

The Thompson Street Poker Club.

N. Y. Times: Recently the Thompson Street Poker Club held its first regular meeting of the season. The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who disappeared from mortal gaze last May with other Trustees of a Hoboken picnic, was enthusiastically welcomed and called to the chair. He said he had found cat-fishing in the Adirondacks all that could be desired, and with this explanation of his absence proceeded to count out the chips. The hospitality of the club had been extended to Mr. Gus Johnson's uncle, who had recently held a lucky sixteenth in the Havana, but it was gloomily explained that as that magnate had visited the Zion's festival early in the day it would be necessary to send a shutter or other conveyance for him, and probably provide him with a bed until midnight at least. There being a by-law in the constitution, made at the instance of the landlord and the roundsman who frequented the vicinity, that the club should adjourn at 1 A.M. precisely, the visit of Mr. Johnson's opulent relative was reluctantly postponed, and the members cut for deal.

Prof. Brick started the club by taking a pot. The Secretary made a minute of the achievement, and the Professor begged that he might be allowed to withdraw his resignation, which had been under consideration since March. The game then proceeded, with a steady two-pair stake favoring Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, and a series of bobtails rapidly demoralizing the Chair, when the door softly opened and a whiff of patchouly and Mr. Tooter Williams entered together.

His appearance was such as to dazzle Mr. Johnson and make even the Elder Jubilee Anderson proud to be able to bow to him; but the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith merely pulled his hat lower over his eyes, and requested Prof. Brick, who sat next to the dealer, to wake up and ante.

Mr. Williams leaned elegantly against the mantel, and holding his cigar in such a way as to show his new topaz ring to advantage, diffused more patchouly by daintily flecking dust from his patent leathers with his handkerchief.

The Rev. Mr. Smith sniffed once or twice, made an irrelevant remark about sewer gas, and asked Mr. Johnson to please open the transom. Then he gave way to a furious riot of chips which frightened Mr. Whiffles' three kings out of the country.

"Whadjer playin'?" inquired Mr. Williams, languidly comparing his brilliant time-keeper with the club clock.

"Pokah," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, who was dealing. "We're tryin' to play pokah," he added, "an' ef Brer Anderson 'll quit lookin' at yo' two-dollah stem-windin' bugler alarm, an' ante we'll git dar."

The hand was played in silence, and when the reverend gentleman drew in the pot with two bow-legged Jacks only the labored breathing of Mr. Johnson broke the hush.

Mr. Williams pocketed the watch, thoughtfully picked his teeth for a few minutes, blew a contemplative cloud toward the ceiling, and then drew out a yellow pocketbook, ostensibly to polish the silver initials glittering in the corner.

"Whad am de limmick?" he inquired sweetly.

"De limmick," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, as sponsor for the party. "De limmick am whad a genelman keers to blow in. Bud dis ain't no cyclome game," he added.

"Wha—whad am a cyclome game?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Playin' on wind," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, giving the cards a double cut, it being Mr. Whiffles' deal. He then proceeded to fail for the nineteenth time to fill his flush, and as Mr. Johnson drew in the pot, Mr. Williams seemed to be inspired with a thought.

"Kin I come in?" he asked, beaming on the Elder Jubilee Johnson, who had just lost two dollars.

"Cern'ly," said the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, taking off his coat and preparing for business. "Duss off dat cheer fo' de genelman, Cy," he said to Mr. Whiffles, "an' ef Gus quits smokin' dat punk, an' de Perfesser 'll blow his breff tords de do, we'll git mo' ventilation. Pears like a polecat's broke loose rou'n' hyar!"

This last shot at the patchouly-netted Mr. Williams, and the obsequious manner with which Mr. Whiffles dusted a chair for him failed to please, but he repressed his feelings, sat down and tossed a new five-dollar bill to the Rev. Mr. Smith, who was banking as usual. That gentleman adjusted his spectacles, critically examined the bill, wet his fingers and tried its smoothness, and then inquired:

"Yo' kissed dat bill good-bye?" Mr. Williams said nothing. The Rev. Mr. Smith folded it twice and stuck it behind his ear.

"If yo' feels bad, yo' kin look at it once mo' befo' goin' home."

Still Mr. Williams refused to retort, so the reverend banker counted out two stacks and passed them over. Prof. Brick then had a deal in which everybody passed, and a jack pot was in order. It was opened on the fourth round by Mr. Whiffles, who had three sevens, and let every one in for four blue chips. Mr. Williams seemed to hesitate about coming in, and after a moment of breathless excitement Mr. Gus Johnson, who was dealing, timidly inquired what he was going to do.

