appetites, as instance their beer drinking. Almost the same disadvantage exists among the Irish, where the sanguine phase of the vital temperament predominates. The result is shown in the proportion noted for high tempers. The lower development of this temperament gives us the Irish prize fighter, the higher development is plainly shown in this country by the great number of able Irish lawyers, fighters all. The purely brain temperament is one that is only too common in America. Intermarriage with it brings predominating brains and weak bodies, which are likely to end in an insane asylum. This is one of the classes that build up millions for the American patent medicine manufacturer. A safe rule on this matter of marriage is to marry your opposite in all things that will antagonize, but marry your like in all things that sympathize, like artistic tendencies or moral purposes. There again the sympathy should be with the purpose rather than the methods. For instance, it would be well if husband and wife both loved music, to have one devoted to the piano and the other to the violin. If both parents lack courage, force, economy—the faculties around the ears—the offspring will be still more deficient. If the heads of both parents extend very greatly in the upper back region the children are likely to be egotistical. If the foreheads are full across the eyebrows and retreating in the upper part, the children are likely to be bright in memory, but not in abstract reasoning. If both are broad in the upper part, theories, and in extreme cases, cranks are likely to develop. Where the eyes of both parents are very prominent, the home life will not only be made up of mutual clamorings for the right of speech, but the children will be chatterboxes. If the head is too wide in front of the ears, the children will probably ruin themselves by excesses of eating and drinking.

A Race of Wonders.

"Summing it all up, I can only say, however," remarked Dr. Beall, "that the upward and better tendency is astonishingly large. Regard for the unquestioned truths of pre-natal influence, for the laws of heredity and a wider study of the science of rational choice in marriage will bring a race of physical and mental wonders in the future. All these things are coming. People are thinking, writing and talking about these extraordinary problems, and the result will be felt. I saw that Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner announced in one of your recent interviews that if the breeding of the human race were as carefully considered as is the breeding of live stock, the perfect physical man and woman would result in five generations. I think I can, with as great confidence, say that if the already discovered laws of rational marriage were observed, the perfect mental man and woman would result in no greater time."—E. M. in the N. Y. Press.

NIGHTINGALE TIME IN ENGLAND.

Sir Edwin Arnold Discourses Sweetly on the Sober-Coated Bird.

This is the month of the nightingale. In those parts of the country which for some mysterious reason he favors now is the time when the most musical being of the natural world may be heard at his self-taught symphonies. It is not at all uncommon to hear him in the daylight, but the evening hour is that which "Philomel" chiefly chooses for his song, and his favorite concert room is a close, dark thicket, generally near the water.

In the stillness of such a shadowy and dewy retreat he will often begin before sunset and carry on his music late into the quiet night. Is it his professional jealousy as a musician which makes the nightingale thus select the stillness of the evening and the midnight when he is not likely to be interrupted by his diurnal rivals, the thrush, the blackbird, the chaffinch and the linnet? Certain it is that the song of the bird of darkness never sounds so effective when it is listened to among other choral notes of the woodland. It wants no orchestral accompaniment; it is best as a solo, delivered, from the moist gloom of some garden border or holly copplice, amid blossoms which ornament this month—the white and pink May, the lilac and the silvery spikes of the chestnut.

But you may far more frequently hear the nightingale than see him. Many a poet who has praised this small chorister has, perhaps, never cast eyes upon it, or, if he has seen it by chance in its solitary habits, has not known that the slender bird which he beheld was that which countless odes and endless poetical laudation have united with mythology and tradition to make the most famous of lower living things.

The nightingale, when you do catch sight of him, is sober in dress to the point of quakerism. The upper part of his slim body is a rusty brown, tinged with olive; the lower portions are of a pale ash color, fading into a dull white at the belly. In the somewhat hastily constructed nest the hen, which is still more plainly attired, lays from four to five olive-green eggs—those miracles of nature of which Tennyson said so well that "the music of the moon sleeps in the pale eggs of the nightingale."

