

### GAMBLERS' BIG GAMES

Scratch Winnings Made at Keno and Faro Games.

#### SOME GREAT LUCK STORIES

Running a Bank for Three Days on a Capital of Five Dollars - Stud Poker Hands.

Albany Letter to New York Sun. "It does beat all how cards will sometimes keep a-runnin' one way for a long time," remarked Old Scho, apropos of nothing in particular, during an informal meeting of the Gladstone club, as he toyed with a stack of red chips, which, like all their blue and white companions in this city, have become useless, except as counters in an innocuous game of whist or casino, since the reform wave came along and closed up all the places where men used to gamble on the green. Old Scho heaved a meditative sigh, reflectively stroked his white chin whiskers and looked up and around to observe whether any of the other members were listening to him. Having satisfied himself that there were at least three or four who were ready to give willing ears to the yarns that he spins on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, he continued:

"I remember one night years ago, when Paddy Martin was running a keno joint up here on Broadway, I made the biggest scratch of my life. It was like this: I'm broke, an' I'm just goin' out when a friend o' mine comes in an' I says to him: 'Lemme have \$10, will ye?' He puts his hand in his pocket an' pulls out \$10 an' gives it to me. I go in an' I bet just one card for half a dollar, an' I win the pool. Well, I don't play no more keno that night, but I go over to the White House an' I go up again the bank an' I win \$2,700. I simply can't lose. I win all the time that night."

#### GREAT LUCK STORIES.

As those who had been listening were old and well-seasoned members of the Gladstone club, whose purpose is, and is distinctly specified in its articles of incorporation, the promotion of the social enjoyment and the intellectual development of its members, they did not show that they had been profoundly impressed by Old Scho's narrative. They had often heard him tell similar stories, all of which he warranted to be true in every detail. But the old man was not discouraged by the apparent want of appreciation on the part of his audience. With a little preliminary cough, which had no suggestion of an apology in its sound, he began again:

"I remember another time, up in Saratoga one night, I see Cull Holland win \$5 with 2 cents off the roulette wheel in Cafe Mitchell's. Then he goes over agin the faro bank an' win something like \$2,000."

This time the solemn looking member, with the long, flowing, black mustache, felt himself impelled to ask:

"How could he win anything with 2 cents? They wouldn't let him put it down."

"Oh, yes, they would. They'd let him put anything down, even a brass button, and pay him, too. Of course, they knowed him well an' he'd been losing quite a little money."

A brief period of silence intervened during which the old man stroked his whiskers three times. Then he resumed his discourse.

"An' then again, I've seen the cards run agin a man all night. I remember one night when I was dealing faro bank in Chicago there was a man playing—he was the brother of some senator; I forgot his name now—an' he lose 33 bets right straight off the reel. He gets a stand-off now an' then, but he never picks a bet off the layout. Blimey, by he win a few bets, but putty soon he lose again, an' along to'rds midnight I guess he's putty near broke. He reaches down in his pocket and pulls out a \$50 bill, an' he hands it over an' says: 'Put that on the five.' I put it on the five and she loses the next turn. Well, that man he just gave one gasp an' fell back in his chair. Some of the players that was sitting 'longside of him began to rub his hands an' one man called for water. They thought he'd fainted, but I looked at him just once an' I says: 'Oh, no, he ain't fainted; he's dead.' Ye see, I'd seen a fellow die just like that once before, an' I knowed the signs."

Then the solemn looking fellow spoke up again and remarked:

"Well, now, I'll tell you people just one little story. It's little, but it's true. I see a fellow go up against the faro bank up in Johnny Mack's one night, and he had only a half dollar to begin with, and he begins to play the high card, and I'm blamed if he don't beat every turn through a whole deal, from top to bottom. At the end of the deal he has about \$18."

"How much did he bet at a time?" asked the smooth-faced, dark-haired member with the streaks of gray at his temples.

"Only 50 cents, five white chips, all the way through the deal."

"Then he couldn't have had \$18, even if he beat every turn, for there are only 25 turns in a deal."

"Aw, say, you're too particular. He might have bet a little more towards the last. Anyway, he had about \$18."

"Did he win any more or did he lose it all again?" inquired the member with the flowing gray mustache and the slouch hat.

"I really don't know; I came away just then."

