

He Received a Sign

It Came With a Force That Nearly Killed Him.

By ETHAN B. ARMOUR

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Adoniram Doyle was a strong believer in indications. As a child and young man he had never failed to see the new moon over his right shoulder without feeling sure that he would meet with some misfortune during the month. He would never start on a journey on Friday or sit at a table about which there were thirteen persons. These are but a few signs that he regarded, but they served to show his character.

When eighteen years of age he had engaged himself to a young lady several years his senior. For an engagement ring he had given her one with an opal setting. He was not aware at the time that the opal invariably brings bad luck. The girl was equally ignorant. She had not been engaged a month when she was taken ill and died.

It was not remarkable that Adoniram, who was naturally inclined to make much of such matters, should have been deeply impressed with the fearful penalty he had paid for ring-slinging. When he recovered from the shock of his fiancee's death he was not only disinclined to enter again upon an engagement without duly considering all the signs involved in the way of warning, but had reached a condition where he was looking for one to indicate that the lady of his choice was the right woman for him to marry.

Before he had passed middle age he had noted a number of indications that such or such a person would make him happy, but either the girl who seemed to be pointed out was too homely or had a bad temper or some other defect which led him to disregard the sign. With man's natural propensity he formed a purpose of marrying a young woman who had as much contempt for these petty superstitions as he had respect. Miss Octavia Sparks had a mind superior to that of Mr. Doyle, but she liked him. Women are supposed to confine their love and admiration to men who are above them in intellectual strength, but this is not an invariable rule. Mr. Doyle was a gentle, simple-minded man, free of guile, and he appealed to Miss Sparks' stronger intellect.

For this as it was, the two were drawn together, and it only needed some indication that rate intended the meeting to induce Mr. Doyle to propose. He waited a long while for such a sign, but none appearing, he made up his mind to propose any way. He started out one day in a tunnel wearing, but no sooner had he opened his door than there, up in the southwest, was a crescent. He paused. His first glimpse of the new moon was over his left shoulder.

He went back into the house, took up his hat and overcoat and sat down disappointed. He was not sure that the incident portended a refusal on the part of Miss Sparks or that a marriage with her would result disastrous. Nevertheless he dare not, in the face of so marked a warning, persist in his intention of asking her to be his wife.

But he continued his friendly relations with her and longed to settle down with her in the bonds of matrimony. He lived alone in his home with an old woman who was both cook and housekeeper, and there was no reason why he should not bring Miss Sparks into the house as his wife. Should he do so he felt confident that she would make it a very different home for him, rendering what was desolate, cheerful. But of this he was not certain. How did he know that she might not turn out to be a virago?

However, a constant companionship gave him confidence in her, and the following summer he came again to a resolution to propose marriage to her. This time, in passing between his home and hers, a snake crossed the road directly before him.

He stopped short and watched the viper slowly dragging itself along in the dust, to lose itself in the long grass and make a final momentary appearance as it crawled under a fence. He stood for a few minutes thinking, then hurried reluctantly and went back to his home. This second warning was so pronounced that he resolved never again to set out with an intention to propose to Miss Sparks.

From this time he began to consider the different unmarried women in the place other than the one on whom he had set his heart, with a view to acquiring a helpmeet. A widow, Mrs. Perkins, lived some distance down the road, and Mr. Doyle, after much deliberation, followed by a number of attentions, resolved to substitute her for Miss Sparks. He would have liked to receive some indication that the fates would look favorably upon the match, but had come to the conclusion that the only signs he would receive would be negative. Twice he had been warned against Miss Sparks. If it was not intended that he should marry Mrs. Perkins, it would be indicated to him.

It was a winter day that he came to the conclusion to ask the widow to be his wife. Before supper he put on his Sunday suit, brushed his hair, combed

his whiskers and after the usual march his third start in quest of matrimony he had reached the widow's door when his heart failed him. Not being able to nerve himself for the ordeal or was it regret for Octavia? he hesitated. Then suddenly he remembered that in the unsettled state of his mind he had forgotten to feed his stock. He determined to return, take care of the animals for the night, march resolutely up to the widow's door, knock, enter and make his proposition. This is the usual course with resolutions. It is much easier to be resolute with one in the future than one present.