What mystery, indeed, can be greater than that by which generation after generation of the immortal bird catches up faultlessly and by inheritance the melody which has charmed the race of poets from Sappho to Keats, and which can not be heard even by the rudest ear without attention and admiration? Is it, as some naturalists held, a long love song which the male bird pours forth to his nesting wife? Or is it some natural hymn of the joy of life which nightingales interpret in their own fashion, and which is for them an act of worship, love and rejoicing, all in one? The song of the nightingale has been transcribed into all sorts of verses and versions; and some have found it full of such mournfulness as to justify the old classical belief that the little "maestro" sings with a thorn in his heart.—London Telegraph.

A Novelist and Her Daughters.

Mrs. Alexander, who is really Mrs. Alexander Hector, is a grandmother, nearly seventy, a tall, stately-looking, handsome woman, fond of her home and its occupations, and absorbed in her clever children. The most strong-minded thing about her is her belief that girls should work independently for themselves. Mrs. Hector is an Irish woman, who married a Scotchman, and who has lived in England, France and Germany in order to educate her children well. Her eldest daughter, Ida Hector, is said to have the critical faculty strongly developed, and she acts as the literary secretary of an old family friend, Rider Haggard, when he is writing a novel. The second daughter, Mme. Fillonneaux, who is married to a Frenchman and lives in France, promises to become a successful author. Her mother thinks that the young lady will do more than she has done—"there is more in her," she says. The third daughter is an artist.—Providence Journal.

Art of Booming Novels.

It is now alleged that some of the phenomenal literary successes recently reported from London are not so great as the London publishers would have us believe. They have a clever way of trading upon the awe with which it is to be feared the American public regards a London judgment, and by giving out the impression that certain books are stirring up a prodigious furore in England they net a very comfortable sum from the American copyright. Among the books which have sold widely in this country, but of which the English sales are said to be insignificant, are "The Heavenly Twins," "Dodo," "A Yellow Aster," and "Ships that Pass in the Night." The attention accorded the first three does discredit to our national taste, and the fourth, while an original little story, has attracted an exaggerated degree of attention.—Springfield Republican.

Moral Suasion.

Old Gentleman—"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

Little Boy—"Never. We have moral suasion at our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—Street & Smith's Good News.

TONGUE-LASHES THE DUKE.

VICE-PRESIDENT HARAHAN SPEAKS HIS MIND.

He Faces Pullman—Tells That Worthy He Is a Numskull Unfit to Govern Men—Responsible for Present Ills—Figurehead Who Knows Nothing About His Own Business—Bad Effect on the Big 'Un.

George M. Pullman received a scoring from Second Vice-President Harahan of the Illinois Central railroad Thursday morning in the private office of the latter. The probabilities are that Pullman will never forget the interview till the day of his death.

M. W. Daly of New Orleans was the only witness, and it was due largely to his presence that some of Duke Pullman's aristocratic claret was not spilled on the carpet. Pullman blanched at the verbal castigation he received; it was so utterly unexpected that for several moments he was in a condition bordering on apoplexy. On recovering his equilibrium, mental and physical, he left the office of the second vice-president and has not been about his accustomed haunts since.

M. W. Daly has charge of the construction of bridges for the Illinois Central railroad company, with headquarters at New Orleans. He was here to attend the funeral of his brother and before returning home paid a visit to the offices of the company, and was soon in the presence of Vice-President Harahan. Subsequently George M. Pullman put in an appearance.

Closing the door leading to the office where the clerks are stationed, he took a chair. The air at once became sultry.

Not Fit to Govern Men.

Vice-President Harahan has a legitimate grievance against Pullman and he lost no time in airing it in an artistic and forceful manner. The duke began to talk about the strike and its effect on the Illinois Central. This was the opening wedge. It aroused all the ire in the portly form of the vice-president, and, turning in his chair, his eyes blazed as they riveted themselves on the sole cause of the present trouble.

"You are not fit to govern men," said Vice-President Harahan. "Instead of visiting your own works you have a number of superintendents who furnish you with reports," said Harahan, "and when they are colored to suit you you take them as facts, and the result is that business is embargoed, poverty stalks all over your grounds. In a word, you are alone responsible for the present condition of things among railroads. Why don't you go out among your employes and see things for yourself; if you did there would be no such trouble."

