THRASHED INTO GRACE.

The Reformation of a California Bully by Muscular Christianity.

San Diego Letter in the Sun.

The Rev. Stanley Wilson of the little town of Ramona, a little way from San Diego, besides being editor of the Ramona Sentinel is an all round athlete. He can hold his own with the gloves with any amateur in the county, and he is his own fighting editor. And he doesn't carry a gun. He is a Baptist, and he rides the circuit, which embraces a number of small mining towns in the hills and mountains of southern San Diego county. When he is on the circuit he preaches in a town on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon puts on the gloves with the lusty young miners and ranchers, who are always eager to have a "go" with him. He can best any of them that has turned up so far, and they have no end of respect and admiration for him. They all crowd to hear his sermons, which they greatly approve, and altogether the Rev. Mr. Wilson is the most popular preacher who has ever appeared in that region.

On one of his recent circuit trips he saved a man named Gunn from Indians. Mr. Wilson came up with them in a lonely place on the road across Warner's ranch. There were three Indians, and they had Gunn down and were about to stab him to death, presumably with the intention of robbing him. The preacher came upon them unexpectedly, and leaping from his horse scattered the Indians right and left. One Indian got the Sullivan knockout on the point of his chin and stretched his length on the road. Another received the preacher's fist in the solar plexus. Then the preacher had just time to dodge the knife in the hand of the third Indian, after which he did a neat bit of in-fighting, the result of was that he captured the knife and sent the Indian sprawling in the dust. By this time Mr. Gunn had scrambled to his feet and the two of them drove the Indians ahead to the nearest town, where they surrendered them to the law.

Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Wilson had an unusually busy day. He preached at the mining town of Julian. He had a big audience and his sermon was full of his customary energy and eloquence. The people listened attentively and afterward gathered in groups to talk it over. In the afternoon Dave Putnam, a town bully, who has been in many fights and has the reputation of being a hard man to handle, accosted the preacher on the street and demanded a retraction of an uncomplimentary item about himself which had appeared in that weeks issue of the Ramona Sentinel. Wilson declined to retract. Putnam insisted, and Wilson replied that he didn't publish a thing unless it was true, and that he proposed to stand by whatever he had said and to publish it again if he thought best. Then Putnam pulled off his coat, advised the preacher to get ready for a licking, and sailed in. But the preacher's coat was off before Putnam got there, and the blow he had ment for the priestly nose landed in the air. The bully was a bit bewildered by this, but he took his bearings and squared off again. He is much heavier than Wilson, but the fight was nevertheless onesided from start to finish. As Putnam came on again the man of God dealt him a blow with the right which knocked him off his feet and caught him on the jaw with his left paw as he fell. The bully jumped to his feet and renewed the attack, but he couldn't land anywhere. The preacher was too quick for him and did not receive a single blow. Putman finally gave up after he had been stretched on the sidewalk three times, and said it was all a mistake, and that he didn't want the item back at all.

The young preacher is more popular than ever, and it is the universal opinion that any man who can "lick Dave Putnam" is the man for that town. For Putnam himself, the affair seems to have been a means of grace. He has not tried to get into a row since then; has modified his demeanor, and declares that hereafter he is going to church every time the Rev. Stanley Wilson preaches.

MR. HALL'S GOQD BLUFF.

An Unknown Poker Player from Boston Who Got the Best of a Senator.

San Francisco News Letter.

The Palace hotel in the early days of its existence was the arena of some big poker games. Senator Sharon was an enthusiastic lover of the game, and when it happened that Senators Stewart and Jones, of Nevada, and Judge Dick Mesick "occurred" in the hotel at the same time, there was sure to be hot work. It happened upon one of these occasions that a certain Mr. Hall from Boston was at the hotel.

Mr. Hall was a smooth and affable gentleman, and completely won Senator Sharon's heart because of his love for Byron and his excellent memory, he being able to quote hundreds of lines of the poet's verse without a halt. Byron was Sharon's favorite bard. He had made his works his life's study, and any one who appreciated him had a call on the Senator's friendship. On a certain evening the three senators and Judge Mesick met at the bar. It was just before dinner, and an appetizer was in order. Even while Ned Fay was mixing, Mr. Hall appeared. He was at once bidden to the social glass by Mr. Sharon, who introduced him to his friends. One cocktail following another, until the gentlemen concluded to dine together, and Mr. Hall was invited. They dined in Sharon's rooms, and, of course, the wine was fine and abundant.

After dinner Mesick proposed a little game of "draw." No one said nay, though Mr. Hall diffidently remarked that they did not play much in Boston, where he came from, but that still he was willing to stand in and do his best.

"Look out for Hall," laughed Sharon. "I never heard a man make that remark yet who was not to be watched." He spoke in jest, but his words were sooth.

