

A NEAT BUNKO GAME

HOW THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL WAS FOOLED.

A Scheme That Worked the Way the Betting West and Gave No Clue as to How the Tip Was Passed to Break or Not to Break the Jug.

"It's a good thing for us, I suppose, that whenever we get it all settled and arranged in our minds that we're too everlastingly bright and crafty to be 'done' by anybody we usually get a fall that takes the perkiness out of us," said a Washington department store buyer who makes frequent trips to New York. "Up to a certain day last week, for example, I had a pretty thorough understanding with myself that there was no old kind of a New York bunko game that I'd bite on. I'd been going to New York too often and for too long a time for anything like that. Well, listen.

"A week ago Monday morning last I was standing after breakfast on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marlborough hotel, in New York, taking a sun bath for myself and mapping out my programme for the day. Two or three other men were standing near me doing the same.

"Our attention was lastly enlisted as we stood there by the spectacle of a boy wearing a chef's cap and apron recklessly swinging an empty crockery pitcher above his head. The boy was rigged up like a hotel kitchen apprentice.

"What infernal whelps most boys are, anyhow!" remarked a sporty-looking man standing near me to a plain looking individual who was standing alongside of him. "Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he gets to Seventh avenue."

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply of the plain looking man. "I guess the kid knows what he's about. He's got a pretty good clutch on the handle of the pitcher. He'll hang on to it all right."

"Bet you five he drops it before he reaches Seventh avenue!" was the quick response of the man with the sporty look.

"I guess I'll take that bet," answered the plain looking man, and he produced his wad. The sporty looking citizen peeled a V from his roll and both men put up their money with the uniformed carriage opener stationed outside the Marlborough. Then they took up the jog together toward Seventh avenue to keep an eye on the boy, who was still swinging the pitcher wildly. I held my ground and watched the proceeding. It looked like a pretty good bet for the plain looking man until, when the boy was only about ten feet from the corner of Seventh avenue, the pitcher flew out of his hand as he was trying some singularly difficult piece of juggling with it, and was dashed into a hundred fragments on a doorstep. The sporty looking man and the plain looking individual returned to where I was standing and the former took the two V's from the stakeholder with a grin, saying:

"I thought sure I was going to lose out on that when the kid got so near Seventh avenue without anything happening to the pitcher."

"Two days later I was standing alongside a hotel at the corner of Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in Harlem, waiting for a downtown electric car, when I saw that selfsame youngster, with the identical kitchen apprentice's foggery, going along Eighth avenue, again wildly swinging a pitcher. Then I cast my eyes about me, and there, only three feet to the left of me and leaning against an L' stanchion, was the sporty looking man. He blinked lazily at me when he saw that I had observed the boy with the pitcher.

"What infernal whelps most boys are, anyway!" he said to me in precisely the same words and the same tone he had used in making the remark a couple of days before to the plain looking man who had lost his V. "Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he reaches the next corner."

"What a foxy way this fellow has of making a living!" I mused. "But I'll just give him a little run for his money, so I will."

"That's the betting end of it," I said aloud to the sporty looking man, "that I'd be willing to take myself."

"Oh, well," he replied laughingly, "any old thing to pass the time away. It's about an even thing one way or the other, I suppose."

"Just about," said I.

"Well," he said good naturedly, "then I'll bet you a V that he doesn't smash it before he reaches the next corner."

"You're on," said I, and we put up our five spots with the news dealer on the corner.

"This," said I to myself as I fell into step with the sporty looking man, "is like wheeling brains out of a nickel for cookies. There's no way that this crafty con man can pass the tip to that kid not to drop that pitcher, according to the usual frame up, without my getting next to the dodge and calling him down on it. I think I see a new five dollar bet for myself this afternoon."

"My reflections along this pleasant line, however, were interrupted. The boy was already crossing the street, still swinging the pitcher wildly and whistling merrily. He reached the other side and went right along his way, taking tremendous chances with the pitcher and whistling with all the fervor of youth, and I had lost.

"How had the sporty looking man passed the signal to the kid not to drop the pitcher on that occasion? I give it up. I didn't stop to inquire of him, but no cheap to stop for any purpose whatever, but seeing no board in downtown New York, I went with a certain amount of curiosity to the hotel where

NONSMOKERS HEALTHIER.

People Who Do Not Use Tobacco Develop More Rapidly.

"There is an easy way, if you are a cigarette smoker, to tell whether or not the habit injures you," said a physician. "Do you feel, after smoking, a languor, a sinking and a great depression? Do you feel melancholy, hopeless, weak? If you do you should abandon smoking at once.

"The tendency of tobacco is to weaken the action of the heart. But in very strong, robust persons this weakening effect is very slight. It is not felt at all, and these persons tobacco cannot be said to injure. But in persons whose hearts and constitution are frail the effect is strongly felt, the symptoms being those that I have just described, and such persons ought not to smoke."

