

# FATAL FORTUNE

BY BARRY PAIN.

"What I maintain," said the man who was still young enough to be at work on the revision and improvement of the world—"what I maintain is that the point for the king at ecarte is the ruin of the game. Here is a fine intellectual exercise, and you ruin it by bringing into it a mere chance. It is all very well to make your game by skill and well enough to make it by tossing a penny, but I cannot see the sense of mixing the two."

"You think so," said the philosopher. "I fear I can't agree with you. Ecarte is a close reflection of real life. There lies its charm. In real life skill tells, but chance is the capricious and insuperable power."

"I know all that," said the young man peevishly, "and I agree with you that in the perfect game one must have the element of chance. But it is there already in ecarte. You have to take the cards that the chances of the deal give you. To give an entire point to the king as well is to make the preponderance of chance outrageous."

"I disagree with you in toto," said the philosopher. But before he could marshal and display his arguments he was interrupted by an old man who looked faded and shrunken and melancholy.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "but I could not avoid overhearing the topic of your conversation. It is one of peculiar interest to me, for it is to the king at ecarte that I owe my ruin."

"Most interesting, sir," said the young man. "It entirely confirms what I said. Skill is powerless against it."

"I don't think you quite understand," said the old man. "I was not ruined because the other man held the king, but because I held it myself."

"Then I'm afraid I can't follow you," said the philosopher. "There wasn't any shaft to it, so I just turned ole Dobbin loose an tried to pull it. But I couldn't get it along that way, so I pushed it, but the blame thing wobbled all over the road, so that I am smack out of breath."

"I didn't buy that thing!" exclaimed Mr. Flippin exasperatedly. "I bought a nice phaeton, with a lazy back, cushioned seat an nice top an curtains. Who ever saw such a thing as this—no shafts, no top. An look at them little ole seats, not large enough for a baby, an injure rubber tires. What is the thing made for anyhow?"

"The agent called it a duplex bi-sunthin; said he wondered at you all gittin the thing." John offered by way of explanation.

"Well, I won't have it!" snapped the disappointed farmer. "I'll sen' it right back an then write a letter an let 'em know that they can't swindle me in any such manner."

Hurrying to the house, he returned in a few minutes with pen and ink and erased his name and address from the shipping tag, on the opposite of which he wrote the name and address of the phaeton factory. John then wobbled the machine back to the express office, and Farmer Flippin that night went to bed in anything but a pleasant frame of mind.

The following day a carriage drew up in front of Mr. Flippin's, and there alighted from it a handsome young man of 24 and a beautiful little woman some three years his junior.

"You can't guess who we are?" said the gentleman to Mr. Flippin, who met them at the door.

"I don't believe I can," was the reply. "Who be you, anyway?"

"Well," answered the gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I am your nephew, John Darrell, whom you have not seen since he was a little boy, and this, Uncle Samuel, is my wife. We are on our bridal tour through the south and thought we would come and spend a week or two with you and Aunt Milly."

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul! But I am glad to see you—both of you. Sis Jennie's John! How you have grown!" And the old gentleman warmly shook both hands of his nephew at the same time, kissed his new niece and then called lustily for Aunt Milly. No one ever received a more cordial welcome than was accorded the happy bride and groom by Mr. Flippin and his wife.

The following morning at the breakfast table Mr. Darrell said:

"Uncle Sam, I shipped our duplex bicycle to you several days ago, and if you don't care I would like for your hired man to go to the express office and bring it over. We have carried it everywhere with us and have had some splendid times together upon it."

"Did the blame thing have four little ole wheels with injure rubber tires an two little ole seats?" asked Uncle Samuel interestedly.

"Yes, that's it," smiled Mr. Darrell. "Well, my dear John, I hate to tell you, but that funny looking contraption is now in New Orleans, or at least on the way. I ordered a phaeton from a dealer there, an when that thing come I thought they had tried to put it off on me for a phaeton, so I sent it right back. It was the dagdumdest looking thing I ever saw in all of my born days."

Then John Darrell and his wife laughed until their sides ached, and Uncle Sam and Aunt Milly good naturedly enjoyed their mirth.—Sunny South.

**Dreams of the Blind.**  
From the fifth to the seventh year is the critical period in the education of the visual center in the brain. Persons who have lost their sight before this period soon lose their power of seeing in dreams, while in those who become blind after the seventh year the power of vision is so firmly established in the brain that it is retained in dreams for many years or even throughout life.—Professor Jastron's Psychology.

**Crossed Legs.**  
Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged.

When at work in a sitting posture, the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands.

# FARMER FLIPPIN'S PHAETON

BY JONAS JUTTON.

Samuel Flippin walked impatiently into the kitchen, where his wife was still busy with her Sunday cooking, and, taking a seat near the open window, gazed wistfully down the road.

"Are you lookin for anyone, Samuel?" asked Mrs. Flippin, following his gaze down the dusty roadway.

"Why, certainly not, Milly. What put that idea in your head?"

"I jus' see you keep lookin an lookin, an I thought maybe you was lookin for somebody you was expectin."

"No, I was jus' merely lookin at that purty wheatfield over yonder. Be gosh dinged!" he cried, springing from his seat. "Here comes ole Dobbin, pokin along with his harness on. I hope to heaven he hasn't run away an broke!"

"Broke what, Samuel?" exclaimed Mrs. Flippin, sharing her husband's alarm.

"The hack, of course," answered the husband uneasily. "Hello! Yonder comes John, pushin sumthin alone the road. What the dickens is the matter?"

Both started hurriedly for the lot gate, where Dobbin patiently awaited to be turned in. John soon came puffing up, pushing the queerest machine either of them had ever seen before.

"What in the world is that?" asked husband and wife together.

"Blame if I know unless it's your"—replied the hired man, looking askance at his master.

"I can't keep it from you any longer, Milly," said the farmer in a tone now full of disappointment. "I sent las' week for that phaeton we saw advertised in the cat-catalogue an sent John to town after it, an this is the thing he has brought back."

"An a time I had gittin it here!" put in John. "There wasn't any shafts to it, so I jus' turned ole Dobbin loose an tried to pull it. But I couldn't get it along that way, so I pushed it, but the blame thing wobbled all over the road, so that I am smack out of breath."

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7:25 am	7:35 pm	Ar. Atlanta (C. of G.)	Lv	8:00 am	9:00 pm
1:00 pm	12:30 am	Ar. Chattanooga (W. & A.)	Lv	4:05 am	3:00 pm
5:55 pm	5:35 am	Ar. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Lv	10:55 pm	9:00 am
3:25 am	7:24 pm	Ar. St. Louis (I. C.)	Lv	8:36 am	10:15 pm
7:25 pm	7:00 am	Ar. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Ar	8:35 pm	9:05 am
1:47 pm	12:10 pm	Lv. Martin (I. C.)	Ar	2:55 pm	5:15 am
10:50 am	10:50 am	Ar. Chicago (I. C.)	Lv	8:10 am	8:10 pm
7:30 pm	5:48 am	Lv. Nashville (L. & N.)	Ar	10:42 pm	8:30 am
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