Mr. Doyle returned to his barn, put the horses' beds into the stalls, a measure of oats into each of their troughs, then went up into the loft to throw down the hay. Whether it was his perturbed condition of mind or merely his proposal and the probable consequent separating him off for all time from Octavia Sparks, the fact remains that he stepped into an opening in the floor of the loft of which he had many years been aware and into it he fell. He not only received an infernal injury from the fall but the horse occupying the place fell on top of his master's sudden entrance. The noise of trampling the life out of him before he could drag himself out of the stall. Then he fainted.

After lying unconscious for a few moments he came to himself, feeling a terrible pain in his chest, and found it difficult to breathe. He was able to arise and stagger to the house, where he fainted again. A doctor was called, who felt of his chest and found a rib broken. As soon as possible a surgeon was produced who said that the rib was so badly fractured that it could not be set. If left as it was it would destroy the lung on which it pressed. In fact, it must be removed. Instead of having the patient taken to a hospital, he decided to perform the operation at the house.

Octavia Sparks was on her way to the village store when Mrs. Butterworth came along and said: "La, what Octavia has done! What's happened to Mr. Doyle?" "No. What is it?" cried Octavia, patting her head.

"He fell through the barn floor and broke a rib. The surgeon's going to take it out of him!" "The girl made no reply to this, but turned and hurried home. There she learned that the surgeon was about to perform the operation. Going over to Doyle's house, she asked if she might be of service. The surgeon told her that he had not yet been able to secure a nurse and would be glad to have her serve in that capacity. While he and his assistant were making their preparations she went to Doyle's bedside and pressed his hand sympathetically.

"I've had a sign," he said. "What kind of a sign?" "A negative sign. I was about to propose marriage to the Widow Perkins when I got the fall. It is not intended that she be my helpmeet."

The medical man returned, put the patient on an improvised operating table, administered an anesthetic and removed the broken rib. Doyle was then placed on his bed and his consciousness was revived by the others. Presently a low moan announced its coming; then another and another. When he opened his eyes there was Octavia kneeling beside him, his hand clasped by hers.

"Oo-ee," he groaned. "I wonder if Adam passed through what I have when the rib was removed from which Eve was made?" "Then suddenly a light came into his eyes, and he spoke again.

"You've always depicted signs. I don't know about the others I've received, but those given me this evening are mighty powerful! I went to propose to Widow Perkins and was turned back by remembering that I hadn't fed the stock. The result was this fall and being pigh trampled to death by a horse. If that isn't a sign that I wasn't to marry her I don't know anything about signs. And now that the surgeon has taken a rib out of me you pop up before me as Eve appeared to Adam after he awakened from the deep sleep in which the job was done. I reckon I know what that means."

"What does it mean, Ad?" "That if you don't marry me we'll both of us be flying in the face of providence."

At that moment the surgeon advanced and forbade the patient to excite himself. Octavia withdrew while the medical man looked over the patient. He found Mr. Doyle under the influence of an excitement that boded no good. He directed that no one be permitted to converse with him until sufficient time had passed to enable him to recuperate. But this did not satisfy Mr. Doyle. He conceived that his fall from the haymow, the removal of the rib and at his awakening his finding Octavia beside him meant that she was the woman he was to marry.

"Doctor," he said, "I wish a clergyman."

"What for? You're not going to die."

"I'm going to be married."

"Married! In this condition?"

"Yes. As a rib was removed from our common father Adam, of which Eve was made, so—"

"You keep quiet," said the doctor, "or I'll not answer for the consequences."

"And I say I wish you to call in a clergyman. If you don't do it I'll get up and call one myself. My Eve is here, and it is my duty to marry her." The surgeon looked troubled. He believed the man was delirious and thought it better to humor him. Calling Octavia aside, he said: "You'd better pretend to go through a ceremony. If he's mean anything, as you advise, doctor."

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Big Harry Powers, Minnesota's Crack Center.



Minnesota football critics predict that "Big Harry" Powers, the Gophers' center, will be awarded a place on the mythical All American eleven this season. They claim he is the ideal center under the new rules. He weighs over 200 pounds and is remarkably fast for a big man. Besides these abilities, he is a fairly good kicker. Last year he was the best man in his position in the west.

