

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
"My dear James," interrupted Mr. Burritt, hastily, "you must know very well that it isn't that. But the truth of the matter is, I've a great aversion to firearms. Still, if you will assure me that the weapon isn't loaded, I'll—"

"I'll assure you of that or anything else that will add to your peace of mind," was the somewhat equivocal reply. "At any rate, it isn't loaded now; and, what is more, I will also give you my word that I will not attempt to blow out my brains during the journey—or," he added, as a sort of afterthought, "anyone else's."

When Mr. Burritt and his friend arrived at the station, the latter took a considerable amount of trouble to insure a separate compartment to themselves—in fact, Mr. Burritt rather fancied he saw him give something to the guard, who thereupon locked the door upon them, and consigned them to solitude.

The carriage in question, it may be worth remembering, was the fourth from the engine.

"I wonder," thought Mr. Burritt to himself as the train steamed out of the station, "which is the pocket he carries the revolver in?" Then his thoughts wandered away from the actual present. "I suppose I shall find them all right at home. Dear, dear, anyone would think I had been away a month. What an old fogey I'm getting. By-the-by, I wonder what James is thinking about? he looks uncommonly gloomy. I wish he'd say something instead of staring out of the window in stony silence. Somehow, one doesn't like the notion of riding alone with a man who has shed another man's blood, especially when he carries a revolver. I wonder whether he's thinking of that, or what?"

If Mr. Burritt could have read what was passing in his companion's mind, he would have been amazed to find

pealing to her son, "I suppose there's no mistake about the day? Your dear father didn't mean to-morrow?"

Her son produced the telegram, which he had about him, and repeated the contents aloud:

"Am returning to-day by the 4:30 train. Shall be home to dinner. Friend accompanies me."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do about it," exclaimed the poor lady, almost wringing her hands.

"Haven't you better go and speak to cook yourself?" said her son, making the proposal without the slightest comprehension of what it involved.

"I suppose I had," murmured his mother; "very well, Jane, you can say I'm coming." And she left the room, leaving the young people together.

"Aren't you tired of standing, May?" asked her brother, addressing the girl, who had scarcely varied her attitude an inch in the last half hour.

"Tired!" she exclaimed, half turning round. "What has that got to do with it? I want to be the first to see them." Then she added, "Tell me what you mean to say, a little while ago, when you began 'I wish,' and stopped."

"Why," he answered gloomily, "I was going to say I wish the governor had never started on this journey; though," he added, in a hurry, "of course he's all right—missed the train or else there's a block on the line, or something—only—" He broke off without bringing his sentence to a conclusion, and asked, "Was that what you wished, too?"

"It," she exclaimed, "I wish that and more. I wish he had never had that letter. I wish his friend, whoever he is, had never come back from where he was."

"Oh, come, now," was the would-be comforting response, "now you're going ahead too far. Of course, it's vexing and all that; but, after all, the only thing that will really suffer will be the dinner, and that won't be fit

clutched the edge of the table. "Listen!" he gasped.

And the voice without, now close to their very gates, made itself plainly heard, as it shouted out the latest bulletin—

"Speechful hedishun! Hevenin' Stand-ard! 'Orrible railway haccident! Over twenty killed and injured. The four-thirty from Dover wrecked by a down train carryin' petroleum barrels! The line on fire. Horful scenes! 'Attrend-in' details!"

CHAPTER V.

The Search for a Father.

What happened after this no one ever knew exactly. Before Mrs. Burritt had begun to grasp the idea that something was wrong, her son had rushed from the room.

After what seemed an age of waiting, but was really a very short time, he returned. In his hand he held a copy of the newspaper which he had just bought. "Mother," he said, putting a strong restraint upon himself, "I am afraid there has been an accident on the line. You mustn't be alarmed, for though some people have been injured, there is no reason why my father should not have escaped, and very likely the affair has been greatly exaggerated."

