

# William Maloney's Luck

The sergeant in the Tenderloin police station was very warm. He had unbuttoned his blue coat and exposed to view a broad, red-striped shirt bosom, stiffly starched and ornamented with three large diamond studs which sparkled gaily in the rays of light from the green lamps at the station house door. The sergeant was sitting at the head of the steps in front of the door with his chair tilted back and his feet, encased in shiny and uncomfortably small-looking patent leather shoes resting gracefully on the railing before him. The wide doors of the station house were thrown open to let the night winds dry up the floor, which had just been scrubbed by the floorman, and from which arose a not unpleasant odor, faintly suggestive of cool, pine woods.

The only sound inside the station house was the ticking of the clock behind the sergeant's desk, and the houses across the street were dark and silent, save for the faint tinkle of a banjo in the hands of some unseen player. A block away, Sixth avenue lay calm and deserted, except when an occasional elevated train rumbled past; a block farther away Broadway stretched, a blaze of light, from which arose a noise of mingled sounds—clanging bells, rattling cabs, tramping feet, shouts, conversation and laughter that floated over to the sergeant on the station house steps in a subdued and pleasant manner.

"Lawson," said the sergeant, extracting a black cigar from beneath his blonde mustache, "you're off tomorrow. You're going down to the Suburban, of course."

"Yep," said Lawson, the detective, arising from his seat on the steps and stretching his tightly trousered legs. "I'm going down to the Suburban, but I don't know which horse I am going to play. It looks to me like Fleet Foot, but I haven't any tips. I thought that maybe the old man would get a tip and let me in on it the way he did on Dark Night last year. It was an 8 to 1 shot, and I won \$400 on it."

"I wasn't lettin' anything get past me that time, either," said the sergeant, "but I don't know a thing now. I never get near a race track, and the old man don't seem to take no interest in racin' these days. I wish I had a tip for the race tomorrow, so I could let you place a bet for me when you was down at Sheephead. Everything's so dead I'd like to get some excitement. Things is awful slow tonight, ain't they?"

"Well, here comes something for sure," said Lawson, pointing toward Broadway.

The sergeant turned his eyes lazily in the direction indicated. The light from a lamp post showed a group of nearly twenty people passing under it—the helmet and brass buttons of a patrolman, a broad-shouldered man walking beside him with a jaunty swagger, wearing a brown derby hat very much on one side of his head, and an excited group of men, women and children following the two.

"Some bun," said the sergeant, rising wearily. "Mulligan's always pickin' up drunks. That means more writin' for me and a trip to court for Mulligan on his day off tomorrow. He ought to know better than to pinch every drunken man he sees. He'll never be in plain clothes. He's too conscientious to be a detective."

"That looks like a swell guy he's got. He ain't under arrest neither," said Lawson as Mulligan arrived at the station house door with his companion and turned to disperse the crowd which followed him.

"G'wan," shouted Mulligan, waving his club, "g'wan or a'll lock yez all up."

The crowd scattered and Mulligan followed his companion into the station house, where the sergeant was already seated at his desk, pen in hand. Under the brilliant lights inside the stranger showed that Lawson's surmise was correct, and that he was indeed a "swell guy."

A large golden horseshoe set with diamonds that far outshone the sergeant's, nestled in a tie of many colors, and his coat, padded manfully by his tailor, was thrown open to show a double-breasted plaid waistcoat of large and brilliant design. His trousers were tighter and more carefully creased than Lawson's, his patent leather shoes shinier and more uncomfortable looking than the sergeant's, and his mustache a more brilliant black than the one which ornamented Mulligan's Celtic face, of which he was so justly proud. As he stepped before the desk his hat struck the gas bracket on it and rolled on the ground.

Lawson picked it up and handed it back to its owner, glancing astutely inside as he did so to ascertain the name of its maker.

"It's a \$5 hat," he muttered. "He's the real thing, sure."

"There's me card," said the stranger, taking one from a wallet and handing it to the sergeant. "Me name is Maloney—William Nichols Maloney—and some gent has lifted me roll of bills—\$500. I had it to bet on a sure thing tomorrow—a 3 to 1 shot. It means that I lose \$2000, for it was a sure thing and the money was as good as in me pocket. I'm a contractor in Bridgeport, Conn., and Bill Maginnis, the racin' man, who has a stable up there, is like a brother to me. He put me on to a sure thing and I come here to make \$1500. I always have good luck. Maloney's luck is famous in Bridgeport, but this time it turned ag'in me. I was goin' around seein' the sights here, an' somebody must have picked me pocket in a barroom where I was settin' up the drinks."

