

O'GRADY, THE NIGHTHAWK

By J. W. CARY . . .

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O'Grady, the nighthawk, roused with a start as the swinging doors of the saloon were flung outward.

"Keb! Keb, sor?" And he seized the dangling reins.

The man looked critically at the shaky vehicle and the bony horse and uttered an imprecation as he turned to the two other men issuing from the saloon and supporting between them a third and much younger man.

"Only thing in sight," he murmured viciously, then turned to O'Grady. "Can that bag of bones travel five miles tonight?"

"Yis, sor," exclaimed the nighthawk, springing down and throwing open the rickety door of the cab. "He's better than he looks; there's a hape av foight in him yet."

The cabman sized up the party. Big Dolton, the gambler, he knew. The two men with the youth he recognized as hangers on of the gambling resorts, always ready for any scheme. As for the boy, he was a handsome young fellow, in spite of flushed face and bloodshot eyes, and the cut of his evening suit and fur lined coat showed plainly enough that he was a man of wealth.

"A foine lookin' lad," soliloquized O'Grady, "an' a pritty penny it'll cost him to see the town with Big Dolton as guide."

As the boy was helped into the cab he said thickly: "Where are we going? I don't want to go home yet—the night's young. I'm not a kid, nor drunk either."

"Of course you're not drunk," answered the gambler soothingly, "and if you don't want to go home I'll take you to a quiet little place where we can have a game of draw; no percentage to the bank or loaded dice against you."

"All right," answered the boy eagerly. "Come on; the money b-burns in my pocket."

Waiting until the three were safely within the cab, the gambler in a low voice gave O'Grady the directions.

After driving for nearly an hour the address was reached. It was in a thinly populated part of the city, and O'Grady turned into a street but recently thrown open. Fumbling in his pocket, the gambler drew forth a roll of bills, from which he extracted a five, remarking carelessly as he did so: "There's your fare. That's all."

"Hold on," said the boy impulsively as he reached the sidewalk, and Pat noticed that his voice was clearer and firmer. "Your horse must be pretty well winded. Let me add this." And he slipped another bill into Pat's hand.

As his fares disappeared Pat lit a match and discovered that the young man's tip had been a ten dollar bill. He jumped on to the box and started cheerily down the street; then, with a sudden impulse, he pulled Billy almost to his haunches.

"Phwhat will that black haled divil be after doin' to the lad?" he murmured. "He give me tin dollars, an' O'll not have him there to be murdered most lolkely."

Covering his patient horse, he stole back to the house, which he recognized as the one roomed shanty used by the contractor for an office when the street was being graded. Lights burned within, and Pat caught the murmur of voices, but something had been hung over the windows, and twice he made the circuit of the house before he determined on a line of action.

"Howly St. Patrick, but phwat a shpot to bring a young b'y. The sons av divils might cut his throat, an' he'd not be found in the month."

Pat was studying the ridgepole. A low shed, or lean-to, reached from a point within a few feet of the ground to the eaves of the shanty, and near the ridgepole was a square, dark spot. With a prayer to the Virgin and every saint he could recall, Pat drew himself up to this dark square, a window frame gullible of glass. A minute later he was crawling, snake-like, over the rafters of the attic toward a gleam of light.

Reaching the light, he drew back suddenly, for he found himself looking squarely down on Big Dolton. It took but a few seconds for the experienced nighthawk to grasp the situation. The room was newly furnished, even to the lamp brackets on the wall. Big Dolton had spotted his victim and lured him to this promising lair.

When Pat returned to his post of observation, the boy was winning, and his flushed face and quick breathing showed how skillfully the sharks were playing him. Gradually the stakes were increased, and the lad began to lose, until all his money and a check for a large amount lay on the table.

Pat saw the gambler, as he dealt, drop two cards from the pack into his lap; then, as if feeling in his pocket for a match, turn them over with his sleeve. Next they were skillfully handed to the fellow on the right, but at that point the carefully arranged plan failed. The gambler's tool fumbled the cards awkwardly, and one dropped to the floor, striking Van Elston's shoe. The young fellow glanced down just in time to see the trickster pick it up and place it in his hand.

Trembling like a leaf, he rose slowly from his seat and laid his hand—four kings—face up upon the table.