"Ted," said his sister, in a voice almost as calm as his own, though her face had lost every particle of color, and seemed to have suddenly become years older. "Let us know the worst!" And she held out her hand for the paper.

"The worst!" he answered, with a sound like a strangled sob in his voice. "Why should there be any worst? And as for the paper," crumpling it up in his hand, "you can't place the slightest dependence upon that. I'm—I'm going up to town by the next train, so as to be on the spot, and—"

"He may be hurt in some way," you know," he added, slowly, by way of preparing their minds for whatever might be the result. "He may have come off with a broken leg, or something of that sort. You can hardly expect him to have got off scot free. But whatever it is, I'm going to find him out and bring him back home. Take care of mother"—this to his sister—and he was gone.

But before he could leave the house, while his hand was yet upon the latch, he found himself confronted by the girl. "Good-bye," she said, slowly and sadly. "You will do your best—but I have no hope—none!"

He caught a train which was on the very point of starting, and leaped into the first carriage he came to. Then he took out the paper which he had kept so carefully from the sight of those others at home, and began to study more earnestly the brief but terrible announcement which it contained.

(To be continued.)

As She Understood It.

He was telling a poker story, but she only caught this sentence: "And then, of course, I called, and—"

She interrupted him reproachfully and also with some asperity.

"I've caught you, John Henry," she exclaimed. "Here I've been trying to get you to call on the Joneses for the last three months, and you wouldn't do it—said you didn't like to make calls, then you go out and make one by yourself, or else you go calling with someone else. Yes; that must be it? What is she, John Henry? Who is this person who can get you to make calls when you won't make them with your wife?"

John Henry looked at his masculine friends and winked slyly.

"Shall I tell her?" he asked.

"Might as well," they said.

"In this case," he then told her, "three ladies induced me to call."

"Three?"

"Yes; but," he hastened to add, "if you came across them in the park you would probably call them queens."

It was a great joke—their masculine friends assured him of that—but he hasn't succeeded in explaining the matter to his wife's satisfaction yet.—Chicago Post.

St. Peter Remembered.

A poor son of Erin died and was lauded as a very good man by all his neighbors. Arriving at the Gate he found his way barred by Saint Peter.

"Before ye can enter," says Saint Peter, "will ye tell me ye are not guilty of any great sin?"

"I am not," said Paddy.

"Think again," said Saint Peter.

"Well," says Paddy, thinking hard, "I remember once using bad language over an old rooster we had."

"That was a great sin," said Saint Peter, "and ye can't come in."

Paddy turned sorrowfully away, but before he had gone for Saint Peter recalled him.

"I've been thinking," said Saint Peter, "and I think ye must have had great provocation, and that your language was perhaps excusable. Ye can come in. I remember, I once had trouble with the same sort of bird myself."

The Kitchen Range.

A fine housekeeper says since painting her kitchen range she has never blackened it with stove polish. Every spring when cleaning house she buys a can of enamel from a druggist and paints her stove with it. The stove looks like new, does not rust and needs no cleaning except dusting and wiping off.

French People in Britain.

There are 26,600 French in Great Britain and Ireland, more than three-fourths of the number being in London. The business most followed among these is cookery. As English landresses are prized in France, so French cooks are valued in England

EASY METHOD OF SUICIDE.

Holding the Breath Will End Life in Short Time.

That it is possible to commit suicide by simply holding one's breath has been clearly proved by a despondent Norwegian, who recently killed himself in this very unusual manner. When he determined to die he closed his mouth and nostrils and by mere force of will prevented his lungs from doing their proper work.

This case is the more remarkable, as there has long been a popular notion that no human being could by mere will power stop the action of the lungs for more than one or two minutes. For this reason it has attracted much attention, and a French writer, commenting on it, says:

"To persons of good taste who are weary of this life this method of committing suicide will certainly commend itself, one reason being because the body is not disfigured thereby, and another because the act can be committed in any place and at any time. It is true that sensitive or nervous persons will never be able to kill themselves in this manner, for, simple as it seems, the act of retaining one's breath until death comes can only be performed by one who is either unusually phlegmatic or endowed with a very strong will."—New York Herald.

