A DAY IN MINNEAPOLIS

Pretty Julia Lydon Loves John Cummins, the Colored Porter, and Will Not Leave Him.

The Many Troubles President Clough Has Encountered in Acting as the City's Mayor.

Important Meeting of Twin City Laboring Men--Statistics Gathered in the Northwest.

The Annual Police Picnic to Minnetonka--Amusements in Midsummer--Town Talk.

SHE LOVES HIM.

The Lydon Girl Swears She Will Not Leave Cummins.

Julia Lydon, the young girl who recently married John Cummins, a colored porter in a saloon, was yesterday taken in charge by the authorities, and an effort will be made by her parents to have her sent to the House of the Good Shepherd. Cummins was arrested Saturday night on the charge of perjury in swearing that the girl was 18 years old when he obtained the marriage license. Lieut. Col. Hill yesterday found the girl at the room she had been occupying with Cummins, corner of Washington and Seventh avenues south. She was very much distressed to think she was to be sent to the House of the Good Shepherd, and protested that she had done nothing more than to lawfully marry the man whom she loved. In appearance she is quite prepossessing, with a plump, well-developed figure. Her parents claim she is only 15 years old, but she contends that she is at least 18. "Why I have been working out and have earned my own living for six years," she said between sobs to a GLOBE reporter.

"Do you really love this man and want to live with him?" was asked her.

"Yes, indeed I do," she said emphatically, "and I mean to, too."

Cummins on the other hand seems willing to give the girl up, as he don't wish to get into trouble. He claims that the girl told him she was 18 and that he supposed she was. It is doubtful whether the charge of perjury can be made to hold against him, as the girl certainly looks as though she might be that old. Her parents and friends are very much exercised over what they consider to be a disgrace to the family and declare that she shall never live with the negro again, come what may.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

The Difference Between the Mayor and the Acting Mayor.

President Clough of the city council is indeed to be commisserated. The indignities heaped upon his tender head by Mayor Ames are extremely shocking. When Mayor Ames left for Milwaukee and Chicago he inadvertently omitted giving the astute Clough a formal and personal notification. Instead the mayor left instructions at the city hall to have Mr. Clough called in if there was any business to transact. But in so doing the mayor did not appreciate the enormity of the work he imposed upon his "subordinate." It was found that Mr. Clough was beyond all parallel the most difficult man to find in the entire city. His office was telephoned repeatedly and a patrolman was detailed specially to find him. The patrolman made an ignominious failure of his charge. A detective was then called into requisition, but before that official had decided upon the course to pursue the acting mayor, with a sang froid air, walked into the city hall. The mayor's office was locked and the adjutant was out searching the acting mayor's haunts in a fruitless endeavor to serve upon him a notice that the mayor de facto was absent and that the comptroller had a number of warrants to be signed. Acting Mayor Clough was not inured to the hardships of official life, and his sensitive organism was horribly shocked. He flew to a Tribune reporter and unfolded a tale of woe so pitifully pathetic that all Minneapolis wept in sheer pity yesterday. If Mayor Ames should do such a reprehensible act again, it is feared that Clough will resign, and then what would the city do?

THE LABOR ELEMENT

Organizing to Secure Legislative Reforms and Better Laws.

The committees from the Trades and Labor assemblies of Minneapolis and St. Paul yesterday held a conference at the office of the district master workman of the Knights of Labor. The meeting was for the purpose of deciding upon a line of action to be adopted for the purpose of ultimately securing the passage of laws by the state legislature which will insure greater protection to the producing classes. The reforms advocated by the Knights of Labor, which are embodied in the address adopted at the meeting of the district assembly, were discussed and indorsed. The details of the meeting were not made public, but it is presumed that the conference was simply for the purpose of securing united action through the medium of trades unions in the Twin Cities.

REAL ESTATE RESUME.

A Showing Which Gives Minneapolis Cause to be Proud.

