TROUBLES. BOWSERS'

"We'l, by George!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he sat reading his paper the other evening, "but they served that man just right!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Man and wife in Indiana sat down to a game of poker at their own fireside, and because she won a dollar of him, he broke her neck. The people gathered and pulled him up to a limb, and the coroner wouldn't even hold an inquest on the body. Isn't it queer how some husbands act?"

"Y-es," replied Mrs. Bowser, looking anxiously around for an excuse to leave the room.

"The idea that he should break hen neck because she held the best hand! Hanging was too good for him. I was wishing only this afternoon that you knew how to play poker."

"I-I do," replied Mrs. Bowser, though she bit her tongue the next instant for her foolishness.

"You do! Why, I didn't suppose you ever saw a poker chip. Been learning to gamble without dropping me a hint, eh? Just laying low to give me a surprise party?"

Mrs. Bowser should never have admitted that she had even heard of the game of poker. There had been a family row because she beat Mr. Bowser at fox and geese-another because she got the best of him at chechersregular riot because she laid him out at euchre. She should have gone upstairs or downstairs for ten minutes and let the matter pass out of his mind. While she was lamenting her bad diplomacy, Mr. Bowser got up, with a beaming smile on his face, and exclaimed :-

"We'l, what luck! I've got a pack of cards and a box of poker chips on the hall tree. I thought I might drop over and beat Taylor out of \$15 or \$20, but as I came in he said he wouldn't be home this evening. We'll just have a little game all by ourselves."

"I-don't feel well this evening!" stammered Mrs. Bowser.

"O-ho! I see! Afraid to play against me, eh! That little excuse won't go down, however. You said you knew how to play poker, and so we will have a game. Clear off the table and get ready."

"Really, Mr. Bowser, but my head

"Your head is all right, and pretty near level. I don't expect you can play for shucks, but we'll have a little fun out of it."

It was now too late for Mrs. Bowser to get out of it, unless the house And she call'd me "noble Billy," caught fire, and they drew up to the table, each took a dollar's worth of I bawl'd out soft and silly chips, and, as Mr. Bowser dealt the And blubber'd in her lap. cards, he asked:-

"Shall we have any limit on this She strok'd me till I fell asleep game ?" "I don't care," she replied.

"Very well. We can bet the extent of our pike. Ante upablue chip, and we'll make 'em all jack-pots. You must have jacks or better to open on. Can you open ?" "I can."

"You can, eh? That's rather curi-Want three cards, eh? And I'll take one. What do you bet?" "Two blue chips."

"You do, eh? Didn't you see that | And a buntin' Billy-goat, drew only one card. Aren't you a four flush or straight or two pairs & This is no baby game, Mrs. Bowser!" . "I'll raise it four blue chips!" she replied.

'Well," he said, after glancing at her for half a minute. "You can take | Then each wild porker pok'd his snout the pot, but look out for me! I could have raked in the coin, but I'll wait | And tumbl'd me and granny out and drop you with a cold thud. I pass."

"I can open it again," she said. "You can? Well, it takes a fool for luck they say. I want two cards this time. Ah-ha! Mrs. Bowser, I bet five blue chips!"

"And I raise you my pile." "What! You raise me?" he shouted. "Couldn't you tell by my draw that I held up threes, and isn't it likely that I caught one more of the same kind? You don't seem to know the game?" "Nevertheless, I raise you," she

But how can you do it? You don't think you are playing jackstraws, do you? As you are a woman, I'll give Then all at onct, you'll hardly think you a chance to back down-just this one chance."

"I don't want it." "Then take the consequences! There's my hand-three aces! I rake "Hold on. Mr. Bowser-I have a

full house—see!" "Woman !" he exclaimed in a whisper, as he laid down the cards, "do you realize what you are doing? Even though this is a family game, with no That float so feathery and so fast money up you ought to be ashamed to cheat."

"Why-how did I cheat?" she asked. "Never you mind, but if you do it again, this game will out short off. Their feet a keepin' time as pat You never could have got that hand in this living world without skull duggery. I'll take another dollar's worth You've seen them crimson colors when of chips and go on, but I want honest playing. It's my deal. What do you

"But I don't. Drawing to fill a flush, are you? Well, I'll take three and make a full house of it. Ah-um! Now look out for me, I bet four chips." "I see 'em, and raise you four more."

"What, you raise me when you ought to know that I've got a full house! You can't do it, Mrs. Bow- | Hid ev'rythin' except the flow'rs, er-you can't do it." "How do I know that you've got a

full house f" "How do you know that this world The flow'rs got a face; is round instead of flat? You raise Then, stead of flow'rs, angels sat me, do you? Well, I see the raise, and bet the rest of my pite. If you don't know the game you must take the consequences."