No Vowels in It.

Many places have curious names but apparently there is only one place which has a name without any vowels. That place is the little hamlet of Wa, near Paris. Wa being an unpronounceable name, the inhabitants of the hamlet have transformed it into "Ua," but this change has not been sanctioned legally, and on all the official records the name Wa still appears. The hamlet has 117 inhabitants, and its sole attractions are the Chateau d'Osny, which has been for many years in the possession of Edmond About's family, and the Chateau de Vigny, which is one of the best specimens of the Renaissance style of architecture.

So far as is known, there is only one person in Europe at present who has a name without any vowels, and that is M. Srb, the Mayor of Prague.

Venetian Fisher Boy.



The Venetian fisher boy is picturesque in art and literature, but in real life he is too often a sight which would make an American mother weep.

Swindle the Gullible Tourist.

A Connecticut firm manufactures sacred scarab for the Egyptian tourist trade. The little charms are carved and even chipped by machinery, colored in bulk to simulate age and shipped in casks to the Moslem dealers at Cairo. The Arabian guides are the chief buyers, many of them being adepts at "salting" the sands at the base of the Pyramids or about the sacred temples, where they artfully discover these scarab before the very eyes of the Yankee tourist and sell him for an American dollar an article manufactured at a cost of less than a cent in his native land.

The Racing Age.

The German emperor will offer a cup for a trans-atlantic yacht race in 1904. Races, races, races! Life is all a race to-day. Men go racing in their devil carts across the continent. Our yachts will soon be racing from New York to old Biscay. The aeronauts go racing through the clouds from Aix to Ghent. Men go racing round our planet, as if it were nothing more.



Than a course, supplied with grand stands, for the showing of our speed. Our trains keep breaking records that seemed wonderful before. And our trotters show a swiftness that's remarkable, indeed.

Racing, racing, racing! Life is nothing but a race. From the cradle to the grave we race with all our might and main. And there's one race that is everywhere and always taking place—The mad race for the dollar that's so mighty hard to gain.

Get Stupefied on Kerosene.

Kerosene inebriety is becoming common in many cities. The boys climb upon the tank cars, place their noses over the manhole, and thus inhale the fumes. The effects produced are similar to those produced by alcohol, first a feeling of exhilaration, then a period of stupor, and following is the period of deep sleep. It is stated that in several instances boys, drunk from these fumes, have been taken to hospitals.

Stubborn Man Goes to Jail.

A Lewiston, Maine, man defied the city authorities to collect a poll tax and is now reposing in jail, where he has been since Aug. 5. His board bill has been \$1.75 each week, and as he must pay this before he is released his defiance is likely to cost him dearly.

DIETRICH DESIANT

Declares There is No Reasonable Grounds for His Indictment

FIVE COUNTS ON FISHER

Said to Have Paid \$500 for Hastings Postmastership—Grand Jury Warned by Judge

No capias has yet been issued for United States Senator Dietrich, who together with Postmaster Jacob Fisher of Hastings, Neb., was indicted by the federal grand jury for alleged bribery and conspiracy. The bill of indictment against Senator Dietrich has not been permitted by Judge Munger to be made public and will not be given out, it is stated, until the senator has appeared to give bond. The bill against Fisher, however, was made public. It is as follows:

First—Violation of section 1781, revised statutes of the United States; that Jacob Fisher, on July 8, 1901, fraudulently paid to Charles H. Dietrich, a member of the United States congress, \$500 for aiding to procure and procuring for said Fisher the office of postmaster of Hastings, Neb.

Second—Giving property to the value of \$500 July 8, 1901, to said Dietrich for aiding to procure and procuring him the office of postmaster.