Then followed a number of names such as "thick-head," "incompetent," "overrated," and the wind up was that the vice-president shook his fist in a decidedly threatening manner under the stubby nose of George M. Pullman.

The latter grasped the chair in both hands for support; he was so completely taken back at the rebuke of Mr. Harahan that he failed to speak for several seconds. When he did recover from the merited scoring he had only time to say: "But, Mr. Harahan——"

Round Two Short and Hot.

Then the vice-president trimmed himself for the second round.

"You think, perhaps, that because you have a contract with this company that you can rub it into us?"

The mercury in the thermometer went up to the blood-heat point at this remark. The vice-president was livid with rage; Pullman was helpless.

"But you can't," continued Harahan. "Never will we submit to it," and then he threw his hat against the floor for the purpose of giving emphasis to the ultimatum of the Illinois central railroad company.

The atmosphere was still sultry in the room, and the few seconds occupied as a breathing spell did not assist in cooling it a particle. Pullman's hat rested against the side of the desk, and in his agony he trampled it under foot. His immaculate linen became shriveled, the perspiration stood out on his forehead in big drops, while occasionally his hands appeared as if he had been stricken with the palsy. For once the autocrat had met his match, and cold, indisputable facts were hurled at him till he presented a pitiable sight.

Mr. Daly looked on in utter amazement at the scene. He was likewise troubled. When the silence became absolutely painful Pullman made an effort to speak. He didn't finish the sentence when Harahan again began to impale him. Then he perceptibly brightened. Talk was a relief, even if he couldn't speak himself.

Where the Great George Is Deceived.

"Mr. Pullman, the railroads are losing $250,000 a day owing to your obstinacy," said Mr. Harahan. "It is inexplicable to me why you should ever permit such a condition of affairs to prevail without becoming personally cognizant of the situation. You are unfit to be a president of any company. You know nothing of the actual condition of things, and if you went to your much-talked-of town today the chances are that you would receive serious treatment. Still the situation does not seem to worry you. You are deluded with the idea that the railroads will fight your battles. Never was a man more badly mistaken. It may take some time for this fact to impress itself upon you, but the time will surely come, and when you begin to adjust matters it may be too late. Such ignorance of such a deplorable condition of affairs on the part of the president of such a company as you represent is simply lamentable. The wonder is that the trouble was not precipitated sooner.

"Why, you're a figurehead; you're not the actual president of the Pullman company, for if you were you'd know something about the actual state of affairs."

If George M. Pullman could have crowded into a crack when Vice-President Harahan branded his as the figurehead president of the Pullman company the chances are 1,000 to 1 that he would have done so. He would have faced a cannon to escape such a verbal excoriation.

His Boutonniere Couldn't Stand It.

The boutonniere, which forms such a modest part of his makeup, withered in the lapel of his coat when the words, "figurehead president" were hurled at the proud duke from Auburn, N. Y. From a duke to a figurehead president was a fall that even the boutonniere couldn't stand. No wonder it wilted.

After Vice-President Harahan had given his opinion of George M. Pullman to the latter gentleman's perspiring face it became apparent to Mr. Pullman that the cooling breeze from the lake would do more toward reviving him than a further stay in the private office of Vice-President Harahan of the Illinois Central railroad company. When this idea struck him he lost no time in acting. His very much dismantled straw hat was picked up from the floor, and then he essayed to refurbish his streaky countenance with the aid of a silk handkerchief. He felt for his collar and finding it tried to make a presentable appearance in the outer office. When he concluded that his appearance was presentable he turned the doorknob and was soon in the hallway. An elevator took him to the main floor and in a short time he was in a carriage, thinking, perhaps, of the Turkish bath he had just passed through.

It did not take long for the story to reach railroad circles in all parts of the city. At the general managers' offices its truthfulness was doubted.

