

TOM AND TIM AT DRAW POKER

Millions at Stake in a Remarkable Game Between Man and Wife.

DOMESTIC TUSSELS LASTING TWO YEARS

A Chapter of Life at Butte, Mont., in Which Tom Wins Out and Breaks Tom's Mania for Gambling.

"One of the wealthiest men in my town has got a seat to his name," said George Witherby of Butte, Mont., in a hotel cafe in Washington a few nights ago.

The man in the party eyed Mr. Witherby. "Paet, I assure you," he went on. "The man has the use of the money. He uses it in his big operations just as freely as I do for the same purpose. He is rated A No. 1 for the whole pile by the commercial agencies. Moreover, he made every dollar of the money himself. All the same, he can't call a son-of-a-bitch only the other day that he didn't have the price of a necktie in cash that belonged to him, and that if he happened to be called upon to pay in coin for the half-price of his shoes, he'd probably have to go barefoot."

Some of the men around the table, relates a correspondent of the New York Sun, were beginning to regard Mr. Witherby with misgivingly distrustful looks, but he went on: "I guess about a million is the figure this man has accumulated and has got the use of, although he doesn't now own any of it any more than you fellows do. It belongs to his wife. No, he didn't transfer it to her in order to avoid the payment of debts, or anything of the sort. He's a dead-square man, and his word has always been as good as his bond. And he didn't marry a wealthy woman, either. For, as I've already said, he earned every penny of the pile himself. It is simply this: During the last four years this man has been playing poker with his wife, and she has been cleaning him out of the go-off. She broke him in less than two years after they started the game, and she has kept him flat broke ever since. He hasn't got 10 cents worth of stock or bonds in the world; he's got no personal property except his clothes and his watch and chain—his wife has won all the rest of his jewelry, though she lets him wear it; he doesn't own a penny so much as an \$310 rough-board shaker out of the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of real estate that used to stand in his name. His wife has got it all. Yet they are the happiest couple in the northwest, go everywhere together, and are genuine chums and sweethearts. It is a queer business, I admit, and I'll have to give you the details before you'll be able to understand it.

A WIDOW OPEN TOWN.

"It is about four years ago, as most of you probably know, Butte was probably the warmest gambling town in this country. There were half a dozen games on every block and they weren't smothered up on the floor, either. The houses were packed with a house man at every hole to size up the proper people or the dangerous ones that tinkered for admittance. They were a full blast on every block, and the clatter of the chips and the rattling of the wheel marbles were just as common sounds in the ears of pedestrians on the main streets of Butte as the music of the street organ on the streets of San Francisco. All of the joints were called clubs, and there was a war of wills between the best and the worst of them.

"At faro bank you could get anything you wanted in Butte, from two-bit limit to no limit at all, and the rest of the games, from miniature to fly, were all there. The men were run on the same scale to accommodate the purses of both punters and performers. There was no municipal supervision of the games at all. The only restriction was that every layout should be run strictly on the level, and this was not a municipal enactment, but was a matter of common sense. The big institutions took in hand and enforced. If the manager of a punting game got caught in the most venal sort of crooked work, or in an attempt at crooked work, his place would be closed up in five minutes by the chief of police, and no explanation would be given. This was the law. The big bank proprietors would know why they were closed.

HE LIKED THE GAME.

"Well, this wealthy man of Butte, now without a cent of his own, was one of the most profitable patrons of the high-class game until the reform movement began to come along, about four years ago and swept about eight out of ten banks out of existence and forced the surviving institutions, the leading ones of the town, to carry on business strictly on the quiet. He made most of his money in working Montana's gem fields, and he was a shrewd investor and a rational good business man. But he was one of those fellows the like of whom you occasionally run across with an irresistible mania for gambling in all its forms, yet altogether lacking in the temperament, skill and experience required for successful gambling. He went against all the heavy games that were running in Butte under the old regime, and he got hit hard by nearly all of them. He lacked the will power to let the tables alone, however, and after a while his steady losses began to prey on his nerves and to injure his health. Although he never overreached upon his capital, he sloughed away the major portion of his very large income on the green cloth, and if the reform administration hadn't happened around just about when it did there's no telling how far he might have gone. Although he kept at it for a few weeks after the beginning of the reform he was too upright to be able to stand for sneaking up back stairs, to having inspectors check his peepholes by hangers-on for faro bells. But his wife was chiefly instrumental in his giving the banks the complete go-by.

"He had gone back to New Hampshire and married the sweetheart of his boyhood after he began to pile up money in Montana. He got a prize, too, and he knew it, and he did everything in the world for her but the one thing that she most wanted him to do, and that was to quit gambling.

"After a while 'T' let the banks go. 'Tommy,' he said, 'I want to give 'em one good hard whack, and get at least one of it back, and then you and I'll spend our evenings playing checkers and you won't worry any more.'

