

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Long before the service was over there were sounds of lamentation and wailing from many of those present, and several were compelled to quit the church from the violence of their emotion.

At last it was over and the numerous and variously compounded congregation broke up.

After partaking of a frugal meal, Ted sat down to await the arrival of Dr. Cartwright. He hoped that nothing unforeseen would occur to cause him to put off his visit, for he was beginning to rely a good deal upon the energetic little man, who had shown himself at once shrewd and kindly in his dealings with him. He could scarcely believe he had met him yesterday for the first time—and here he became aware of a brisk and familiar voice below.

"How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Jimman, and how's your lodger? Hope you're looking after him well; giving him plenty of new laid eggs and cream and that sort of thing? There's nothing like good living to soften the effect of a bereavement."

Ted heard the voice gradually mounting the stairs and the next moment the doctor's head was put inside the door.

"Hullo!" was his greeting, "there you are. Well, how are you getting on?"

Ted said that he felt pretty well. "Glad to hear it," was the next remark, as the maker of it allowed the rest of his body to follow his head. "By the by, saw you in church this morning. Sad spectacle—very! Shall we be off?"

They left the cottage and made their way in the direction of the station.

When they came in sight of the line they saw that there were still parties of men at work, searching among the heaps of rubbish for money or jewelry or anything else that might have survived the general ruin.



"I thought as much! A ball from a revolver!"

The station master was watching their operations from the platform, and to him Dr. Cartwright addressed himself.

"Look here, Mullins, I want to know what you've done with that carriage—the fourth from the engine—that we managed to save from being quite destroyed with the others. The one, you know, in which we found—"

He whispered the rest in his ear. The station master replied, with a glance of curiosity and sympathy combined at the young man, who was the doctor's companion, that the carriage or the remains of it had been left at the side of the line, about one hundred yards farther down. They soon found it.

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "this is the very carriage. You see, it is a good deal damaged; but I think, for all that, we may be able to find what we are looking for. The first compartment is the one that concerns us."

One door of this had been smashed and beaten in by the force of the concussion; the seat had been splintered, and showed that the fire had caught it in places, and the flooring was torn up. The other end of the compartment, though less wrecked, had received more damage from the fire, the cushions had entirely disappeared, the woodwork was black and charred, and what remained of the door hung from a single hinge.

"Now," said the doctor, taking off his coat before clambering in, "you had better stop outside; there left room for two of us in here at once. It was in this corner"—indicating that end of the carriage which had received least damage from the fire—"that we found him." "He was lying there, with his head against the back of the compartment, and the lower part of his body jammed between the broken door and the seat. His head, as you might say, rested here," pointing out a particular part of the padding which yet remained. "The bullet, which passed through it, must have lodged somewhere about there. If so, we are sure to find it."

Cutting what was left of the cloth in strips with his knife, he began to pull out the stuffing in handfuls. "I don't know whether the railway company would have anything to say to this," he remarked, as he carefully passed the material through his fingers, before passing it on to his companion outside, who did the same, "but whenever I'm in doubt about my

right to do a certain thing, I always do it first and inquire afterwards."

There was a nose of something metallic falling.

"Hullo!" cried the doctor. "What's that?"

And, regardless of the consequences to his clothes, he began to grope among the shattered remains of the flooring.

In a few seconds he looked up again, flushed and grim, but triumphant.

He held in his hand a conical shaped piece of lead.

"I thought as much," he said, as he handed it to the other—"a ball from a revolver!"

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Jeremiah at Home.

The inquest, which took place at noon on Monday, was held in the school house. The jury, having been sworn in, proceeded to view the bodies and on their return from this melancholy duty the coroner made an unexpected announcement, which caused a great sensation among the closely packed audience.

"It having been brought to my notice that one of the supposed victims of the late disastrous affair, instead of losing his life, as was concluded at the time, through the accident in which so many have, unfortunately, perished, has come by his death through foul play, it is my intention to hold a separate inquiry upon the body at the same hour to-morrow. I shall now proceed with my inquiry as to the manner in which the other passengers met their death. Call the first witness."

Later in the day hundreds of people gathered in the churchyard to witness the interments.