"Yo' shot up, Gus!" interrupted the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith. "Yo' low-

flung niggahs doan' unnerstan' de Fifth aveyon' style. It's wulgah ter hurry."

This fired Mr. Williams. "I rise dat fo' dollahs," he said, wickedly.

Prof. Brick and Mr. Whiffles couldn't get out fast enough, but the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith drew out the old wallet and began to shuck out bills.

"Wha—whad yo' doin'?" asked Mr. Williams, aghast at the sum displayed.

"I se gwine ter dynamite Jay Gool," retorted the Rev. Mr. Smith, counting out his roll: "I se gwine ter buss Cy Fiel' an' liff ole Vanderbilk outen he salvation," he continued, still showering notes on the table; "I'm a razzlin' wif Wesson Union an' crowdin' de Chemikle Bank," he supplemented, as he added another pile—"I sees dat fo' dollahs an' I rises dat sixty-tree." With this he slammed the wallet down with an energy that lifted Mr. Whiffles two feet from his chair, and favored Mr. Williams with a steady and penetrating glower. Prof. Brick fainted, and Elder Jubilee Anderson seemed on the verge of catalepsy.

Mr. Williams glanced at the pack in Mr. Johnson's hand and slowly skinned his cards as one in a dream. The following conversation then ensued:

"Yo' doan' rise dat sixty-tree?"

"Ain't de money up?"

"Rise dat sixty-tree?"

"Count dat boodie."

"Rise dat sixty-tree?"

"The seads doan' lie."

Mr. Williams skinned his cards again. "Kin I call fer a sight?" he inquired softly.

"Call for a beer," retorted his antagonist. "Dis ain't no Newport loo er Saratogy bunko. Dis ani pokah." Then the Rev. Mr. Smith glared at all hands in a way that challenged contradiction.

"I calls," said Mr. Williams, quietly, with another glance at the pack. Then, while the room was so still that Mr. Whiffles could hear his hair grow, he drew out the yellow pocket-book with silver initials and deposited three twenties in the pot with twelve blue chips. If a stroke of lightning had descended the paralysis of the party would not have been more complete. Mr. Gus Johnson was salmon-colored as he inquired how many cards were wanted.

Mr. Williams wanted two. The Rev. Mr. Smith said he would play what he had. Then with a burst of renewed ferocity he shook out the balance of his wallet—\$6.

"I raise dat fo' teen," responded Mr. Williams, languidly lighting a cigarette.

The Rev. Mr. Smith looked aghast.

"I—I haint got no mo," he said.

"Yo'se got dat bill behime yo' yeah," replied Mr. Williams, "an' I'll take yo' note fo' de ballans," he courteously added.

The bill and the note were added to the pot. The Rev. Mr. Smith was hoarse as he asked—

"Whadjer ketch'?"

Mr. Williams spread down four jacks and a six, took up the notes, cashed the chips from the bills in the kitty-box, lighted a fresh cigarette, flecked a speck of ashes from his vest with the patchouly handkerchief, whistled a bar from "Nanon," caught his cane midway between handle and ferrule, and ambled out of the room. The silence was six fathoms deep. Mr. Whiffles examined Mr. Williams' hand. One jack was slightly chafed. The spot caught the Rev. Mr. Smith's eye.

"Were dat keerd in he han' befo' de draw?" he inquired.

"No, sah," replied Mr. Johnson. "Dat jack wid de sore back lay jess—on top de pack wen yo' clipped Toot dat fust rise."

"Dat splains hit," said the Rev. Thankful Smith. "Niggahs, hits yarin' in de evenin', bud hits high time fer me ter go home. I se been buckin' de science fer mo'n thutty yar, an' I se hed mo' hard camp-meetin' speeunch dan de law lows, but I se never yit see de luck stick to a dude niggah. An' heah I comes in with a king full agin a scented moke wif tree jacks, an' has eighty-two dollahs' wuff er tar knocked outen me in one minnit by de blister on a top cyard. Go on an' play penny limmick, niggahs, an' be happy. I se gwine home an' take up de fo' th chapter of Job an' club myse'."

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The Genial Side of General Grant as It Appeared in Europe.

London Times.