"The pot's mine!" he burst out in a voice choked with anger and excitement. "That fellow Blowser is a cheat! He's got six cards. I saw him pick an ace up on the floor!"

"Hold on, Van Elston," said the gambler in a cold, hard voice, and his eyes

glittered as he spoke. "Don't use such ugly words. These men are gentlemen and my friends. It's a show down, and the best hand takes the pot. What have you got, Blowser?"

The stool pigeon, his face flushed with annoyance at his blunder, without a word laid five cards down before him—four aces and a queen.

"He's a swindler!" cried the boy. "By heaven, I believe you all are swindlers. The pot's mine, and I'll have it!" And his right hand went down to his hip pocket.

"Stop!" hissed the gambler, and the excited boy looked across the table straight down into the muzzle of a choked revolver. "Put your hands on the table."

"I won't!" screamed the boy.

"Crash! A heavy body shot down through the battered ceiling amid a shower of plaster and broken lathes straight upon the broad neck and shoulders of the gambler, smashing his chair beneath him and hurling him to the ground. Out of the chaos and above the bang of the revolver, the bullet from which whizzed harmlessly into the floor, Van Elston heard a strong Irish voice shout out to him:

"Kiver the ither two spalpeens, me b'y! Kape thim kivered an' blow their dirty heads off if they try to move! O'll w-r-r-ring the neck av this murderin' bla'guard, O! wull!"

Van Elston, encouraged by the friendly shout, leaped quickly backward, drew his revolver and ordered the other two men, who had sprung in terror toward the door, to hold their hands above their heads and turn their faces to the wall.

Over and over Pat and the gambler rolled like two ferocious bulldogs fighting to the death, Pat's left hand gripping like an iron vise Big Dolton's right, which still grasped the revolver, while the long, bony fingers of his own right hand were twisted with a strangler's grip about the gambler's throat. The table and chairs were overturned and the floor was littered with fragments of plaster and broken laths, among which the two men writhed, one panting like a laboring locomotive and the other, blue in the face and almost breathless from the deathlike grip about his throat, still struggling faintly to free his pistol hand.

"Dhrap it! Dhrap it, O! say, or O'll twist yer bloody head clean off yer neck!" And as he put all his remaining strength into one more vigorous shake the fight came to an end, the gambler's head fell back, his hand relaxed, the revolver dropped to the floor, and Pat, withdrawing his stiffened fingers from the discolored neck, slowly rose from the senseless form of Big Dolton.

"Be gorrah, me b'y, it wor a—close shave—yez had." His breath came in jerks. "Don't yez—know enough—not to yery—an' pull yer gun—when a man has th' dhrap on yez lolkie that?"

"I didn't care," answered the boy, realizing for the first time how near he had been to death. "Who are you anyway?"

"Who am OI?" answered Pat in gasps. "Shure an' OI believe OI must—be—th' white winged angel that looks—after foolish b'ys."

It was the work of but a few moments to disarm and banish the gambler's cowed assistants. Then, gathering up his money and check, young Van Elston meekly followed the redoubtable O'Grady toward the shanty, leaving Big Dolton to recover at his leisure.

Just what passed between O'Grady and his youthful companion on that homeward ride no one knows, but certain it is that Van Elston no longer plays cards for money. Neither is O'Grady to be found on the list of licensed hackmen, for he acts as head coachman in the Van Elston stables, while patient Billy is pensioned off as a reward for the part he played on the memorable ride.

"Small Talk" and Real Talk. The privilege of having some one with whom we may exchange a few rational words every day, as Emerson phrases it, is the choicest gift in life. We are rich in society and yet poor in companionship. In the overflow of chatter we are starved for conversation. Social life is so largely an affair of representation, it inclines so largely to the spectacular and to what its chroniclers designate as "social functions," that the element of conversational intercourse is almost eliminated. Yet, primarily, is not that the supreme object of all friendly meeting? When we reduce to first principles this complex thing called living, do we not go to our friend solely to talk with him? Do we not invite him solely that we may exchange ideas and compare views on subjects of mutual interest? Still, as things go, people meet all through a season in the midst of groups and throngs—at dinners, receptions, entertainments of all kind—without exchanging one word in the way of true intercourse.—Home and Flowers.

Declined to Meet Victoria.