A reporter for the Times saw Vice-President Harahan in his office at the Illinois Central depot at 5:15 o'clock last night and told him of the interview. He was asked to deny it. This he would not do.—Chicago Times.

WOMAN AT THE TICKET WINDOW.

This One Took Her Time While Fifteen Men Counted the Seconds.

This is simply another version of the old, old story of the woman and the ticket agent and fifteen waiting, impatient men with no means of redress. It was at the Cortlandt-st. station of the Pennsylvania railroad one morning last week. Time, 9 o'clock, and the Long Branch train was to leave in ten minutes.

Four women rushed into the station, breathless, but chattering away at a lively rate.

One of the quartet, a tall, angular woman, with umbrella, last summer's hat and gown made over and retrimmed, a parcel evidently containing lunch and other incidental articles essential to the makeup of a mature spinster of the conventional type, was conspicuously the leader of the party. She surveyed the interior of the waiting room critically and then spotted her victim in the window, with the sign "Ticket Agent" over it. Flouncing up to the window, she began the attack.

"What time is it?" she snapped in a tone that caused the ticket seller to drop some papers and assume a defensive attitude.

"Nine-one exactly, madam," was his reply, delivered in a firm tone.

"Are we in time for the 9:10 train?"

"Oh, yes, madam."

"Thanks. The reason I asked was because I did not know whether the time table meant the train left from here or the other side of the ferry. You know time tables are so unreliable unless you get new ones right along, and the one we looked at was one we we had last year, so we were not sure, you know."

The agent simply bowed and smiled sardonically. The other women were conversing quietly in a corner, and several men entered and formed in line behind the woman at the window.

"Oh, now that I think of it, I wish you would give me a new time table. I may not use it, but then it's a handy thing to have around if I should happen to want it."

The agent handed over one of the pamphlets and looked down the line of waiting men, who were becoming impatient. There were eight men in the line now, and they all looked anxiously at the woman. Every moment watches were pulled out and replaced with increasing anger on the part of the owners. The woman glanced over the new time table and was satisfied.

"You'll have to hurry, madam, if you want to get that 9:10 train. It's 9:05 now."

"Oh, my, yes. Now I want a ticket," she said and began a search through her pocketbook. She finally found a dollar bill and laid it down.

"Where did you say you were going?" said the ticket man.

"To Long Branch."

"Do you want a single or excursion?" queried the agent in that peculiar mechanical manner that school children employ when conning lessons.

"Excursion, of course."

"Dollar fifty for excursion, madam."

"That includes a parlor car, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no," was the terse reply.

Now there were fifteen men in the line and very impatient ones at that. Some groaned aloud, and others made sharp remarks, but the woman had not finished her business with the ticket-seller.

"Why, they didn't cost that last year."

"There has been no change in the rate. You've only got three minutes for the train, madam."

"Goodness, yes, and—oh, how stupid—I want three more tickets."

Then began another search through the pocketbook, and a five-dollar bill came forth. She got the tickets and examined each as carefully as she might a piece of muslin on a bargain counter. She finally moved slowly away, and the next moment there was a series of hoarse shouts and the line of fifteen men dashed past the window like a charge of a regiment of cavalry. They threw their money in and caught their tickets on the fly.

The woman, having assured herself that she was all right, summoned her three companions, and they hurried along to the ticket-taker. There was another blockade here. The leader at first decided that she would take charge of the tickets. Then a discussion followed, and she changed her mind and handed each of the others her respective ticket. The line of men meanwhile reached the ticket-taker, and they brushed by the women like a streak of lightning.

Then the women found that they would have to hustle if they were going to get the boat, and they ran too. One of them attempted to get by without having her ticket punched, and she had to return. The others stood in the gateway so the man could not close it and waited for her. The quartet reunited and ran down the gangway and reached the boat just as the deckhands loosened the cable chains.

The fifteen martyrs who had marshaled upon the afterdeck with expressions of blissful expectancy, groaned aloud again as the women stepped on the boat. But when the Jersey shore was reached the quartet did not precede them in the race for the train. The 9:10 train was six minutes late in starting that morning—N. Y. Sun.

