

THE CROOKS WERE MATCHED

When They Tackled the Comfortable-Looking Man

Who Was the Famous Patrick Sheedy and Who "Saw" Them to the Tune of \$1,100 Just to Pass Time.

"On a trip from Chicago to New York in the summer of '96," said an official of the secret service, who spends a good deal of his time a-rail, "I was struck by the comfortable, goomed and experienced traveler look of the man whose chair was directly across the aisle from mine. He was a quietly but perfectly dressed man of 45 or so, with a close-shaven, ruddy countenance of certain smiling Milesian characteristics, shrewd, smiling expression. He had a great stack of papers and magazines, many of them European publications, around his chair, and he was skimming them in an idle sort of way, when a faultily dressed young fellow of 30 or so made his appearance at the door leading into the smoking compartment and surveyed the faces of the men in the car. The comfortable-looking man across the aisle from me raised his eyes and shot a quick glance at the young fellow, and then went on with the perusal of the magazine in his hand. Presently the young fellow strolled down the aisle, stopped at my chair, and addressed me pleasantly and courteously.

"I'm trying to get up a bit of a game of penny-ante to while away the time," he said. "Care to sit in? I've got one player, and need a couple more."

"Casino and old maid are my games," said I, employing stock lingo for such occasions. "I don't know one poker hand from another."

"The young chap smiled pleasantly, and remarked that he guessed I was just as well off that I didn't, and then turned and addressed the man across the aisle. The comfortable-looking man looked up at him and smiled and said:

"Well, I don't mind. However, I'm interested in the outcome of a story I'm reading just now. Start the game going, and get the other fellows you're hunting for, I'll join you presently."

awhile, and went into the smoking compartment. So did I, to smoke and to look on at the game.

"The young fellow and an older man, also faultlessly togged, were already playing, although they looked to be somewhat bored. Their faces lighted up, however, when the comfortable-looking man joined them, and they produced a new pack, made the limit 5 cents, dished out a dollar's worth of whites and blues all around, and started in.

"They played on for an hour or so without incident. The hands all around were very bad. A game of 5-cent limit, even on a train, where time hangs heavy, is pretty stupid.

"Tush!" exclaimed the young man who had invited the comfortable-looking man in, after they had been playing for quite a while, "let's chuck some action into this. What's the matter with a dollar limit?"

"Now, I had been waiting for the young man to make some such suggestion as that. It cost me a whole lot of money to learn how to play poker fairly well, and also to learn when not to play at all, and I felt confident that the young man was due to suggest the extending of the limit. The reason why I felt confident of this was because I had caught two or three lightning glances between the young man and the older man with whom he started to play. The comfortable-looking man appeared not to have noticed these things. I didn't feel as if it was my business to put in my oar just then, although I meditated doing something of the sort in case he lost any sizable amount.

"Just what I was about to suggest myself," replied the comfortable-looking man. "This is deadly dull, and I can barely keep awake. But why dollar limit? Let's make it five-dollar limit and fifty-cent ante."

"Well, a little of that goes a long way, but I guess I can stand it," replied the young man. And so they went ahead on that basis. "I knew by that time that the two chaps were sharpers who made a business of picking up good things on the trains, and I made a mental determination to ring in at the proper moment.

"The comfortable-looking man seemed to have all the luck under the elevated limit. I was sitting right behind him, and I saw all his hands. They were 2-1's more than good when the other two dealt, but never particularly good when he himself had the deal. He was perhaps \$30 to the good at the end of an hour's play with the \$5 limit, and then there was a jackpot. Before picking up his cards the second time around of the jackpot,

the comfortable-looking man screwed around in his seat to call the porter. As he did so he gave me the most devilish and meaningful wink. I breathed a sigh of relief to perceive that he was 'next.' There was something in that wink that convinced me that the comfortable-looking man wasn't going to get the worst of it.

"Bring me that bag beside my chair, will you," said the comfortable-looking man to the porter. "I want to get some cigars."

