

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
Copyright, 1891, by Cassell Publishing Company.
Copyright, 1902, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

For some reason Ted Burritt remained behind. "I'll let them go first," he said to himself.

In the meantime, those who had been to view the body in the vestry returned. It was evident from their manner, and the short time they had been absent, that no identification had taken place.

Ted Burritt, with his heart beating wildly now, turned in the same direction. On the extemporized bier a body lay, the lower limbs of which were covered with a cloth, leaving the face and the upper part of the body exposed to view. Ted Burritt saw that it was the face of a man of about fifty years of age, with features that must have been handsome in their day but which in death wore an expression of agonized expectancy—the expression of one who recognized the full horror of the fate that awaited him.

It was the face of his own father!

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright.

A few moments elapsed, at the end of which time the door of the vestry opened again. This time to admit a small, middle-aged gentleman, whose somewhat imposing Roman nose was surmounted by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and whose civil garb had an almost military cut and preciseness about it.

He cleared his throat and gave a sharp little cough like a double knock. "I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I hope I'm not disturbing you, but—"

Ted Burritt rose to his feet and seemed, all at once, to wake from the apathy of grief which had overcome him when he realized that his worst fears had been surpassed, and that his beloved parent had met with a horrible death, such as the most abandoned criminal might have shuddered at. His eyes were bloodshot;

and dust, or how many of the ashes they may claim as their own. Compare your case with theirs, and I think you will agree with me, that you have a great deal to be thankful for. You can have your dead decently interred, with his name upon his headstone."

Ted Burritt raised his head, which was sunken between his shoulders. "You are right," he said firmly, "I have a great deal to be thankful for, even yet."

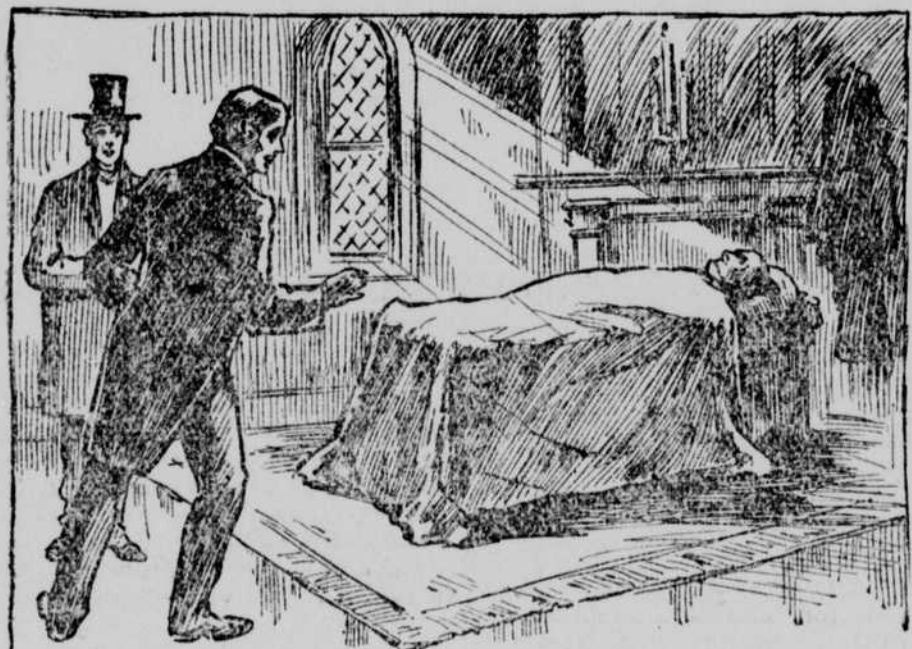
"That's right," said the doctor, resuming his brisk, every-day tone, "that's the way to look at the matter. By-the-by—lowering his voice again—I may as well tell you that I was one of the party who helped to find the poor gentleman," and he motioned with his head toward the corpse.

"Yes—as the other made a sudden step toward him—he was in the fourth carriage from the engine, a first class carriage it was, and he was the only occupant. This carriage was thought to be empty, as no cries were heard, and it was generally believed that whatever passengers it might have contained had made their escape before the flames reached it. Of course, the supposition is that he was disabled, perhaps killed outright, by the effects of the collision; for the carriage was much damaged, and we had some considerable difficulty in extricating him."

The young man nodded his head and an expression of relief spread itself over his countenance.

"I should like to think that," he said, "it would be a great alleviation if I could believe he perished like that, instead of enduring the agony of that other hideous death," and, as he spoke he shuddered and set his teeth together.

"Depend upon it, that was the truth of the matter," rejoined the little doctor. "He might have been struck senseless by a blow upon the head. At any rate I shall find out that when I



It was the face of his own father!

his hair tossed and tumbled, as though it had been clutched at and disheveled by muscular fingers. His dress was dusty and disordered, and he bore a haggard unwashed appearance.

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the other ejaculated under his breath: "Humph! A fine fellow. Seems uncommonly cut up, too—rather unusual thing in these days. Seems to be something like genuine feeling here. And I like to see it! I like to see it!"