"I call you, Mr. Bowser." "You do? How can you call me?" And sounded like a band.

"It's the game, of course. Let's see your hand. "Never, Mrs. Bowser-never! You have no right to call a full house !"

"But I've got four aces!"
"Four aces! Four aces! Mrs. Bowser, you hooked at least three of 'em out of the pack when I turned my head to look at the cat!" "How foolish, Mr. Bowser! I simply had luck. Perhaps luck will come to you this time. What's the mat-

"There is nothing the matter, Mrs. Bowser," he said as he pushed back and rose up, "nothing at all! I simply sit down in my own house to play poker with my own wife. She resorts to gambling tactics to beat me. It remains for me to put on my hat

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Bowser!" "And go down to the club and finish the game. I may not return home until near morning, and-"

"How like a boy!" "And I wish you good evening, Mrs. Bowser, and you can call the cook upstairs and cheat and lie and deceive and beat her out of a month's wages!"

NOBLE BILLY'S XMAS. DREAM. (A Recitation.)

Please, doctor, please to come and see, This merry Xmas day, Why granny stares so still at me, And haint a word to say!

We lives down yender where the waves Comes howlin' up the shore, And rants and roars and rips and

And won't tell what it's for. We haint so stylish as folks thinks, No matter what they says, For heaps of snow sleets through the

chinks These windy winter days.

And then we don't get "stacks" Although there's lots to drink, But too much water and no meat Keeps granny thin, I think.

Still Granny's game and never cries For little things like that; She only hangs her head and sighs, Till I feel mighty flat.

For I love her wrinkly for'ud, And what's left of her hair; And when I sees her bother'd, It's more en I can bare.

Last night the man came for the rent, It war'nt very much; He left with granny's last red cent, And poor dead grandpa's watch!

Then granny seem'd to kind of faint, Lands, how she hung her head, Then, lookin' up just like a saint, She smil'd at me and said,

"Oh, Billy, boy, I'm goin' far, Yes, very far away, Beyond the highest twinkle star, To spend my Xmas day."

She said a heap of real good things, 'Bout flow'rs, and figs, and dates, And love, and peace, and angel's wings, And shinin' golden gates.

But like a great big "sap,"

And last of all I mind, Her kissin' me slap on the cheek; For she was orful kind.

And in the night I dream'd a dream, It warn't nothin' bad, Ter frighten yer or make yer scream, It rather made me glad.

I dreamt that me and Granny Griegs Was sailin' in a boat, When all at onct two big, wild pigs

player enough to know that I held up | Came skitin' down the river bank, And in the water flopp'd; Lands, how that goat did buck and yank, And how that river chopp'd!

> In under that boat's keel; Just like as it was real.

Then just as we were goin' to sink, Them very same wild hogs, As quick as you could say "twink, twink." Turn'd into two black dogs.

And one straight up to granny swam The other steer'd for me, And gentle as a little lamb, Them dogs appear'd to be.

We cuddl'd 'em about the neck, And hang'd with all our might; But, still, they never splash'd a speck And didn't bark or bite.

As how it could be so, They turn'd again as quick as wink To swans as white as snow.

So me and granny clum' right on The middle of their backs, And, lands, you bet we soon got warm The feathers was in "stacks."

You've seen white clouds asailin' past The full moon in the night; And get so full of light.

Well, slicker far than even that Them swans they sail'd along, As if they sing'd a song.

The sun goes down to bed, And all the sea a glitterin' With shaky streaks of red. We'll, somethin' sort of like to that, The river kind o' look'd; As if it was a pearly mat

Laid winding ways and crook'd.

We sail'd along for hours and hours, Till bye and bye the night Which kep on gettin' bright.

Then all at onct, as quick as scat, In ev'ry flower's place.

And, oh, we see'd such fancy things, It seem'd a fairy land,



HANGING UP THE STOCKINGS.

And best of all there grow'd right up A great big Xmas tree, From out a great big candy cup, With suthin' on for me.

And soon an angel holler'd out, "Come forward, William Grieg," But though I pull'd and yank't about, I couldn't move a peg.

That made the angel rippin' mad, and in this book he wrote, That, bein' as I was so bad, I'd have to ride the goat.

Then all at onct the dear old swan Stopp'd toastin' at my toes; And like a bullet from a gun Up in the air I goes.