Real estate transfers last week exceeded those of the previous week by nearly $200,000, and everyone is happy. The demand continues fair for residence property, and many handsome homes are being erected in different parts of the city. The boom—or rather steady growth—seems confined to no one place, but is extending all over the city. The land lying near the lakes is receiving considerable attention, and much building is being done there. Many have expressed surprise that this "boom" should continue so even in the summer months, but the real estate men express no uneasiness, and declare that it is due to the fact that Minneapolis is always on the go, and to the climate of the state. "Why," said one prominent dirt owner, "when I came to Minneapolis, real estate was way up and still prices remained firm, but buyers could always be found. Some of my Eastern friends laughed at me and declared that I would lose what money I had invested here. They were so certain of it that one or two advised me to sell out and return to New York. All I have to say is that the prices have not fallen a particle since that time, and just so long as I can get a dollar I am going to put it into Minneapolis real estate. There were 261 transfers filed last week, the consideration of which was $831,853. The same week in 1885 there were 186 transfers recorded, the total consideration of which was $480,796. In building permits the number issued last week was forty-eight more than the same week in 1886, when fifty-five were issued. The buildings for which permits were issued last week will cost $239,390, whereas those erected in 1885 cost but $158,750, $80,640 less than this year. The majority of permits issued are for dwellings in the suburbs.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

Rev. Thwing Gives Plymouth Church a Taste of His Quality.

Plymouth church was filled to its utmost capacity yesterday morning, Rev. Mr. Thwing of Massachusetts, who has been asked to accept the pastorate, occupying the pulpit for the first time. Every seat in the handsome edifice was filled, not by members of the church alone, as many were present from other churches, all anxious to hear the opening address of the gentleman who will soon, in all probability, preside over Plymouth church. The interior of the building had been most handsomely decorated with potted and cut flowers, and the scene was a pleasant one. The reverend gentleman chose for his text Luke xvi., 20: "But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him." He spoke mainly from notes and yet his delivery was such that a person not seeing him would suppose he was speaking extemporaneously. His delivery is free and easy, and entirely free from that annoying violence so common among ministers of the gospel. Mr. Thwing does not use many gestures, but is very earnest in his manner, and his strong and pleasing voice carried conviction with it and shows how deeply he is interested in the work. In opening his sermon Mr. Thwing said that the fatherhood of God is the keystone of the whole arch of Christian truth. The speaker referred to God as a father to all, to help when help was needed, and to inflict punishment when it was deserved. He also said that God took the part of a mother, and that the motherhood of God was going to play an important part in the future of Christian hope and devotion, and that intellect was one of the finest principles of motherhood. The love of God as a father, he said, was shown by His letting the son go free from punishment; and the granting of a pardon was God love and power, which more than all else leads us on to Him.

If God had made man perfectly good, and there was no wrong in him, there would be no opportunity for the development of the moral character, and man would be a moral innocent and an imbecile. The speaker took the ground that every man and every woman is placed in a sort of garden of Eden, which was made for their use and enjoyment. The only limitation placed upon them was that they were not to eat of the tree of sin. While the power is given to eat a command not to eat is also given. All this is marvelous freedom. The great love of God is further evidenced by His going out through Jesus Christ to meet the lost ones and reclaim them. God is always trying to reveal himself to man, but does not always succeed, not because of His own limitation but because of human limitation.

The speaker said he cared but little for the theory of Christ's work provided this work was acceptable. "I am a Congregationalist myself," said he, "but it makes little difference to me whether others are or not, so long as they are of the body of Christ and acknowledge themselves as children of God by adoption." The sermon was well received and much favorable comment made upon it and upon Mr. Thwing's appearance. He is a man above average height, of commanding and pleasing appearance, and would shine as a bright light anywhere. His face denotes firmness to a remarkable degree, and his whole appearance betokens just such a man as will fill acceptably the pulpit of any church.

FOOTLIGHTS IN THE HEAT.

A Midsummer Bill of Fare for the Current Week.

At the Pence this week "Six Degrees of Crime," a melo-drama of an interesting nature, will hold the boards the first three nights, and "My Partner" will be presented the latter half. The last-named play is too well known to need especial mention. The company played to good houses last week, and Miss Marie Wellesley, who took the title role in "Jack Shepperd," was warmly applauded for her fine acting.

The Comique continues to draw good houses and will no doubt be filled every night this week. The variety company, which holds forth there for the next six days, is a good one and contains several artists of more or less merit. One of the attractions will be Prof. Moor and his troupe of eleven trained dogs.

At the Casino, formerly the Leland rink, a light comedy company will appear about the middle of the week. The rink has thus far proved a "Jonah" to almost every company that has played there, but the managers of the new company declare that they are not going to let a simple little thing like that disturb them.

On Aug. 23, the same day on which the Exposition building opens, the Grand opera house will open with Sol. Smith Russell's great play, "Felix McKusick."

