

CHEATED AT POKER.

A PAGE FROM THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF A UNIVERSITY.

Punishment Meted Out to a Dishonest Student by Society and the Faculty—A Young Man Who Kept Step With His Not Brilliant Antecedents.

"Talking about poker," said a middle-aged man to a coterie at Chamberlin's, "reminds me of something that occurred about 20 years ago at the University of Virginia. That was about the liveliest epoch in the history of the university since the war, or for that matter of that before it, when the life led by the students is taken into consideration. There was a big crowd of devil may care young men there, most of them with plenty of money, and they made Charlottesville and surrounding Albemarle fairly hum. These kindred spirits formed a society, which took the name of 'Eli Bananas.'"

Here the speaker smiled at evidently amusing reminiscences. "There is no telling what the 'Eli Bananas' didn't do. For the quintessence of mischief and devilment they took the laurels. There was nothing downright bad about them, but their antics were awful. Fantastic were the tricks they played and grotesque their jokes. Between freaks the Elis were prone to poker, and it was customary down there for the players to assemble at this or that student's room. That brings me to my story. One coterie of poker players comprised some of the best known and wealthiest men in the south, and into it was introduced a young Virginian who was gifted with many attractive traits apparently, but whose antecedents were not particularly brilliant. I'll call him Dick Lark, but that wasn't his name.

"Most of the other fellows in the coterie had roommates who were boning up for the final examinations. It was well along in the spring, and Lark had quarters to himself on East Lawn. Consequently the poker began to be played exclusively in his room. When the evening seemed propitious, the word would be passed around at supper that 'three Kentuck' would be in order, and at 8 o'clock or thereabout the players would assemble at Lark's. Lark's luck was stupendous. He won steadily, and as the game was pretty stiff, his winnings were substantial. It was noticed after awhile that he always passed out when somebody had a particularly big hand on somebody else's deal, but that he always held a top hand when there were big ones out against each other on his own deal. Then somebody noticed that the deals were always broken on the half dozen new decks of cards provided each night before the game began and that Lark in dealing always closely scrutinized the cards as he gave them out.

"At last one night the son of a famous Confederate general who now lives in Baltimore became convinced that Lark was cheating. Picking up the deck that Lark had just dealt and out of which he had got a hand with four queens against an ace full held by a young Kentuckian the young man said quietly:

"Some one is cheating at this game, and, Lark, I think it's you."

"Now, at the University of Virginia such a declaration, if improved, meant somebody's death to a certainty, and in an instant the party was on its feet. "Just wait a minute, gentlemen," said the accuser quietly. "I've been watching this man. Let some one examine the backs of these cards with this magnifying glass."

"The Kentuckian took the glass and closely scanned the geometrical designs on the backs of the cards.

"By Caesar!" he ejaculated. "Every court card is distinctly marked!" Examination by the other players quickly proved the truth of this.

"There was a consultation over what should be done with Lark, who stood with head hung down, overwhelmed with the proof against him. It was decided that he was not worth calling out, as he was not a gentleman, and the verdict was that he should make restitution of all the money he had won since his participation in the game and suffer ostracism in the university. He was compelled to sit down and write out a check for all the money he had won, the memorandum books of the other players showing the amounts they had lost at various times, and he was kept under surveillance until the Charlottesville bank, in which he kept a heavy account, opened next morning. One of the party rode down to Charlottesville and cashed the check, and then the sentence of ostracism went into effect.

"That fellow had the unheard-of effrontery to remain at the university until the finals were completed. He was there six weeks. No student or professor or fervent or townsman, no man or woman, white or black, spoke to him or took any notice of him. He attended the final balls, and no one recognized him. He was not quizzed in a lecture room or addressed by a professor. Still he remained until the university closed for the season, but he might as well have been in the middle of the Sahara desert so far as intercourse with people was concerned."—Washington Star.

Imported.

"Ah," said the Jacksonville man, as he sat in his luxurious library, "there's nothing like a good Havana cigar!"

And over in Havana the wealthy Cuban who was smoking turned to a friend and remarked ecstatically: "This is what I call a good cigar. It's a Florida product. I import it myself."—Philadelphia North American.

On nearly every block in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

"It's bad," said Uncle Eben, "for a man to excuse a boy for being as bad as he is. He should be as bad as he is."

SNOW DAYS.

Oh, the children love the snow, and they never grumble over it! Old winter scraps, but in their wraps they seem and tumble over it. In a laughing, jolly jumble, Through a snowdrift first they stumble.

Then a snow man, like a dough man— Though he really looks like no man— They freeze stiff as any Roman, Ere he has a chance to crumble. So, hello! Who loves the snow Let him out a playing go!