Mr. Samuel Young was the only Irish Nationalist member of parliament who accepted an invitation to the jubilee garden party at Windsor in 1897, says the London News. The late Queen Victoria had been informed that no Irish Nationalist members were among her guests. It subsequently transpired that Mr. Young was present, whereupon the queen expressed her desire that he should be presented. Search was made for Mr. Young, who was at last discovered in one of the picture galleries. He was informed of the queen's gracious command that he should be ushered into the royal presence. He paused and then, with an intense seriousness of manner, said: "No, no. I have already brought matters to a dangerous crisis by my attendance here today. It is wiser and more prudent that the queen and I should not meet—much better for her majesty and much better for me!"

NOTABLE MAN HUNTS

HOW CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN CHASED TO THE ENDS OF EARTH.

Benson, Who Posed as Mme. Patti's Agent, Cheated Justice by Death. Relentless Energy of the Police in Tracking Counterfeiters.

There have been many long pursuits of criminals, great in the distance traveled, the obstacles overcome and the persistence of the pursuing officers, but that of Sergeant Wood of the Natal (South Africa) police is doubtless a record breaker. The man sought by Sergeant Wood was charged with embezzling large sums of money at Pietermaritzburg. He got away from South Africa and went to New York. Although the detective had information as to where his quarry was hiding, yet he had first to visit London to obtain the necessary extradition papers. Then he hurried to America and with the assistance of the United States police ran down his man. By the time he had reached Maritzburg he had been traveling hard for nearly three months and had covered nearly 21,000 miles.

One of the sternest chases of recent years was after Loys Darrell, formerly sergeant in the Seventh United States cavalry. Darrell enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish-American war and distinguished himself at Cuba. There he fell in love with a pretty Spanish girl and beggared himself in buying finery for his sweetheart. To obtain more money he robbed and murdered a companion in arms named Crouch. He then fled.

A detective named Dupuy was put upon the murderer's track and, finding a clew, started for New Orleans. He was right in his surmise that Darrell had gone there, but when he arrived the bird had flown. He had left on a British mule transport for South Africa. Dupuy took train for New York, fast boat for Southampton, rushed by rail across Europe, caught a boat of the German East African line and finally arrived at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

There he waited like a spider for a fly, and just as Darrell was fancying himself safe from pursuit he pounced upon him. Later on the detective deposited his prisoner safely in Castle William jail in New York. He had traveled in all 31,000 miles and spent \$4,250 in the chase.

One of the most astonishing criminals England ever produced was a man named Benson, who began operations in London with two confederates. He organized a series of swindling companies in the city, while he himself, pretending to be an invalid, lived in the greatest luxury in the Isle of Wight. He posed as a great philanthropist, was foremost in charitable works and went into the very best society. By dint of bribing certain officers of the law he lived for some years on the proceeds of his swindles. But one day the crash came. He was arrested, sentenced and got a long term in Portsmouth jail.

No sooner was he out than he was at his old tricks again. These culminated in Switzerland, where he managed to gain the affections of the daughter of an English officer. Through her he induced her father to trust him with the investment of his entire capital, some \$35,000. He bolted with the money. Chased across Europe, a detective caught him at Bremen. To avoid scandal the victim promised not to prosecute if Benson would give up the money. The latter did so and left for America. Hardly was the vessel out of sight before it was discovered that the bundle of scrip the thief had handed over was worth at best \$160.

Followed across the Atlantic, Benson escaped to Mexico, where he made \$5,000 by passing himself off as Mme. Patti's agent and selling forged concert tickets. By this time his photograph was in almost every police bureau in the world. Yet he dodged and twisted under a dozen aliases and was heard of in almost every South American state before a clever New York detective ran him down in Rio after a two years' hunt.

Even then he cheated justice. Landed in prison in New York, he walked upstairs, chatting amiably to his jailer. Suddenly he made a spring and jumped clean over the banister. He was picked up with a broken back and died that night.

The police never exhibit more relentless energy than in hunting down a coiner. A coiner's crime is against government, and so the whole forces of the state are against him. The United States suffers far more from coiners than England does and is proportionately keen to run down such offenders. Early in 1900 a man named Hastings was surprised in his workshop, from which he had issued many thousands of small silver coins, but he was too quick for his would be captors and escaped. No fewer than seven secret service men were put on his track. The remarkable fact is that Hastings never attempted to leave the states.

