

HIS "BAD SATURDAY"

Photograph of a Day in the Life of Billy Wagg, a Young New Yorker.

Being a Philosopher He Discovers that Winning at Faro is the Secret of Entire Happiness—His Disaster.

Billy Wagg's Saturday, like a good many of his Saturdays, had been unprofitable, says the New York Evening Sun. When he awoke the next morning he remembered that he had come home "broke," and he reflected sorrowfully that all through the week to come he would have to borrow money for his lunches and his cigars and stay at home every night. He couldn't even pay his landlady, and the prospect was bad for the spring suit which he needed so badly. So, Mr. Wagg, having been there before, and having become a philosopher, turned over and went to sleep again.

Billy was young and good looking, and a clerk in the employ of an insurance company. He was a good clerk, too, and not at all a bad young man. But he had one streak of passion. That was gambling. Being a philosopher he had sought for some years the secret of entire happiness. He tried many things. At last he concluded that the nearest approach to joy unalloyed was to play faro and win. He therefore played regularly every pay day, which was every Saturday.

After about six months of the pursuit of this kind of felicity Mr. Wagg found himself sadly in debt. Sometimes he had won and he had experienced much happiness, but he had lost so much oftener that when he figured up the business this Saturday morning he discovered that he owed altogether \$300. Now, that was not a large sum, and a careful man could easily have saved up enough in a few months, with Mr. Wagg's salary to pay it. But to a man of his temperamental saving money was an impossibility—least of all, saving money to pay debts. He was anxious to pay. Nobody in the world, however, he said, had more capacity to pay debts than he—provided, always, that he could have a little margin left for himself.

He made up his mind on this Saturday, as he had often made up his mind before, that he would "make a bet" with his salary of \$35 was banded to him at noon he hurried by several fellow-clerks to whom he owed small amounts and avoided a shoe-making creditor who, he had been informed by a friendly office boy, was waiting to see him in the hall, by going down the back stairway.

As he walked up Broadway he decided that, before plunging into the exhilarating joy of winning sufficient money to pay his debts with the little margin left himself, he would indulge in the milder pleasure of the matinee. Next to the contemplation of an accumulating pile of checks on his side of the table, Billy loved the bright lights, the colors, the music, and the surroundings of comic opera.

If you happen ever to have known well a born gambler, you will recall that one of his peculiarities was a desire to always win money for the purpose of purchasing what he wanted to win his dinner, a suit of clothes, a hat or a carriage ride. Frequently unkind fortune balks these desires. There was once a young man in this city who in the fall proposed to win a \$50 overcoat. He finally succeeded, but in the meantime he had lost \$500; and the gentle winds of spring were dallying with the murmuring pines and hemlocks when the tailor took his measure.

In Mr. Wagg this peculiarity was developed to a remarkable degree. So, when he concluded to go to the theater he also concluded that he might just as well win the price of the ticket. He turned into a little by-street and went up the steps leading to one of the little known downtown gambling rooms. He rang the bell. The slide over the little hole in the door was pushed up and a colored man's face appeared.

"Hello, Mose," said Mr. Wagg. "Howdy, Mr. Billy," said Mose, and he dropped the slide and opened the door.

Mr. Billy was greeted quite cordially by the dealer at the faro table and by two or three of the players. He threw down \$5. The dealer handed him a stack of twenty white checks. Billy liked quick action. He was a believer in the gambler's adage that "you can't win money by holding checks in your hand." So he split the stack, putting \$2.50 on one card and \$2.50 on another. The first turn by the dealer made Billy a winner of \$2.50. That was more than sufficient to pay for his theater ticket, but it had come so easily that Billy decided hastily that he might just as well win the price of a cab uptown. On the next turn Billy won \$2.50 more. Then he reflected that he might just as well win the price of a nice, quiet little dinner with a pint of wine. But Goddess Fortune, being an ethical creature, was displeased at this carnal prompting, and she caused Billy to lose a bet. Then she made him lose another, and climaxed her mood of displeasure by causing that direful thing to happen to him which is described by sporting men as being "ship-sawed off the face of the earth," which, translated, means that his two remaining bets were lost at once.

Billy frowned slightly and arose. As he moved away from the table he turned and said: "I'll bet you \$5 on the ace." But the inspiration was of no value. The ace lost and Billy left the house \$10 out.

The peculiar disregard of the value of money which a few moments at the gambling-table had induced upon him, but by the way, effectually prohibits their ever becoming successful gamblers—was upon Mr. Wagg as he walked to Broadway. He decided to ride up town in a cab, anyway. He hailed the first one he saw and drove to a Broadway theater. There he dismissed thoughts of creditors and of his late loss from his mind and enjoyed himself for two hours. Between the acts he indulged in a few high-priced drinks, as became a gentleman who would presently win more money than he needed.