"The Mirror of Ireland" will occupy the upper stage at the dime museum the coming week, while on the lower stage the comedy of "Fun on the Bristol" will be presented to large and admiring audiences. The list of curiosities is larger than ever.

THE POLICE PICNIC.

The City Guardians and Their Families to Go to Minnetonka.

The time for the annual policemen's picnic is near at hand. Last evening the night patrol held meetings at 6 o'clock in the four station houses and appointed the following members of the joint committee on arrangements: First precinct, James Howard; Second precinct, Patrick Hurley, Third precinct, Ed Grace; Fourth precinct, Dan Day. The day patrol will this morning also appoint a member of the committee from each precinct. The picnic will be held at Minnetonka as usual and will probably take place Wednesday, Aug 11. The motor line has offered free transportation, and a steamer is to be chartered for the occasion. The mayor and members of the council, with their families, will be invited guests.

ALL SORTS.

Minneapolis Man—St. Paul ain't much of a place, nohow.

St. Paul Man—Thet's so.

M. M.—Ain't got mor'n 50,000 folks down thar.

St. P. M.—Gol darn me ef you ain't right.

M. M.—No big church in the hull town.

St. P. M.—Nary.

M. M.—No decent school house.

St. P. M.—Not one.

M. M.—Ignorant folks you all is.

St. P. M.—We don't know a heap, thet's fact.

M. M.—An' we uns base ball nine kin wallop the everlastin' spots off' yer measly club.

St. P. M.—Say, you're gittin' insultin'. Come outside. I don't care much about the town, but when you run down our base ball club, there's got to be a fight. You hear me. —Adapted for the occasion.

Men of genius have always been looked upon as poor penmen, and not without cause. There was Horace Greeley, he who advised young men to go West, and others too numerous to mention. As a further instance it may be said that Rev. Mr. Thwing's writing resembles to some extent a lot of Chinese characters, all jumbled into a heap. The lines are about one-eighth of an inch apart, and the letters are composed of a lot of little marks which not one printer in 500 could read. The climate of Minnesota may work a change, however.

The Tribune was green and yellow in spots yesterday with bile and malice.

It was very unkind of Mr. Clough to criticise the mayor in his absence. Just suppose some one should turn about and criticise Mr. Clough's original methods of administering parliamentary law in the council. How wide a swarth he could cut!

The West hotel has given out how many guests it had last year. The Ryan may now come in and go it one better. He counts largest who counts last.

It has been remarked that, since his declination, Hon. Ole Fletcher is still as active as ever.

Col. C. W. Johnson says he is for Gilfillan. Yes, the people—and especially Mr. Fletcher—have not forgotten it was principally the fine Roman hand of Col. Charley which switched the last convention Gilfillanwards.

When he so savagely attacked the mayor on the Sunday base ball games, the reverend editor of the Tribune did not know Mayor Ames was absent. The Tribune never lets its editorial hand know what its reportorial hand doeth. In its excitement the Tribune forgets it gave its readers the same kind of rot last spring, and the result was a change of 13,000 votes in favor of the man it maligned.

It is barely possible there will be music when Mayor Ames returns. While the lion is absent the wolves are snapping.

President Small should give a ride or two to some of those fellows who are snarling at the motor. Any one of them can be bought for a ride. And when he has done that he should put cinder arresters on the engines and everybody will be happy.

It is somewhat amusing to see a certain paper in one paragraph proclaim Minneapolis the most disgusting and disgraceful hole in creation, and filled with thieves and thugs, and in the next paragraph invite the world to come here and see the Exposition and view the finest city on earth. This grandmother paper is probably doing the Exposition more harm than the city, though, fortunately, it is never heard outside of Minneapolis, while in the city it is only smiled at.

When Mr. Bletheu gave the usual Saturday night order to "roast the administration," it probably did not refer to Ald. Clough. The little lumberman doubtless finds Ames' shoes very large for him.

The Paris-Murton Picnic.

