SUNDAY MORNING

MARCH 9 1913 MASTERPIECES of AMERICAN SHORT FICTION by RICHARD HARDING

GALLEGHER ---- A NEWSPAPER STORY

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

In the event of Hade's losing courage and not daring to show him-self in the crowd around the ring, it was agreed that Dwyer should

What a vain creature

Occasional Visitor. housekeeper of the pas efore the days of screens, unced with decision the

d any flies. t Augusta," faltered th "it seems to me that n the dining room," replied her aunt, with ave of her hand, "ware flies. They will come y. But, as I was sy have any of our own"



nging Orleans"

ith that peculiar beals. d gladder.

l send dull care

to excellent purpose.

all right, doesn't it?"

ers would have".

aight. .* bright

aby Bumble Bee" Old New Orleans" Big Blue Eyed Baby

SOLD

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DET.

Sometimes he caught a night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at his little house, where his mother and himself lived alone, at

mother and himself lived alone, at four in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride on an early milk-cart, or on one of the newspaper deli-very wagons, with its high piles of papers still damp and sticky from the the press. He knew several drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for helated passengers—and when it was

prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers—and when it was a very cold morning he would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, curled up on the cushions, until daylight. Besides being quick and cheerful, Gallegher possessed a power of am-using The Press young men to a de-

using The Press young men to a de-gree seldom attained by the ordinary fed the finger of that glove with cotgree scidom attained, by the ordinary mortal. His clog-dancing on the city editor's desk, when that gentleman was upstairs fighting for two more columns of space, was always a source of innocent joy to us, and his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dra-matic critic, from whom the com-medians themselves failed to force a smile. But Gallegher's chief characteristic was his love for that element of news generally classed as "crime." Not that he ever did anything orim-

searcl

Not that he ever did anything crim-

Not that he ever did anything orim-inal himself. On the contrary, his was rather the work of the criminal spe-cialist, and his morbid interest in the doings of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their pres-ent whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable ally to our police reporter, whose daily feuilletons were the only portion of the paper Gallegher de-igned to read. In Gallagher the detective element

In Gallagher the detective element whose only offense is that they wear was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and gloves in midwinter." It was about a week after this that

to excellent purpose. Once the papers had sent him into a Home for Destitute Orphans which was believed to be grievously mis-managed, and Gallegher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eyes open to what was going requisition, and other necessary pap ers, with him, but the burglar ha had on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the real orphans was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little werches and to rescue the unhappy little wretches came to the office to see if he could help him in his so far unsuccessful from the individual who had them in

> He gave Gallegher his card, after Gallegher had read it, and had discovered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was abolutely useless. "One of Byrnes' men." was a much

> ore awe-inspiring individual to Galegher than a member of the cabinet. He accordingly seized his hat and vercoat, and leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object of his admiration, who found his suggestions and know ledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they ecame very intimate, and spent the rest of the day together. In the meanwhile the managing edi-

Mr. NEWLYWED said - "Hello I is this a new kind of salt we are using? It shakes r had instructed his subordinates to Mrs. NEWLYWED said-"Yes, it's WINDSOR SALT. The grocer told me

tor had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallegher, when he condes-cended to return, that his services were no longer needed. Gallegher had played truant once too often. Un-conscious of this, he remained with about it-said it was the only kind his Mr. NEWLYWED said-"Well, if he keeps his new friend until late the same In his store must be good, so I would do all my trading there, if I were you". vening, and started the next after.

noon toward The Press office. As I have said, Gallegher lived in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes' walk from the Ken-Mrs. NEWLYWED said-"I intend to." 59 sington railroad station, where trains

sage from some one of the smaller seaports, and others were of the opin-ion that he had buried himself in some cheap lodging-house in New York, or in one of the smaller towns in New Jersey. "I shouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Phila-stopped there when out chestnutting

And his young companions had often him out walking, right here in Phila-delphia," said one of the staff, "He'll be disguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trigger finger on his right hand. It's missing, you know; shot off when he was a boy." streets considered him a dumb lout, they respected him somewhat owing bed and backed at purposeless inter-

his inside knowledge of dog and vales, waited for an express to pre-cede it, and dallied at stations, and The stranger entered the inn at a when, at last, it reached the termin-side door, and Gallegher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the stopped and was in the cab and off told to go first to a district-messen-terminet and from there when the terminet of the directions to the driver. He was few minutes later, let him go for the stopped and was in the cab and off told to go first to a district-messen-terminet and from there when the terminet and the terminet and the directions to the driver. He was few minutes later, let him go for the stopped and was in the cab and off told to go first to a district-messen-terminet and the terminet and the terminet and the terminet and the terminet and the directions to the driver. He was

time being, and set about finding his on his way to the home of the sportime being, and set about finding his on a ditor. Accasional playmate, young Keppler. Keppler's offspring was found in and came out in the hall to see him, Torresdale.

"'Taint hard to guess what brings you out here," said the tavern-keep-er's son, with a grin; "it's the fight." "What fight?" asked Gallegher, un-guardedly. "What fight? Why, the fight," re-turned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's when he was hiding, that he fight that night."



THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY.

Here is a striking group of the German royal family. Above is Emperor William and his wife. Below, reading from left to right, Princes, Adalbert, August William, Joachim, Princess Victoria Louise, the Crown Prince Frederick William, Prince Ei tel Frederick and Prince Oscar.

tion that Hade, the Burrbank murder-er, will be present at the fight tonight. We want you to ar-rest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the countomorrow.

"Yours, etc.

"Yours, etc..." "MICHAEL E. DWYER." The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whisper-ed the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district-messen-

stalls and at one end of the barns a number of fence rails had been thrown across from one mow to the other. These rails were covered with. will do this, and take the as sus-without any one so much as sus-pecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1.20 for hay. In the middle of the floor was the ring. It was not really a ring. but a square, with wooden posts at its four corners, thru which ran a heavy rope. The space inclosed by the rope was covered with sawdust.

Gallegher could not resist stepping ger office, and from there up to the Ridge avenue road out Broad street, and on to the old Eagle Inn. near The detective had a great deal to sure himself that he was really there, began dancing around it, and in-

terfere. "We've no time to argue or debate this matter." said Dwyer warmly. "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over, you arrest him as we have di-rected, and you get the money and the credit of the "arrest. If you don't like this, I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant." Hefflefinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As "Haven't found your dog yet, I hear?" asked Smith of his neighbon Jones. "No," answered Jones, ruefully. "Well, have you advertised?" ask-

ed Smith. "What's the use?" said Jones. "The dog can't read."-Our Dumb Animals. and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer." he returned. "I've heard of you for a thorobred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me, 4711 do what you say, and just as you say: and it's a very pretty plot

do what you say, and just as you say; and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands." They all stepped back into the cab, and then at was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to take place, for neither of the two men had \$250 to pay for his admittance. to pay for his admittance.

"She married for revenge." "For revenge on her husband?" "No, on an old sweetheart." "But, if it was revenge she was seeking, why didn't she marry the old sweetheart?"—Houston Post.

Over Conscientious. Dumpleton: "Yoù're sending your farmer called out. "He won't hurt

aren't you?" Von Blumer: "Yes." "How does she like it?" "Fairly well; but she complains But this was overcome when Galle-gher remembered the window of that she has no time to study"-which young Keppler⁵ had told him.

