

METRICAL WHIST.

There has been as much advancement in what writing within the past few years as in science, and the present state of the art is now sadly out of date. The most recent rules are well known to the following verses from *Poems on Whist*:

If you the modern rules of what would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow;
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined;
And play not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner's stand;
And hence there is necessity the strongest,
That your first lead from your suit that's longest.

In this, with *ace* and *king*, lead *king*, then *ace*;
With *king* and *queen*, *king* also has first place;
With *ace*, *four*, *one*, *two*, *three*, *four* first be seen;
With *ace*, *four*, *one*, *two*, *three*, *four* the queen.

In other cases, you the lowest lead.

Erre you return your friend's, your own suit play;
But traps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the *best* hand you contain;

If you can't, then you may return the worst;

But, if you hold the *master* card, you're bound,

In most cases, to play it second.

Whenever you want a lead, "seldom wrong
To lead the *worst* card through the strong;

second hand you can get, unless for a lead;

Or if you're *king* and *queen*, or *ace* and *king*,

The one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rule for traps; you'll often need

WHEN YOU HOLD FIVE, 'T'S ALWAYS RIGHT TO LEAD THEM'.

If it's the lead, "it comes in to you,"
Then lead to your partner's suit.

Watch also for your partner's trump request;

To lead through hours turned up is play on your best.

Unless you want the trump suit cleared away;

When second hand a doubtful trick you see,

Don't trump it, if you hold more traps than three;

But having three, or less, trump fearlessly;

When weak in traps yourself, don't force your

friend, But always for the strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed

The lowest you must play if not lead.

When you *discord*, weak suits you ought to choose;

For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

—

PANTHER-HUNTING IN KENTUCKY.

I had been following on horseback for nearly a whole day a more "a *panther-hunt*" leading out at the head of one creek to strike another successively, across intervening mountains in Eastern Kentucky, having passed few cabins during the afternoon, when the approach of night warned me to look out for some place of shelter if I did not intend to make an impromptu and forced camp in the forest. The mountains had proved very steep and hard to climb, the valleys correspondingly deep and narrow, with generally a beautiful clear stream wandering through them; and almost the only travelers met on the way were a long string of horses and mules, with their drivers, all in single file on the mountain path, and each animal with a pack-saddle—Spanish fashion—carrying the recesses of the mountain ranges across good roads as were suited to the necessities of poor country; salt and tobacco, clothing and household articles to take back ginseng, hidden a little wool, and whatever else of the limited produce of the region could be had for exportation and in the way of exchange. And this was the commerce of Eastern Kentucky at that early period, something that improved since the war.

Of course I was aware of the slender chance afforded for anything like a regular tavern; but, feeling constrained to take shelter as it was close to sunset, I determined to make the first camp I sighted on, no matter how inconvenient it might be of the things of. Arriving shortly at a log house, I hailed the establishment, which stood some thirty yards back from the fence that enclosed it, inquiring as to the "chances of shelter for the night?"

"I reckon you'll have to come in here, stranger," was the response of a female voice, its owner for a moment peering out from the doorway with an inquiring look at me and my horses.

Going up the yard through a rude gateway, I hitched my steed to a post in front of the cabin, and, taking off my "plunder," i.e. saddlebags, I entered the domicile. Right inside I encountered a white-haired old settler clad in the livery hunting-shirt of the country, and seated at his fragrant meal of "corn-dodgers," buttermilk, and a cold cut of bacon. Merely looking up, but without rising, the salutation of my host was characteristic enough:

"Sit down, stranger! Make a long arm and help yourself—I hate ceremony!"

Of course I promptly responded in the same vein, with the expressed assurance that "I, too, disliked all *high-falutin'* and *fuss'*, and, seating myself, I "pitched in" with a will, my appetite sharpened by the consciousness of having had no dinner, and the further conviction that, coarse as was the fare, it was all I would get until the next morning at any rate.

The family I soon found to consist of the old pioneer, his wife, one son, and two daughters, all of whom were really pretty girls of about 15 and 20 years, respectively, and full of vivacity as to what the traveler in "store-clothes," i.e. broadcloth, had to tell about the great outside world of which they themselves knew little.

Sniper over, and the welfare of my good stock looked after, I found myself seated before a huge log-fire, listening to stories of Kentucky in the olden time. On this occasion the subject happened to be principally panther-hunting, something with which, on account of the chills and dark ravines, the section of the country abounded; and as many of these incidents can hardly help being of interest to the present time, I propose to relate some of them as they were told to me.

"When I first moved out of Calina into Kaintuck," began the old gentleman, "I had one of the likeliest colts any one ever set eyes on. The mare was fine enough; but the colt—why, he was a *big* colt, I'm sure."