The employes of Paris, Murton & Co. gave a picnic at Lake Harriet, on Saturday that was largely attendee and proved entirely enjoyable. A feature of the day was a number of contests in which the ladies participated. The first was a sack race, participated in by Misses Mary Bartley, Dora Miller, Libbie Jessup, Minnie Miller, Emma Wilson, Pearl Wilson and Carrie Jackson. The first prize, a gold watch, was won by Miss Mary Bartley, and the second, a pair of bracelets, by Miss Dora Miller. Miss Jessup carried off the third prize, a hammock. An exciting tug of war was participated in by teams headed respectively by Harry Jessup and P. J. Bolland. The latter's team won the $5 prize. John Herkheimer and Harry Jessup ran a one-hundred yard foot race, latter winning by two feet. P. J. Bolland and John Schoerstrom swam across the lake, Bolland reaching the opposite shore first. Harry Jessup and Miss Mary Bartley ran a foot race, the former running backward, but the lady was easily the victor. There were several other games and general enjoyment prevailed to the close of a day pronounced a perfect success.

The Execrable Triplex Service.

The mail, telegraph and express service between Minneapolis and St. Paul is simply execrable, and it has become a matter of curious wonderment to ascertain which of the three is worst. The other day an incident occurred which admirably served to illustrate this deficiency of service. A sum of money was due in Minneapolis at 2 p. m. on a certain day and was sent by express from St. Paul on the morning of that day. The express receipt was sent to the consignee at Minneapolis by special delivery letter and at the same time a dispatch was sent him, informing him of the transmission of the money. At 3 o'clock the Minneapolis man had heard nothing and received nothing and took the train for St. Paul to learn the cause. At 3:10 the dispatch was delivered, at 4:30 along came the special delivery letter, and at 6 o'clock the express package was announced. This triplex service "goes this way awhile and then gets worse."

He Wants to Know.

To the Editor of the Globe:

As a citizen of Minneapolis and one of the neighbors of Mrs. Ellis, I would like to ask of the municipal authorities of this city if it is the right and humane way to do to arrest the mother of three small children (one of which is nothing more than a mere babe who cannot talk) and pass a sentence upon her for thirty days in the county jail and leave the small children without a way of getting a crust of bread and in the care of a brutal father who does not even care for them? I would like to ask them if they have the right to pass such a punishment, and if the authorities are not under obligations to care for those children, who are now living upon what the neighbors give them. Hoping this will find a place in your valuable paper and that justice will be done to these suffering, innocent children, I remain, yours respectfully, JOHN E. UNSGAARD.

Minneapolis, July 25.

Does Boycotting Pay?

The statistics that are being gathered in Minnesota and the Northwest for the United States bureau of labor embrace a period from '81 to '86, and inquiries are to be made with especial reference as to the duration of strikes and lockouts, the method of settlement, the effect upon wages and employment, hours of labor, wage loss of employes, loss or gain to employers, etc. The agents are also instructed to make inquiries concerning disturbances, destruction of property, boycotts, establishment of new labor or manufacturers' associations, or strengthening of existing ones, and other results affecting favorably or unfavorably social, moral and industrial conditions. The point of the entire investigation seems to amount to the simple question—Does boycotting pay?

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The library board will meet this week, but the fine building progresses in spite of it.

A special meeting of the Head Millers' association is called for to-morrow evening.

There will be no lack of sports this week and the most fastidious gentleman may be satisfied.

Bids for inclosing the public library building will be submitted at the next regular meeting of the board.

A. F. Foster has been elected delegate to the American Bar association, which meets in Saratoga next month.

This afternoon the Prohibition city committee will meet at the rooms of the produce exchange, 248 Hennepin avenue.

At the meeting of the stationary engineers Saturday evening J. C. Robertson, J. S. Stephens and A. Harvey were admitted to membership.

It is intimated the stone arch bridge difficulty will certainly be settled this week. It is nearly as difficult to settle the dispute as to build the bridge.

Aug. 18, 19 and 20 the Society of the American Florists will meet in Philadelphia. All who intend to attend will notify R. J. Mendenhall, vice-president of the American florists.

Mrs. Hannah Midleton, residing at the St. Louis hotel, died Saturday night of inflammation of the bowels. She leaves a family of eleven children. The funeral will take place this morning at 11 o'clock.

The mind reading seance to have been held ag the Press club rooms last evening was postponed on account of Mrs. Seymour's unavoidable absence. An effort will be made to give the entertainment later on.

Martin Layman, proprietor of Layman cemetery, died at his residence, 2129 Cedar avenue south yesterday, of paralysis. He had been ailing some time and his death was not unexpected. He leaves a small family.

To-morrow afternoon the city council committee on ways and means will open proposals for the purchase of the $155,000 city bonds recently offered for sale. The railroad committee will meet at the same time.