The loud voice and splendid raiment of William Nichols Maloney had a decided effect in the station house. The doorman, who had been absorbed in a sporting edition of an evening paper in the back room, left it to gaze on this splendid individual. Connors and Slattery, station house detectives, who had been flirting with the dark-haired Irish girl in the little grocery-store next door, ungallantly deserted her to join the group in the police station. The sergeant dropped his stern, official manner with his pen and, leaving his seat behind the desk, leaned affably over the railing in front of it. Mulligan, swinging his club and curling his mustache in respectful silence, kept his eyes fixed in a hypnotic stare on Mr. Maloney's horseshoe pin while Lawrence politely drew forward a chair for the Bridgeport contractor and offered him a cigar.

Mr. Maloney, however, waved this aside with one pudgy hand, while with the other he drew forth a leather cigar case decorated with a large and complicated monogram in silver. "Have one on me," he said; "it's up to me. I've been trimmed. William Nichols Maloney has been trimmed. His luck has left him."

Everybody took a cigar, except the doorman, who stealthily possessed himself of two while the owner of the cigar case was telling the sergeant that the cigars had been sent to him by his son, an officer in the regular army in Porto Rico. Mr. Maloney, breathing heavily and wiping the perspiration from his ruddy face with a large silk handkerchief, continued his discourse amid a thick cloud of smoke.

"I think it was in Smith's saloon," he said. "I was buyin' drinks for the bunch, and I handed out me roll of \$500 by accident. I had it by myself and had me money for expenses in another pocket. There was a big black coon I saw there lookin' at it, and he was standing next to me for a half hour. I think he's got the money. If you fellows get it back for me I'll put you next to a horse in the race tomorrow, that'll make you rich. It's like gettin' money in a registered letter. You can't lose."

"It's only 10 o'clock," said the sergeant, glancing at the clock. "Lawson and Slattery, you get a move on and see if you can't get a trace of Mr. Maloney's money. Mulligan, get back on post, you needn't stand starin' here all night."

Mulligan, who was still under the spell of Mr. Maloney's diamonds, started violently at this remark, touched his helmet and marched out. Lawson and Slattery, after a short conference in whispers with the man who had been robbed, hurried off together in the direction of Broadway. The doorman withdrew to his sporting extra in the back room, Connors returned to the girl in the grocery store, and the sergeant and Mr. Maloney disposed themselves comfortably in chairs before the wide-open station house doors.

Seated there, the sergeant explained to Mr. Maloney that even in case the stolen money should be recovered he would not be able to bet it on the race the next day.

"If they catch this man with the money on him," he said, "it will have to go to Jefferson Market police court in the morning with the prisoner. The magistrate won't let you have it, most likely, until late in the afternoon. It'll be too late then for you to bet it on the race."

The contractor, after some expressions of regret, seemed disposed to accept this bad news philosophically. He had a peculiar way of speaking of himself in the third person which gave his conversation a picturesque and somewhat Oriental flavor.

"Maloney generally plays in good luck," he said. "Once in a while he may be trimmed, but not often. I ought to have been more careful with my roll, but William Nichols Maloney generally has pretty good luck."

Here Mr. Maloney branched off into a series of stories illustrative not only of his good luck, but of his skill as a builder, his honesty, his acute-

ness of intellect, and his physical strength and prowess as well. He was interrupted in one of the most thrilling of these stories by the sergeant, who arose and pointed down the street.

"There come Lawson and Slattery with a coon who has picked a good many pockets about here. I think he's the man all right."

Mr. Maloney, after a few minutes spent in carefully scrutinizing a tall negro who was approaching between the two detectives, stood up.

"The man—the very man!" he exclaimed, seizing the sergeant by the arm and shaking him. "William Nichols Maloney, your luck hasn't left you. The man that touched me. Haul him in here and search him."

Under the guidance of Mr. Maloney, the detectives hurried the negro into the station house and jammed him up against the railing in front of the sergeant's desk. Lawson, after a dexterous and scientific search through several of his pockets, drew forth a fat roll of bills and handed it to the sergeant.

"Five hundred, I guess," said the sergeant. "Count them, Mr. Maloney, while I take this man's pedigree."

The contractor counted the bills. "Five hundred dollars, all right," he added, laying them back on the sergeant's desk. Then he turned to the negro and addressed him in a sarcastic tone.

"You're a clever fellow," he said; "you thought you could trim Maloney, did you? You thought Maloney, who was settin' up the drinks, was an easy thing. What do you think of Maloney now? What do you think of Maloney's luck?"

The negro having answered the questions put to him by the sergeant, was hustled into a cell by the obsequious doorman before he had a chance to say what he thought of Maloney or his luck. The lucky one himself, with many slaps on the back was thanking the sergeant and the detectives for the return of his money. Connors, attracted by the loud talking and laughter, appeared at the door, and was heartily welcomed by Mr. Maloney.