"I had never dreamed of any harm coming to the horse, but the Indians had gone, and we had no horse thinner than a rail morning, on going out to salt 'em, I didn't see the colt at all, although that was the old man, looking wild and scared-like. Come to look around, I see what the ground had been tramped all about, as if a big scuffle had taken place; and, looking further yet, I found my fine colt killed by some varmint and eaten away in a pile of fern, a great chunk having been eaten out of its thigh. I tell you, I was mad! Of course it must have been a *painter* that did that, says I to myself; and back I went for my rifle."

"It did not take long to hunt up some of the neighbors, for I was determined to have the varmint's scalp if he was anywhere in them hills. But, after a day's hunt, all we shot was a *big* *b'ar*, which was killed at the start, and which went to the creek 'till we came back from the painter hunt, for we did not mean the painter should have any *b'ar* meat when he missed his next feast on the colt."

Compled to answer "No," for it was late in October, and the "chinking" to the logs not altogether complete, next came the injunction, or order:

had to go past it; but one day, about six weeks after the death of the colt, as I was sauntering about the house, I heard my shoulder, what should I see but a huge winter bullock up on the hill, a limb of a tree, below the bluff, over-looking the horse-lot, and twisting his tail and licking his chops as he was watching one of my yearling heifers that was feeding right along up toward him.

"Thinks I your hide's in the loft and your tail hanging out, my friend; and with that I ran to a point of the bluff where he couldn't see me, and, drawing his tail, he went up on the hill, mighty long range, too, I was lucky enough to break his back and bring him down. Tired, however, with the long day's ride, I enjoyed a good night's sleep."

"Heavens and earth, stranger, like a woman—only a hundred times louder! Down he went ker-chunk on the ground; and as he couldn't run, he just tore up the earth with his claws and gave scream after scream, enough to make him run across the very door-yard, and which had fallen before the old gentleman's rifle, and the whitest of fresh blood, and the bullet, and with a few of the *hounds*, and with a great deal of all compasses in, "because," he said, "I never did charge a stranger for stopping with me, and I am too old to be hurt now." I was compelled to take it out in warm grasps of the hand all around, with cherished recollections of a pleasant sojourn never to be forgotten, and a promise to "stop again if ever I came that way."

The old gentleman continued:

"Painters was mighty plenty in them times, and there was a great settlement, and there was some sort of sermons in one or more of them. But the most that ever I heard of as being in one gang happened up on a high ridge about ten miles from here, when I first came to Kaintuck. That time a neighbor of mine and myself had agreed to the girl of his choice, as they were riding together near Newark, Ohio. She told him that she certainly would never change her mind. 'Then I want to die,' he said. He got out of the wagon, took the check-rein from the horse, walked a short distance into the woods, and hanged himself. The girl, after waiting awhile, went to look for him and found him dead."

The American Tourist.—A small, four-wheeled wagon, drawn by two goats, and containing a helpless shriveled-up remnant of a man, shrank up in a loose bag of coarse cloths, and a large straw hat, attracted attention in Hinesville, Ga., recently.

The man gave his name as David Givens, from Zanesville, Ohio. He says he was formerly a stout, active man, about five feet five inches high, but that he has been brought to his present condition by paralysis. He has traveled in the present manner for many years, and calls himself "the American tourist." He is entirely helpless, and his shriveled limbs and parched countenance are pitiful. He has a wife and four children, who accompany him, and attend to his wants.

He is a temperance advocate, bitter in his denunciation of spirituous liquors, and derives a small revenue from the sale of a temperance song and other small articles.

A New York Bachelor.—John King, a cobbler, is a Cincinnati newsboy, but now somewhat more noted than others of his calling. For ten years he has lived in a cramped and uncomfortable room in the old Museum building, at Third and Sycamore streets. He has all this time been alone—cooking, washing, and mending for himself. A hard life, it may be said. But John from the first took a different view of the matter. He was an optimist. Nature had kicked him at the start? Very well. The world is wide, and he's on the way? Correct. Nevertheless, John began to collect books, working all day for bread and the means to satisfy his bibliomania. At night he would read. Last Tuesday the *Commercial* devoted a column to John's presentation of 2,500 volumes to the Public Library of Cincinnati. All the books are good; many of them choice old volumes with London imprint, the classics, histories, and so on.

John's Love.—There died in Austin, Minn., one day last week, an old man called John, the woodman. He shuf-fled about the house, poising himself, and then lay down in a cramped and uncomfortable room in the old Museum building, at Third and Sycamore streets. He has all this time been alone—cooking, washing, and mending for himself. A hard life, it may be said. But John from the first took a different view of the matter. He was an optimist. Nature had kicked him at the start? Very well. The world is wide, and he's on the way? Correct. Nevertheless, John began to collect books, working all day for bread and the means to satisfy his bibliomania. At night he would read. Last Tuesday the *Commercial* devoted a column to John's presentation of 2,500 volumes to the Public Library of Cincinnati. All the books are good; many of them choice old volumes with London imprint, the classics, histories, and so on.

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