Detective Quinlan was handed a check for $100 yesterday, upon which Brown Bros. had advanced one F. J. Collins $5 on. The check was ascertained to be bogus and the detective is now in search of Collins, who is well known.

At the church on the corner of Lyndale and Eleventh avenues yesterday afternoon a grand rally of the Catholic Total Abstinence societies in the city was held. Addresses were made by Rev. Father James McGolrick, J. R. Corrigan and others.

Detective Quinlan states that it was he who worked up the case against E. E. Jones, arrested for horse-stealing, and that Detective King only made the arrest when the man was brought to the city hall. A contest over the $200 reward offered is likely to follow.

Joseph B. Smith, aged 45, died at his home on the island Saturday night of consumption. For twenty-five years past Mr. Smith has occupied a stand at the east end of the suspension bridge, and has there dispensed peanuts to the hungry. He has been a resident of Minneapolis for twenty-seven years and was one of the best known men in the city.

MINNEAPOLIS PERSONALS.

F. N. Merrill of Mankato is in the city.

Dr. C. M. Holloway of Cincinnati is at the West.

Henry Root of San Francisco is at the Nicollet.

Guillermo Halst of Costa Rica is at the Nicollet.

George F. Sparks of Fort Smith, Ark., is at the West.

Dr. S. F. Clements of Faribault was in the city yesterday.

Hon. F. L. Frisby, attorney general of Wisconsin, is visiting in the city.

C. E. Bush, a capitalist of Oswell, Vt., who has large Minnesota investments, is at the West.

David Davis and the Drop Game.

Rochester Post-Express.

One of the late Judge Davis' friends now residing in Washington tells a new story of the great jurist which is entirely characteristic: A confidence man, thinking that Mr. Davis was something of a greenhorn, stepped up to him while he was in a bank one day depositing a large sum of money, and dropping a $5 note on the floor nudged the justice in the side with his elbow and whispered: "You've dropped something." "All right," quietly remarked Mr. Davis, who knew a thing or two about the gentry to which his officious friend belonged; "I'll take care of it." With that he planted his ponderous foot and whole weight on the note, while he handed in his deposit. That done, he leisurely asked the confidence man to pick the note up for him. The latter could not but grant the request. It was with a twinkle in his eye that it disappeared in Judge Davis' pocket to find its way on the following day into the treasury of some charitable institution.

How Thieves Work in Paris.

Paris Morning News.

Mme. Ledru-Rollin's house at No. 15 Rue Fortuny was entered by burglars during the night of Saturday. The burglars must have had a van handy, as they almost stripped the place; works of art, paintings, silver and small pieces of furniture having been carried off. Mme. Ledru-Rollin was was away from home, and a valet who slept on the premises heard nothing.

SOME SURE-THING MEN.

Clever "Hold Out" Devices in the Poker Line—A Thing of Straps and Steel Springs.

Raking in the Wealth of a Country Town--How Eat-'Em-Up Thomas Came to Grief.

The Bold and Dashing Play of Cuff Simms -- From Poker to Faro.

"A man is an infernal fool to play poker anywhere," said a well-known sport and politician the other evening, "but he is a gilt-edged idiot to play a game in a card-room or anywhere else where Tom, Dick and Harry may take a hand. There are card sharpers who make a business of worming themselves into the confidence of some responsible club man for the simple purpose of being introduced into the club, there to 'fleece' the 'suckers,' who never suspect they are playing against a 'cross-roader.' I have even known a card-sharp of good address, to start a business in a country town and join a church that he might be able in the course of six months to get in with a quiet little game in which the best merchants of the town and several of the church deacons were interested."

"How did he come out?"

"Oh, he skinned the party out of a cool six thousand in the course of a few days and then he quietly disappeared, while the losers gave Hail Columbia to the unsuspecting old duffer who had been the means of his introduction to the party. At the same time the old man was innocent, for he had been completely deceived by the gambler, who was posing as a well-to-do merchant with a love for a quiet little game of draw. And a very clever, 'sure-thing' man he was, too."

"Supposing you enlighten me a little on this 'sure-thing' business. How is it worked?"

"There are any number of devices for enabling a clever man to win at poker, which is, of course, the favorite short-card game; but it has to be a clever man with lots of nerve to play without detection in a party of poker lovers, among whom there are usually at least two o d heads who are on the lookout for anything of a crooked nature."

"Am I to understand that mechanical devices are used by these gentlemen to whom you delicately refer as 'sure-thing men?'"