Plan Boxing Circuit

The effort to arrange a boxing circuit, including Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Kansas City and New Orleans, by the clubs in these cities, is progressing favorably. The idea is to form a circuit something on the order of a baseball league for the purpose of uplifting the sport and obtaining better and cleaner boxing. The clubs in the cities named above have been endeavoring to come to an agreement for some time, and now there seems to be nothing in the way to stop the fulfillment of their plans. With clubs in each of the cities named, it would be easier for them to arrange for a better class of boxers to appear all through the circuit, the same as is done in vaudeville, as there would be a saving in railroad fares in bringing to the circuit better men from the east and paying their expenses, whereas, as single handers, they could not stand the expense.

Washington After Big Regatta

Rowing enthusiasts of Washington are forming plans to obtain the 1912 middle states regatta. While a meeting to select a place for holding the events will not be called until next May the Washington rowing clubs have already sounded the opinion in other rowing centers and have met with little opposition to their plans to hold the next meeting on the Potomac. The success of regattas held recently at the Capital City has created much enthusiasm, and there will be little difficulty in raising sufficient funds to cover the necessary expenses. It is planned to hold the regatta between the four cities interested in sequence, starting at New York in 1912, then Philadelphia in 1914, Baltimore in 1916 and again in Washington in 1918. This will give each city an event once every four years.

New Record Made With Javelin

Joseph Hickey of the Pacific Association of the A. A. U. has notified Secretary James E. Sullivan that at the Pacific association games, held on Oct. 12, O. F. Sneider of the Olympic club, San Francisco, made a new javelin three-wing record, hurling the javelin 106 feet 1 inch. Sneider held the record once before, but his throw was beaten by Brod of the Irish American A. C. in 1910 at New Orleans.

Wrestler Gosh Starts His Long Tour

World's Wrestling Champion Frank Gosh has started touring the west, preparatory to his tour of the world. After going to the Pacific coast he returns to New York by way of Winnipeg and sails early in 1912 for England and the continent. South Africa, Australia and Japan will be visited in the order named, and the tour will be ended in South America, where he will visit Buenos Aires.

Warning for Amateur Huntsmen

Guides who are accompanying the amateur huntsmen into the woods of Maine, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have received official printed instructions to warn all members of their parties not to shoot at a moving object until they are positively certain that it is not a human being.

Receipts at Scottish Soccer Match

Slightly over \$13,300 was the greatest amount ever taken in a Scottish soccer cup final match. This sum was drawn in 1908, when Rangers and Hearts met at Parkhead. This was also the last game in which a sailing entrance fee was charged.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Judge Bordwell, Who Presides at McNamara Trial.



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Judge Walter Bordwell, before whom James B. McNamara, alleged dynamiter, is on trial for his life, is considered by his colleagues to be a fair and conscientious jurist. The superior court of Los Angeles county comprises twelve departments, and the trial is being held in department nine, to which Judge Bordwell is assigned. On Oct. 1, 1910, the building of the Los Angeles Times was destroyed by an explosion, causing the loss of twenty-one lives. Following the explosion General Harrison Grey Otis, the proprietor, charged that the labor unions were responsible for the wreck. These accusations were indignantly denied by organized labor. The mystery was still unsolved when Detective William J. Burns, who worked on the San Francisco graft matters, was put upon the case. The result of his labors was made known early last April, when John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers; his brother, James B. and Orrie E. McNamara were arrested. The trial promises to be even more sensational than that of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the mine workers, who were tried in Boise for the murder of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho.

The Younger McNamara

James Barnabas McNamara, on trial at Los Angeles, Cal., charged with murder in connection with the destruction of the Times building of that city, is the younger of the two brothers indicted for the affair. When called to trial before Judge Bordwell of the superior court, their counsel elected separate trials and the people chose to prosecute James B. first. The older brother, John J., is secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers.



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With them was also indicted Orrie E. McNamara, a structural ironworker, who is said to have confessed to complicity in the destruction of the Times building. Clarence S. Darrow of Chicago, chief counsel for the defense, defended Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone when they were tried for the murder of the governor of Idaho. District Attorney John D. Fredericks of Los Angeles conducts the prosecution. James B. McNamara is a native of Ohio and is twenty-nine years old. He is said to be a printer by trade.