Her Visitors.

"Perhaps you would like to be landlord of a flat," said the man who had been talking real estate, "and think you had obtained desirable tenants, and were hugging yourself over the delightful knowledge that, whatever other landlords had to endure, there would be no children in your flats. I rented to a couple the other day, and as usual asked if the family consisted of adults only.

"'Oh, yes,' chirped the young woman, 'and we don't want any children in the building—that is why we are willing to pay you your price.'

"The man didn't say anything, but I thought he looked queer.

"'Any boarders?' I asked.

"'Hardly,' said he, 'in a six-room flat.'

"Still I thought there was something back of it.

"'Pets?'

"'No; neither dog, cat, canary nor parrot.'

"They took the flat, and her widowed sister came from Nebraska, with five boys, to visit them. That was a year ago, and they are visiting them yet, and in consequence all the other flats remain empty. A tornado would be silence compared to the racket those boys make."—N. Y. Recorder.

Dorris's Shoe Strings.

On Dorris's feet
Are the smallest of twoes,
But surely some elf
Has enchanted her shoes,
For wherever we go,
Walk, row or ride,
In church or at tennis,
Her shoes come untied.

At times it is trying,
But what can I do,
When poor Dorris murmurs:
"Oh, bother that shoe!"
So down I must flop
In the dust and the dirt
To tie up the shoe
Of that dear little flirt.

These precious girl tyrants!
We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
Are filled with their spell.
Since old-fashioned aprons
No longer they use,
They tie a poor man
To the strings of their shoes.
—N. Y. Sunday Advertiser.

No Judge.

Young Artist—"It's an outrage to have such an ignoramus as Puffers on a hanging committee."

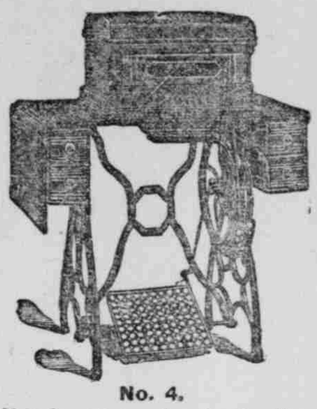
Friend—"No judge of art, eh?"

Young Artist—"He is a half-idiot. Why, sir, he thought my cows were horses."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE BEST MACHINE ON EARTH

Your wife will be in want of a

Sewing Machine



No. 4.

Anticipating the demand, THE SENTINEL has made special arrangements to supply your wants.

OUR OFFER:

We will furnish the Famous SENTINEL SEWING MACHINE (No. 4) and the STATE SENTINEL for one year for

$17.25.

This Machine is fully warranted and money will be refunded if it is not as advertised. No. 3, same as No. 4, except with two drawers instead of four, will be furnished with the STATE SENTINEL one year for

$16.00.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY.

INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL SEWING MACHINE

Has the latest design of bent woodwork, with skeleton drawer cases, made in both walnut and oak, highly finished and the most durable made.

The stand is rigid and strong, having brace from over each end of treadle rod to table, has a large balance wheel with belt replacer, a very easy motion of treadle.

The head is free of plate tensions, the machine is so set that without any change of upper or lower tension you can sew from No. 40 to No. 150 thread, and by a very slight change of disc tension on face plate, you can sew from the coarsest to the finest thread. It has a self-setting needle and loose pulley device on hand wheel for winding bobbins without running the machine.

It is adjustable in all its bearings and has less springs than any other sewing machine on the market. It is the quickest to thread, being self-threading, except the eye of needle. It is the easiest machine in changing length of stitch, and is very quiet and easy running.

ATTACHMENTS

Accompanying Each Machine

ARE AS FOLLOWS:

One Ruffler, with Shirrer Plate,
One Set of 4 Plate Hemmers,
One Binder,
One Presser Foot,
One Hemmer and Feller,
One Braider Foot,
One Tucker,
One Quilter,
One Plate Gauge,
One Slide for Braider,
One Oil Can (with Oil),
One Thread Cutter,
} Attachments in bracket are all interchangeable into hub on presser bar.
Six Bobbins,
Seven Needles,
One Large Screw Driver,
One Small Screw Driver,
One Wrench,
One Instruction Book.