"You must have been broke."

"Why?"

"Else a team of horses couldn't have dragged you away."

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I've come away winner as often as most people."

"Yes, I guess that's so, too."

"Talk about being broke," resumed Old Scho, who had been smoking vigorously while the others were talking, "reminds me of one time when me an' another fellow out in Chicago run a faro bank for three days with only \$5 in the bank roll. You see, we had the use of the rooms and the layout, but we couldn't get no money, so we just thought we'd take a chance. We had several close calls. One time a fellow had out about \$200 worth of chips, but he kept a-playing, an' of course he lose it all back again. Another time some small players got \$4 out of our \$5, an' things looked mighty blue for us. At last there came along a fellow with a big wad one night, an' the cards go agin him from the start. Putty soon we have about \$1,000 of his money; then he strikes a lucky streak an' win it putty near all back again, but he don't quit, an' bimbeby he lose again, an' he keeps on a-losin' until 5 o'clock in the morning, when he gets up an' says he's

broke. An' how much money do ye s'pose we win off that fellow?"

"Oh, about a hundred thousand," remarked the solemn member.

"Probably about a million, if we let you tell it," said the fat member.

Old Scho looked up with an expression evidently intended to be one of injured innocence.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "what I'm a telling you is the honest truth. We win just \$5,000 an' not a cent more."

"Is that all?" asked the stout member with the smiling face and the stubby, black mustache, in a tone of deep surprise.

Old Scho took a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. Then he began again:

"Say, you people remember the time when they used to deal draw poker around the table, just like stud? Well, in them days they used to give a prize of \$100 every week over here in the White House for the best hand held. Well, one Friday night I sit in the game an' putty soon I have four aces. That's the best hand that's been held that week, an' there's only one day left, so my chance of getting the prize is putty good. But a fellow who sits next to me offers me \$10 for my chance, an' I

says: 'Give's yer \$10.' Some of the other fellows say I'm foolish, but I know what I'm doing all the time. I know there ain't nothing more uncertain than cards. Sure enough, before I'd been playing a great while longer I hold a straight flush. An' I sell that, too. An' I'll be darned if that wasn't beat the next day by a higher straight flush."

"Scho, you're a bird," remarked the fat member with great intensity of feeling and several of the other members looked at the old man with renewed interest, noticing that he was getting back into his 60-year-old form, when, as all who knew him will acknowledge, he was at his best.

Thus encouraged and refreshed with a few more vigorous puffs at his pipe, which perceptibly thickened the atmosphere of the room and gave the solemn member a violent fit of coughing, he came once more to the scratch, not the least bit winded:

"The funniest thing I ever had happen to me was one night when I was dealing faro bank in New York. A man came in who said he'd never played faro bank before, an' he buys \$5 worth of chips. He says he only wants to double his money. But he strikes a

winning streak an' he keeps on a-playing till he has \$87. Then he cashes in an' I hand him his money. He takes it an' looks at it a moment; then he hands it back again, all but \$10, an' he says to me: 'Here, take your money; I don't want to take no advantage of you. I only wanted to double my money. If it's so easy for a man to win who never played the game before, what must it be for a man who knows how to play?' Well, I nearly fell off the chair, but I don't let on that there's anything surprised me. I says to the man: 'My friend, you better take your money; you win it fair an' square, an' you may want it bimbeby.' But he won't take it, so I put it back in my drawer, an' he walks out."

At this point all the members arose, formed a semicircle in front of the old man, bowed low before him and then filtered out into the silent night.

#### GOOD DUCK HUNTING.

There Were Plenty of Birds, but the Game Was Too Rich to Get At.

From the Washington Star.

A party of Washingtonians went to a North Carolina resort, being attracted there by a circular stating that it was

in the midst of a "fine duck hunting section."

They occupied the first three days in hunting and did not see a duck flying low enough to shoot at, although there were a great many at a tantalizing distance in the air, too high to be secured with the farthest carrying gun.

Finally they spoke to the landlord about it, and he explained: "There's plenty of ducks, but they don't come down very often. I didn't say anything about how many ducks you could kill. I said it was fine hunting, and it's the best I know. Plenty of ducks in sight all the time, and you can watch them and hunt them all day long. There ain't a man in the neighborhood who don't hunt ducks, and every once in a while they get one. It is the best duck hunting on the coast."