Ellifer, one of the detectives, got a hint that a stranger was in the woods. He took a blanket and some food and hid himself in a thicket. Very early in the morning Hastings passed, carrying a bag of food. Ellifer tracked him to his refuge and saw that the forger was armed. He waited some distance away in hiding. When night came, Hastings came out with a dark lantern and searched every bush near his hiding place. At last he was satisfied and went back. So soon as Ellifer felt sure the man was asleep he crept up and had the handcuffs on him before he could awake. On the way to the jail Hastings told his captor that he had seen him on ten different occasions and had once, in Cincinnati, been within three feet of him in a theater.—Chicago Chronicle.

Roman Architecture.

In architecture the Romans imitated the Greeks and imitated them without appreciating the simplicity of grandeur. They introduced circles and segments of circles in place of the simple, restful lines coursing horizontally around the building. They raised columns which supported nothing simply for the sake of ornament; the dome behind the pediment took away its significance and removed from it the idea of pressure; they adopted the semicircular arch, which broke the entablature and the idea of solidity and thus destroyed the fundamental idea of the Greek simplicity without substituting any of their own.

When the Roman style was removed to Constantinople, the Byzantines revealed in arch and cupola, but without discerning the real object of the arch. The circular arch distributes the weight of the wall. They refused it the proper office, made it an ornament and concealed the real support of the weight; consequently in the Byzantine style we have the domes and cupolas representing the weight with no visible support and arches multiplied at caprice with nothing to support.—London Tablet.

He Reasoned Wrong. "It's all knowing how to reason," said the Pittsburg man as he sighed in a sorrowful way.

"I owned a house and lot in a town in our state and was getting a good rent for them when a congregation built a church right on the line. I reasoned it out that the place was spoiled, and when I was offered three-fifths of its former value I made haste to close the deal. I patted myself on the back over that bit of good luck."

"And wasn't it good luck?" "Not a bit of it. I'm a clean thousand dollars out of pocket for reasoning hind end to. The chap who bought my place had twin babies, a piano, a fiddle and a barking dog, and the congregation hadn't occupied that church over four Sundays when it raised a purse and bought him out for twice the value of the place."—Boston Globe.

The Orang Outang.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semierect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arms, and grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength, and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger presents. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.

A Stroke of Business.

A writer who was very intimate with Frank R. Stockton says that when the Stockton family lived in Bucks county, Pa., Frank and his brother had a dog which they trained solely to hunt cats. The brothers were overhauled one day by a farmer whose cat they were chasing. To placate the farmer they gave him a dollar for a pig, which they took home. By driving away their father's pigs at feeding time they soon made their own the fattest pig in the pen and sold him at a profit of \$7. Frank R. Stockton always considered the deal a tribute to his business acumen.

His Lawyer's Fees.

A London workman, having had a sum of money left him by the death of his father, went to see his solicitor, who had the matter in hand for a final settlement.

The bill of costs having been presented to him, the man glanced over the figures and, thinking the charges were excessively heavy, turned to his legal adviser and exclaimed in astonishment:

"Ma father left his money to me, not to ye!"—Pearson's Weekly.

How He Walked.

A sergeant drill instructor was endeavoring to make clear to the recruits he was drilling the meaning of the word "smartly."

He walked across the square in the manner the word indicates. "Now, men, tell me how I walk?"

"One raw recruit almost paralyzed the sergeant by blurting out:

"Bowlegged, sergeant."—Regiment.

How It Happened.

Customer—Look here! You said that horse you sold me was fast.

Dealer—No; I didn't.

"You said your man drove the horse to Slopbury, twenty miles, and you went by train, and the horse got there before you did."

"Yes, but I didn't start till two days after."

Two Cigars For a Quarter.

Hoax—What do you mean by giving me a cigar like this? What did you pay for it?

Joax—Two for a quarter.

Hoax—I'll bet you kept the twenty cent one.—Philadelphia Record.

Knew Where He Got It.

Doctor (thoughtfully)—I fear you have some sort of poison in your system.

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?

The longer a man argues to make a woman see the reason of a thing the surer she is to trust her instinct about it.—New York Press.

The quarrels over "principle" are the meanest and most bitter in the world.—Aitchison Globe.

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