The body of Silas Burritt had been taken back to the vestry, where it would remain until his son fulfilled the promise he had made and brought it home. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," came the words

of the burial service, as one by one the coffins were lowered, and the first spadeful of earth cast upon them.

Ted Burritt stood bareheaded beside his new friend, the doctor. Suddenly there was a commotion among the crowd at a little distance and he heard a sharp cry. Then the crowd opened, as though to make way for some one, and he saw a young man leading a figure in black, whom he recognized as the widow, whose hopeless grief he had before been a witness of, but who now was clinging to the arm of the youth who supported her, and seemed as though her sudden joy were almost more than she could bear.

"I was never in the train at all," he was assuring her over and over again. "It was quite a mistake! What made you think you recognized me?"

"There was a bit of cloth just like your coat—but oh, my boy, to think I've got you again!" And the couple passed on, followed by the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd.

"Well, now, what d'you think of that for a sentimental episode? Sort of thing one reads of but doesn't believe in, eh? Dear me," and the doctor took off his spectacles for no apparent reason, and polished them carefully on his silk handkerchief. "You didn't see the meeting between them, did you? The women were crying all round me, and they've made my spectacles quite dull."

Then, passing his arm through the other's, "Come along," he said, "you've had quite enough of this. Come and spend the evening with me. You know where I live? No? Well, anyone can tell you that. Good-bye. I must be off—got a lot of sick people to look after."

Ted had no difficulty in finding out the house. The door was opened to him by an elderly woman servant, who, as Ted thought, seemed to regard him with a certain amount of suspicion. Howbeit, she bade him enter. From an inner room a voice hailed him.

"Hullo!—that you? That's right—be with you in a minute. Just wait until I've finished poisoning off the parish." And, through the half open door came the clink of glass and the sound of liquids being poured from one receptacle to another.

The next moment Dr. Cartwright

emerged from his sanctum, and greeted him with great cordiality.

"So you've come—thought you would. Glad to see you. And what do you think of my little place?" was the next inquiry, accompanied by a comprehensive sweep of the hand. "Pretty snug, eh? Not bad quarters for a bachelor?"

His visitor expressed approval of his surroundings, which certainly were well worthy of the appellation "snug" bestowed upon them by their owner. At the same time there was an air of compactness, of severe attention to detail, which was suggestive of the fact that the present occupant had, at one time or other, been restricted in the matter of elbow room.

"Yes, I'm pretty comfortable," the doctor went on. "I've got a very good housekeeper, on the whole. Her chief fault is that she's so confoundedly suspicious!"

"Suspicious!" re-echoed the other. "Well, I thought she looked at me rather strangely when she let me in." The little doctor chuckled, and showed symptoms of great inward enjoyment. "Ah! you thought so, did you? The fact is, she's in mortal terror of my getting married!"

"Well, but that wouldn't make her suspicious of me!"

"My dear fellow, she's suspicious of everybody. She's jealous of every woman, single or married, because the single ones, being single, are open to offers, while the married ones are liable to lose their husbands at a moment's notice, and, as widows, would be more to be feared than the others."

"But I belong to neither category!" said the young man. "Surely—"

"My dear boy," cut in the other, "as a young man you are likely to possess female relatives—a sister or a cousin or an aunt, either of whom might eventually prove dangerous to my peace of mind."

Ted Burritt actually laughed, to the little man's great satisfaction, as the idea presented itself to him of his sister May as a possible aspirant to the position of Mrs. Jeremiah Cartwright. In less than a moment, however, the laugh had died away, and a corresponding expression of despondency settled down upon his features.

"He thinking of that inquest to-morrow," thought the doctor, "and his father's body lying in the vestry. I must get him out of that groove again. Here—starting to his feet—"come and have a walk round my premises before it gets dark!"

He took him out through the surgery, and showed him a neat little domain, which was divided into portions, in which grew, respectively, flowers, fruit and vegetables. At the bottom was a fowl run and a very small circular pond, about the size of an ordinary wash-hand basin, in which paddled a solitary duck, who, as soon as he caught sight of the doctor, forsook his favorite element, and came waddling towards him, quacking loudly.

"He seems to know you," said Ted. (To be continued.)

Simple Explanation.

