitable confraternities whose sole aim is to provide Christian burial for the dead. The best authorities accessible to the learned editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia seem to warrant the statement that it was founded in 1244 by Pier Rossi. The membership of the Misericordia includes citizens of all ranks united in common zeal of good works to succor the sick and bury the dead. They go about their pious duties in a black robe concealing all but their eyes. Their oratory stands on the Piazza del Duomo and its bell summons the prince from his palace, the soldier from his barracks, the merchant from his counting room, to don the sombre muffle and be about duty of mercy. They now provide an ambulance service and render first aid to the injured.

Can some reader tell me under what circumstances and just when Rhode Island repudiated her share of the revolution? I have been unable to find the date. I have forgotten the name moved to Stonington and lies there with his family because he was not willing his dust should mingle with that of a repudiating State; he is the only Rhode Islander I can understand. It seems to me such a state of affairs is a reflection upon every one of them, living or dead. F. C. B. G.

You said, last Sunday, in reply to a correspondent, that Mybridge first took pictures of horses in motion in 1885. It seems to me it was before that. If my memory be not quite at fault I read an article on the subject in 1881 by the late Col. Waring, in one of the magazines. O. K. H.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. H. H. says: We have had a heated argument as to whether or not a dealer could bid a suit in which he held ace king alone, provided he held two or three other cards. I insist that one can bid a suit in which he holds ace and three cards, no matter what the outside tricks may be.

Modern bidding makes a sharp distinction between the major and minor suits in such matters, taking the ground that no good player ever starts with the idea of having diamonds or clubs for trumps, although one of these suits may eventually turn out to be the best thing for the combined hands. A dealer should be willing to bid a club or a diamond with ace king alone and not another trick in royal with less than five in suit, unless he had four honors. Outside tricks are necessary always with a heart or royal to make up for the tricks the declaration demands. The more trumps the dealer has the less outside tricks he needs. The minimum for sound declarations is five trumps to two sure tricks and a trick or two outside.

J. T. T. says: We have a small bet on the rights of this matter. Z is the declarer against A and B. Dummy leads the 10 of hearts. A sitting second hand, says, "Is that the right hand?" to which A answers, "Let it go. It suits me," whereupon the declarer takes it back and leads from his own hand, insisting that he has a small slam, as he had won seven straight tricks up to that point. The point in dispute is whether the dealer is conceding the rest of the tricks when he asks if he will not win a trick with the ace of hearts. He does not say, "You get the rest," or anything of that sort.

The evident meaning of the remark was that the declarer thought he was at the end of his string, and that after he had made the suit he was leading he still had the club ace to make, but that would be about all. This is practically conceding the rest of the tricks. Even if they are conceded in error the score should stand as if the concession was correct.

H. B. L. asks the correct play second hand on a small card led when holding jacks and jacks.

If, what is meant is whether the queen or the jack should be played, holding two only, it depends on what advantage might possibly be gained by false carding. If it is a question of covering or passing, most persons cover with only one small, but not with two small cards. In the first case one of the high cards must be saved. In the second case both may be saved.

L. L. asks if the game of six hand bridge is equally applicable to auction.

No, because there are two dead hands dealt, and in bridge those were declared by the dealer at the other end of the table at which the six players sat. It would be too confusing to ask one person to attend to his own bidding and that of two opponents and at the same time to bid against three other persons at the other end of the table. The attention to two separate hands at the same time would destroy all harmony.

Blind Euchre. J. H. D. asks how this game is played, and if it would be suitable for progressive matches for prizes. He wants some variety from straight euchre.

Each of the four is for himself and a widow of two extra cards is laid off. Any player in turn to the left of the dealer may take the widow, which is the same as ordering up the trump and playing a lone hand, with three opponents. The player that takes the widow always leads first. If no one takes it the deal is void.

Cinch. E. B. W. asks when it is too late to correct a deal out of turn. It must be done before the last three cards are laid off.

Chuck-luck. F. G. says: A bet that it is even money that a throw will come high or low, or that it will be odd or even at this game, so that a player can beat the game by using any progress and any number of bets.

This is assuming that the bank pays even money and pays it on every throw of the dice. But the banker takes all raffles and there are six of them in every 216 throws in a square game. This is about 3 per cent. against the player all the time, which is twice as much as he would find against him at Monte Carlo. A should take his system over there for a tryout.

Poker. R. D. O. says: During a pot, opened by another player, A says to B, "I'll bet you \$5. I have a better chance to improve than you have if you have not opened." The bet is accepted, on the condition that the improvement sought the player who has opened. The improvement was not made in either case. The opener had kings up. A was drawing to an ace and king of different suits. B had the ace and king of the same suit and hearts. Which wins the side bet?