"Certainly. They are known to the profession as 'hold-outs,' and there are any number of forms in which they are made. Only the other day a Hebrew sport here came to me and showed me what I consider the most ingenius thing in his line I ever saw. It consisted of a combination of levers made of thin band steel and terminating in an arrangement looking like a pair of scissor handles, to which is attached a lattice work of steel so arranged that when the handles are brought together the lattice work extends for twelve of fifteen inches. It is a good deal like the lazy-scissors some ladies use, and very like the wooden toy sold on the streets that may be elongated for several feet and carries on the extreme end a mouse. Well, this hold-out is adjusted with a system of straps and is put on under one's clothes. The scissor-like extension arrangemet lies along the inside of the left arm, while the long flexible levers are made to fit closely to the left side of the body down to the thigh. Here a rubber band is fixed to be placed about the legs. Spreading the knees slightly acts through the levers to the extension device, which is thrust down the sleeve and carries at its lower end a pair of small clips.

"Now, supposing the wearer of this is sitting in a game and gets his hands on any desirable card. He spreads his legs slightly and down comes the little clips. Into one of these he cautiously tucks the desired cards, and then, letting his legs move together, the arrangement disappears with the cards up his sleeve. Let us suppose that he has held out a pair of kings. Presently he gets a hand containing two kings. He discards the three other cards and calls for three in the draw. When he gets them he makes the clips appear, takes from them the kings he has been holding out, and puts in their place two of the cards he drew, which are pulled out of sight up the sleeve. O, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and he will sell it dirt cheap—$500 cash. Why, I could make $50,000 if I were in that business now, but I ain't," and here he sighed as he let his fancy run back over the days when he was in that sort of thing.

"What else is there in 'hold-out' devices?" queried the reporter as the old sport ended his reverie with a snort.

"Well, there's an arrangement on somewhat the same principle as this last one, that works out from beneath the lapel of a vest and is intended to be used when playing in shirt sleeves. That is worked by pressure on the sides with the elbows. Then there is what is known as the cuff hold-out. The operator wears large cuffs, the right one being lined with a soft material that prevents the cards rustling as they are slipped up until wanted. The most daring man I ever knew who used this style of hold-out was known as 'Cuff' Simms. He had more nerve than is usually allotted to card players, and he made a fortune out of his trickery which was promptly played into the bank—faro, you know.

"He used to work it slick," continued the veteran, as his eyes sparkled at the recollection; "he would always sit with his chips to his left, pretty well one to one side. He would hold his cards in his left hand, which would carelessly drop into his lap. Then he would slide his right across in front of him toward the pile of chips on the left, and, as he musingly remarked, "Well, I guess I'll go that about fifty better, he would rapidly and dextrously exchange cards of a low value from his hand for those of higher value that he had put away in his cuff, and then he came pretty near holding a winning hand. He always had some one in with him at the table to help him out in case a new pack were suddenly called for. In that case, the confederate would say to the man who called for a new pack: 'Just let me look at them a minute,' and after running them through he would remark: 'I would have filled that time sure,' or something that, and then throw the cards down in front of Simms, who would thus obtain the desired opportunity to get rid of any he might have been holding out at that moment. He was a very nervy fellow, and the entrance of a stranger into the game never caused him to let up for a minute, as one might expect a cautious man to do. He worked it right along, and to this total indifference and boldness much of his success was due."

"Are they ever caught at it?"

"Sometimes, but not when they are real clever. Then there is the 'bug' by which cards are held out under the edge of the table, and some of the boys simply hold out in their laps. Then, too, there are any number of tricks for dealing oneself desirable cards. It is a comparatively easy matter to mark all the higher cards with the nail, or with a small steel point carried under the nail of the first finger. This marking will indicate not only the value of the card but the suit, and, while practically invisible to the average player, can be read across the table by an expert. Supposing I have marked the cards from jacks up and I am dealing. I come along to a king that I want, and which, if fairly dealt, would fall to someone else. I slip it slightly downward by a little movement of the thumb, and deal from below it until I come to myself, when I deal it fairly. This is known as 'dealing seconds' and is a very valuable thing for a card-player to be able to work nicely. Then if he is able to deal cleverly from the bottom and 'slip the cut,' he is in good shape to hold his own against almost anybody."

"Do the 'sure thing' men ever get left?"