No Answer to This

Thomas A. Edison was explaining to a reporter the part played by Mr. Brantly, the new French academician, in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The poor reporter, a little bewildered by all the talk about Hertzian waves, transmitters, volts, ohms and so forth, ventured on a question that made Mr. Edison smile. "That question," he said, "reminds me of the city father who rose and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I'd like to know, for my constituent's benefit, whether this here proposed hydraulic pump is to be run by steam or electricity.'"
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

* The * Mozio Boy

He Is a Source of Good Luck to His Benefactors

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was my partner, Rogers, who had the interview with the janitor of our office building, and in that way we first learned that little Leonardo Mozio had disappeared from his accustomed haunts in the Italian district, and his mother was frantic with fright and grief.

Rogers and I were interested in the case at once. For Mrs. Mozio was the woman who cleaned our office and also washed our clothes at her home; we never dared to think where it might be. Mrs. Mozio needed the work, and we had recklessly torn it from the grasp of a mechanical laundry and carried it down to our office, where little Leonardo Mozio trudged after it every Monday morning and brought it back in a more or less indifferent state of purity on Friday evening.

"Suppose we go down there and find out about it. Perhaps we can help the poor soul," suggested Rogers. "I presume there is nothing pressing to keep us here," I said rather apologetically.

Jack glanced quickly at the morning newspaper which I held in my hand and then at the elaborate display of legal papers on my desk. "A casual observer might think we were head over ears in work," he grinned.

"Some one has got to keep up the reputation of the firm," I said weakly. "Never mind, old fellow," encouraged my optimistic partner as we sprang for a descending elevator and lost it. "Never mind, some day they'll be waiting our pleasure. There'll be so many clients we'll have to have an extra large waiting room and take a few more partners into the firm to handle the business."

"What did you learn about the Mozio boy's disappearance?" I asked, changing the subject.

"The janitor says he heard the boy carried some laundry home Monday night to his mother. He went out to play in the street after supper and hasn't been seen since. Of course the newspapers suggest Black Hand, but that is absurd, as there's nothing to gain by stealing a penniless Italian lad. His mother believes that he went down to one of the piers to have a swim and was drowned."

"That sounds most likely. Let me see, he must be about seven years old, eh?"

"So they say. Here we are, Harley, lord love you, what an excitement!" A babbling, chattering crowd of Italian women and children, with here and there a man, idly curious, gathered about the dirty doorway of the tenement house where the Mozios lived. Inside the narrow hallway was Mrs. Mozio, pale and distraught, her black hair streaming down her thin cheeks, her work worn hands gesticulating despairingly.

When she saw us coming through the crowd her voice lifted in a thin wail of grief.

"No gotta da clothes done, signor Leonardo! He never come a back no more!"

"Take us upstairs, please," I said to the distracted woman. "Mr. Rogers and I have come to help you if we can."

Breathing broken thanks, Mrs. Mozio led the way up the rickety stairs to the single room where she and her boy had lived contentedly together. "His a father he die quick and now my little Leonardo is gone!" She threw her apron over her head and wept noisily.

"See here, Mrs. Mozio," said my partner briskly; "we have come to help you find Leonardo. You will have to help too."

She looked up and shrugged her shoulders. "He in da river," she said sullenly.

"How do you know?" "Where else Whatta any one wants poor little Italian boy?"

"That's what we're going to find out," soothed Rogers. "The police have been on the lookout, and there isn't the least reason for your thinking your boy is drowned. Very likely he has run away."

She listened eagerly and drank in every word, weighing it carefully to let its foreign meaning sink into her understanding.

"Whatta you think?" she asked when he had finished.

"We will come tomorrow and tell you unless— Here is car fare, Mrs. Mozio; you come to our office and we will have some news for you. You say he has been away since Monday night?"

"Ah, yes! He brings da signor's linen for da wash, and he eat a supper and he go—and never come-a back no more!" She wept again.

"What did he wear?" asked Rogers, pulling out a notebook. But details of the poor little tragedy were very meager, and Rogers made most of them asking questions about trivial matters with a view to encourage the poor soul who had no relatives in this country and who was widowed shortly after her arrival.

We discovered that little Leonardo Mozio was a pair of customary knickerbockers and a pink collar shirt; also

that he needed a hair cut badly, and we did not doubt that a bath would not have come amiss. We found that he had eaten heartily of black bread and strong cheese and that he had also partaken of garlic.

