

YING IT ALONE.



effort was he able to re-expressions of He knew that such restraint was necessary; that, in fact, it would be wise even to look bored, so he brought to bear on his emotions all the power of his will, and, looking up from the lovely hand, he gave a fair imitation of a yawn, and placing two chips on the table said: "Yes, I guess I'll come in, just to keep things going."

The Fall of the Mighty.

A dusky ace on a desk reposed, And haughty and proud was he; While there humbly lay not far away A deuce of low degree. And his royal aculets deigned to shed The light of his regal eyes On the humble deuce in the coat of red, With a look of proud surprise.

Solitaire.

MRS. RUNLUCK—Why weren't you at the what club last night? MRS. BRIDEN—Because Jack said he'd rather stay at home and play solitaire with me.

poor Regy.

MAUD—We're getting up a game of progressive euchre, and are trying to resurrect a few prizes. Haven't you some little trinket or other to contribute? REGY—What's the matter with taking me? MAUD—Oh, we have a booby prize already.

The Reason.

"My husband says that he finds green exceedingly soothing for his eyes." "So does mine. That's why he spends every night at the card table."

No Rouge in hers.

"When was the first straight flush?" "The one Eve had when Adam first kissed her."



"Why do you call him a born chiromanchist?" "He came into the world on Palm Sunday."

He Promised.

"My son," said the dying gambler, "I have but a few hours to live, and before I go I want to ask you to forgive me for gambling away what should now be yours, and to make a promise that—" "Oh, father," interrupted the

young man, "do not make me more unhappy by talking of forgiveness! I have noth-

ing to forgive. You were always good to me, and you could not overcome that one weakness. I can make my own living. Do not let thoughts of my future disturb your last moments."

"My noble boy!" exclaimed the old man. "Well, I won't say anything more about forgiveness, but"—the wan face took on an expression of intense earnestness—"I want you to make me a solemn promise, a promise that you will keep in mind every day of your life, and which you will not break, no matter what temptations may surround you. I cannot repair the injury I have done you. I cannot restore to you the property and the money which should be your inheritance. But, perhaps, by exacting this promise I can save you from the worst of the follies of which I have been guilty. It is a poor sort of reparation, but it is all I have in my power to do."

"I will promise anything," cried the youth, "and you may feel satisfied that I will always be faithful to my promise."

"Promise me, then," gasped the dying gambler, his livid face flushing with excitement, "promise me that never, under any circumstances, no matter what the allurements, the temptations may be—"

"Yes, yes, I promise," the young man interrupted, fearing the effect of the excitement on his father.

"Promise me," continued the dying man, his voice growing strong and piercing for the moment, "promise me solemnly that you will never, never try a bluff on a pair of deuces!"

The promise was given and the gambler died peacefully, if not happily.

Consistent.

JONES—Is Rich a very consistent man? BROWN—Consistent! Well, I should say so. You know he rose from very humble surroundings, and to-day he won't eat bread unless it's made from self-raising flour.

Some Notes on Palmistry;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE HAND. If the hand is surrounded by a large cuff, have the cards counted every two or three deals and look out for hold outs. If the hand have an itching palm, look out for bluffs.

If there is a crook in the second phalanx of the first finger, beware of shooting irons. If the hand is kept continually under the table when not in action, you are warranted in having your suspicions of the owner. If the hand trembles, bluff against the owner as often as possible, and pound him for all you are worth. By doing this you will be able to get even for some of the sorrows of your past life.

If the hand is in the habit of holding bob-tail straights and flushes, congratulate yourself quietly, and do not leave the game until you have all the money.

If, on the other hand, the hand holds royal straights and such things, play very close to your shirt front and leave early, pleading a pressing engagement.

If the hand holds five aces or five cards of any denomination, get out of the game immediately.

If the hand holds a six shooter, agree to anything that the owner proposes. This description of hand is not often found east of the Mississippi, but west of that river it is a favorite of some of our most successful poker players.

No Copper Friends.

"By George, my wife's a queer woman."

"So my wife says."

"KING FULL"



For Does She Not Flush at a Flush.

"Mrs. Bloomer's face is her fortune."

"Why, it is a very plain one."

"That's just it. No one can tell whether she caught the flush or is only bluffing."

Tell Tale Sounds.

The married man who stays out late, To have a little poker, Soon hears his angry wife berate When certain words provoke her; For as he drops in slumber deep His wife, the more's the pity, Will hear him speaking in his sleep Of "lovely hands" and "Kitty."

Women in Finance.

MRS. COBWIGGER—I'm going to draw my money out of the bank, dear, and put it in the one where Minnie keeps her account.

COBWIGGER—Do you think it a safer bank?

MRS. COBWIGGER—There's no comparison. They give you check books with lovely gilt edges.