After the theater the desire for a good dinner was strong within him. But, of course, it must be won. He went to a faro bank, and after an hour's play, during which at one time he was \$50 ahead, he was clean, flat broke. But he was a good loser, and he cheerfully borrowed \$10 from the proprietor. His credit was good, because he always paid the gamblers, even if he didn't pay his landlady. This \$10 he lost in another house, and there he borrowed \$5, which he deposited in a third house in a vain attempt to make a losing king win.

His request there was not large, and though he made no sign, he was somewhat depressed as he felt through his empty pockets. He strolled down Broadway, hoping that he might meet some affluent friend who would lend him enough to buy another stack. But he saw only those acquaintances who he knew were as badly off as he was, and he did not bother to notice them. The evening was getting on. It wasn't at all the sort of an evening he had looked forward to. He had been through the same experience often, but it made him no happier to recall that. What he wanted was money. He wanted it right away, too. Where could he get it?

Suddenly he remembered that a thrifty money lender in his office lived over on Avenue A. Although he was very hungry and tired he walked there briskly, found his man, and negotiated a loan of \$10, after promising by all that he held sacred to repay it the next Saturday with ruinous interest.

He hurried back to the gambler's pasture feeling that he ought to have a bit to eat, but too impatient to be at the faro table to regard the call of appetite. This time he went to a game that he had not before patronized, being admitted after a brief parley with a doubtful doorkeeper. For some little time his luck was unsatisfactory. But pretty soon he struck a good "deal," and he won rapidly. In about an hour, upon counting his stacks of checks, he found himself worth \$325. The dealer paid him in small bills, and he left the house with a thick roll in his inside pocket.

The electric lights sputtered joyously, there was a merry jingle to the bells, and Billy chuckled as the door closed after him. All his troubles were over. He could pay all his debts, buy a suit of clothes, and have a margin left. He went into the first drinking place he saw, ordered a pint of champagne, and, standing at the end of the bar, he counted his winnings, quite conscious of the envy in the bartender's eyes. The sum was just \$325. Things were looking up. He would dine.

He had a luxuriant repast, with another pint, in a gaudy chop-house, feeling all the while that he could buy and sell any man in the place. He presented the waiter with half a dollar, and bought a long cigar for 40 cents more. He visited the places of his early defeats and repaid the borrowed money. He was tempted to play again, but he restrained himself.

His pleasant task performed Mr. Wagg had no definite object in view. As he was strolling along idly and a trifle unsteadily the faro bank fever caught him again. He reflected that it must be his lucky night. He would win another hundred or so. But he didn't propose to take the risk of losing all he had won. He gave a hotel clerk whom he knew well \$200 of the money.

"Tom," he said, earnestly, "keep that for me until to-morrow afternoon. I beat the bank to-night and I'm going to make another play with what I have left over this \$200. If I come back here to-night and ask you for it or any part of it don't give it to me. Understand? Don't give it to me, no matter what I say."

"All right, Billy," answered the clerk. "You don't get it until to-morrow afternoon."

"That's right," returned Billy, solemnly, "no matter what I say."

He started in to play again, but his luck was not so good. He couldn't win a bet, and in a few moments he had to stop for want of money.

"H'm," he mused, "that'll never do. I'll have to get that back. I guess I'll get \$25 from Tommy."

He went back to Tommy.

"Tommy," he said carelessly, "just let me have twenty-five out of that roll."

"No, I won't," said Tommy.

"But," lied Billy, "there's a man outside to whom I owe \$25. I want to give it to him."

"Pay him to-morrow," said the clerk.

"I can't. He's going to Chicago to-night and he wants it."

"Well," said Tommy, "he doesn't get any of this money."

"Oh, nonsense, Tom," said Mr. Wagg, nervously. "I want it. I mean it."

"Not a cent," was the decided answer.

"Look here," said Billy, angrily, "that's my money, isn't it?"

"Well, I at it."

"You told me to keep it, no matter what you said."

That makes no difference. I've changed my mind. I want it. See? Don't monkey with me. You give me the money or I will wake up the proprietor, and I'll punch your head, too." Mr. Wagg thumped the desk savagely.

The clerk looked disgusted, went to the safe, took out the money and tossed it to its owner. "Go and blow it in," he said. "You make me tired."

SOLVING A MYSTERY

Explorer Leichhardt Disappeared in Australia Forty-Two Years Ago.

From That Date Till a Few Months Since No Trace of Him Has Been Discovered—The Secret of His Fate.

Men are still living who remember the famous journey of the young German doctor, Ludwig Leichhardt, who nearly a half-century ago traveled for sixteen months in the interior of Australia, far surpassing all his predecessors in the extent of his discoveries. Just as the notable services of Sir John Franklin amid the Arctic ice were almost forgotten in the absorbing interest of the mysterious tragedy that ended his life, so the memory of Dr. Leichhardt's brilliant success has been dimmed by the long-discussed mystery of his second great undertaking. He was swallowed up somewhere in the thirteenth lands of inner Australia, leaving no trace that search parties and explorers have ever been able to find. Now comes the news that relics of the ill-fated explorer have been discovered in northwestern Australia, and so much evidence is given to the report that the Melbourne branch of the Australasian Geographical society has sent an expedition to see if the mystery of forty-two years ago is solved at last.