WARRANTY.

Every Machine is fully warranted for five years. Any part proving defective will be replaced free of charge, excepting needles, bobbins and shuttles.

Address all orders to THE SENTINEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

P. S.—This Machine is shipped direct from the manufactory to the purchaser, saving all middle men's profits.

GAMBLING IN MONTE CARLO

TRICKS OF THE TRADE WHICH ALLOW SMALL SHOW FOR PLAYERS.

"An Old Gambler's" Story of How Things Are Done at the Great Establishment—A System Which Leaves Little to Chance and Balks Too Much Good Luck.

"Another fixed item on the debit side of the account is the £7,000 to the subventioned press. Thus Dalziel's a few days on the balance sheet of Monte Carlo; the phrase, though laconic, contains worlds of suggestions, and may be amplified ad infinitum.

To begin with, "subventioned press" should read "French press," or, to be more precise, the Riviera-Marseilles-Bordeaux-Paris press; there might be a few stray, and all but worthless, correspondents who are occasionally "persuaded," but they figure otherwise in the budget, and the bulk of the £30,000 goes to the French press. The bargains concluded with newspapers are various and peculiar; some are paid for extolling the delights of the place—anybody would do that gratis; others set a subsidy for paragraphing and magnifying the winners of punters; others, yet, receive hush money for ignoring fatal accidents; finally, some are paid simply to hold their peace and never mention Monte Carlo, either for good or for evil.

But there is one general cue for all "specialists," and that is to argue how it is preferable to gamble in such a recognized institution as the Cercle des Etrangers than in clubs or even among friends. At Monte Carlo, at least, you are told, you have to deal with unadultered chance, and the only advantage of the banker lies in his greater staying power, otherwise in his inexhaustible money bag. Now, everywhere else—even at Cercle—you meet with customers who are not above "giving the chance a chance;" you have to play sur parole, and as often as not parole is all you win, and so on. Nothing of the sort can happen at Monte Carlo, where you play money against money, and rot des deau, louis contre des prunes; where you can get even a part of your losses back—the so-called viatique—in fine, you are persuaded that everything is fair and square before the man who wants to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Now this, with all deference to M. Aurelien Scholl, is very amiable nonsense. Not only fairness and squareness and Monte Carlo do not live at the same address, as the French say, but the fact is that nobody is allowed to win seriously, and that nowhere else are the chances of the punters reduced to such a minimum. It is not that cheating—as one imagines it—is carried on to any extent at the Cercle des Etrangers; it is rather an elaborate system, aiming at leaving as little as possible to chance pure and simple, and at interfering with luck too persistent. The details of this system are as curious as they are little known, and a short expose may not be without interest to the readers of the Pall Mall Gazette.

The police of the place is so admirably organized that a few hours after anybody's arrival the name of the visitor is already reported to the administration of the Cercle, with, of course, the address and various details, such as the amount of luggage, the appearance, the price of the room or pension taken, etc. These details are all-important to the inspecteur du viatique—a venerable looking old scoundrel whose duty it is to repatriate broken-down gamblers. Anybody who has lost every penny he brought with him can, on application, either recover 10 per cent. of his losses, or, if the sum is small, his railway fare to the extent of from £4 to £6 is paid. This last is called the viatique, and is given against a regular I O U, which has to be refunded before the recipient can be admitted again to the gambling house. We may mention, en passant, that no less than £40,000 is distributed in this guise every year, and that no less than £30,000 is actually paid back.

The information of the police in and outside the building is so precise that it is no use for anybody to pretend to have lost £1,000 if he has lost only £50; the statement is accepted with great politeness, only one is asked to walk along the the rooms with an inspector and then to wait a while. Ere long the inspector will return and tell you not only how much, more or less, you have lost, but he will tell you what your game was—single or multiple chances, a "martingale," or at random; and, if you protest, he will add yet some more information, such as, "You have no luggage; you dine at cheap places," or "You live at a cheap pension," etc. The above only goes to prove how carefully everything and everybody is watched—the waiters, the hotel proprietors, the railway officials, and the croupier's living at boarding houses, all send in the results of their observations every day.