The cards were produced, and the game at $1 ante was inaugurated. There was no limit. Now, with such veterans as Mesick, Jones and Stewart, the pot was not allowed to get cold for lack of chipping. The men played with varying success, and things ran pretty even for an hour or so. Mr. Hall was cautious, and dribbled away his checks with indifference. After one of his deals, Mr. Stewart hopped in with a $20 bet. Jones, evidently pleased with his hand, saw him and went $50 better. Mesick and Sharon were not afraid, and took some of the pie themselves. Mr. Hall, the dealer, scanned his hand carefully, and concluded that there was something in it for him. All drew—Hall one card. And then the fun began. Round and round again went the "deil." Stewart and Jones dropped out. Mesick stood a few more raises and then retired, leaving the fight to Sharon and Hall. There was by this time $20,000 in the pot.

"I'll raise you $10,000, Mr. Hall," said Sharon, his thin lips set and his voice low and determined.

Hall's answer was to ring the bell, and when the waiter appeared he asked him for a blank California bank check.

"I presume, gentlemen, my check is good as cash," he said politely.

"Certainly, sir," replied Senator Sharon, "you see our checks in the pot already."

Slowly and deliberately Hall filled out the check, signed it, and spread the blotter over it without a tremor. Then he pushed it quietly to the centre of the table and said:

"I have seen your $10,000, senator, and go you $15,000 better."

Sharon looked at him steadily for some moments. Hall's composure was perfect. There was a half smile of confidence on his face, but no indication of boastfulness or excitement.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I feel sure you hold the better hand, and I do not care to waste my money. The pot is yours, sir."

Without any appearance of exultation, Hall raked in the coin, bills, and checks, separating them, and put them in his pockets. Meanwhile his hand

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I will give you $100 if you will show me your hand."

"Senator Sharon," replied the Bostonian, "it is not enough. Nor would I show it to you now for $1,000. Still, to satisfy your curiosity, I will put this hand in an envelope, seal it up in your presence, and put it in the hotel safe, to be called for by you ten days hence. But upon this condition. That you will put $250 in an envelope, to go into the hotel safe, and to be delivered to me nine days hence."

Sharon reflected for a few minutes. It was a struggle between curiosity and coin. Finally curiosity conquered, and both envelopes were sealed and intrusted to the custody of the clerk. When the ten days elapsed Mr. Sharon called for his package and examined the hand. Nothing but a pair of deuces and ten high. He had been the victim of a colossal bluff.

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

Conclusions of Statisticians as to the Misfortunes of the Poor.

From the Sun.

Various attempts have been made recently to get at the cause of poverty by means of statistics. In Europe paupers are defined to be those who receive aid from government or charitable funds. The proportion of paupers to the whole population is highest in England, 28 per 1,000. In Scotland it is 24, in Ireland 23, in Holland 20, in Italy 10, in Austria 9, in France 8, and in Germany 7. There is no similar division made officially in the United States, and, taking the country through, the proportion here is less, probably, than 2 per 1,000. When it comes, however, to the causes of poverty the American statisticians are, so to speak, right in line with what some persons would call their conjectures, but what they describe as their conclusions. Thus, of 100 cases of poverty 11 per cent are chargeable to drink in excess, 21.3 per cent. to what the statisticians call "misconduct," a rather vague designation for unwise or reprehensible acts; 28.5 per cent. to lack of work or inadequate pay for work done, or insufficient, half-time employment, and most of the remainder to "misfortune."

What particular distinction the statisticians are able to establish between "misconduct" and "misfortune" is not easily stated, for some acts of misconduct are clearly due to misfortune, and many instances of misfortune are directly traceable to misconduct, but the statisticians do not concern themselves with such trifles as these. They only deal with what they call "broad propositions," and one of them, Charles Booth, of East London, has ascertained by investigation that in the poorer districts of the British capital exactly 13 per cent. of those male or female adults who are a charge either upon the government or upon others for reasons not arising from physical causes owe their indigence to drink, though it has been observed by some travelers in East London (and travelers who are not statisticians) that the absence of drink is at times a more poignant cause of visible distress than is unbridled indulgence in ale, porter or bitter beer.

London spends $6,000,000 a year for the relief of the needy, Paris $4,500,000, Vienna $2,000,000, and Berlin $2,000,000. Greater New York will spend, approximately, $2,500,000.

THE LUCK OF TOMMY CRUSE.

A Drunken and Half Starved Miner Who at Last Struck It Rich.

From the Northwestern Magazine.

"When I first met Tommy Cruse," says a contributor to an Eastern periodical, "his only asset was in serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes. I could not help Tommy with money, but I tried to with advice.

"Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred," I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mont., at that period, and ran a small savings bank.

"Tommy 'tried old Sam Ashby.' All he got, however, was some pretty free talk, in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw paper money into the house of his Satanic Majesty than to loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow.

"Cruse got his money, however, and three weeks later he located the great Drum Lummon gold mine. He knew that he had a big thing, but, somehow, he could make nobody else believe in his mine. Nevertheless, he worked at it for years, living at times a dog's life.

"Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious; he had not eaten a mouthful of food for thirty-six hours; and yet, with a dogged persistency, he had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came. He opened up a big vein, and had a million dollars to his credit in a good, safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pose as a 'solid citizen,' so he opened a savings bank in Helena.