Third—On July 8, 1901, giving a certain valuable consideration to Dietrich, that said Dietrich being obligated by a certain contract in writing dated April 9, 1901, to purchase from Silas A. Strickland post No. 13, Grand Army of the Republic, certain goods and chattels, the property of said post, and to pay therefor the sum of \$500; said Fisher did unlawfully satisfy and discharge said claim to said post of said sum of \$500.

Fourth—April 20, 1901, said Fisher agreed to pay to said Dietrich \$1,330 for aiding to procure and procuring the office of postmaster at Hastings, Neb.

Fifth—April 20, 1901, said Fisher agreed to give to said Dietrich certain valuable consideration, \$500, for aiding to secure and securing him the said office of postmaster, Dietrich then being obligated to said Grand Army of the Republic post by a contract in writing dated April 9, 1901, to purchase said property, and that Fisher agreed to and did satisfy said claim of \$500 by paying said sum of money to said post.

In his own defense Senator Dietrich says:

"In view of what has transpired in Omaha, where a federal grand jury has found an indictment against me for the alleged acceptance of money for my influence in securing an appointment of a postmaster, I think it due to the people of Nebraska that I make a statement respecting the matter.

"I charge that I accepted, directly, or indirectly, money or anything of value for my influence in securing the appointment of Jacob Fisher as postmaster at Hastings, Neb., is absolutely false.

"I shall waive the protection afforded a senator by the constitution while congress is in session and shall go to Nebraska and insist on an immediate trial, with perfect confidence that my innocence will be established."

Judge Munger of the United States district court called the grand jury into court and admonished the members of that body to secrecy. He said:

"You should remember, gentlemen, that you are under oath not to disclose any of the business that is transacted in the jury room. But I saw in the morning papers what purported to be a statement of your vote on whether certain indictments should be returned. You are under instructions of this court to permit no one to be present when you are discussing the evidence and determining what action shall be taken. If, therefore, the published statement is correct, it can only mean that the disclosure has come from some jurymen.

"Now, I want to remind you it is important that you comply with your oaths and make no disclosures of your proceedings, because misconduct on your part might result in vitiating your action, and in that event your work would all go for naught. I call your attention to this because it is very evident that the statement of this vote could come only from a jurymen and I want you to so demean yourselves that no future grand jury will be required to investigate your conduct."

The Washington Daily Times says: "Upon reliable information the statement is made that the president has directed a rigid investigation to be made of the charges contained in the indictment found by a federal grand jury against Senator Dietrich. It is said he has requested Attorney General Knox to direct District Attorney Summers to push the case and to smother nothing in the trial."

Kansas City Draws Color Line

The Kansas City Central high school has canceled its game with West Des Moines high school because Des Moines insisted on playing a negro in its lineup. When Des Moines sent their lineup to the Kansas City management it was sent back with the negro's name crossed out. Des Moines refused to play unless Strauthers was in the game. Thereupon the Kansas City manager called for a vote. All but one man voted to cancel the game.

The Kansas City team has drawn the color line strictly this year and given all teams that had negroes in the lineup the alternative of either withdrawing the colored man or canceling the game. Every team but Des Moines withdrew the objectionable names.

Fight to a Draw

"Twin" Jack Sullivan, of Boston, gave "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien a hard fight at the National Athletic club, Boston. The bout was judged a draw, as both men were still on their feet at the end of the sixth round, the scheduled limit of the fight.

Italian Pugilist Knocked Out

After fifteen rounds of hard fighting, in San Francisco, Cal., Jack Cordell, a recent recruit from the amateur ranks, was given the decision over Aurelio Herrera.

A GERMAN GETS THE \$5,000

Has One of His Ears Cut Off for that Amount

Dr. Andrew L. Nelden, of New York, performed the operation of grafting an ear upon the head of a western millionaire whose name the surgeon says he is under bond not to reveal. The operation was to have been performed in New York but District Attorney Jerome is said to have interfered.