Having arrived at the conclusion of these remarks, some of which might have been distinctly audible, had the listener chosen to lend an ear in their direction, he continued out loud:

"By-the-by, let me introduce myself. My name's Cartwright—Jeremiah Cartwright, surgeon, etc., late of the 47th."

Ted Burritt turned toward him with something like an appearance of interest, and the doctor, seeing this, went on:

"Yes, I've been on the spot ever since the accident took place. You've heard how it was, of course? It was an awful sight, and what made it more so was the fact that little or nothing could be done to help. The groans and shrieks were something awful, and what was more, the front of the train was completely enveloped in a black pitch-like smoke from the burning oil—which, as you know, had exploded from the concussion—through which the flames leaped and hissed. It was quite an hour before they had burnt themselves out, and, even then, the heat was so intense that there was no opportunity of approaching the carriages for some hours after that. And when we did—he passed impressively and threw out his hands—"when we did, there was nothing left but smoking skeletons of men, women and children—yes, sir, children—and in some instances, as you may have seen for yourself, not even that!"

Ted Burritt uttered a groan, as the doctor wound up in a breathless condition.

"Terrible, wasn't it?" said the latter, recovering himself in no time. "But you"—laying his hand on the young man's shoulder—"you mustn't give way, you know. Just consider these other poor folks—the church is full of them. They, many of them, have nothing left of their dead, but a few ashes—a handful of black dust. What is more, in most cases, they do not even know which particular handful

make my examination of the remains. I don't know whether you care to stop while I—? No?" in answer to a violent shake of the head. "Well, perhaps it's better not."

"And you think," Ted Burritt inquired, "that the examination will show you how my father died?"

The doctor nodded his head. "You remain for the inquest, I suppose?"

"When—?" began the young man. But the garrulous little gentleman did not allow him to finish. "Monday morning—twelve o'clock," he jerked out. "You'll find the place very full, but very likely you'll be able to get a bed somewhere. If not—come to me and I'll put you up."

Ted Burritt, moved by this generous offer on the part of a stranger, thanked him in a few broken, but heartfelt words.

He made his way back to the station, and found that another train had just arrived bearing a still further load of anxious, grief-stricken inquirers.

He wrote out a telegraphic message and consigned it to one of the clerks; not one of whom had had his hand off the instrument all night.

On the line groups of men, under proper superintendence, were still busily engaged in searching among the heaps of debris.

As Ted Burritt stood and watched them at their work, suddenly the thought flashed across his mind again—his father's friend! What had become of him?

CHAPTER IX.

A Startling Discovery.

The telegram which Ted Burritt sent to his sister was as follows:

"Have found my father. Am remaining until after the inquest. Break the news gently."

Having disposed of this duty, it occurred to him that he would be better for a wash and a meal. There was an unassuming little inn not far from where he stood. It looked clean and inviting to the weary young fellow, and thither he bent his steps—only to find that the modest little hostelry was already besieged by those whose errand had been the same as his own. He was told by the landlord himself, almost before he had time to frame the inquiry, that they were full up to the hay-loft; but it was just possible that he might find someone in the village who might be able to take him in. Mine host strongly recommended the gentleman to go

and secure old Mother Jimman's room.

A small urchin who was hanging about the door, was induced, by the prospect of twopenny, to show the way to the old dame's cottage.

Having seen the room, a funny little place up under the roof, in which he could barely stand upright, but which spotlessly clean as it was, seemed a very haven of rest to the worn out young man, and having expressed himself as satisfied, and paid five shillings in advance, as a token of good faith, the old dame departed in search of new laid eggs, from her own hens, to serve up for her new lodger's breakfast.

In the meantime the young man threw himself into a chair with a heavy sigh, which the good old soul heard as she shut the door upon him.

She returned to the room, in about half an hour's time with a tray, which contained the homely but excellent country fare she had prepared, and, finding no notice taken of the knock, with which she announced the arrival of breakfast, pushed open the door and entered.

She found the new lodger fast asleep on his chair, with his head resting on the table, and, depositing her tray thereon also, stood regarding him with motherly solicitude.

"Poor, dear, young gentleman," she murmured to herself, "if 'e don't look dead beat! I'll jest put the breakfast by 'im, so as 'e can see it when 'e wakes."

She left the room, closing the door behind her, and still the young man slept on, in spite of his constrained attitude and the hardness of his pillow.

Another half hour passed, at the end of which time another step was heard ascending the crazy little wooden staircase—a firmer step, but at the same time lighter than the other; and another voice—this time a masculine one—might have been heard to say, "All right, Mrs. Jimman—don't you trouble—will announce myself!"

Which the speaker proceeded to do—first of all by the application of his knuckles, which, proving ineffectual, was followed by the lifting of the latch, and the appearance of the figure of Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright upon the threshold.

He, too, contemplated the sleeping figure doubtfully. "Humph!" he remarked, half aloud. "Asleep, eh? Good thing, too; gone through a lot; worn himself out. Hello! What's this? Breakfast, eh? All got cold, too! Better wake him up after all!"