"One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan, was old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would-be customer to the door, assured that customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw paper money into the house of his Satanic Majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow as Sam Ashby.

"One day Cruse invited the whole of Montana to his wedding, and the whole of Montana came. Tommy had arranged for open house and free drinks with every saloon in Helena; consequently the night Tommy got married the whole male population got drunk, and it took a week to sober the population into working condition."

PLANET MARKS ON THE BODY

Assertion That Every One at Birth is Governed by Stars.

From the Boston Journal.

"I assure you I have no moles," say some people, but this is impossible; every human creature when it is born bears on some part of its body the mark of the sign or planet which governed at the hour of its conception and nativity, and moles are contingent on these, impressed by the influence of the celestial signs, and answering thereto, not only in their formation and positions, but varying according to the dominion of the several planets.

Moles are of three colors, red, honey color, and black, flat or raised like a wart, those on the right side of the face or person being usually symbolical of good, while those on the left mostly denote ills and misfortunes.

After a long and exhaustive study of the science, a savant says he is convinced that not only the character, tastes, and disposition of an individual, but the future itself to a great extent may be determined by the local position, relation, and general appearance of these natural marks.

If the sun, at a nativity, be in Aries and ascendant, the mark of that sign will be found on the head, probably on the left ear. When Venus is lady, a flat violet mark will be found on the thighs.

When born under Gemini the mark is on the arms.

If born under the first part of the sign of Cancer, the mark is above the breast, and has no feeling if pierced by a needle.

Those who are born under Capricorn have the sign on the knees.

When Leo is ascendant the marks are on the left breast.

If Mercury be lord, the marks are on the left side, or upon the legs.

The nativity being under Virgo, there are black or reddish spots upon the stomach.

The last of the signs, Pisces, governs the feet, and those born under this dominion are of pleasant countenance, brave and ingenious.

A man having a mole on the right side of the forehead will be exceedingly lucky. To a woman it denotes gifts from the dead.

One on the left side of the forehead foretells, to a man, long imprisonment; to a woman, that she will have two husbands, and probably live out of her own country.

If it be in the midst of the forehead, it denotes, in a man, a cruel mind, and it shows a woman to be foolish, simple, and idle.

A mole on the hinder part of the neck predicts a happy life, but threatens untimely death by drowning.

A mole on both sides of the neck, opposite to each other, foretells dangers and perils with ill fortune.

A man having a mole on the left side of the upper lip rarely marries, and in a woman it denotes trouble and suffering. If on the under lip, it shows her to be improvident, and a man had best beware of her.

A mole in the hollow of the chin denotes a woman to be contentious and quarrelsome. On the edge of the chin it shows good fortune, happy marriage and a long life, of whatever color it may be, excepting black.

To possess a mole upon the throat is very unlucky, indicating that the individual will die by the hand of justice, or should it appear as a wart he perishes by water.

On the right side of the upper lip, a finger's breadth above the mouth, a mole signifies to either sex great good fortune. A woman having it will be comely, graceful, healthy in body and careful for the things of this world; she will marry well and live happily, her best time for marriage being between 19 and 24, and she will make a true wife and an exceptionally happy mother.

AN ECHO OF STEVENSON.

From the Criterion.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells the story of a denizen of some distant planet who came to this world of ours to discover what sort of people live here. He was met by a distinguished scientist who had undertaken to be his guide and show him the things of earth.

They first came to a great forest of beautiful trees. The stranger was delighted with the magnificence of the scene; the cool quiet, the rich shadows, the deep colorings pleased him. And he said:

"Who are these people?"

"Why, these are not people," replied the scientist; "these are trees."

"Well, but what are they talking about?" he persisted.

"They are not talking; they have no voices," said the scientist.

"But I hear them whispering and they put their heads together as though they had important things to tell," said the visitor.

His guide replied:

"That is the wind blowing through the branches and bending them. You hear the rustling of the leaves."

"All the same," said the stranger, "I would like to know what they they think about, they look so happy and contented."

And as they walked along this stranger who had never seen trees before continued to look with admiration upon the beauty of their quiet, simple life.

By-an-by they came to an open pasture where a herd of cows were busily feeding on the scant grass.

"Who are these people?" said the stranger.

"These are not people; these are cows."

"But why do they hold their heads down and what are they so busy about?"

"Oh!" said the guide, "they are feeding, and the pasture is so poor it takes all their time to get enough to satisfy their hunger."

"I should not like that," said the stranger, and he looked back enviously at the beautiful trees of the forest.

After a while they came into the city and the noise of the cars and factories filled the air; there were clouds of smoke belching from tall chimneys. Heavily laden wagons were being drawn laboriously in all directions, and everyone seemed excited and in a hurry.

The stranger watched the wild confusion fora moment and said:

"What does this mean? Has something dreadful happened?"

"Why, this is the greatest city in the world," said the scientist, "and these are human beings."

"But what is the matter? They look so upset and careworn, and rush about in such confusion. What is it all for?"

"Why these people are busy making money—getting rich. This is what we call business."

The stranger looked perplexed, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, I would rather be like those tall people back there with the green heads that you call trees."

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