Dr. Nelden advertised for a man willing to sell an ear for \$5,000 and of 300 applicants he selected a young German who conducts a restaurant in New York.

Dr. Nelden said: "The operation took place at a private hospital in Philadelphia, where I was assisted by a Philadelphia physician and one from New York. I think they will be willing to have their names known later."

"The two men were placed in opposite directions upon an elongated bed. One half of the volunteer's ear, the upper half, was cut off, together with about four inches of the skin behind the ear."

"This was twisted around and fitted to a freshly prepared wound upon my patient's ear. The half ear was held in place by bandages and the two men hunched so they could not move their heads. They must remain in this position for at least twelve days to allow the circulation to come through the flap of skin that still remains a part of the volunteer's scalp. If this half ear starts to unite properly the lower half of the ear will be grafted the same."

Oregon Ex-Congressman Acquitted

Former Congressman Moody, on trial on an indictment returned by a federal grand jury at Portland, Ore., charging him with wrongfully securing and withholding a letter addressed to Mrs. Margaret L. Conroy, alleged to contain a receipt from the controller of the currency for the final dividend of the defunct The Dailies National bank, was acquitted. Judge Bellinger interrupted the argument of District Attorney Wood with a statement that the prosecution was proceeding on grounds too far fetched to warrant a verdict against the defendant. The court instructed one of Mr. Moody's attorneys to write out an order of dismissal, and after the document had been signed by the foreman of the jury the defendant left the court room.

The New Panama Canal Treaty

The main features of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty, providing for the construction of an isthmian canal by the Panama route have been agreed upon and the rough draft of the convention is in preparation. No date for the signing of the treaty has yet been fixed.

The Panama minister and Secretary Hay had another conference regarding the treaty.

It is thought the members of the Panama commission, who arrived in New York recently, will remain there at present, as it is said their presence is not needed in connection with the negotiations for the treaty. It is possible that when the treaty is signed the commission may receive cable instruction to ratify the convention and thus avoid the necessity of sending it to Panama.

Big Reward for Bank Robbers

The Nebraska state bankers' association will offer a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the men implicated in the blowing up of the safe of the First National bank at Lyons, Neb., and robbing the bank of \$1,500, in accordance with the resolution passed at their meeting in Lincoln in October for the purpose of decreasing the number of robberies in the state. It is said that the bank authorities are about to offer a similar reward. John Forest, vice president of the bank, and J. A. Wachter, one of the directors, were in Omaha Tuesday night in conference with detectives in an effort to have the criminals apprehended.

Christian Science Good in Ohio

The supreme court of Ohio has rendered a decision which is taken to mean that Christian science may be practiced in Ohio. Some time ago a family by the name of Bishop, in Hamilton, Ohio, was tried and acquitted on a charge of manslaughter for having permitted a child to die without giving it medical aid. The state carried the case up on exception and the supreme court overruled the exceptions.

Indictments Quashed

The federal court has quashed the indictments for smuggling in the cases of Alonzo Cruzen, the collector of customs; Captain Andrew Dunlap, U. S. A., commandant of the naval station at San Juan, Porto Rico; and Robert Giles, a former contractor in the island on the ground that the fines had been paid and the offenses expiated. It is believed this action forever settles the case.

Pacified Jolos Still Fight

An unofficial report has reached Manila that the captain of a United States army transport has landed reinforcements in Jolo and that fighting began as soon as the troops landed. No further particulars have been received, as the cable is interrupted.

Jimmy Briggs Defeats Broad

Jimmy Briggs was given the decision over "Kid" Broad of Cleveland after a hard fifteen-round fight at the Criterion club, Boston. Briggs, who was considerably heavier than his opponent, forced the fighting. Broad was clearly outpointed.

Germans Will Learn to Raise Cotton

The German Colonial society contemplates the sending of a number of young men to Texas agricultural and technical schools to study the methods of growing and marketing cotton. The young men will spend a year on a cotton plantation and so acquire practical experience which labor they will employ in the German colonies.