The share taken by this country in celebrating the obsequies of General Grant was the more called for because it was his first visit to us which brought into prominence the more genial side of his character. He was just then released from the trammels of office; and to the great majority of his own countrymen was somewhat in the position of the setting sun. No one in the United States had anything to hope from his patronage or anything to fear from his displeasure. It can hardly be doubted that the change in his position had been forced upon his notice in ways that were not altogether pleasing; and it was intelligible that he should seek change and diversion in foreign travel. In his own words he expected, on reaching Liverpool, to walk on shore with his bag and his umbrella "like any other citizen." Instead of being thus unnoticed he was received with almost royal honors. The tender which met the steamer brought a deputation from the local authorities, an address was presented to him and he was escorted to his place of temporary sojourn. A special train was prepared for his journey to London, and the chairman and general manager of the company were in charge of it. The

stations at which the engine stopped for water were gay with bunting and triumphal arches, and the municipal authorities were in attendance on the platforms with addresses. The general made no attempt to restrain, even during the journey itself, the expression of the pleasure which he derived from these manifestations of respect; and the discovery that they were but the fore-runners of a universal welcome soon exerted a powerful influence in causing him to shake off his habitual cloak of silence and reserve and to give unwonted utterance to his thoughts and feelings. It was a new experience to him to enter a society in which he could talk without restraint, and in which he, at least, was outside the circle of intrigues and of animosities, and had no motive to exercise the caution which they are calculated to produce. To the English people he came in all the luster of his military renown unvarnished, by associations derived from his political career. The force of his character was thoroughly appreciated by the majority of those who came into contact with him, and he left behind him many admirers and some friends. The service in Westminster Abbey was but a fitting recognition of his fame, and of our own kinship to the great Nation which he preserved from disaster by his military genius.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

Description of Petrified Mountain—Its Remarkable Geological Curiosities.

San Francisco Post: It will naturally be asked, what is "Petrified Mountain?" It is an immense mountain near the northeast corner of the park lying between the forks of the Yellowstone a few miles above their junction. It was called "Petrified Mountain" by prospectors several years before it was seen by Dr. Hayden, who seems to have considered himself called upon to rechristen it, which he did, giving it the more poetic name of "Amethyst Mountain." Junction Valley is one of the most beautiful regions of the park. The valley along the east fork is particularly attractive. For twenty miles it is very broad, abounding in grassy meadows and delightful parks. On the north side rises the massive range of Yellowstone Mountains, and on the south is Petrified or Amethyst Mountain. Riding along the trail at the base of this mountain, one is astonished to see great numbers of petrified logs of remarkable size and beauty. In places the side of the mountain is covered with them. About ten miles above the mouth of East Fork this mountain rises very abruptly over 2,000 feet above the level of the stream. The face is a succession of steppes, varying in thickness. Upon these steppes the petrified trunks stand out like the columns of a ruined building. The standing trunks are generally short, seldom more than six feet in height, but a few were four or five times as tall. Fallen trunks are found over fifty feet in length. Prof. W. H. Holmes, in his report on a geological survey made by him in 1878, says: "One upright trunk of gigantic proportions rises from the inclosing strata to the height of twelve feet. By careful measurement it was found to be ten feet in diameter, and as there is nothing to indicate to what part of the tree the exposed sections belongs, the roots may be far below the surface, and we are free to imagine that there is buried here a worthy predecessor of the giant sequoias of California. Although the trunk is hollow and partly broken down on one side, the woody structure is perfectly preserved, the grain is straight and the circles of growth distinctly marked. The bark which still remains on the firmer parts, is four inches thick and retains perfectly the original deeply lined outer surface. The strata which inclose this trunk are chiefly fine-grained greenish sandstone, indurated clays and moderately coarse conglomerates. As would naturally be expected, these strata contain many vegetable remains; branches, rootlets, fruits and leaves are extensively inclosed." In many cases the trunks are changed to agate and opal, and in the cavities of partially decayed trunks are found beautiful crystals of quartz and calcite of different colors. Many beautiful amethysts are found, suggesting, doubtless, the name to the mountain. Nothing is more apparent than that there is an immense sedimentary deposit of many different ages, of hundreds, perhaps thousands of years each. First, upon the granite base was made a calcareous deposit from 300 to 500 feet thick. Then nature changed its mode of operation and vegetation sprang up. According to the indisputable fossil record this continued hundreds of years. Then a stratum of sandstone was deposited, burying the forest, which became stone. Then another age of vegetation, succeeded by another age of deposition, changing all to stone. I counted an even dozen of these vegetable strata, distinctly separated by strata of sedimentary rock. Petrifications are found along the streams and upon the rougher surfaces, over an area of perhaps fifty square miles.

