

A seedy looking gambler, with half a week's growth of black stubble on his cheeks and chin, sat in a barber shop on La Salle street, Chicago, awaiting his turn, when an acquaintance saluted him with the remark-"Guess they haven't been coming very griven to Real Estate I nove have ma soft for you eh ?"

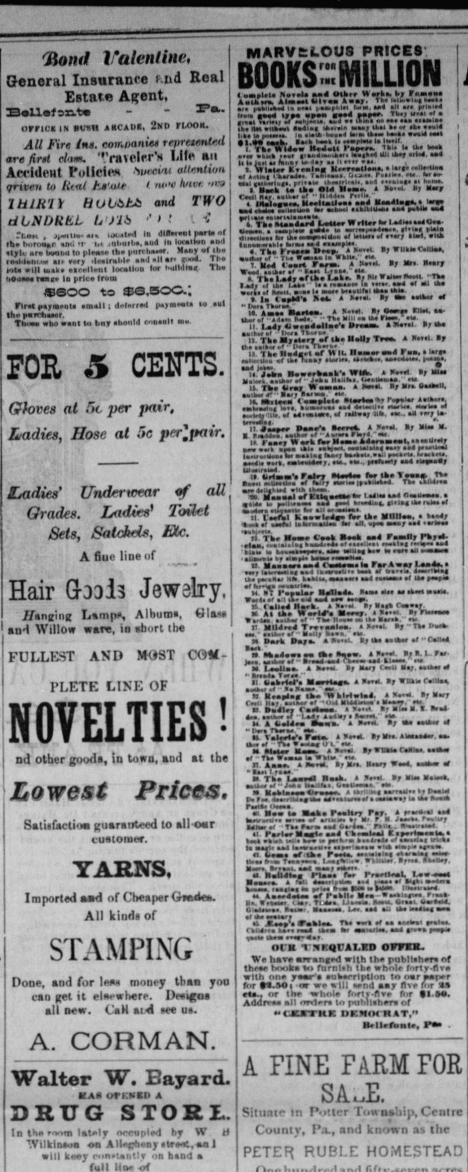
"Well, not so very," was the lazy reply ; "but I made a made a winning on the cars coming from Cincinnati I'd been having hard luck against the bank and after buying my ticket I had one pretty good silver dollar left and two others not quite so good. Ever see one of these ?" and he produced a enetal dollar, the surface of which had been treated with an application of tin toil, so that it looked like the scalviest counterfeit.

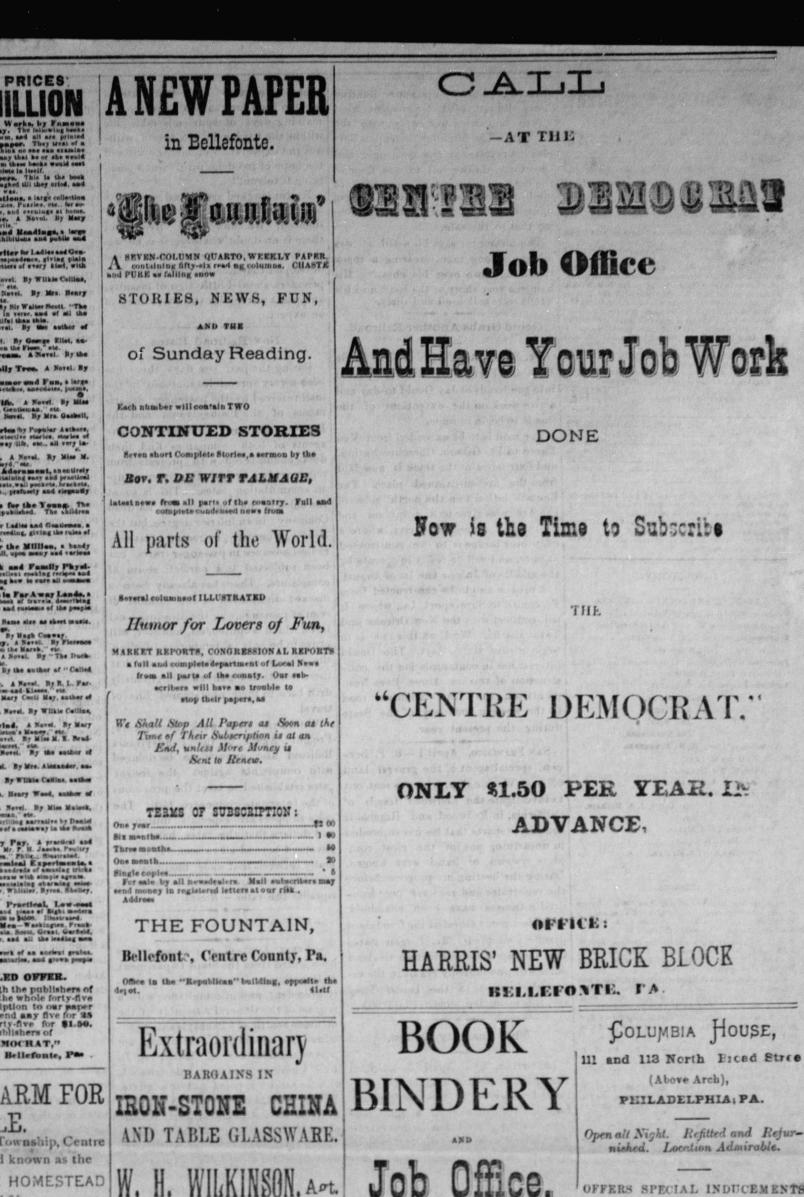
"That's what I to-k the trick with," the gambler remarked. "Fil tell how it was done: The train was about half way between Cincinneti and Indionapolis when I scaped acquaintance witht a fly young hoosier-one of those smart foilows that knows it all when at home, and thinks nobedy can get the best of them. I told my new frend that I had been to Cincinnati to bury my brother, and that I was on my way back to Indianapolis to work at my trade. I told him I was an iron moulder, and I looked it. After a whele something was said about cards, and I proposed a game of seven up at a dollar a game. I allowed that I didn't know enough about cards to play for money, but I guessed I'd go him once For fifty cents. Of course I lost the first game, and then I said I must have revenge and Fd made it double or quit. He agreed, and I lost the second game. He wanted to give me satisfaction, but I wouldn't play any more with an expert. That seemed to tickle bim very much, and he said he supposed he was rather smarter than the average, and, while he would not take advantage of a green hand like me, he was well posted on all gamblers' tricks. I'll show you some of em,' says he. I say. Wait till I settle up, and then I handed him this here dollar.

"'Oh , says he, ' you don't expect to work that on me, do you ?"

" 'Work what ?' " I says. "'That's a counterfeit."

"I declared it wasn't, he got a little hot and offered to bet me two to one it was a bogus-coin. I hesitated and he made it ten to one. I said I hadn't





Aot.

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