

THE OLD MAN'S PROPHECY.

John Was Headstrong, and His Father Gave Him the Reins.

How a Love Affair Turned Out to the Satisfaction of All Parties Concerned.

John Asley, Jr., was a tall young man about 22, and as he gazed wrathfully at his father the old man almost quailed before him.

Old John Asley was of the "old school," whatever that may mean, and young John Asley was of the "new school," very new, in fact, went in heavily for athletics, ran up a big bill at college for "dad" to pay and then skipped over to the continent, and there, being up to date, fell in love with a very pretty girl and of course wanted to marry her.

Now, old John Asley not only had no sympathy with his son's matrimonial schemes, but he rather regarded the young man and all his likes and ambitions as altogether unheard of and therefore dangerous and to be frowned on.

It was natural that he should plan for John to enter his office and learn the ways of business. The old man felt sure it was rank heresy and reckless foolishness to let the boy marry till he had grounded himself in business and its methods. Now the boy wanted to marry Miss Bennett at once and learn the rudiments of business afterward.

This did not suit the old man. He admitted that he would not be so averse to the marriage if the young lady had any money. They discussed the matter some time.

Old John Asley knew that his son had his own stubborn and unresisting temperament, and he changed his tactics. He suggested that John have his aunt ask the girl to a dinner party. John's aunt presided at the few entertainments the old man gave. This was arranged and the invitations dispatched to "Miss Grace Bennett, — Madison avenue, New York."

This was the address she had given John and told him it was a friend's house where she should spend the winter. Her acceptance came by return post.

The evening of the dinner arrived, and the splendid house was decorated and ablaze. John's eyes sparkled when he led Miss Bennett up to introduce her to his father.

"Father, this is Miss Bennett," he said.

He saw his father give the girl a puzzling look and heard him stifle an exclamation of surprise. Then he noticed that the girl was blushing and seemed in some way ill at ease.

"How do you do, Miss Grace?" said his father, with the easy familiarity of an old man. "We are very glad to see you here." Then some one came up, and the girl hurried away.

Several times at dinner John saw his father glance at the girl and then shake with silent laughter. His hot blood decided that his father was ridiculing the girl of his choice, and he determined to call him to account for it.

He drove Miss Bennett to the station to catch the late New York train, and when he got back he found his father still up. The old man became silent and refused him any explanation. All he would say was that if Miss Bennett only had as much money as Alice Cooper he would withdraw all his objections and make John a liberal allowance.

Miss Cooper was a daughter of an ex-president, who, dying, had left his only child, Alice, a large fortune. John had never seen the girl and thought then that he never wanted to.

In the middle of September young John announced that he was going to New York and would like some funds. The money was forthcoming, and the old man even chuckled as he handed John the notes in a way that only made matters worse.

John went to New York, taking his nag midnight with him. He was too much attached to the horse to leave him behind and looked forward to some delightful gallops with Miss Bennett.

For two days he hung about the hotel, taming and trying to make up his mind to call on Miss Bennett. One morning he decided to take a ride in the park before breakfast.

Midnight was a handful and needed all his attention for some time. After a good gallop he quieted down and began to act like a rational horse again.

John was walking him along the bridge path and came on a little crowd of persons, including some of the park

workmen and a mounted policeman. Standing near the group was a handsome Kentucky saddler, trembling all over and showing unmistakable signs of having run away. The saddle on him was dripping blood from an inside cut. There was blood on the policeman's arm. His horse was quietly watching the proceedings with mild, steady eyes. He had seen so many similar accidents that it was really quite a bore to him.

John drew Midnight up and tried to get a look at the person they seemed to be bending over. As he pushed his way into the crowd he caught a glimpse of the face and uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror when he saw it was Miss Bennett.

"Do you know this young lady?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," said John. "She is Miss Grace Bennett and lives at — Is she hurt?"

"That we can't tell for sure till the ambulance and the surgeon come. But we don't think so. They always faint. She is a long time coming to, though."

The rubber tired ambulance came silently up, and the surgeon was beside the girl before the vehicle stopped. He made a superficial examination with professional dexterity and said: "This is not the ordinary faint from terror. She must be taken to her home at once or to the hospital."

Tenderly she was lifted in and John gave the address. He rode on before to let her aunt know of the mishap. Running up the steps, asked for Mrs. Peters, the girl's aunt.

"Miss Bennett was thrown from her horse, and they are bringing her here in an ambulance. It is nothing serious, I am sure."

"Miss Bennett, Miss Bennett," said the lady. "I don't—oh, yes, of course. And are you Mr. Asley?" In the excitement it didn't seem strange to him that she knew who he was at once.

They carried the girl to her room, and inside of half an hour two surgeons and a trained nurse were by her side. The surgeons shook their heads and looked very grave. All attempts to arouse her had failed. She lay in a stupor, and her soft breathing was the only sign of life.

When the surgeons said an operation was necessary, John's hopes fell. Soon another surgeon and another nurse and some suggestive looking boxes and cases arrived. When John tramped the long drawing room waiting for the doctors to come down and tell him if she lived or not. The sickly sweet smell of ether came floating down stairs as the door of the chamber was opened, and he heard a singsong voice that he knew uttering meaningless words.