It is a standoff, as aces up would be necessary to beat the opener's kings up, and it is 12 to 1 against making aces up or better, drawing three cards to an ace and king. It is also 12 to 1 against making either straight or flush drawing to a three card straight flush open at both ends.

Seven Up. J. J. C. says: Four are in the game, but not as partners. In one hand C finds he has seven cards, or at least he has a card too many when he plays to the fifth trick. He says the deal is over and the hands are over. B is right, provided C is the only player with a wrong number of cards. He cannot score anything on that deal, no matter what he makes, but that does not prevent the others, whose hands are correct, from scoring what they make. A player must demand a new deal before he plays to the first trick if he has too many cards. O. K. H.

NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

The authority exercised by the English Court of Criminal Appeal in reversing sentences is now lodged in the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands under a ruling by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Ocampo vs. Kalaw* in spite of the provision of the Philippine Commission act under which judgments of the courts of first instance are final unless an appeal is taken. In the case in question the sentence of the defendant Kalaw was increased. The decision of the Supreme Court, however, was not final until passed upon by the Audiencia or Supreme Court.

Concerning the recent sentence of forty years imprisonment imposed by a Minnesota Judge on a boy 26 years old, who while out of work and hungry robbed a man of \$1.85 and an overcoat, *Law Notes* says:

"The Judge says the boy pleaded guilty to first degree robbery and there was nothing for him to do but impose the sentence he thought should be imposed. In this case the youth to plead guilty to first degree robbery if he was bound to impose such a severe sentence? Judges are on the bench to protect the interests of the accused as well as those of the State. In this case the State appears to have been overzealously served and the interests of the youthful defendant sadly neglected. The iniquity of the sentence, under the system under which the sentencing of criminals devolves upon a single Judge. With such a system equality before the law is more or less of a fiction. For example, if under it there can be no uniformity of sentence, it frequently happens that where two persons are convicted of the same crime and are sentenced by different Judges one will be given, for example, a five year term and the other a ten year term with nothing in the latter's case to warrant the disproportionate sentence. In short, the character of the sentence in a particular case depends upon the temper or idiosyncrasy of the sentencing Judge. Here lies one of the many crudities in our penal system, which appears to call for the attention of the penologist."

The decision of the Supreme Court of Arkansas in *Truman vs. State* is of interest in view of the recent ruling in the Becker trial as to the exclusion of confessions of deceased persons in exculpation of the defendant. The Arkansas court raises the question of the competency of exculpatory statements of third persons who are still alive. Under the rule that confessions of guilt by third persons are admissible, the court rules out evidence that a murdered girl's father stated shortly before her body was found in a well with a bullet hole in her forehead that when the girl was found she would state a certain road with a bullet hole in her forehead and a well around her neck and in a well as tending to show that the father and not the defendant committed the crime.

The Supreme Court of California in *People vs. Hall* laid down that "upon a prosecution for burglary, where it was shown that the defendant and another person were arrested for the offense and that the other person was mortally wounded while trying to escape the refusal of the court to receive evidence introduced by the defendant to show that the wounded man when dying told the physician that he himself was the guilty party, the defendant was innocent and is not a party to the offense, and is considered as a dying declaration or as a confession."

In *Spedden vs. Board of Education* the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia heard a case involving the constitutionality of the school board to establish a department of practice in teaching in the schools, with the students as teachers, who were to be employed on a temporary basis. The question was whether the department was a mere question of discipline and control and the use of the pupils as subjects of practice is purely technical. It is the same as the question of whether the practice of teachers, who are likewise benefited by their experience."

It may involve a use of pupils for the benefit of other students without any reciprocal advantage to the former, but they are not employed or used otherwise than as the means of their own education. The student teachers are merely an incident of their own work under competent supervision. However, under the principles advanced in the opinion of the board, mere questions of discipline and control and the use of the pupils as subjects of practice is purely technical. It is the same as the question of whether the practice of teachers, who are likewise benefited by their experience."

The Supreme Court of Washington in *Harris vs. Railway Company* heard a suit brought by a dressmaker for personal injuries. The court declined in the following language to pass upon the effect of exhibiting the injured leg of the plaintiff to the trial court:

"The trial court saw the injured limb, heard the testimony of physicians and considered the question of the amount of damages reasonable. We should be extremely reluctant to further reduce it. There is no claim that the court was influenced by passion or prejudice."

