

# THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.  
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## CHAPTER I.

### "We Shall Find It Out Some Day."

About the beginning of the month of April, 1884, the family of Mr. Silas Burritt observed a certain alteration in that gentleman's habits and demeanor. It appeared to those who studied him that he became imbued with an air of anticipation—that he started when a knock was heard at the door, and that the advent of the postman was awaited by him, if not with anxiety, at any rate with an amount of eager expectancy which was, in a general way, quite foreign to him.

It was also observed that the nearer they drew to the end of the month, the more these symptoms became exaggerated; and, as day after day went by unmarked by an unusual occurrence, he was observed to shake his head with a half-smile and a half-sigh, and mutter, as he thought to himself, "Dead or forgotten?" After which, he remained plunged in reflection for a considerable time.

It was his son Edward—more generally known as "Ted"—who happened to overhear these words, and they caused him no small amount of bewilderment.

He stood with his sister May in the hall of Mr. Burritt's large, old-fashioned house at Dulwich. It was about seven o'clock in the evening that, as the brother and sister were talking in low voices, the former was interrupted by the sound of an abrupt, loud, double knock.

"There's the seven o'clock post," said the girl. "I wonder if there's anything for father this time? If there is, I'll—"

But as she turned towards the direction of the letter box, the study door was thrown hurriedly open and an elderly gentleman rushed across the hall, and extricated from its receptacle one letter in a thin, foreign looking envelope, the direction on which was written in a large, scrawling hand,

The last words came after a barely perceptible pause.

"Oh, then, it is business, after all!" broke in his daughter May, with an air of hardly repressed triumph. "I knew it was. I said so directly I saw the letter—didn't I, Ted?"

Her father turned round upon her, rather sharply. "What letter?"

"The—the letter that came last night," she stammered, disconcerted by the unusual tone. Then, reasserting herself, "I was in the hall, you know, when it came, and I thought it looked like business."

Her father's frown relaxed as he patted her on the shoulder.

"Inquisitive little girl," he said; "what does it matter to you what my letters are about?"

"But it was business, wasn't it?" she persisted, secure in her position of spoilt child.

"Well—yes—that is, partly so," he answered. "At least, it was from an old—"

"He seemed to remember something and stopped short. "At any rate," he continued, "I have to go to Dover."

"Dover!" re-echoed the family.

"Yes," he said, rumpling his hair, and apparently taking some care in the choice of his words; "I find I shall have to go there. It is rather inconvenient just now, but it can't be helped; though it will not be more than a couple of days at the outside. By-the-by," turning towards his helpmate, "it is not unlikely that I may bring a friend back with me. No; it's no one you know," responding to the question he saw trembling on more than one pair of lips. "At any rate you had better have a room prepared in case of that event."

Half an hour later Mr. Burritt took a hasty but affectionate farewell of his family, who as they watched his departure and waved their hands to him, said to themselves that he would soon be back again among them. In spite of this belief, however, they craned



He recrossed the hall.

which barely left room for the stamp.

There was a singular look upon his face, on which astonishment seemed struggling with some other emotion. Then he drew a long breath. "After all these years!" he said to himself. "So he has kept his word, after all!"

He recrossed the hall, re-entered his study and closed the door. As he did so both the young people heard the key turn in the lock. Evidently their father was anxious not to be disturbed in the perusal of the mysterious missive, whatever it might be. Neither of them said any more on the subject at the time, but their minds were full of it as they each turned to go their different ways; the one to the billiard room for a little private practice, the other to the drawing room to try over the last new song.

"I wonder what it was?" soliloquized the former, "and what made the gov'nor so queer and unlike himself at the sight of it? However, it's no good troubling myself about it."