Five bandits were brought into Laredo, Tex., by a company of soldiers, who captured them after a desperate fight, in which three bandits were killed and two soldiers wounded. One of the slain bandits was Juan Cheverria, aged eighteen, who is charged with having killed six men. He was a brother of the Cheverria who was hanged on the 14th inst.

ROMANCE OF A RIATA.

How a Boston Sophomore Became a Cowboy and Won a Bride.

From the San Francisco Alta.

The movements of a real cowboy on Kearney street attracted attention. He stood nearly six feet in his boots, and his regular features and drooping blonde mustache gave his face an aspect of beauty fully in keeping with his handsome proportions. His attire was that of the vaquero, consisting of buckskin trousers, a wollen shirt fastened at the throat with a carelessly knotted silk handkerchief, a coarse chinchilla sack coat and broad-brimmed felt hat of the sombrero pattern. An Alta reporter learned his name and his history. His name was Edward N. Willets and six years ago he was at college, when he received peremptory orders from his father, a wealthy Boston merchant, to enter the theological class and fit himself for the ministry. The command came like a thunderbolt to the happy-go-lucky young fellow, who had always believed himself destined to follow his father in business when the latter should be ready to retire. A quarrel with his pere was the result and the young fellow suddenly left for the west.

At Yellowstone he laid over for a short hunt on the plains. The wild life of the cow-boys caught his fancy. Salary proved little object, and he had little difficulty in attaching himself to a big ranch until he had mastered his new vocation. Finally he drifted through portions of Montana, Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Nevada, and finally into Oregon and California. The opening of the Summer found him engaged with three or four comrades in driving a small band of steers over the Santa Cruz Mountains. Cattle in the mountains are not pleasant objects to deal with. Every unruly steer that broke from the band required an hour's chasing up and down steep slopes, over rocks and fallen trees, and through the spiteful brush.

Toward the end of the drive the steep bluffs that line the road on either hand kept the steers in fairly good order, and only occasionally did an unusually juicy bunch of grass tempt some hungry one to bolt up the slope or into the canyon below. It was an occasion of this sort that sent Willets careering among the brakes and ferns on the slope above. A chase of half a mile had seen the truant return to the road, and Willets was skirting the edge of the bank some distance in advance of the drove in search of a safe place to descend, when in the middle of the narrow road he saw a lovely girl. The drove was thundering down on her, and promising to soon crush her young life beneath their ponderous weight. Escape for the girl seemed impossible. From the road to where Willets' horse stood was a wall of rock fully twenty feet in height, and below to the bed of the stream was a sheer descent of double that distance. For only a second was the horseman inactive. Then with a speed born of long practice he lifted his trusty rawhide riata from the horn of his saddle and threw it. "Put that under your arms, miss," was Willets' hasty injunction. It was obeyed, and not a moment too soon the girl was lifted above the heads and horns of the oncoming cattle.

When they were well by, Willets slowly slacked down until his "catch" dropped safely to the earth. Five minutes later, when he managed to find a pathway down and reached the subject of his daring bit of horsemanship, she was lying in the dust in a faint. When she recovered he learned that she, too, was from Boston, and with her father and mother was spending the summer amid California's most favored spots. The old gentleman, her father, was highly delighted when he learned of Willets' identity, as he soon did. "His daughter foolishly placed a high value on my little service," explained Willets, blushing. "and when I saw how she had over-estimated it, I meanly demanded the largest reward I could think of. The details were settled and I came on by the evening train to fit myself for her society. She swears that I look like an angel in my wollen shirt and buckskin trousers, but I will try and get her used to me in civilized garb, for a vaquero's dress is hardly the thing for aesthetic Boston."

"Are you going back?"

"Yes, in September. We shall tour Yosemite as man and wife and then go back home. My father-in-law says that my father has long been anxious to have me come home, and that he will set me up if the old gentleman doesn't, so I think I had better go."

A Remarkable Career.

New York Letter in the Hartford Times.