Dr. Leichhardt was an enthusiastic naturalist, and the book he wrote on his years of exploration and geologic discoveries in New South Wales made him well known before he undertook his first great journey. Perhaps no other journey so important was ever accomplished with such slender resources. The equipment that Dr. Leichhardt and his seven comrades took on their 16 months' tramp over 2,500 miles of inner Australia only cost \$625. It is needless to say that they picked up their living as they went along, though nothing was previously known of the resources of the continent.

He started from Moreton bay near the site of the pleasant city of Brisbane, they entered the unknown, pushing northward through the heart of Queensland, discovering many a mountain range, many an uncharted river and savage tribes, passing from the temperate to the torrid zone, mapping the large Mitchell river from its sources to its mouth, and then following the coast far west and north to Port Essington, the most northern points of the continent.

It was a great journey, and Leichhardt's book describing it still has many readers. From end to end it was a revelation of the unknown. Its author never saw the book, for while it was being printed in London and before its appearance in Germany, the restless explorer was off on his second great undertaking, whose mysterious and evidently tragic termination was destined to be the talk of geographers for ever.

He started from Moreton bay in 1847 to cross the continent through its central portion from east to west. Four months later the last tidings ever heard of him came from Fitzroy downs, in inner Queensland. He was then striking westward. Not for two years was much anxiety felt regarding the little party. They began the series of search expeditions, stimulated by offers of large rewards to those who would relieve Leichhardt or learn his fate. For the next twenty years all sorts of rumors were current. One party alleged that it had found his day-book. But no trustworthy explorer was ever able to substantiate any of these stories, all of which were discarded. No relic of the unfortunate party was ever produced, and the reward offered for tidings of Leichhardt has never been paid.

The present report seems to rest on a rather unsubstantial basis, though many are very hopeful. No relic of the party has been found at last. A number of months ago Alexander McPhee, who is said to be a responsible person, heard at LaGrange Bay, in the Kimberly district, on the north-west coast of Australia, that a white man was living among the natives several days' journey to the southwest. He visited this tribe and found among them a man approaching white in color who, however, was clearly of the Australian type. This result of his journey had no importance, but he was told by the tribe of another people living farther southwest who possessed a hatchet and quite a number of other relics of a party of white men who many years ago had died of thirst not far from them. Only the older men of the tribe could remember the white men. The party consisted of two whites and two clothed blacks and they had two horses. They came from the north-west coast of Australia, and the Australian waste is almost destitute of water except in a few rocky reservoirs. The natives said they would not tell the whites where water might be found, for their own supply was scanty. The party pursued their desperate quest, and at length toward the natives found the remains of the horses, who had evidently perished first, and then the bodies of the men were discovered. The tribe had still in its possession, besides the hatchet, some implements and traps found on the horses and bones both of the men and animals.

Mr. McPhee was not able to pursue his inquiries further, but he took the whitish Australian, who is evidently an albino, to Melbourne and showed him in contact with his story. Not a few Australian explorers have lost their lives in the interior wastes, but the fate of all of them, except that of Leichhardt, has been clearly revealed. If it is true that explorers perished near the north-west coast of the continent, there is no doubt that it was the Leichhardt party, and that he or some members of his little band had nearly completed the formidable journey. The expedition that has been sent has left Melbourne has been instructed to make the most thorough examination, and, if convinced that the mystery of Leichhardt's fate has been solved at last, to mark the scene of his final sufferings with a stone pyramid.

The explorer's memory was long ago embalmed in the map of Australia. A large region from which he sent back to civilization his last cheerful tidings is known as the Leichhardt district, and an important river he discovered in North Queensland bears his name.

An Enthusiastic Artist. A famous painter, an enthusiast in his art, has a craze for models with red hair. He was going through a down town street when he happened to see a young girl with the all delectable locks hurrying along with a pitcher of beer. She was a striking specimen of animal beauty and she did not seem to have very much to protect her from the breeze besides the clinging calico wrapper that draped her fine form. The moment the artist saw her he quickened his pace, calling out as he approached:

"Hi there! you girl! you with the red hair! Stop!" She gave a swift look over her shoulder, and, seeing the strange man making toward her, she began to run. The artist did likewise. Down the street fled the terrified girl, her face white as death and her beer slopping over as she flew along. The street boys joined in the

chase and a policeman, thinking the girl a thief, intervened and brought her to a halt, panting like a deer.

"I have done nothing," she cried, glaring at the artist as he came up.

"Has she stolen anything from you?" asked the policeman.

"Oh no, indeed," replied the artist. "I never saw her before. I only wanted to ask her to come up to my studio and pose for me. I am an artist, you know, and I need red hair."

The boys set up a shout. The policeman looked at the artist as though he were an escaped lunatic and called him a very eloquent name. The girl in the meantime had recovered her breath, and when the undaunted artist asked if she was willing to pose for him, she declined in language that made the gamins howl with delight and gave the artist a shock that he will never get over.

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