Mr. Silas Burritt remained shut up in his study all the remainder of the evening, and only encountered his son and daughter at breakfast the next morning—being Thursday—when he appeared to have regained his ordinary manner; notwithstanding to two pairs of inquisitive young eyes there still seemed to be a certain absent expression—the expression of a man (not that they described it to themselves in any such words) who has been reviewing the past, and whose thoughts still linger behind him among the years that have gone by. There was also a slight suspicion of nervousness about him, and several times he seemed on the point of saying something, which he put off from one moment to another. At last he made up his mind to speak.

"My dear," he said, addressing his wife, "I am thinking—that is, I have made up my mind—at any rate, I am going away for a day or so. At least—"

Here he found that he had by no means miscalculated the effect of the announcement, for his voice at this juncture was drowned by a family trio—

"Where to? What for? How long shall you stay? How strange!" This last remark, emanating as it did, from his son and heir, seemed to cause the object of it some little annoyance.

"Strange, Ted!" slightly knitting his brows as he spoke. "What do you mean? What is there strange in my leaving home for a day—on business?"

their necks to see the last of him.

A little later, when his sister, who had again had recourse to her piano, was practicing scales like a Trojan (if the expression is allowable), the young man put his head inside the door of the room in which she was, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"I say, May, do you know, it has just occurred to me that the gov'nor never mentioned the name of the friend he was going to bring back with him."

The scale of C major came to an abrupt conclusion. "To be sure he didn't. How funny! But then, you see, we forgot to ask him."

"I know we did; but you would have thought that he would have told us without that. However, of course it doesn't matter, and I suppose we shall find it out some day. Ta-ta! I'm off."

## CHAPTER II.

### "After All These Years."

Mr. Burritt arrived at his destination between six and seven. Alighting, he gave a hasty and comprehensive glance round; as though he thought it half possible that he might be met by someone. Then he left the station and proceeded in the direction of the "Lord Warden."

Arriving at that famous hostelry he made a certain inquiry of the waiter who came forward to meet him. To which the reply was, that the gentleman referred to had crossed by the boat that morning and had engaged a private sitting room, leaving word that he expected a friend from town, who was to be shown up immediately on giving his name.

"My name is Burritt," was the reply. "Then please to walk this way, sir." The man ushered him up a flight of stairs and along a corridor, then, indicating a particular door, said: "This is the room the gentleman has taken."

"I will announce myself," said Mr. Burritt, and the man withdrew.

Then, after a pause of a few seconds, he tapped lightly at the door. A voice from within cried: "Come in!" and answering the summons he turned the handle and entered. The occupant of the apartment, a tall, lean, elderly man, who was looking out of the window, turned round sharply and confronted the visitor. A look—a strange, wondering, intent look—passed between them. Then, the stranger, made a step forward. "Silas!" he

cried. "At last!"—and the eyes grasped hands.

Then followed a brief and impressive silence, during which each eagerly scanned the features of the other, and which Mr. Burritt was the first to break.

"James," he said, and there were traces of considerable emotion in his voice, "you are much changed. I should hardly have known you."

"Changed," exclaimed the other, somewhat bitterly; "and in twenty years! Is it to be wondered at? Then, with an alteration of tone, "But I should have known you anywhere, Silas."

"Twenty years!" repeated his friend. "Ah, well, so it is! How quickly the years have flown. It seems nothing like that to me."

"It is that, all the same," said the other. "It is twenty years to the very day. This is the 24th of April, 1884. It was the 24th of April, 1864, when you said 'good-bye' to me on board the vessel in which I was to sail to a new country."

"It is a long time to remain an exile—a voluntary exile," said Mr. Burritt; "you might have returned years ago, had you chosen."

The other man shook his head gloomily. "I have kept my word," he said. "You remember my last speech to you? I said, 'I am going to begin a new life—to make my fortune. In twenty years, if I have one so, I shall return. By that time I may hope that my crime will have been forgotten. It may be that in twenty years some of those who know my wretched story will be dead—I may even be dead myself; but, if not, I shall return to the country I am now about to leave behind; for surely in twenty years the disgrace which now tarnishes my name will be blotted out and forgotten. Until then, farewell!' And now," he continued, "the term of my self-imposed banishment is at an end. I have kept my word and I have returned."