#### He Wasn't Discouraged.

From Truth.

Quinn—Talk about yer windy days, I've seen it so windy that it took a flock of crows three hours ter floy from that lot beyant over to here.

Flynn—That's nothin'. Ol've seen it so windy that they couldn't floy; they had to walk home.

What nerve berries have done for others they will do for you.



1ST DAY. 10TH DAY. 30TH DAY.

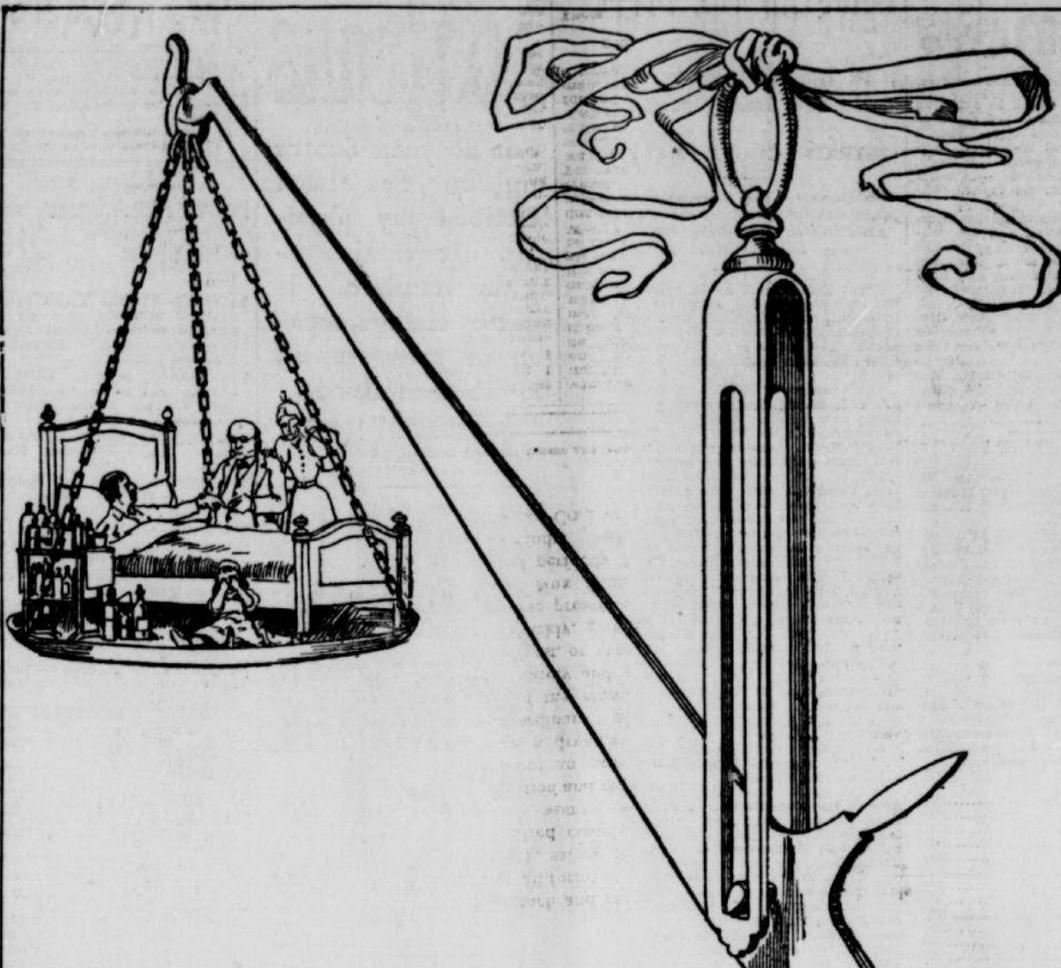
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Ripans Tabules correct a disordered stomach and restore the sluggish liver and bowels to healthy action; thus relieving and preventing all forms of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, offensive breath, catarrh, sallow complexion, skin eruptions, backaches, disturbed sleep, nervousness, and all kindred complaints. People of sedentary ways, professional and business men, and particularly women, will find Ripans Tabules an un-failing reliance for a clear head, comfortable digestion and regular habits.

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