The question as to whether a barbed wire fence is a nuisance was determined by the Court of Appeals of New York in *Barr vs. Green*, which was a suit in behalf of an infant for injuries received through running into a barbed wire fence around a farm adjoining a school house lot. The court reversed the judgment for the plaintiff and granted a new trial because the trial court erred in failing to leave to the jury the question as to whether the fence was a nuisance, and in erecting the barbed wire fence and whether the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence. The court said:

"We are of opinion that a barbed wire fence is not a nuisance as a matter of law. Whether it is or is not negligence to erect and maintain a barbed wire fence is a question of fact. A person may or may not constitute a source of danger. The practice of children playing about a school yard during the hours of intermission is well known, and in this case it appears that the land adjoining the schoolhouse lot had been there long and unenclosed and it had been the custom of the children attending the public school to run from the schoolhouse grounds upon the lot of the plaintiff. The plaintiff and other children had also been accustomed to go upon the lands of the defendant to pick strawberries. It was the plaintiff's intention to go upon the defendant's land to pick strawberries at the time she was injured. The contracted lines of the schoolhouse lot and the fact that his lands adjoining such lot had previously remained unenclosed were known to the defendant."

A divorce complaint filed in San Francisco recently contained the following surprising allegations:
"That the marriage of plaintiff and defendant was a legal nullity, and that the plaintiff with his tongue and thereby inflicted great bodily injury to this plaintiff and made her black and blue."

Chief-Justice Marshall has this definition of a known word:
"Experience" says Marshall "is that which we learn when it is too late to do."

OBSERVATIONS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

Some employers in New York City, like some employers in other cities, are not as polite to their office force as they should be, even though some of their forces may be of the feminine gender. Much of it, however, is more the result of careless speech than bad temper, and in such cases it may be cured. One such employer in Cortland street has been cured. At least he says he has.

It happened thus: He had taken to a new stenographer, a very quiet, steady young woman of about 25, and very efficient. But he never thought of that. As soon as he got used to her he fell into his habit of blurted out anything that came to his mind when he was not pleased, and one day she asked him a question he thought she should know.

"Oh, say," he snapped at her, "any dam fool ought to know that!" It is not an original expression by any means, and the girl had probably heard it many times, but she was not in such a personal manner, but she was equal to it. She looked him square in the eye, unafraid, and still the lady.

"Yes," she replied pleasantly enough, "you seem to know it, but you see, I'm not a dam fool."

It gave a new turn to the expression which had not occurred to him before and he was staggered, but he knew she had him and he was a gentleman enough to apologize. Now he is much more particular in his office language and says he is glad she called him down as she did.

A young Englishman visiting friends in New York during May writes back of an interesting experience he had going home. He sailed from Montreal on the Victoria and at the mouth of the St. Lawrence the ship was called 140 miles out of her course by a wireless from a small island off Anticosti.

This island is scarcely more than a large rock on which there are only a lighthouse and a Martello tower. One of the Marconi men had been shot by his companion while after ducks. He had been shot in the face, the roof of his mouth and one eye being torn away.

The wireless was received during the afternoon and the ship reached the rock at 9 that evening, but owing to rough water and the dangerous coast, she was compelled to lie off five miles until next morning. Even by day she could get no nearer and a lifeboat was sent ashore for the wounded man. It was 8 o'clock before the boat brought him to the ship and, badly wounded as he was, he had not seen a doctor for eighteen hours.

He was expected to live when he was brought aboard ship, but before the Victoria reached Liverpool he was on deck, wrapped up in rugs and doing as well as could be expected. The ship ran into icebergs after that and was held up for two days, arriving in port four days late.

"Queer sort, he is," said a Broadway manager of a man he had been talking with on the curb. "You notice he had a hanger?" It came from last night.

"He was on Yale and he was celebrating the event. Last time I saw him he had lost several hundred on some other event—he'll bet on anything—and he went on a bat to drown his sorrows. He's doing that way all the time and the result is that he'll be having cirrhosis of the liver next. He's and no man can stand it. Such a sensitive person as he is should never play the gambling game, you hear me?"

"When I read these real estate romances in the newspapers about fortunes made in New York surface dirt I believe them and have a feeling of kinship within me," sighed a Fifth avenue banker. "I had my chance once and lost it. Not away back yonder in the early history of the town, either, but within a dozen years or so."

"It was just before Thirty-fourth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue got its boom and a banker friend of mine offered to sell me his house and lot for \$100,000. I could have raised the money at that time, but I laughed at him. I think maybe I offered half that amount."

"He had a 'For Sale' sign up and the chance was there for anybody, but the body took it. Most of those who asked him his price said it was outrageous. The house had been his home and when he couldn't sell it he concluded to fix it for business and see what he could do against it while he waited for better times."

"He put \$15,000 on it and hadn't more than \$2500 left. It rented when somebody came along and wanted to buy. That was the first man who showed any signs of really wanting it and he put the price to \$250,000. That was too much for the prospective purchaser, but he was when I turned it down at \$60,000 less and, by the soul of Midas, do you know I sat in my office just across the street and saw that property