"Might trace him by the garlic if it wasn't that the atmosphere is ever charged with it now," remarked Rogers disgustedly as we got down into the street.

"We did not speak again until we had emerged into a clearer atmosphere, and as we rode uptown Rogers turned to me. 'Well, Harley, what do you make of it? They say that not even his play mates remember seeing him after supper that night. Queer, isn't it?'"

"Yes," I replied slowly, "but I've been turning something over in my mind, Jack. It's a question the woman put up to you, and it's a stickier one. 'Out with it!'"

"What does any one want with a poor little Italian boy? There isn't any money in it. Find a motive and you'll discover what has become of the child."

"Got any ideas?" "Yes. You can help me search through back files of some of the newspapers to see if you can find where there has been a death in the family of a well-to-do Italian family—say the death of a boy about Leonardo's age."

"Batty! Yes, you are all of that, Harley."

"Why? Ask yourself the question, 'What would any one want with a poor little Italian boy? And the only answer I can find is that he might take the place of a child who had passed away.'"

"Loony as can be!" murmured Jack as we alighted and went to look up the newspaper files.

The joke was that Rogers found the only notice of the sort we were looking for.

"I find that Lorenzo Orsati and Rosa, his wife, lost their six-year-old son on the 15th of July," said Rogers sheepishly.

We looked up the record of the Orsatis and found that they were a wealthy Italian family, the father engaged in the importing of olives. They lived in a fashionable apartment house uptown.

The next morning we made our way uptown to the apartment house where the Orsatis lived. As usual, Rogers took the initiative, and when we reached the vestibule he suddenly ordered me about face and said he had an idea.

"Come to the park first, and if you see any dago looking children say so." "There's the genus article, Jack," I whispered. "Hear 'em rattle off the trails!"

"Sure enough!" And with the fascinating smile which he brought into no little success when he aims to win confidence Jack approached the olive-skinned nursemaid who was chatting to the dark-eyed children about her.

"Mr. Orsati's little boy—is not here today?" he inquired graciously.

She shook her head, displaying magnificent teeth. Then she sighed. "No said, signor. The little one is dead!"

Rogers started. "No, no," he said quickly. "I mean the new boy—the one they have taken to fill his place."

She shook her head with a puzzled glance, but one of the children who had been listening eagerly evidently understood enough English to grasp the trend of questioning and spoke to her in fluent Italian. Her pretty face showed surprise, incredulity and then pleasure.

"Little Nina says it is true—the poor parents have adopted a little boy to fill the place of their beloved one. It is said that the boy cries all day long. It is so sad!"

Rogers pressed thanks upon them and dragged me away. "Harley, old man, please be careful not to lose your head. It's invaluable to the firm of Harley & Rogers."

"I always said so," I admitted meekly.

At the Orsati apartment we found it difficult to gain admittance. At last Rogers went out and telephoned to them that he had come after the boy, Leonardo Mozio, and they must be prepared to give him up at once to his proper guardians.

Well, the upshot of it was that we did gain possession of little Leonardo Mozio, who was tearfully repentant in a sort of Lord Faunterloil suit of black velvet, in which he looked more like a brigand than anything else. He was weeping noisily when we rescued him after promising Mrs. Orsati that we would try and find her a boy after this pattern whom they could legally adopt.

It is needless to describe the joyous scene when Leonardo was restored to his happy mother. He was her only child, and she was a widow. Leonardo was the center of an excited atmosphere when he told of how he had wandered uptown after supper that Monday night and how a beautiful automobile had stopped and a lady and gentleman had questioned him if he would like to live with them and be their little boy.

Leonardo had said he would, and they took him at his word. Afterward he wept bitterly, although they treated him royally.

The upshot of this matter was we did find a child for the Orsatis, and the check that we received for our services was as an oasis in a trackless desert. Moreover, the Orsatis took an interest in the Mozios, and Mrs. Orsati found work of a better sort for Mrs. Mozio, who was discovered to be a maker of exquisite lace. Then in time they moved into better quarters, and Leonardo Mozio had the promise of a job in the Orsati offices when he grows big enough.

And the funny part of the whole business is that they all look upon Rogers and myself as benefactors.

THE END