"Not very often. I remember a while ago, however, that Kirk Gunn, Cy James and a chap known by the suggestive name of Eat-em-up Thomas was sitting in a game with a bang up poker player who is interested in a lace house here. He had lots of stuff, and they were playing a pretty stiff game. Eat em-up was dealing on a jack pot and dealt the lace man three eights pat, being careful to help himself to three nines. The lace man, as was expected, opened, and there were raises enough to get $1,000 on the table before the draw. Then the lace man called for two cards, and the dealer had it fixed to give him a pair of aces while he drew a pair of trays. There was some lively betting, and when the pot had been built up to $3,000 or so Eat-em-up thought he had enough and called. The lace man laid down four little eights and an ace, and raked in the pile while Eat-em-up groaned and mentally cursed the luck that got an ace and an eight into the sucker's hand instead of two aces."

"I should think that a few years' work with a sure-thing device would enable the operator to retire from business for good. How is that?"

The old sport smiled a dismal sort of smile and said: "My dear, dear boy, there has been many a fortune made on 'hold-outs' and things of that sort, but I never saw the gambler who won at poker who did not hie him straightway to a faro-bank and blow in every blessed dollar of it. They can't keep it, they can't keep it."

"Why don't they invest in some of these ingenious contrivances and set out to make a fortune and keep it?"

"I don't want a sure-thing device in mine, but I would give right smart little bit of money for something that would tell me when anybody is springing a 'hold-out' on me. That's all I want, and if I can get that I'll hold my own against any game in the world."—Chicago Tribune.

"DEAD ROSES."

Why Hon William M. Springer Always Wears a Rose in His Buttonhole.

Washington Critic.

Hon. William M. Springer of Illinois always wears in his buttonhole a beautiful rose. Sometimes it is but a bud, again it is the full blown flower, as if the man marked the anticipations of to-day and the fruitions of yesterday by this voiceless but speaking symbol. Yet, few know the cause of this man's faithfulness to the queen of flowers. Listen, then. Many years ago, when Mr. Springer was only a college freshman, whose eyes were filled with the beauty of the world, but whose soul was saddened by the knowledge that all life is fleeting and man was born only to die, he wrote a poem in a minor key whose music was as tears falling upon tender heart-strings, and this poem he called "Dead Roses." The editor of the village paper knew Mr. Springer's family, and, pleased with the young student's effort to crown himself with bays and laurel, he accepted the poem, and the lad went to his room thinking of the glorious golden future, whose doors were opening before him on noiseless hinges. He had never written for the press before, and in his youthful innocence he trusted all with the editor and waited with poetic longing for the paper to appear which would introduce him to fame and teach the world in its age what he had learned so young. It was Wednesday, a beautiful day in June, when the sun kissed the flowers in field and in fen, that the young poet went to the office for the paper. It was there, cold and still, and expressionless, but pregnant with thought and feeling when the creative spirit should touch it into being. With a throbbing heart he took the lifeless sheet in his trembling hands and eagerly he scanned its pages, seeking the most remote positions first, that he might enjoy to the full the search for his treasure. At last he found it—on the first page, standing fourth bold as a beacon light, and, as the tears streamed from his eyes, he bowed his head and kissed his soul's offspring, sleeping there in its cradle of type. Then he brushed the joyful tears away and looked again to read. Horrors upon horrors! what does he see? "Dead Roses?" Ah, no! The fiendish hand of the intelligent compositor has done its cruel work, and there, staring in huge black letters, the sensitive youth found the words, "Dead Horses." With a piteous moan he flung the hated thing aside, and, steeling his heart against the Muse, he gave up poesy forever and went into politics. But the "Dead Roses" are not forgotten, and in remembrance of them Mr. Springer each day wears a rose in his buttonhole.

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Young Housekeeper—"Very well. You may send me a hindquarter of liver."

Nothing New at the Hub.

New York Sun.

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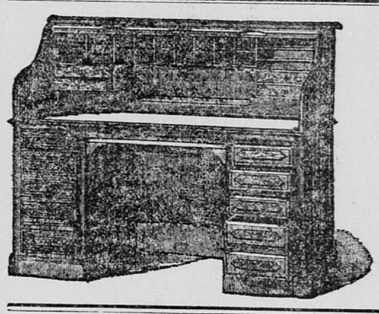

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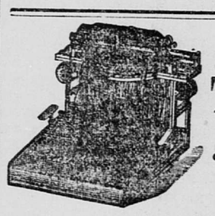

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