Gold Coming from Europe

The National City bank of New York has engaged an additional \$500,000 gold in London.



Started to his feet with a cry.

that, instead of dwelling upon the past, he was merely repeating over and over to himself the words which the former had spoken only a few hours before—"The secret lies between us two! The secret lies between us two!"

CHAPTER V.

The 4:30 Train.

Dinner at Magnolia Lodge had been ordered for a quarter to eight, in order to suit the convenience of the travelers, who were expected to arrive at about that hour.

As the time drew on, Mrs. Burritt suddenly became troubled again in her mind concerning the soap dish.

"I do wish, after all, I had ordered the best spare bedroom to be got ready, though I've generally considered the second best good enough for a single gentleman, and I suppose he is a single gentleman. But for all that—"

"Here they are!" suddenly cried her daughter May, who was watching from the window.

"Well, it's too late to make any change now," sighed her parent, half relieved at having the matter summarily settled; "and perhaps he won't notice the crack. I do hope my cap is on straight!"

The said cap was, as usual, considerably out of the perpendicular; but as it happened, its lack of rectitude was, in this instance, of no particular consequence, for the alarm proved false, and the cab, which had at first appeared as though about to draw up before the house, resumed its snail-like crawl and gradually disappeared.

Then came another spell of waiting. "They must have missed their train at London Bridge," said Ted Burritt. "Perhaps the other one was late. I've looked in 'Bradshaw,' and see that it's due in town at seven o'clock. If so, they ought to be here by this time."

The next half-hour slowly ticked itself away without bringing any change in the position of affairs. They were all vacantly conscious of an increasing sense of anxiety and depression within. Why did they not come? Surely, if they had missed one train, there had been plenty of time to catch the next? Then the clock chimed the half-hour, and, at the same moment, an interruption took place. The message ran:

"If you please, 'm, cook wants to know what she is to do about dinner!"

Mrs. Burritt started nervously. "I'm sure, I don't know, Jane." Then, ap-

to eat, if they don't come directly."

As if in answer to this remark, Mrs. Burritt at that moment re-entered the room. She was flushed and agitated, and, as was apparent to the most obtuse observer, on the verge of tears.

"Really, cook has been most trying," she sighed, as she sank into the nearest chair. "She almost intimated that I had done it on purpose. She says, she has never been used to such ways, and that flesh and blood won't stand it, let alone legs of mutton. She says she can give us another ten minutes, but no more."

The ten minutes passed, as the previous thirty had done, and at the end of that time three very dispirited people sat down to their spoilt dinner.

May soon noticed that her brother, whose attention had been obviously wandering for some time past, appeared to be listening to something from without. At first her heart bounded. Could it be that they had arrived at last? Was it the click of the gate that he was straining his ear to catch? or the sound of footsteps upon the gravel drive without? So she, too, listened in her turn, hoping to be able to distinguish one or the other of these welcome but long delayed signals. But the only thing she could hear was the faint sound of a voice which seemed to be shouting something in the distance. May also perceived that the voice was drawing gradually nearer, and resolving itself into that of a peripatetic newsboy, who was vending his wares and shouting out the most sensational headings at the top of his voice. Was that all? Still, he was not yet near enough for her to distinguish the sense of the sounds which caught her ear from time to time, as she absently crumbled her bread, and thought to herself over and over again, "If only father would come home!"

Mrs. Burritt, as though the thought had set in motion some electric current which connected the two brains, remarked at this juncture, "I suppose they are quite certain to be here some time to-night?"

Almost before the words were out of her lips, her son, who was sitting on her right, started to his feet with a cry.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" asked his sister, as a sense of something terrible about to happen fell upon her.

He made no reply, but, with dilating eyes, stood there with every faculty absorbed in the one effort.

Then he raised one hand—the other