On the road it makes a cushion so the wheels can't rattle over it. But all the boys in merry whirls they romp and battle over it. Then the girls, both high and humble, Bring their sleds without a grumble, And a coasting, cheeks a-roasting, Every one of speed a-bounding.

Down the hill they all go coasting, With a jockey and a horse and a midwife. So, hello! Who loves the snow Let him out a playing go!

—Martha Barr Banks in St. Nicholas.

HAUNTED BY MEMORY.

One Man Who Will Never Forget the Samoan Disaster.

"I suppose that all of us who felt the living, frenzied force of that awful on shore hurricane will dream about it occasionally as long as we live," said an ex-bluejacket of the United States navy now living in Washington, who was among the Vandala ship's company at the time of the great naval disaster in Apia harbor, Samoa, in reverting to that experience. "For three or four years after I got out of that mess all safe and sound the memory of it used to get tangled up in my head when I was asleep, and I would wake in a tremble and be unable to sleep for the remainder of the night. But time has softened the craggier edges of the remembrance of that horrid black wind, and once in a spell nowadays I forget all about it for two or three days at a time.

"There was one man in my mess on the Vandala who was never quite right after we went on the reef. I was shipmate with him for two years afterward, and his occasional wildness was plain to all hands, and men who've been shipmates with him since—he's still in the outfit—tell me that he's just as badly haunted by the memory of the disaster as he was when last I saw him. This man was a shipwright, and his name was Turley. Before we had that bad blow Turley was as cheerful and as chipper a man around decks as I ever swapped yarns with, but when he got well of his broken arms down in Apia he was a changed man. I never saw him crack a grin after the blow, and from a stout, husky fellow he became thin and haggard looking. He recovered all right physically from the thing, you see, but it sort of twisted his head and preyed upon him. He swung his hammock alongside of me on the Alert for two years after we were sent up to duty on the west coast again, and it was a common thing for Turley to hop out of his hammock in a frenzy in the middle of the night in port or at sea, yelling like a madman: 'All hands abandon ship! She's going to strike!' He created a lot of excitement up forward by doing this, but after awhile the men got used to it and only turned over when they heard Turley howling.

"It was the regular thing for the corporal of the marine guard at the gangway to prod the poor chap awake when he had these crazy somnambulistic spells and put him back in his hammock, for he'd come out of them as weak as a kitten and trembling all over. There were a number of us on the Alert who were washed up in the Samoan disaster, and naturally once in awhile we'd get to talking about it. But it didn't take us long to find out that we couldn't talk about it while Turley was around. The mention of the thing in his hearing would bring an insane gleam into his eyes, and he would suddenly begin to talk incoherently and at the top of his voice about reefs and dragging anchors and all that, so that we learned to knock off Samoan hurricane talk when he was around. I don't wonder much either. It was an evil enough blow to nigh turn any man's headgear tippy tippy."—Washington Star.

The Cache in Alaska.

The settlements along the Yukon are few and far between and consist, for the most part, of the same elements. There are the company's store; the huts and tents of the natives; the crowd of howling dogs; salmon hanging in red strips, burnished with copper tinges in the sun; little tots of children; chattering women offering baskets, moccasins and trinkets for sale, and here and there perhaps a squad of uniformed children, marking the work of some mission—good looking, clean looking children, but, whether Christianized or not, spoiled for living like natives again. The problem is, what is to become of them? Along the banks are occasionally met the rude huts and tents of small parties of Indians come hither to cut wood for the boats or to fish, but however simple the habitation, it must always have the cache, or storehouse, propped upon posts to keep the supplies out of reach of the dogs, for these dogs can bite through a tin can and almost climb a greased pole in search of food. The cache should have a place on the coast of arms of Alaska. It is universal. "The River Trip to the Klondike," by John Sidney Webb, in Century.

Gem Tester.

The radiograph—that is, the Roentgen ray "photograph"—is an excellent test for gems. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, turquoises, emeralds, opals, garnets, sapphires and so on all give a black radiograph, whereas paste imitations give only a faint radiograph, hardly visible. A minute's exposure is sufficient to tell a true from a false stone.

The will of an old Boston merchant shows him to have had something of a vagabond life. He had a list of all his "bad debts" and left them as legacies distributed among his friends, one particularly favored person getting over \$5,000 worth.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, in effect Sunday, December 19, 1897, Low Grade Division.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Red Bank, Lawrenceville, New Bethlehem, Oak Ridge, Mayaville, Summerville, Brockville, Bell, Fuller, Reynoldsville). Includes Eastward and Westward directions.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Driftwood, Grant, Benecette, Tyndal, Penfield, Winterburn, Dulbis, Falls Creek, Hancock, Reynoldsville). Includes Eastward and Westward directions.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division. Trains leave Driftwood.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Pottsville, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, etc.). Includes Eastward and Westward directions.