This specialist has tabulated the records of all the smoking and nonsmoking medical students of his acquaintance for a period of nine years. He has found that the smokers are shorter in stature than the nonsmokers and that they do not develop as well. In the course of four years nonsmokers gain 24 per cent more in height and 26 per cent more in chest girth than the smokers. The former, too, are quicker than the latter. They learn quicker, walk quicker—excel in the speed of all the physical and mental acts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Remedy For Snake Bite.

There is a most remarkable account of the exploring trip of an orchid hunter named Andre through an unknown part of Venezuela. The party met with terrible hardships and privation, and only about half of them got back to civilization. They were in continual danger from snakes, and the native remedies, the only ones at hand, were severe ones. One day Mateo Ramirez, one of the men walking through the jungle, was bitten just above the ankle by a snake. Andre suspected that the bite was not poisonous, but Mateo was in mortal terror and allowed his friends to subject him to a remedy worse than the disease. Throwing him to the ground, they wound a strong creeper around his thigh until it cut into the flesh and then burned the wound with a live coal until the patient shrieked in agony. Chewed tobacco and crushed garlic were afterward rubbed in and the wound bound up. The snake bite was cured, but the poor victim suffered for many days from the remedy.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Poor Chinese Wife.

A Chinese wife is not exactly to be envied, for she is under the authority not merely of her husband, but also of his mother. A book on Chinese etiquette gives rules which show pretty clearly how utterly subject a woman is to her mother-in-law. Here are a few of them: "When your mother-in-law sits you should stand. Obey her orders quickly. Rise early in the morning and open the doors quietly, taking care to make no noise to waken her. Hasten to prepare her toilet articles; retire and prepare for tea. Take it to her quickly and cheerfully, and then arrange the breakfast table. Place the chopsticks straight, boil the rice soft, and let the meal be thoroughly done. Prepare the meals thus carefully three daily. When darkness comes and your great one desires to sleep, spread the bed, when she may peacefully rest and you may retire to your room."

Examples of Terseness.

Perhaps the tersest and most effective election speech ever made, says a London weekly, was that of Mr. John Peel at Accrington, when at last and after the most urgent solicitation he was induced to address there the electors of northeast Lancashire. "Men of Accrington, if you are so backward in coming forward, we shall all be behind as we were before." The only deliverance comparable with this in terseness and effectiveness was the sermon of Dean Swift's, which, taking as its text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," began and ended thus: "Brethren, if you like the security down with the dust!"

Not Used to Pulling Corks.

A slight fire occurred on the fourth floor of a downtown establishment. An Irishman was at work on the same floor at the time the blaze started, and after it was put out Pat was called into the private office of the manager.

"Pat, why didn't you try to put that fire out yourself? You could easily have extinguished it with a hand grenade; there's plenty of them up there," said the manager.

"Well, sor," returned Pat, "I had four of them on the case, but I couldn't get the corks out in time, begorra."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

One Thing Settled.

"Grace is greatly worried. She can't decide where to go on her bridal tour." "When is she to be married?" "The date hasn't been fixed yet." "Whom is she going to wed?" "That's another detail that is yet to be arranged. But she has her trousseau all planned."—Kansas City Journal.

A Tartar Proverb.

A Turko-Tartar proverb throws light on the question of the amount of veracity to be looked for in official documents by orientals. The proverb runs as follows: "He who speaks the truth will be expelled from nine villages."

Comment.

"I thought I could get along without glasses awhile longer, but I find I can't."

"Yes! It was an optical illusion."—Smart Set.

However numerous may be the opportunities of life they are never discovered by those who keep their eyes shut and their heads down.—Munford's

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Administrator's Sale.

NORTH CAROLINA—LENOIR COUNTY. W. A. Mitchell, administrator of Henry Green, deceased.

Clara Green (widow) Chas. Spelght and wife Mary Ella Spelght, John Henry Green, Henrietta Green, Mark Williams and wife, Bettie Williams, Narcissa Best alias Green, James Green and Goldie Green by Bettie Lawrence, guardian administrator pro tem.

By virtue of the judgment of the superior court of Lenoir county, N. C., obtained on May 20th, 1903 in the above entitled proceeding, I will as administrator of Henry Green, dec'd, sell at public auction at the court house door, in Kinston, North Carolina, on the first Wednesday in December, 1903, being the 31 day of December, at 12 o'clock to the highest bidder for cash to make assets to pay the debt of said Henry Green, deceased, the following described real estate:

One town lot on east side of McLewann street, adjoining the lot of Plato Collins. E. T. Green's heirs and others fronting 80 feet on McLewann street and runs back 100 feet being the lot on which Henry Green lived at the time of his death. Sale subject to widow's dower. Time of sale Dec. 31st, 1903 at 12 o'clock noon.

Nov. 10th, 1903. W. A. MITCHELL, Adm'r.

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