Now, as to the precautions against obstinate good luck for punters. The first is in the fact that the gambling house is a cercle, a club, to which admittance is gained on presenting a card issued by the administration for one day only. This card has to be personally renewed every day, and nothing is easier than to refuse this to a too persistent winner. No reason is vouchsafed for the refusal, and the staff of "chuckers-out" within easy reach looks too convincing to attempt intrusion or arguments. Should the objectionable punter be too big game for such a summary proceeding, there is quite an army of agents provocateurs, both men and women, around each table, and they, according to instructions, pick up a quarrel with the lucky player—generally over a stake—a row ensues, both parties are chucked out, and then the instructor explains that the rule of the cercle is not to admit again those who make a disturbance and spoil the partie. Recriminations are useless, and as whatever law or justice there is at Monte Carlo is in the hands of the "Societe des Bains de Mer" just as is the police, there is neither protection nor appeal.

It must, however, be explained here that these extreme measures apply only to successful "martingalistes"—system players—or to "lightning" punters—gamblers who come every day for a few minutes, stake three times some maximums, win by some remarkable fluke, and go away. These are the most hated, if only because of the superstition as to playing sur la tete ponte—that is, following en masse the stakes of a lucky player. There have been cases where successive banks have been broken thus. A roulette bank starts generally with from £2,000 to £3,000, according to season, and the bank is considered broken when this sum is lost. Very often when the bank has been broken twice in succession the play is stopped at this particular table and the roulette taken away; another proof of the precautions referred to, and as a patent instance that the administration does not believe in the possibility of pure chance. It is either the roulette or the croupier that must be out of gear.

As a matter of fact, a croupier does not get out of gear, because after a certain time, fifteen to thirty minutes, he sees the disk moving and the ball rolling with the same swing, so to say, and the result is that the ball will fall time after time into the same section of the disk; the consequence of this phenomenon have been more than once disastrous to the bank in years past, hence croupiers are changed every half hour, or each thirty coups are made by a fresh hand; some 800 coups are played daily at each table. As a further proof that the hand can acquire a certain dynamic montony, if one may use the expression, and a high evenness of impulse, may be cited the fact that at the Croupiers' school at the Condamine there is a daily practice of "aiming at zero." It is well known that zero is the bank's chance of winning all other stakes except, of course, its own, and the single ones which are put "en prison," tied over until the next coup; viser au zero is the croupier's constant preoccupation and we find in this practice another instance of what was said in the beginning about the chances of the punter.

Rows happen mostly in the summer season, when small players and system players swarm around the tables. This is also the busy time for those appointed to watch over the various "martingalistes," for, although the founder of the house, old Blanc, used to say that he would give a million to anybody who could prove that it is posible to win 5 francs at roulette with absolute certainty, still the present administration will not even leave this loophole to chance. Hence a staff of ruined gamblers, salaried by the society to spot successful "martingalistes," discover in what the system consists, and get rid of them if too successful. The administration loves the punter who plays high, even if he wins, provided he gambles the whole day. They know then that the money won will come back, and all the rest will follow.

Enough has been said, we think, to prove the assertion with which we started; anybody anxious for more details may be referred to any croupier at Monte Carlo, who will tell him that he would rather play baccarat avec des arecques than stake 5 francs at roulette. This is, perhaps, exaggerated, but, on the whole, there is little to choose.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Strikers Find Friends.

Merchant—"I am collecting money to help the bituminous coal miners continue their strike."

Broker—"Eh? You?"

Merchant—"Yes. If they hold out the stock of soft coal will soon be used up and our atmosphere will once more be fit to breathe."

Broker—"Glorious. Here's my check."

After the Honeymoon.

Mr. Newed—"There is one virtue about these biscuits, my dear." Mrs. Newed (blushing with pleasure)—"What is it, dearest?" Mr. Newed (brutally)—"If they were worth their weight in gold we would be very rich."—Spare Moments.