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JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Johnsonburg, etc.).

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R. AND CONNECTIONS.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Ridgway, Clearfield, etc.).

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Table with 10 columns (No. 1-10) and 10 rows (STATIONS: Buffalo, etc.).

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Buffalo, Rochester, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region. On and after Feb. 30th, 1898, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

Farms for Sale.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR SOME MAN FULL OF DAYS' WORKS.

One hundred and thirty acres clean farm land with thousands of tons of lime stone—enough to pay for the farm two or three times over—and coal land, barn, four-room house, good spring of water, timber for fence posts, in Monroe Twp., Clarion Co., within six miles of County Seat. Good country and good community. Come quick. Can be bought for two thousand dollars.

Another farm with two large barns and houses; lime stone and coal; three to four thousand dollars worth of good oak timber; good water; land in good cultivation; containing about 200 acres; price twelve thousand dollars.

Another with nearly two hundred acres, about 50 cleared; good water and coal; about three thousand dollars worth of oak timber; within three miles of Summerville, A. V. Ry. Price eight thousand dollars.

Another of one hundred acres, large barn and good water, six-room house, with about two thousand dollars worth of oak timber. Price four thousand dollars.

M. C. COLEMAN, Reynoldsville, Pa. Executor.

Miscellaneous.

E. NEFF, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. Z. GORDON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa. Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett, West Main Street.

G. M. McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Offices in Mahoney building, Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. McCREIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collects and receives prompt attention. Office in Froehlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In the Froehlich & Henry block, near the postoffice, Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST. Office over Reynoldsville Hardware Co. store, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Hotels.

HOTEL MCCONNELL, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor. The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam bath, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. J. C. DILLMAN, Proprietor. First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Railroad Time Tables.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. Co., Lessee. CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Table with 4 columns: READ UP, Exp. Mail, No. 37, No. 33.

Table with 4 columns: READ DOWN, Exp. Mail, No. 33, No. 37.

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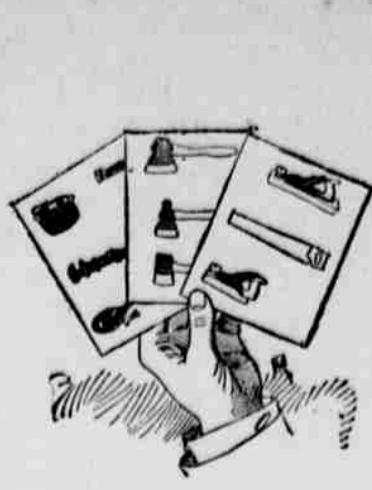
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Table with 4 columns: READ DOWN, Exp. Mail, No. 33, No. 37.

Handy Tools



are more than convenient; they're necessary. You want tools, and you want good ones, too. In our stock of hardware we carry the best tools made in this or any other country.

It's a maxim in hardware that the better the article the better it pays to buy it. There's value in such goods and you want value for your money.

To insure that we confine our stock to top grade. Don't go elsewhere for something that's too poor even for a gift.

Great Reduction in Dry Goods and Clothing.

Table with 4 columns: Fine Dress Goods, Percal, Shirting Print, Blue, Red and Black Print, 4-4 Good Muslin, 4-4 Bleached Muslin, 4-4 Hill.

The same great reduction in Clothing. Working Coat \$1.00 for 85. Pants, 65. Child's Suit, 75. Reefer 4 00, 20. Knee Pants, 20. Never was goods sold as low as at present. Come and see for yourself.

N. HANAU.

Advertisement for Down's Elixir, curing coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, consumption and all lung diseases.

Advertisement for State Normal School, Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa. Expenses low. The net cost per week to those who receive State aid is only \$3.75.

First National Bank of Reynoldsville.

Table with 4 columns: Capital, Surplus, \$50,000, \$5,500.

C. Mitchell, President; Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.; John H. Kaucher, Cashier. Directors: C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King, John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent. First National Bank building, Nolan block Fire Proof Vault.

L. M. SNYDER, Practical Horse-shoer and General Blacksmith.



Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Accommodations first-class. Electric light in every room. Fan system steam heat. Abundance of pure mountain water. Hot and cold water on every floor. Gymnasium. Athletic grounds. Pleasant location, easy of access. Progressive city of 8,000 inhabitants. Strong faculty. Superior instruction. Graduates secure good positions. Over 700 students present last year. Graduating class numbered 122. Students may enter at any time. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and secure room for next term.

James Eldon, A. M., Ph. D., Principal, Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

Have just received a complete set of machine horse clippers of latest style '98 pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates.

JACKSON ST. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.