Then the door snut, and as one of the nurses came down he waylaid her. Before he had a chance to ask she told him the young lady was coming out of the ether nicely, and the doctors had found a tiny piece of bone pressing on the brain. But they felt sure she would be all right with care.

All that long afternoon he stayed at the house and hoped he might be of some service. Finally he fell asleep, worn out with all the anxiety and misery. He was awakened by a touch on his shoulder and found his father standing over him. Here was more mystery.

"How's Grace?" he asked.

"Alice is better and will be all right soon. The girl up stairs is Alice Cooper. She was Miss Bennett in Europe to protect herself against a lot of fortune hunters. I knew her when she came to the dinner party and have seen her frequently since her father moved away from our town. But I thought I would let you find out for yourself. I haven't any further objections, and after the wedding we will talk business."

John demanded entrance to the sick-room at once. There was really no proposal, only "Oh, John!" and "Oh, Alice!"—Hartford Times.

Byrnes, the Detective.

"The first time," said the old reporter, "I ever saw Inspector Byrnes—I suppose that, although he became later the head of the police department, people will always call him Inspector Byrnes because fame came to him while he held that rank as the head of the detective bureau—was when he was a captain and in command of the Mercer street police. There had been a murder in his precinct, and I was assigned to report it."

"I went of course first to the police station for what they had gathered there about the case for use as information in writing my story and also as a guide to me in hunting the story up for myself, which I was going to do any way. Different eyes see different things, and there is always something to be gleaned. I met Capt. Byrnes, and when I asked him for something about this case he told me in a quiet sort of way what he had gathered about it."

"At that time I was comparatively new in the business, but I was newspaper man enough to realize almost from

the outset of his statement of the facts that he had, as they say, 'got the story.' He had the facts, all of them. He had covered the ground thoroughly, leaving no lead unexplored. He had got it all. And he had got these facts arranged in order so that they told the story—beginning at the beginning and running along smoothly to the end. It was the story of the case, and that's all there was to it. I went over the ground and saw the people, but all I could add was a touch of color.

"Well, when Byrnes came to be appointed head of the detective bureau it didn't surprise me a bit. I knew he had at least one of the qualifications requisite to success. I suppose that a special talent or genius is required for the making of a great detective, just as a great painter, for instance, or a great writer must have a gift for his work. But whatever genius he may have it is essential to the detective's success that he should have the ability to get the facts in a case and an unfailing persistence that prompts him to get them all. You've got to have the facts to work on, to begin with, and the clew may lie in the slightest and most trivial and seemingly most unimportant of them all. And Byrnes certainly could get the facts."—New York Sun.

Shrewd Reportorial Work.

"I had a narrow call one day," said a young private secretary to a cabinet officer, "which illustrates the fallacy of jumping at conclusions."

"There was a certain departmental secret supposed to be in the keeping of the old man and myself only. To our mutual surprise and to my intense chagrin the whole thing appeared in the columns of a western paper which has a correspondent here. The old man called me in and with a severe look handed me the paper, asking how I accounted for its publication."

"I knew that I had not spoken of it, so my conscience was clear."

"There is but one way to account for it," I answered, "and that is that it is a coincidence."

"A coincidence!" exclaimed my superior, a trifle annoyed. "And how do you account for the 'coincidence,' pray?" He knew that I would cut my right hand off before I would be false in the slightest particular to him.

"Sir," I said, "and I was conscious of flushing—'sir, I repeat that I have not spoken a word of this matter to any one, more especially to this correspondent or to any newspaper man. I have given you my word of honor, sir. That has been sufficient in the past on any question."

"And it is now," said the old man quickly. "I beg your pardon, — I do not doubt your word, but it is a very odd coincidence."

"I was terribly worried over it, as the old man took it much to heart. That evening I hunted up the correspondent, whom I knew well, and asked him how and where he got the facts which formed the basis for the article. He replied that since it was his business to keep himself informed as to all measures, tangible and probable, affecting his community he had conceived the idea which formed the article and which the old man had intended carrying out as soon as a certain appropriation was available. It was of great interest locally and as a matter of news."

"With this idea dimly outlined in his mind he had sought his senator and by judicious questioning had obtained the whole story. Of course the senator was cognizant of the matter, but he had not been thought of. So, you see, it was merely a coincidence. If the correspondent's idea had come to him a week later, the department would have had the reform under way."—Washington Star.

Woes of the Disobedient.

Ethel (to her younger brother, who has been whipped) — Don't mind, brother, don't mind.

Brother (between sobs) — That's just what I was licked for.—Ohio State Journal.

More Ice Passes.

Members of Dawson's night watch, of whom there are as many as belong to the daylight brigade, say that from 1 until 3 o'clock this morning the river was full of ice. It is not possible that the floating mass could have been the Stewart jam which was still unbroken yesterday afternoon, and which could not have reached this place so soon. The ice seen last night was probably the contents of some slough.

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