He Knew Better.

GAYLOR—I'll bet you— NAILOR—I never gamble, sir.

GAYLOR—Beg pardon. I didn't know that you were a minister.

NAILOR—I'm not. I'm a dealer in a faro bank.

Tempting Providence.

CORA—I see that statistics prove that only one out of every ten female college graduates ever gets married.

MERRITT—I guess those figures are right. A man is naturally shy of marrying a woman who can talk in more than one language.

"A GOLD DECK."



If it hadn't bin to the ing calm, and prevail-

fur de game of poker I'd hev had a brick house an' fo'teen mews to console my ole aige.

"Poker, sah, poker," continued the old man—"poker am played wid keards. Yo' deal out five. If yo' don't like what yo' git yo' frow 'em away an' git sum mo'. Den yo' diskluber dat yo' has three aces in yo'r hand, an' yo'r heart jumps right into yo'r mouf. Yo' has got \$10 in yo'r pocket, an' yo' keerlessly observe dat yo' will bet it on yo'r hand. De odder party sees yo' an' goes \$10 better. Yo' don't want to be riz out o' de game, an' so yo' put up yo'r watch, yo'r dimon' pln, yo'r dawg, yo'r mewl an' yo'r wheelbarrow. Dat odder chap am only bluffin', but yo' am dar to stay. He sees yo' till dar am nuffin' mo' to put up, an' den yo' call his hand an' start to rake in de pot. Dat's whar de sagacity of de cumulation cums in. Three aces orter rake in dat pot, but he happens to hev fo' kings, an' yo' don't rake. Yo' am dun cleaned out—knocked down—sent to de porehouse, an' if yo' lib fur a hundred yars yo' will neber git ober it.

Poker, sah—poker? Not any fur me, sah! If I had my life to lib ober again I might tackle cyclones, red hot stoves, airtquakes an' mad dogs, but yo' kin jest gamble dat de pomposity of de cumblashun wouldn't elucidate dis individual to perambulate de game of poker!"

The Consistent Sex.

MRS. COBWIGGER—So you think it cruel to eat anything that once had life?

MRS. DORCAS—Yes, but I make an exception of lobsters. I think they are delicious, providing they have been boiled alive.

Chanted.

SMITH—I suppose you heard that Jones is dead?

BROWN—Confound the rogue! He always did the mean thing. He said only yesterday he would pay me or die.

"OUTTING FOR THE DEAL"



"What are your works?" "Plays."

"Why is the pen mightier than the sword?" "You can't sign a check with a sword."

A Model Wife.

The ornolu clock upon the dainty escritoirs had but just finished striking 3—not post meridian, mind you, but ante—when a noise resembling a ton of coal being rolled upstairs became plainly audible. Mrs. Sportyhub, however, paid but scant attention to this interruption

moreover, she was well aware of the pretty picture she made, snugly nestled in the recesses of a huge arm chair, and with her creamy negligé wrapper draped about her.

The door of the apartment opened very noiselessly, and Sportyhub in all the gorgeousness of a much crumpled dress suit fell into the room. "Plea-sid xoushine—hic—dear—twash speshul meet'n at'r club tonisht—Her—berlieve I'm trillion!"

"Why, Reggie," she replied, scarcely looking up from her book, "you are home quite early. Just as soon as I read a few more pages and see whether Lord Dewentcliffe actually marries the gamekeeper's daughter, I want you to put down that poker hand you are holding and divide your winnings with me."

And yet some wives say that they can never get their husbands to give them sealskins.

It May Not Come to All.

Fond lovers may rave of the exquisite bliss That thrilled through their souls in a sweetheart's first-kiss;

The young wife may try, in cold words to express The deep, lasting joy of the bridegroom's caress; The parson may preach of how joy never dies For him who may enter, at death, Paradise, And happy the mortal whose soul stirring name Is written in gold on the tablets of fame; But no one has tasted of joy's fullest measure Save he who has known that quitescence of pleasure.

Which fills a man's soul when the "jack-pot" is fat, And the dealer shoves out to him four aces "pat."

A Fair Sharper.

Her bright eyes make my betting rash; She wins my chips in heaps; And I must settle up in cash, Because she plays for keeps.

That's why when words of love I speak Evoke her reprimand, I like the flush upon her cheek, And not within her hand.

Appropriate.

FIRST CHICAGO WOMAN—I thought Mrs. Brown's husband died last week.

SECOND CHICAGO WOMAN—So he did.

FIRST CHICAGO WOMAN—Well, she is out in second mourning to-day.

SECOND CHICAGO WOMAN—Yes, that was her second husband, you see.

A Copy hand.

TED—Tom had a game of poker with his wife the other night.

NED—Which won?

TED—His wife. She had the poker.