And down I comes soon afterwards A straddle of a goat; It was the same old piece of goods, That chas'd us in the boat.

And, though it was a dream, It got so hang'd unbearable I waken'd with a scream. But, even then, I didn't feel

He jolted suthin' horrible,

Its more'n I can bear;

As if I was right wise; For granny sat so cold and still, And star'd with both her eyes. And I hates to see her bothur'd,

For I loves her wrinkly for'ud And what's left of her hair. Now, doctor, do please come and see, This merry Xmas day,

Why granny stares so still at me, And haint a word to say!

LONG OR SHORT LIFE.

Physicians Sometimes Able to Decide

One's Fate at a Glance. Dr. W. F. Warner says that every person carries with him the physical indications of his probable term of life. A long-lived person may be distinguished from a short-lived person at can look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die. There are always two main points to be considered, the inherited potentiality and the reactionary influence of environment. Under favorable conditions and environment, the individual should live out the potential longevity. With unfavorable conditions this longevity may be greatly decreased, with a favorable environment the longevity of the person, the family or the race may be increased. The primary conditions of longevity are that heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are in standing. The hand will have a utmost confidence. long and somewhat heavy palm and When the chicks ventured out during vein is not large. This has been obshort fingers. The brain will be the day the Maltese foster-mother act and at a distance of 40ft. The shaft deeply seated, as shown by the orifice companied them. It is told of her that where this strike was made is about of the ear being low. The blue hazel or | if a chick strayed off she would "mew" brown hazel eye, as showing intermis- for it, and that it returned as quickly been sunk on the iron hat, near the sion of temperament, is a favorable in- as for the cluck of a hen. dication. The large, open and free Still another instance is related of a ing Journal. nostril indicates large lungs, a pinched strange friendship among animals, as and half-closed nostril being indicative shown in the case of a terrier and a of small or weak lungs. In the case cat. They were kept in the same stable of persons who have short-lived paren- and both became the mothers of famtage on one side and long-lived on the lilies about the same time. The terrier other, the question becomes more in- evinced a fondness for kittens, and the volved. Ordinary care does much in cat displayed a liking for puppies. Withsuch cases, inusmuch as nature always in a few days they had exchanged famseems to make a supreme effort to pass lilies, the dog taking care of the kittens, the period of the shorter longevity and and the cat adopting the puppies. extend the life to the longer period.

SELF-RESPECT.

Mistress, from the parlor,-Bridget, the front door bell has rung three sister to you. times. Why don't you answer it?

think me that lazy.

LIONESS AND PUPPY

STRANGE FRIEND HIPS EXHIBITED BETWEEN ANIMALS.

They Became Close Allies, Though the Lioness Would Have Nothing to Do With the Other Pupples.

Among the tales of strange friendship existing between different animals there is none more strange than a recent one which seems to indicate that before long the animals which are supposed to have no affinity for each other will be on the best of terms.

As a case in point, an instance is cited where the lioness adopted a bull terrier. This is said to have occurred in Somaliland, where the lioness is kept in captivity. There were a number of bull terrier puppies kept near where the lioness was confined. This puppies got into the habit of going up to the cage. The lioness watched them narrowly while they were about. When they came close to her cage she snarled in a way that frightened the little fellows off.

LIKED THE PUPPY.

It was noticed, however, that to one of the puppies she showed no displeasure whatever, but on the contrary, seemed to fancy having him about. The puppy approached the cage one day, and, after blinking at the lioness for awhile, as if trying to determine if it would be some safe for him to venture further, walked bouldly in.

The big lioness, instead of growling, tative of the Rand Drill Company at manifested her pleasure at the visit of Rossland, is authority for the following the youngster. She put out her huge statistics, showing the extent of the paw and gently drew the puppy in to mining machinery, which has been shipher. The puppy was so delighted with ped into the Trail Creek camp, during sight. In many instances a physician the warmth of his reception that he had the past year; remained with her ever since.

puppy just as if he were a cub of her own, but she will have nothing to do 4 drills; Red Mountain, 7; Crown Point, with his brothers and sisters. They 7; Commander, 4; Columbia and Kootwander about the cage occasionally to enay, 30. In addition to these are many see how he is getting along. She invariably growls at them in such a suggestive manner that they keep at a respectful distance from the cage.