Mr. Burritt laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"You judge yourself too harshly," he said; "the word crime is too severe a one to apply to that youthful indiscretion—sin, if you will—repented of as soon as committed."

"Repentance!" cried the other, impatiently; "what is the good of repentance? Will it recover a lost reputation and wipe out a stain upon the past? The fortune I went to seek is mine, but I would give it all for an unblemished record, so that I might not be ashamed to look any man in the face. Ah, Silas! it is a terrible thing to think that a child of mine should ever blush for her father!"

"You are married, then?" inquired Mr. Burritt, gladly seizing the opportunity thus offered of changing the dismal subject. "Is your wife with you?"

"I am a widower," was the reply. "My wife died twelve years ago, leaving me with one child—a daughter."

"Tell me all about your daughter," said Mr. Burritt, "and how you came to make up your mind to part with her for so long? I have a daughter of my own—as well as the son who was born before you left England—and though I have been threatening to pack her off to boarding school for the last four or five years, I never could reconcile myself to the idea of the separation. And now she's too old—nineteen last birthday," and her father shook his head over his own weakness and smiled, an indulgent, parental smile.

"That's the age of my Agnes within a year," said the other; "strange that we should have daughters so nearly the same age!"

He looked at his companion strangely.

"I am in your hands, Silas," he said; "you can ruin me in my child's eyes, as well as in the eyes of the world, whenever you please."

(To be continued.)

### The Real Thing in Toothaches.

"Geewhittaker! Jumping Moses! But it was the worst case of toothache I ever bumped against," he said. "It was easy in the early part of the evening, but when midnight arrived it got bus for fair. Liniment, hot and cold water and all the rest of the standard remedies were applied without avail. Seven thousand devils, with seven thousand red-hot sledges; hammered, hammered and hammered away at the throbbing nerve. That tooth stood upon its head, rolled over the carpet and hung out of the window. It growled, grumbled, moaned and muttered, laughed, cried, ran, walked, trotted, galloped, sailed, flew, dug and excavated, and did everything under the heavens but quit and go to sleep like a decent tooth and stop monkeying—"

"But why didn't you have it extracted?"

"Just as soon as Brown could get to the dentist's he—"

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't it your tooth?"

"No; it was Brown's."

### Floored the Englishman.

At a dinner party in London Miss Beatrice Herford was taken down by an Englishman whom she discovered to be a fellow of the Royal Geographic society and who professed to know by name all the places on the map of England. Miss Herford had long struggled with such names as Cholmondeley (Chumley), Crichton, (Cryton), and the rest, and this struck her as an opportunity.

"As a geographer, and especially as a Royal Geographer," she said, "you will be able to tell me where Winkle is."

The Royal Geographer was puzzled, and asked if she was sure she had pronounced it properly, and how it was spelled.

"I pronounced it in the most English way I could," said Miss Herford. "It is spelled W-i-n-d-s-o-r-C-a-s-t-l-e."—New York Times.

## ENORMOUS BENEFITS

EFFECT OF FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION ON RAILROADS.

Against a Loss of \$413,000,000 in Gross Receipts, 1833 to 1897, There Has Been an Increase of \$1,764,000,000 from 1898 to 1902 Inclusive.