IN AN ARSENIC MINE.

By Observing Ordinary Caution the Miners Are Not Injured by Poison.

Many points of interest are brought out in a description in a technical journal of the way in which arsenic is obtained from one of the most famous mines in England, the Devon Great Consuls. The mine was originally worked for copper alone, and would have been abandoned but for the discovery that the waste thrown out as worthless when copper was sought proved rich in arsenic. Although copper is still raised, it is in small quantities, and the mine has been resolved into an arsenic works. The arsenical pyrites consists of 25 to 30 per cent. of iron, 12½ to 14 per cent. of arsenic, and the rest of earthly matter. After being crushed this is sorted by girls of from thirteen to sixteen years of age. It is then washed and "jigged," or sifted, and passed on to the first calciner, where it is burned with low-class coal, and produces "arsenic soot"—that is, arsenic so mixed with smoke from the coal as to be of a gray color.

The arsenic and soot, deposited in combination in the chimney or condenser, are scraped out and taken to the second calciner for purification. The calciners consist of revolving iron drums, through which a fire of anthracite coal is carried on rotating iron furnaces kept red hot. As the arsenical soot is subjected to the influence of this heat the arsenic is sublimed and condensed. This operation has to be carefully watched, and if the workmen burn the arsenic badly they have to pay for it.

The arsenic is liable to produce sores if permitted to lodge in wrinkles and folds of the flesh, or about the mouth and nostrils. As a rule, however, this only happens when there is carelessness as to personal cleanliness, and the arsenic workers simply have to wash themselves thoroughly every day on returning from work. Otherwise the work is considered healthy. It prevents all eczema, and the fumes of sulphuric acid as well as the arsenical dust are fatal to germs of disease. Most workmen remain at the works for a number of years without suffering, but occasionally the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, loss of appetite, nausea, frontal headache, and anaemia, declare themselves. When this takes place the work has to be given up entirely.

The greatest danger to which the workmen are exposed is met when it is necessary for any purpose to enter the upright shaft. The effect on the eyes is most painful, and a further curious evidence of the virulence of the pervading atmosphere becomes manifest. The men wear linen garments, lined with flannel, and the sulphuric acid fumes completely destroy the linen in a few moments, leaving the flannel intact, so that the men go into the shaft in linen and come out clad in wool. Fortunately it is seldom necessary to enter the shaft, or great loss of sight would ensue.—Montreal Star.

A Point About Poverty.

A woman can be dignified even if she is poor, nor should she feel that because poverty has flung its somber cloak about her she should draw its folds still closer and hide herself from the pure sunshine of the world or the kindly friendship of her friends.

Too many women are inclined when poor to withdraw into a shell, snail fashion, and become crabbed and poverty-spoiled. Poverty is not the greatest of crimes, as many suppose. There are lots of things worse than that, and wealth is not the alpha and omega of happiness.

The woman of fine nature will accept this fact gracefully, and by her example help many a disheartened woman to look on the bright side of life, to look her finances squarely in the face and avoid laying out her money in unnecessary expenditure. By a bit of forethought a sum of money can work wonders, as the active, fine-natured woman who has learned it all well knows.—N. Y. Journal.

The Only One Remembered.

Not long before the death of Helen Hunt Jackson she was asked to write in a friend's commonplace book a verse from any of her poems. After a prolonged silence, sitting with pen in hand, she transcribed the following:

The birds must know. They wisely sing
Who sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

"Of all the poems," H. H. remarked, "that I have written—and they are very many—that is the only rhyme that I can in the least remember."

Cost of Electric Cooking.

It has been shown by recent experiments that there is practically no difference in cost between cooking by electricity and by coal, while the advantages of the former method in point of comfort, cleanliness and safety are considerable. Of every 100 tons of coal burned in an ordinary cooking stove ninety-six tons are, it is said, practically wasted, whereas with electricity the expense is not so much on the fuel as on labor and interest on machinery.—Invention.

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