"Well, you all know how it goes when a fellow stacks up against another man's game for the purpose of getting his money back. The player plays with desperation and intelligence, and he gets worse mired all the time. That was what was happening to this man when his wife let the game go. She was and is a pretty level-headed and accomplished woman and clever enough to keep the smartest men on their mettle on any subject.

AN INSINUATING BLUFF.

"Tom," said she to her husband very early one morning when he reached home with a worried look on his face, "you know I'm no Mrs. Caudle and that doesn't sit up to lecture you. You've been at the bank, haven't you, Tom?"

"Tom owned up."

"And you look as if you were hit pretty hard, I suppose you were?"

"Middling hard," says Tom.

"Well, now," she said, "I've been hearing today that the frat-rate man don't play bank any more, since they've been compelled to go about it in a skulking kind of way. And, after having had the honey of your acquaintance and your regard ever since I was a little girl in short frocks, it is clear to me that you belong to the tribe of frat-rate men."

"Tom smoked his cigar and kept his mouth closed."

"Tom," Mrs. Tom went on, "I believe that you just naturally love to gamble; that you were born that way; that you have a passion for venturing your money just for the excitement, the mental stimulus of it. Am I right?"

ASK TO HAVE A DATE FIXED

Bartley's Attorneys File a Motion in the Supreme Court.

WANT A DAY SET FOR THE HEARING

By the Rules Opposing Counsel Have Twenty Days to File Briefs from October 20, When Bartley's Briefs Were Filed.

LINCOLN, Nov. 2.—(Special)—The attorneys for ex-State Treasurer Bartley have filed a motion in the supreme court asking the court to set a day for the hearing and argument of his case and to fix a time in which the state's attorneys shall serve and file briefs. Bartley's briefs were filed October 20 and the rules of the court allow the opposing counsel twenty days in which to file reply briefs.

Attorney General Smyth has appealed the Home for the Friendless case to the supreme court. The case was brought in district court some time ago upon mandamus proceedings commenced by Mrs. C. S. Jones, the newly appointed superintendent, to gain possession of the home. In his decision dismissing the writ of mandamus Judge Holmes said that the state had entered into a contract with the society.

FIGHT IN A POLLING BOOTH.

Judge is Struck in a Controversy and the Scrap Becomes General.

BEATRICE, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special Telegram)—An exciting encounter between prominent citizens occurred at the Second ward polling place tonight. The room was packed with watchers and in a controversy over a ballot, Frank Norcross struck Judge J. E. Bush, who had a few moments before been engaged in a controversy with Norcross' father, Charles Bush, a son of the judge, who was on the board when his father was struck, attempted to take a hand in the affair, which resulted in a general scrap. A scuffle ensued between the two brothers, Bush, who had stepped outside with the crowd, took up the quarrel by striking young Norcross in the face. Bystanders again intervened and further trouble was averted. Previous trouble between the two families was largely responsible for the affair.

Funeral of Richard Cannon.

TECUMSEH, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special)—The funeral of Richard Cannon, who was killed at Alliance, Neb., last Saturday, was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cummins in Tecumseh yesterday.

How Open a Safe.

EDGAR, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special)—The Clay county bank of this city was broken into last night and the money opened, but before the robbers had time to make the money James McNally, editor of the Post, who happened to hear the explosion, came upon the scene and the robbers fled. He aroused Stout and Venable, the proprietors, and returned with them to the bank, but no trace of the robbers could be seen. There was about \$2,000 outside of the cash reserve drawer, most of which was in the way of a man's play check, but she's got me as deep in the hole now that I've got to see the same through.

Rob on A. O. U. Treasurer.

RED CLOUD, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special)—The safe in H. E. Grice's drug store was opened last Saturday night and about \$50 taken. The robbers drilled into the safe door a hole through which they could see into it with a charge of powder. Mr. Grice is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen lodge and as it was the last of the month it is thought that the robbers were getting a large sum of money that is paid in on assessments at this time.

Historical Building Takes Fire.

MILFORD, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special)—The building that was known in the early history of Milford as the Frisbee house caught fire yesterday from explosive stove polish. The fire was soon gotten under control and the damage was little more than nominal.

Railroad Receipts Are Large.

SHELTON, Neb., Nov. 2.—(Special)—Receipts for the month of October at the Union Pacific station here are almost \$32,000. This is a large increase over several years past and is in part accounted for by large shipments of stock to this point for feeding.

Nebraska News Notes.

Corn huskers are scarce in the western part of the state. A school near Shelton has been closed on account of whooping cough. Members of the Christian church at Beaver City are building a house of worship. Farmers in Hitchcock county lost several head of stock during the storm. Farmers near Battle Creek are buying sheep in lots of 2,000 and less, for winter feeding.

Ewing has a mad dog scare.

Several head of stock have been bitten by a dog supposed to have been mad.

Dr. R. C. Talbot of Broken Bow got tangled up in a runaway.

and sustained the fracture of a collar bone plus two ribs.