Gotham has always been a wonderful place for ups and downs, but I doubt if it has produced anything more remarkable in this way than is seen in the career of "Ed" Stokes, or as an increasing number of people now call him, Mr. Stokes. His election recently as president of the United Lines Telegraph company marks an advance in a few years that may well excite surprise. Previous to the Jim Fisk episode the public in general knew nothing about Mr. Stokes. What it learned then was that he belonged to a respectable family, but had been rather wild. Fisk crossed his path for a woman, hounded him a good deal, and, it is said, also threatened his life. Then came the shooting in the Grand Central hotel followed

by Stokes' long imprisonment in the Toombs and the still longer one at Sing Sing. That was supposed to be the end of him. Certainly no one imagined that "Ed" Stokes would ever be a man of note in the community, with so very dark a cloud hanging over him. He served his term at Sing Sing and soon after his release he went to California.

Very little was heard of him for some time. Only his personal friends knew how he was employed there. No one had any thought that, having been down so low, he would ever rise again. But the stuff that makes men rise was in him. After a while New Yorkers heard that a magnificent bar the most elaborate and costly in the city, had been opened in the Hoffman house, with Ed Stokes as proprietor, and they went in thousands to see it. It certainly was worth seeing, the pictures and statues alone representing a small fortune. The bar flourished and after another while it became known that the Hoffman house itself was largely owned by Stokes. Its business grew rapidly and Stokes made money fast. He also made the acquaintance of a number of first street men, for his bar became their favorite up-town resort. Gradually his footing among the Wall street men became firm and they, on the other hand, gradually recognized in him an uncommonly able business man. He went into Wall street himself and made some pretty good turns. And now he comes to the front as president of a telegraph organization that promises to give to the overgrown Western Union company a hard push. Some of the strongest financial men in New York are at his back and evidently have confidence in him. The rise of Ed Stokes since his dreary days at Sing Sing is very remarkable indeed.

BEHIND THE BUSHES.

A Convivial Young Man's Visit to His Uncles, Aunts and Cousins in Massachusetts.

Exchange.—Uncle Tom Saunders was a thrifty farmer in the Connecticut River Valley, owning a fine "place" in old Hampshire County, Massachusetts. Brother Billy Saunders went to the Southern States and settled when a young man, where he reared a family, and, although there was a correspondence kept up, no visits passed between the two families for more than twenty-five years.

A year or two after the Maine law went into force in Massachusetts, cousin Joe Saunders, from the South, a handsome, manly young fellow, "came North" to visit his relatives. He arrived at Uncle Tom's house about nightfall, in haying time, and was heartily welcomed by uncle, aunt and cousins. Then after a chat about the folks, cousin Joe went to sleep in the "spare bed-room," with feathers and pillows enough for two, and did not get up until 9 o'clock the next morning.

Joe told the story on himself afterward. When he came down, the first one to welcome him was aunt Hannah, who, after the usual good morning, said:

"Joseph I suppose that your customs in the South in many ways are different from ours. Are you in the habit of drinking something a little strengthenin' and appetizin' in the mornin'?"

Joe signified that such was the habit with him sometimes.

"Well, we are all temperance folks here, but I've got a little bottle of 'spirits' that Dr. Billm's gave me for the hypo that I keep in the buttry. Here it is, Joseph; help yourself."

Joe was nothing loth, and, thinking that he probably would not have another such an opportunity during his visit, he took a liberal snifter, and after finishing breakfast, which had been kept for him, finding himself doubly refreshed, strolled out toward the barn, where Uncle Tom was busy at work.

"Mornin', Joe," said his uncle, cheerily; "say, come here." Then he led Joe into the granary and said in a confidential kind of way, "You know, I s'pose, that we're all temperance folks, but I've got a little old apple jack behind that bin there, that I kinder keep for my roomatiz, away from the old woman and the boys. 'Spose we take a horn apiece, you and I. It's pretty good stuff."

Nothing loth Joe imbibed again, and, feeling still more exhilarated, started down into the meadow where the boys were at work in the hay-field.

"Good morning, cousin Joe," sung out the oldest, as Joe came along. "How are you feeling this mornin'?" Say, Joe, don't you Southern fellers take a little eye-opener occasionally? You see, this 'ere is a temperance State, and father and mother are bright and shinin' lights. But we boys ain't—that is, we ain't practically. Just you go to that corner of the fence, and under Jim's jacket you'll find a jug of as good old Jamaica as you have tasted in a year. I'll go with you. Take hold, Joe, it's out of sight of the house."

Joe complied, and the operation was repeated once or twice before dinner time. He managed to get through with the meal without incurring suspicion as to his actual condition, thanks to a somewhat extensive capacity, and stayed a week with the good folks. But he said afterward that he never came so near being kept on a week's solid drunk as he did during the time of his visit to that "temperance family."