"I tell you fellows," he said, "I like you. You've treated me white. You're fellows of me own kind—God's noblemen."

There was a murmur of applause at this modest statement, while Mr. Maloney bit off the end of a fresh cigar.

"I've been treated white here," he said when the cigar was lit and drawing, "and you may put William Nichols Maloney, of Bridgeport, on record as saying that the New York police are the finest that walk God's footstool. You've helped Maloney, and, although I can't bet on the race tomorrow, you fellows can. Old Tank is the horse that's goin' to win. Billy Maginnis, me friend, owns him. He told Maloney he was goin' to win. He bets \$10,000 on him—\$10,000—Maloney saw the money with his own eyes. Old Tank's the horse—not a word, Maloney!"

As Mr. Maloney reached this peroration he smote the sergeant so violently on the breast that that official staggered back against the railing and repeated his last phrase. "Not a word, Maloney," several times, as if it were some sort of magic incantation.

"I'm off to bed now," he continued after a short pause. "I'm stopping at the Waldorf, but before I go I want all you fellows to have a drink with me."

The three detectives promptly accepted Mr. Maloney's invitation, while the doorman and sergeant declined, explaining that their official duties forbade their leaving the station house. Mr. Maloney, after considerable more handshaking, left with the detectives, who returned several hours later, flushed with drinking and enthusiastic in their praises of him.

Anyone who had taken the trouble to walk along West Thirtieth street the next day at noon might have seen Lawson standing on the station house steps, clad in the gayest and most sportive attire his wardrobe afforded, and wearing a pair of field-glasses in a leather case slung gracefully from one shoulder. Beside him stood Connors, Slattery, the doorman and the sergeant.

"I've got your money here all right," said Lawson, tapping his breast, "\$500 in all, counting mine. It all goes on Old Tank."

"Every cent," said the sergeant; "a 3 to 1 shot, and a cinch. I wish I had more cash handy to put on him."

"It's easy money," said Connors. "That guy what gave us the tip knows what he's talkin' about. What a fool Mulligan was not to put up any coin on him!"

"Mulligan—the harp," said the doorman, contemptuously. "He never took a chance in his life."

"Well, I can't stay here, worryin' about him if I want to get to the track in time," said Lawson, starting down the steps. "So long, fellows—we'll be openin' wine tonight." Everybody knows the events of the

last Suburban handicap. How Fleet Foot, Celerity, Podaskus and all the other favorites raced in vain. How Belgrave, the unknown, whose name was scarcely noticed in the long list of starters, dashed under the wire to fame a good two lengths in the lead of the second horse. And how Old Tank went the same way many another old tank has gone, and finished last in the race.

That night the sergeant sat in his accustomed chair, but when he threw his blue coat open no diamond studs glittered in the rays of the green lamps. A clay pipe, discolored from long use, had taken the place of his cigar, and his former expression of benign and self-satisfied wisdom had been succeeded by a misanthropic glare of discontent.

Near by, on the stone steps, sat Lawson gazing moodily at the houses across the street. In the grocery store next door the Irish girl wondered why neither Slattery nor Connors appeared to talk with her, but neither of those young gentlemen had the heart for flirtation. With dejected mein and downcast eyes they stood side by side in the station house, scarcely exchanging a word and not daring to speak to the sergeant.

Meanwhile, over on Broadway, the acquaintances of Patrolman Mulligan noticed that his usual impassive countenance wore an expression of mirth, and that he occasionally chuckled softly.

While Mulligan chuckled and the sergeant, doorman and detectives meditated in gloomy silence several of the passengers on a parlor car of the New York Central railroad en route for Bridgeport, Conn., were deriving considerable entertainment from the behavior of a fellow-traveler. He was a red-faced man with mustache of a purplish black color and a double-breasted waistcoat of unusually bright colors. He was alternately staring at an evening paper containing an account of Belgrave's victory and examining the contents of a big purse which he held tightly clasped in one hand.

"Maloney's luck," his fellow passengers heard him mutter, "there's the \$500 safe and sound. I'd have lost it like those cogs must have lost their money on the tip I gave them if it hadn't been for me luck. Dumb luck—Maloney's luck. I'd have bet it on Old Tank sure, and lost it all if it hadn't been stolen. There's nothin' on earth like Maloney's luck."

## TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA

### Young Man Kills Sweetheart in Church

### Feigned Insanity But Many Physicians Say he is Sane—Must Stand Trial.

Atlanta, Ga., July 12.—Millard Lee played his part in court better than his part in life, but he failed him not.

The young planter of Ben Hill, who killed pretty Lilla May Suttles in church three weeks ago, must stand trial for murder. The aping of the mannerisms and symptoms of a lunatic, with the skill of a professional actor did not save him. Twelve stern men of the little town of Ben Hill judged him and declared him sane.