"The porter was back with the bag in no time. My man grasped the bag quickly from the porter's hands and deposited it at his feet, so that I—but not the two sharpers—could see it. It was a handsome but worn Gladstone bag, and the labels of many European hotels were pasted on it. In small letters on one side of the bag I caught the name of 'P. Sheedy.' Oh, no, I didn't fear for P. Sheedy, the comfortable-looking man, a little bit then.

"The comfortable-looking man opened the pot with his kings up, and both the others stayed. He discarded his pair of nines and the other card and drew three cards. The comfortable-looking man closed his five cards up. Like a fan, and when he opened them up again—for the life of me I couldn't see how it was done—he had four kings and an act. The young chap had stood pat. The older man had drawn one. They threw the \$5 limit back and forth at each other to beat the band until there wasn't much less than \$300 represented in the center of the baize. Then the comfortable-looking man placed his five cards down on the table and remarked:

"By Jove, this is getting exciting, and I forgot about that smoke."

"Well, it was pretty good to see the countenances of those two swindlers when my man put that bag of his on the table so that they both saw 'P. Sheedy' in small letters. It was great. They both went pale, and then they flushed. Their features worked painfully. They shot lightning glances at each other. They were really in a distressing state.

"Well, I guess you have got me beat," remarked the young man—it was his bet. "Fight it out, you two."

"I'm afraid our friend across the way," remarked the older sharper, "has got us tied in knots. I'm out. The openers, if you please?"

"Mr. Sheedy threw his cards face up on the table, and when the two crooks saw the four kings their faces were worth studying. Mr. Sheedy pulled in the pot without any exhibition of triumph, and yawned cavernously.

"Well, I think I'll take a bit of a nap," said he.

"The bank was straightened out," says the Star, "and the man who recently conducted the negotiations for the return of the stolen Duchess of Devonshire portrait by Gainsborough to its English owners—Patrick Sheedy, the most famous and unquestionably the squarest gambler in the world pocketed about \$100 of those two crooks' money. Then he picked up his Gladstone bag, politely excused himself, on the plea that he was exceedingly sleepy, and returned to his chair."

The Big Feed.

A number of Indians were up from Moosehide yesterday with three canoes to get the monthly allowance which the government gives them for the maintenance of the indigents at their village. Rations were issued for 17 men for 30 days, including flour, bacon, canned meats, fruits, etc., and were carried down the river by the canoeists, whose faces were wreathed in smiles and whose eyes shown with pleasure as they talked among themselves of the "big feed" which was in sight.

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Patrons of the Pioneer, the "big cigars" have arrived.

Public Notice.

In compliance with a petition largely signed by the business men of Dawson, requesting that Thursday, the 4th of July, be declared a holiday so that the citizens may participate in the sports which have been arranged for that day, I hereby declare the said Thursday, July 4th, as a public holiday.

J. H. ROSS, Commissioner.

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In the Territorial Court of the Yukon Territory.

Between
ERNEST LEVIN, Plaintiff,
And
FRED TRUMP, PATRICK MARTIN and ANNIE MARTIN, Defendants.
To the Above Named Defendant, Fred Trump:

Take notice, that this action was on the 13th day of June, 1907, commenced against you, and that the plaintiff by his writ of summons claims: An accounting of all partnership business; partition or sale of said partnership business; such other and further relief as the nature of the case may require; costs of this action.

And take notice that the court has by order dated the 13th day of June, 1907, authorized service of the said writ of summons on you by the insertion of this notice for three weeks after the date of said order in the Nugget newspaper.

And further take notice that you are required within 40 days after the last insertion of this advertisement inclusive of the day of such insertion, to cause an appearance to be entered for you in the office of the clerk of this court, and that in default of your so doing the plaintiff may proceed with this action and judgment may be given against you in your absence.

W. L. PHILLIPS,
Advocate for Plaintiff,
Whose address for service is at the offices of Messrs. Woodworth & Black, rooms 3, 4 and 5 Victoria building, Dawson, Y. T. 27-6

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