According to page 407 of the Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1902, fiscal year, published by our useful Bureau of Statistics, the gross receipts of our railroads, in the four Democratic fiscal years, 1894-1897, were, compared with 1893, Republican fiscal year:

1893	\$1,207,000,000
1894	1,096,000,000
1895	1,092,000,000
1896	1,125,000,000
1897	1,132,000,000

The decreases from 1893, McKinley tariff year, were:

1894	\$141,000,000
1895	115,000,000
1896	82,000,000
1897	75,000,000

Then came the change. By the pen of William McKinley a brighter state of affairs was inaugurated on July 24, 1897, when the Republican Dingley protective tariff became a law. Now compare the railroad gross receipts of 1897 (low tariff Democratic) fiscal year, with the Republican protective tariff fiscal years since, to 1902, the

## THE TARIFF TIN KERING INCUBATOR.



last fiscal year for which figures are yet published:

1897	\$1,132,000,000
1898	1,249,000,000
1899	1,336,000,000
1900	1,501,000,000
1901	1,612,000,000
1902	1,726,000,000

The figures for 1902 are from the New York Times of September 26, 1903.

The increases over 1897, under Republicanism and protection, were:

1898	\$117,000,000
1899	394,000,000
1900	369,000,000
1901	480,000,000
1902	594,000,000

Republican gain \$1,764,000,000

Here is a gain to owners and workers alike of one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars (gold dollars, not the Bryan, three-cent Johnson kind of dollars), in five years, equal to \$352,800,000 gain each year.

Inasmuch as, irrespective of allied railroad interests—supplies, etc.—fully 50 per cent of gross railroad earnings is paid out immediately for wages to railroad employees; these figures show that such wage-earners are directly indebted to Republicanism and protection for \$82,000,000 in five years, or \$176,400,000 each year.

It is worthy of note that in the first Republican fiscal year after Democratic misrule—namely 1898, the rebound was so effective as to make the earnings \$47,000,000 more than the prior Republican fiscal year, 1893, and the increase has gone on increasing each Republican year since.

Further, as the Democratic party is now advocating the same principles (and worse) which it advocated in 1892, and used in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1894 to 1897, it is possible that any voter engaged in railroad or allied interests can, if he studies his own welfare, vote now or at any time for that party of disappointment and loss?

There is a broader view and a wider interest still. The official and undisputed figures quoted above show loss of \$413,000,000 in the four Democratic years, equal to \$103,250,000 yearly. It is fair to presume that that ratio of loss would have continued, if not increased, had Democratic policies prevailed in the fiscal years 1898 to 1902.

In such case the additional loss in railroad earnings for the five years would have been \$516,250,000. Consequently the real gain attributable to Republican policies and control is:

Estimated Democratic loss, 1898-1902	\$516,000,000
Actual Republican gain, 1898-1902	1,764,000,000
Real Republican gain	\$2,280,000,000

Half of this inures to the direct benefit of railroad wage earners, and all the rest, except bond interest and occasional dividends, to the benefit of the wage-earners of allied interests and the country at large.

Results and facts like these speak louder than tons of argument.

Walter J. Ballard, Schenectady, N. Y.

## CAUSED BY THE TARIFF.

Republicans Willing to Take Responsibility for Prosperity.

Mr. John F. Clarke, Democratic candidate for the United States Senate in Ohio, opened the campaign in his state with the statement that the country was face to face with a panic and industrial depression, all according to Mr. Clarke, brought about "by the disturbance of business caused by the high tariff taxes."

Save during a brief period, when Democratic views on the tariff were in legislative effect this country has been under high protective tariff for a generation. During all that time, save during the period when the Democratic tariff was in effect, this country has steadily advanced in wealth and prosperity. Its industrial expansion has been the marvel of the civilized world. Under this tariff system it has become the foremost industrial nation of the

## SULTAN AND HIS PLAYERS.

Actors Have Military Organization and Are Subject to Immediate Call.

The sultan of Turkey has his own way of taking his theatrical pleasures. An account of the performances gives before him was recently made public by one who was long attached to the palace staff, and it reads like an exaggeration of a comic opera librettist.

The power that controls all these performances is Arturo Stravolo known simply as Arturo, who came from Naples some years ago and settled with his father, mother, sisters and brothers and sisters-in-law in Constantinople. He was formerly a dialect comedian in Naples.