The ministerial association of Holdrege district, Western Nebraska Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, will be held at Alma.

Bishop Scannel of the Omaha Catholic diocese, assisted by Rev. Father Flood, confirmed a class of fifty-four at Broken Bow recently.

The 10-year-old son of E. B. Haskitt of Sidney was thrown from a cart on Sunday last and both bones of his right forearm were broken near the wrist.

Emil Anderson, aged 13, of Mason City, with several lads, was digging a "dungeon" when the ground caved in and he was completely buried. When rescued his only injury was found to be a broken leg.

The Battle Creek Republican has on exhibition an ear of corn that beats anything seen in that line in that vicinity. It weighs nearly two pounds, has twenty-two rows of corn and over 1,200 grains in all and measures ten and one-half inches in circumference at the butt end.

George Humphrey, formerly a resident of Pierce county, is charged with the murder of his wife's brother, the act being committed near his old home in the state of Virginia, while under the influence of liquor.

George, with a party, was out hunting and got on one of those apes he was noted for while in Nebraska, striking off a limb with a rock. The boy lingered for several weeks before dying.

Tuesday night of last week fifteen head of cattle disappeared from the ranch of the Beaver Creek Cattle company near Valentine.

They were missed the next morning and E. G. Perkins, foreman of the ranch, started in search of them but could not find their trail. Every indication points to the fact that the cattle did not stray from the ranch but were driven away. Among the bunch were cows, steers, heifers and calves and two or three of the missing ones had calves in the herd. One of these cows went to the farm of Mrs. P. J. Pollock, a day or two ago and had evidently left the other cattle on the Indian reservation to go to her calf. That the cattle were rustled there seems to be no doubt.

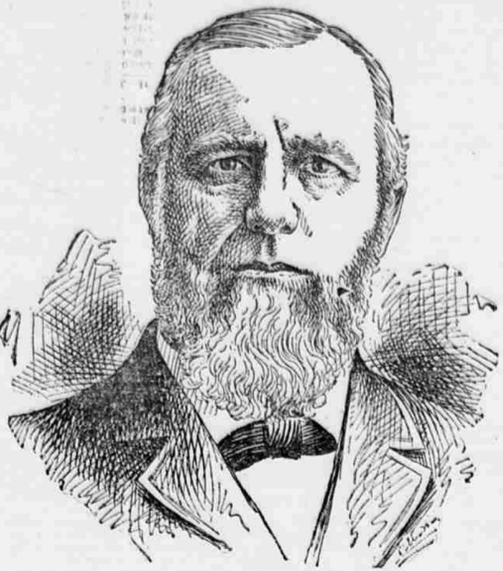
Henry Cole, a mauling who has a small barber shop at Chancery and Hanover streets, Trenton, N. J., is turning white. Two years ago he noticed white spots on his right arm,

which grew until his arms were nearly white. Similar spots began to appear on other parts of his body until he is now two-thirds white. The spots when they first made their appearance were no bigger than a pin head. His face still remains yellow, but the small white spots are beginning to make their appearance. Cole figures that within the next six months he will be a white man. Where the black fades away the skin is of the color of that of the Caucasian race. No other members of Cole's family have been similarly affected. They are all dark—some of them very black negroes.

STATIONS AND STATE OF WEATHER.

Table with columns for Station, State, and Weather. Includes entries for Omaha, Lincoln, St. Louis, etc.

Restored to Health And Hundreds of Dollars Saved by Dr. Miles Restorative Nerve.



W. G. STARR, hardware dealer and president of the Honoye Falls Water Co., of Honoye Falls, N. Y., writes: "I have taken Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, much to my benefit, having suffered for years past from nervous prostration, dizziness and a weak, tired feeling. I have been treated by a number of physicians, but receiving no permanent benefit, I took Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve and can only speak of it in the highest terms. As it restored me to health and saved hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. I have also recommended the Nerve to many of my friends and take pleasure in telling the public of the permanent benefit I received from it."

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

Caps and Gloves. It is true that exclusive furnishing goods houses are severely hampered by the competition of merchants who sell caps and gloves only as adjuncts to their other lines, and who in order to attract customers offer them at the lowest prices—Test the power of a small outlay in these departments of ours—for example—

- A black cloth or mixed colors cap in golf style with ear protection... 20c
Silk lined golf and square crown, all wool caps, the exclusive cap and hat house 75c article... 35c
Satin lined Scotch wool, all colors and styles, for cold weather wear... 40c
Extra heavy caps of plush, melton and beaver cloths... 50c
Oil tanned calf gloves (lined or unlined)... 20c
Heavy cashmere gloves (self lined)... 25c
Street and driving gloves... 50c
Undressed kids (castors and mochas)... 60c
Heavy woolen mittens, mittens made of hide, sheepskin backs patented comfort gloves and mitts, kid gloves for dress wear only, and gloves for the school boy, all are here.

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