Three weeks ago the town folks had gathered in the village church for their Sunday morning worship. Three rows from the pulpit sat Miss Lilla May Suttles, and in the seat directly behind her was Millard Lee.

No doubt some of the other girls cast a curious glance at him, for the little love affair of the two had amused the village. He was very quiet, Miss Suttles, too, knew he was there, but the recent tiff with him kept her face straight to the front.

The doxology had been sung and the people rose to receive the minister's parting benediction.

As the last words of the preacher sounded over the bowed heads of the congregation and over the pretty head of the girl a shot rang out, and then another.

Dead stillness prevailed for a moment over the church, then Lilla Suttles ran up the aisle and fell dying at the foot of the altar.

Millard Lee stood with the smoking revolver, but before he could turn it upon himself a dozen hands had seized him.

No one had thought for a moment that a quarrel between village sweethearts would lead to such a tragedy. Ben Hill was bowed with grief.

So when the case came to trial the

court room was crowded. Judge John S. Candler, of the superior court, the presiding magistrate, had the adjacent streets cleared, so witnesses could be audible.

The aged and gray-haired father of the defendant was carried in in a large chair. He never raised his eyes but once during all the long trial, and that was when his son was marched in.

Only three weeks had passed, but the father hardly knew his child. His step was trembling; his head which three weeks before was covered with curls was a mass of matted locks.

The spectators all declare that Millard Lee acted desperately and wonderfully the part of an idiot to save his life. Many doctors gave expert testimony on both sides, and a cousin of the dead girl was one of the prosecutors. The verdict of sanity was given.

Millard Lee must stand trial for his life. Already in the village cemetery the grass is green over the new-made grave of pretty Lilla May Suttles.

#### Bid too Low

San Francisco, July 11.—Maj. Devo, general superintendent of the army transport service, has opened bids for the purchase of the Gray. He states that all the offers were much below the value of the steam-

ship and that it is likely that the war department will refuse to dispose of her at present. The highest bid was \$51,000.

The government paid 1600,000 for the transport. She has been in service since 1898. A considerable amount of money has been paid out in repairs, and now a full set of new boilers is needed. It was considered that it would be more economical to sell her than to make such extensive repairs.

#### Had too Much Money

London, July 11.—Too much wealth seems to have been the immediate cause of the suicide of Sebastian Gassiot, a retired captain of the royal navy. A brother of Captain Gassiot, who died recently, bequeathed £500,000 (\$2,500,000) to St. Thomas' hospital, and at the same time just held it transpired that a captain inherited £400,000 (\$2,000,000) of his brother's money. He therefore became depressed by the weight of his responsibility, and imbued with the delusion that he was exceedingly poor, finally the captain shot himself, at his residence, July 8. In his hand was discovered a paragraph from a newspaper referring to his brother's bequest to hospital and the will which had such a source of trouble.

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## DE WINDT ON HIS W

Globe Trotter Leads Dawson for Paris

His information is Much S After by Leading Publish Everywhere.

Mr. Harry de Windt and party left their departure Saturday last for London and Paris. Their last stage around the world has been a trip equally remarkable as Stanley's tour to darkest Africa. Indeed, many the opinion that the traversing Siberia's frozen steppes was a ed with even more actual danger than was the crossing dark continent, yet so little of tion was the hardy voyageurs of that their arrival in London caused scarcely a ripple. Not the end and in Europe, he with 24 hours after Mr. de made known his arrival to people he was deluged with gram for a story. In addition the London Daily Express, he sent the Paris Figaro and the York World, from both of who had requests for "copy." He received a wire from Reuters London news agency for words which were cabled Thursday. Three hundred words were sent the New York World on Friday the following day just as Mr. Windt was stepping aboard steamer he was handed a wire from the editor of the Sunday World for a supplemental story of words for Sunday's issue. As possible after his arrival in London he will write a book rec his experiences of the past months, the rights to which he already disposed of to Geo. New London publisher; and during Dawson he wired his a case of an offer from the Major's room of New York for a couple twenty lectures to be given during this winter. Readers of the Nugget will be pleased to learn arrangements have been made for production during the coming of a series of sixteen lectures written by Mr. de Windt detailing his marvellous trip. One of writing acquired the one of the most varied experiences interesting and the his latest achievement in the trotting line can not fail to be appreciated by all lovers of adventure. During the few remained in Dawson Mr. de had over 500 photographs developed the many places he visited and the scenes viewed, showing the trackless wastes of the Arctic and the 600 miles of a barren Arctic coast traversed. In his collection, however, the new picture that will never be publication, it having been only upon the words of his word that he would speak. The photograph referred to appeal largely to the sports-

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R. W. CALDE