An old man wandered into one of the hospitals of an Eastern city. His eyesight was rather bad, and he had come in the hope of securing relief. He was turned over to a young doctor, who adjusted a large frame in front of the patient's eyes and placed in it a couple of strong magnifying glasses. He then held a printed card some distance away.

"Can you read that?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the old man.

The doctor then put in stronger glasses and brought the card nearer.

"Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"

The old fellow shook his head, saying, "No, not a word."

After repeating this performance several times the doctor was about to turn him over in despair to his more experienced superior, when the old man quietly explained:

"You see, doctor, I never learned to read."

Not the Queen of Sheba.

The teacher was going over the good old story of King Solomon and his wisdom.

"Now, dears, who was the great queen who traveled so many miles and miles to see the king?"

Silence prevailed in the class.

"Why, you do know, all of you. The queen who came to see the king?"

The name had been forgotten by the class. In order to help them, the kind, but misguided teacher began to offer a little assistance.

"You do know, I am sure. The name begins with S, and she was a very great queen."

Just then up shot a little hand, and out spoke the triumphant voice of the little, auburn-haired girl. She transfixed the listening schoolroom with the following brief statement:

"I know; it was the Queen of Spades!"

The Open Door.

"I don't know exactly how it happened," Reggie was telling his best friend over a game of billiards. "I never meant to propose, you know—that is, not just yet. I wanted to knock about a little more. But after we got home from the theater and sat in the parlor discussing the plot of the play, I ventured out on this ice and broke through before I knew where I was. It came as a deuce of a shock, just as I should imagine breaking through real ice would be."

"But Jessie was all ready for me. She was expecting it. First thing I knew she had me by the collar and landed me on safe ground again—but I was engaged. No doubt about that. Anyhow, I'm glad I've got her. Might have lost her through some slip if I'd waited. But I don't want to read any more stuff about bashful fellows stammering out proposals. It's all too easy."



The New Bridal Fan.

At a recent New York society wedding a decided novelty was in evidence. Instead of the orthodox bouquet of orange blossoms or white and silver prayer book, the bride carried a fan of costly point lace, which was attached to her wrist by means of a narrow white satin ribbon. Her long and narrow point applique veil was so arranged as to conceal little of her hair. The top was twisted in a loose fold, which was arranged in two loops, one much lower than the other, at the side of her moderately high coiffure. A very long and full spray of orange blossoms was fastened at the left of the tulle loops and trailed almost to her shoulder. A still larger spray was used on the corsage.

A Smart Storm Coat.

Rain coats have become so general as to be counted among the necessities of life. This one is smart at the same time that it serves its purpose well and is suited to all the many waterproof materials in vogue. As shown,



4541 Rain Coat, 32 to 40 bust.

—Design by May Manton.

however, it is made of Oxford cravenette stitched, and is trimmed with straps of the same held by bone buttons. The coat is loose and simple at the same time that it is shapely and includes sleeves that can be slipped on and off with ease. The shoulder cape means warmth as well as style and the fitter collar provides both comfort and protection. To make the coat for a woman of medium size will be required 5 1/4 yards 44 or 5

yards 52 inches wide. A May Manton pattern No. 4541, sizes 32 to 40, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Housewifely Hints.

Rub light gloves with fine bread crumbs after each time of wearing. If you allow them to get very dirty, home cleaning is seldom a success; but treated in this way they will look nice for quite a long time.

If lace is ironed directly after washing, first under a cloth, finishing off with nothing between it and the iron, there is no need to starch it. Ironing while wet gives it just the right amount of stiffness.

After baking a cake stand the tin directly you take it from the oven on a cloth which has been wrung out of hot water. Leave a few minutes, and then turn out. The cake will come out without any trouble.

When furnishing use the same pattern carpet in all bed rooms; then, when the carpets begin to wear, or you move to another house, the best part of one or two can be joined together, and will make quite a presentable carpet.

Inexpensive Bath Robes.

Pretty wash flannels in pink or blue are just the thing for bath gowns. They are warm and comfortable for room wear and save a more elaborate gown, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. For one of average height six yards is enough, and as they need no trimming the cost of the gown is trifling. Cut in three widths, one in back or two in front; hem, and mount on a double yoke, finishing the neck with a wide turnover collar. Gather the full sleeves into a wristband, and stitch hems, cuffs and collar. Put a big square outside pocket on the left front, and fasten the garment with pearl buttons.