A COMICAL CAT. Another instance of the same general! of chicks. The chicks were not over a trators. couple of days old when the mother The value of the machinery placed in hen was killed. In some way the Mal- the Trail Creek division, Mr. Mendentese ascertained that fact and adopted hill estimates at \$1,250,000. large, the trunk will be long and the the chickens forthwith. She established the men at work in the east shaft limbs comparatively short. The per- herself in the nest, and the little chicks of the California struck the first regular son will appear tall in sitting and short snuggled into her warm fur with the ore vein on October 24th. It is pyritic

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED

Miss Manyseason-No. Mr. Bloom, 1 cannot be your wife, but I will be a Mr. Bloom, youthful adorer,-You are

Bridget, from the kitchen,-Sure very kind, and I know my mother will mum, if Oi opened it the furst ring, like that arrangement. She has often paple wud say Oi did nothing but tind said I would have been a better man you marry me? Where all the harps had golden strings, the dure, an' Oi wudn't have any wan if I had had an elder sister to look after me

the second of the second second

FOUND IN OLD SHIPS.

Valuable and Ghastly Relics Discovered Beneath the Planks of Hulls.

The utilization of apparent waste is well exemplified in the breaking up of ships of various kinds, for every nail and every chip are put aside for sale; but in the case of vessels of considerable tonnage, and especially of very old craft, finds both curious and valuable are by no means rare. An old wooden vessel that was broken up near Greenwich only a few months back revealed a very curious sight when some old planking in the forecastle had been torn down. Here, nailed up, were the two mummified hands of a negro, and in the palm of each hand, and transfixed by the same nails that held the hands, were two counterfeit silver dollars. The hands had been hacked off roughly.

A year or two ago the breaking up of an old schooner near Sheerness brought to light beneath the inner "skin" of the hull quite an elaborate armament of a very old-fashioned kind, including a splendidly made bellmouthed flint-lock musket, the stock being marked with a representation of arm and leg fetters, and the name "Philip Steyne, Boston, Lincolshire." The most curious part of this find was a set of books-a privateer's books evidently-showing the capture of various French vessels.

Tied up in a canvas bag 190 guineas in gold were found a year or two back during the breaking up of an old vessel lying between Birkenhead and New Brighton. With the money were found too, a most curious and unique set of foreign playing cards, some loaded dice, and three magnificent pieces of amber. All these were found in the false bottom of a wooden bunk.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

But even during the breaking up of quite modern vessels which have become wrecks, remarkable finds, particularly relating to smuggling contrivances, are by no means rare. In a portion of a considerable wreck on the south-east coast only the winter before last the ship breakers found, hidden in a part of the engine room, a quantity of valuable jewellery and a number of newspaper clippings and published portraits relating to a murder and robbery at St. Louis, in the United States. The jewellery found was that described in the reports as missing. Two of the men employed in the engine room were drowned in the wreck, but there was no clue to attach either the drowned men or the other engine room hands with the published descriptions and portraits of the murderer. The mystery was never cleared up.

TREASURES EVERYWHERE. The manager of a ship breaker, a man who has been for forty years in the business, could cite hundreds of cases where hiding places for small articles smuggled by officers and men have been found, these being in connection with nearly every part of the hulls broken up, and he produced several articles that has been found by himself

or his men. Many of these were false or duplicate bills of lading, and there were counterfeit foreign coins, a pair of heavy gold earrings with a turquoise in eachprobably stolen by one foreign seaman from another-a hand grenade with a cap to it, an old wig with three small gold nuggets wrapped in it, and many other small trifles.

"At Rotherhithe, some years ago," said he, "in the forepeak of a very old wooden merchantman, we found the skeleton of a lad jammed behind the skin of the vessel. The lad had been a stowaway in all probability."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Statistics From the Trail Creek Districts.

Mr. R. F. Mendenhall, the represen-

Le Roi 40drill' plant; War Eagle, The lioness treats the bull terrier 20 drills; White Bear, 4; Cliff, 4; O.K., 10-stamp mill, 4 drills; City of Spokane, hoisting works and mine machinery. If the Slocan country be included, or

the entire district of West Kootenay be considered in the estimate, these figares will be about doubled, as there are character is told of a Maltese cat that in the Slocan country fully 45 shipconceived a great fondness for a brood ping mines, 3 smelters and 6 concen-

iron with indications of copper. The 1,000 ft., east of the shaft, which has west line .- The Engineering and L'in-

FASTS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

In the Russian army two days a week are observed as fasts-Wednesdays and Fridays-on which days all the soldier gets in the way of food is lentil sour and black bread, and a drink consisting of water in which rye bread has been absorbed.

Title postornali sule mes i la compania IN THE SAME CLASS.

I'm a plain, blunt man, Margaret and can frame no honeyed speeches. Will

I'm a little on the plain, blunt order myself. No!