He is a prime favorite with the sultan. The other actors are called to the palace to perform no oftener than once a month. Arturo acts at least weekly.

As the sultan is very fond of variety and will rarely consent to witness the same performance twice it is necessary to provide constant change. To do this one of the Stravolos is always traveling through the European capitals at the expense of his patron seeking novelties.

All of the sultan's actors must wear a certain uniform. They have a military organization. Angelo is a lieutenant; the violinist, Luigi, is a captain; the baritone, Gaetano, is a major, and the tenor, Nicola, is a general. The performances take place at no fixed time, but whenever it appears to the sultan that he would like to see a show. Thus the company, like soldiers, must always be ready to march.

Frequently the director of the orchestra, Aranda Pasha, will be notified in the middle of the night that he must come to the palace as quickly as possible. He learns on arriving that his majesty desires to hear "Un Ballo in Maschera," or some other opera. As the sultan's wish is a command, the opera begins within half an hour.

The sultan sits entirely alone, as a rule, and if any point in the action of either play or opera is not clear he halts the performers until it is explained to him.

### Whence Came "Hurrah"?

Some authorities connect "Hurrah" with a Hebrew shout of joy to Jehovah, which occurs in the Psalms. Others derive it from "Thor aide!" a war cry of the ancient northmen. Others point to the Swedish and Danish "Hurra," and the German "Hurra," to move quickly; or the Danish "Hurra," to buzz, with which our hurra is associated.

Sir Francis Palgrave in his history of Normandy and England, says: "It was a wise custom in Normandy, established by Rollo's decree, that anyone who had reason to fear damage of goods, life or limb, could raise the country by the cry of 'Haro!' 'Ha Raoul,' justice in Duke Rollo's name. Hence our 'hue and cry.' The old English 'Harrow,' and our 'Hurrah,' are but variations of this."

There are some who regard it as merely an imitative interjection, akin to "whurra" used by Addison in a play, 1715, or of "huzza," found in Evelyn's Diary, 1665.—Stray Stories.

### Australian Hemp Crop.

When Charles Lamb used to write to his old friend, Baron Field, a judge in Sydney, N. S. W., in the early days, he invariably asked in a postscript: "How is the hemp crop out your way?" These inquiries puzzled the judge for a long time, till one day another judge suggested, that they might have some playful reference to the large amount of hanging that was going on, mostly through Baron Field's strong views about the proper punishment for bushrangers and kindred evildoers. No hemp was grown at the antipodes in those days, when it was required for home consumption, but the industry is likely to become an important one now. The government of New Zealand has encouraged its growth of late and now it appears that during the past twelve months hemp to the value of \$3,750,000 has been produced in that colony.

### Heaps of Trouble for the Editor.

No doubt our readers are wondering why they have not received the Sentinel during the last three weeks. We will now explain. On account of drunkenness and carelessness on the part of our foreman while we were out of town our press was broken so that we had to send the parts to Baltimore for repairs. It has taken three weeks to get them back and get in shape to do any printing. For this reason we simply could not send out the paper. We regret it very much, but it was a matter that we could not help. We now have a new printer and have the press repaired and hope to visit our readers regularly hereafter. Bear with us and excuse us for these mishaps, for you do not know of the many worries and troubles of a man who runs a paper.—Lagrange (N. C.) Sentinel.

### A Farewell.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray; Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you, For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol Than lark's who hails the dawn o're breezy down, To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel Than Shakespeare's crown.

Do good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever; Do noble things, not dream them all day long; And so make Life, Death, and that vast Forever.

One grand, sweet song.—By Charles Kingsley.

### Electric Lines in Germany.

Germany has but 2,117 miles of electric car lines.

### Prosperity Under Republican Rule.

The people of the United States consume the equivalent of 95 per cent of all we produce, and upon this fact Secretary Shaw declares that "not while these conditions continue will prosperity cease." Can there be a reasonable doubt as to the soundness of this view?—Omaha Bee.