Tea Punch.

Make a strong infusion of tea, pouring a quart of boiling water over a tablespoonful of Ceylon or English breakfast tea and letting it stand until cold. Strain and add to the following mixture: The juice of three lemons and the juice of three oranges, the pulp and juice of a shredded pineapple and one pint of sugar. When the sugar is entirely dissolved add one quart apollinaris and one box fresh strawberries or raspberries, used whole. Pour over a block of ice in the punch bowl. A cupful of claret and a tablespoonful of curacao may be added if desired.

Contre La Migraine.

A delightful essence to inhale when suffering from headache is composed of one drachm of oil of lavender, one ounce lump camphor, three ounces liquid ammonia and one pint alcohol. Dissolve and bottle. Nervous headaches are often relieved by applying towels wrung out of hot water to the face and head. Use as hot water as can be borne.

Milliners' Ban on the Veil.

It will not do for the pretty girl to hide her passe hat under an accumulation of gauze veillings any longer. The milliners have found her out. In convention assembled they have denounced the veil and jeered at the woman who wears it. It gives too much opportunity to economical women to look smart at a trifling expense

to suit the other women who live by the hats they sell. Mme. Hunt, an officer of the National Milliners' association, says: "It is a dangerous fashion, a style which puts money in the pockets of the veil makers but takes it out of ours. Many women conceal old hats under fluffy masses of brown veiling and then forego the pleasures of a new hat. We must expose this practice."

Princess Wrapper.

No other garment yet devised means the comfort and relaxation of the well-made morning gown. This



4555 Princess Wrapper, 32 to 42 bust.

—Design by May Manton.

excellent model is well adapted to its use and is suited to many materials. It also can be made either high or with a square neck. As illustrated it is made of blue challe dotted with black, the yoke being of ecru lace and the trimming black and white braid. The wrapper combines loose fronts with a fitted back, but is made over a fitted front lining that means perfect neatness. The pointed yoke with the sleeve caps give the breadth of shoulder that is so fashionable, but the square yoke can be substituted and the sleeve caps omitted if preferred.

To make the wrapper for a woman of medium size will be required 11 1/2 yards 27 or 7 yards 44 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of all-over lace. A May Manton pattern No. 4555, sizes 32 to 42, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.



Heavy white stitchings are always smart on black.

Fur scarfs are broader and longer than last year.

Shirtings form girde effects on many pretty frocks.

White and pale colored zibelines are used for dressy gowns.

The average woman looks best in a fine net veil without spots.

Have two or three sets of lingerie sleeve ruffles for the one gown.

Insect forms of jeweled gunmetal are worn at corsage and in coiffure.

Safety lies halfway between a drooping blouse and a tight-fitting bodice.

Yoke and sleeves of gold net add a rich finish to the white evening gown.

Mirror velvets are the lightest and best fitted for tucking and shirring conceals.

Most women are at their best in the dainty fluffy things they call "home gowns."

For the street there is the coat and skirt costume of navy blue velvet in walking length.

To Cook Prunes.

When prunes are served they should fall apart from the stones and be very tender. In order that the prunes should reach the perfection of tenderness it is better to soak them in cold water for twenty-four hours before cooking. First they should be washed thoroughly in scalding water; then put to soak. After the soaking they may be boiled with sugar—not too much—or they may be soaked a second twenty-four hours in milk and then served with honey. Honey is always better with cream than sugar is.

Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out all blanks in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago. Pattern will be mailed promptly.

Name

Town

State

Pattern No.

Waist Measure (if for skirt)

Bust Measure (if for waist)

Age (if child's or miss's pattern)

Write plainly. Fill out all blanks. Enclose 10c. Mail to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

A SMART AFTERNOON BLOUSE.



No. 4557. —Design by May Manton.

Simple waists with deep yoke callars are greatly liked for home afternoon wear both with matching and contrasting skirts. This one is made of reseda crepe albatross and is trimmed with fancy black braid and carved gold buttons. The narrow