This he did very gently; and Ted Burritt started up, rubbing his eyes. Then, recognizing the situation as well as the personality of the individual who confronted him.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried, with a groan, "I'd forgotten all about it. But tell me what the exam—"

The doctor interrupted him with a gesture. "What's that I see?" looking at the viands through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Tea? eggs? butter? cream? brown bread? My news will keep; your breakfast won't, or, rather has been kept too long already. Sit down at once and dispose of the contents of that tray, or you don't get another word out of me."

Ted was astonished to find how hungry he was, and had soon cleared the board; though, at the same time, he found it rather embarrassing to feel that he was an object of interest to an individual in gold-rimmed spectacles, who stared at him persistently through them, and kept up a running commentary under his breath all the time. Some of the ejaculations, too, which caught his ear were decidedly of a nature to arouse curiosity on the part of the hearer, who now and then could not avoid overhearing such fragments as these—"Mysterious affair—should like to get at the bottom of it. Talk about sensational incidents! Wonder how he'll take it!" etc.

"And now," said the young man, turning round upon him, "tell me what is the result you have arrived at?"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

Some Suggestions Which Are Said to Be of Value.

A great many methods have been suggested as to the best way to manage a husband, but up to date no one has thought it best to guide the poor husband. The following will therefore be found the best way to manage a wife. It has never been known to fail.

Never contradict her. You are right of course nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off, and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks how you like her new hat swear that it is the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown, be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable, tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster, grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change, tell her you are glad she mentions it.

Never interrupt her. This is the only way to manage a wife.—Tom Masson in New York Herald.

THE AMERICAN IDEA

ADHERENCE TO IT HAS GIVEN US GREAT PROSPERITY.

Protection for All Labor and Industry, for the Farm as Well as the Factory, a Policy to Which the United States Should Be Irrevocably Committed.

There is a large element of the would-be reunited Democratic party that is strongly urging the tariff question for the issue in the next national campaign. It hardly seems possible that the party will make the tariff reform plank again serve as the bulwark of its hopes, but the Democratic party has been known to do even stranger things. The fact is that the American tariff has become a greater and a broader thing than a mere party question. It is a part of the faith of the people. And there is evidence that even free trade England will not for many years longer remain as an example of the greatness to which a nation may attain, commercially, without protective tariffs. The creed which President Roosevelt at Minneapolis published to the world is the American creed:

"The general tariff policy to which, without regard to changes in detail, I believe this country is irrevocably committed, is fundamentally based upon ample recognition of the differences between the cost of production—that is the cost of labor—here and abroad, and of the need to see to it

from all manufactured products. That is the logic of the situation and the outlook.

Senator Lodge favors the Cuban reciprocity scheme of taking away protection from a large body of industrial producers outside of Massachusetts. So does Representative Roberts. Cuban reciprocity wouldn't hurt anybody in Massachusetts; ergo, Cuban reciprocity is all right. Not so, however, reciprocity with Newfoundland. That would paralyze the fishing industry of Massachusetts; ergo, Newfoundland reciprocity is all wrong, according to Senator Lodge.

Thus, under the stimulating influences of Cuban reciprocity, we find free trade being ladled out in chunks that grow bigger and protection rent with gaps that grow wider and wider. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, etc."

Immeasurable Cheek of Cuban Beggars.

Dispatches from Havana announce that the commission sent by Cuba to negotiate a loan of \$35,000,000 for the payment of revolutionary army claims failed to obtain this loan, the Cuban press predicts a fresh outbreak in the eastern part of the island, unless the United States approves reciprocity with the island. One of the Cuban cabinet officers is reported to have spoken as follows:

"The army must be paid, else the Republic cannot survive another 24th of February, and unless the American government gives its moral support to our attempt to raise the loan sought for such payment, we cannot hope to secure a dollar."

MOVE ON!



that our laws shall in no event afford advantage in our own market to foreign industries over American capital, to foreign labor over our own labor. This country has and this country needs better paid, better educated, better fed and better clothed workingmen, of a higher type than are to be found in any foreign country. It has and it needs a higher, more vigorous and more prosperous type of tillers of the soil than is possessed by any other country."

There it is in a nutshell. Not the "Iowa idea," nor yet the Ohio or the California or the Pennsylvania, or the Maine idea. It is the American idea, irrespective of the abundant changes in detail to which the tariff must necessarily be subjected in years to come in order that it may be adapted to changing conditions. But while it is the idea of the American people as a whole, and has grown beyond the confines of a single party, yet we must remember that it is the Republican party which has stood in times past and still stands, as the firm defender of the system of protection under which our nation has achieved greatness and her people have achieved prosperity.—Portland (Maine) Advertiser.

FREE EVERYTHING.

Tendency of Selfish Tariff Reformer Is to Break Down the System of Protection.

"A break in the ranks of the stand-pat Senators," is the announcement from Washington by the correspondent of the (free trade) New York Journal of Commerce, in connection with the fact that on the 11th of November Senator Lodge of Massachusetts introduced a bill proposing to repeal the duty on hides. In the same paragraph it is stated that Representative Roberts of Massachusetts introduced a similar bill in the house and also a bill to remove the duty from coal.

Next! What Massachusetts Republican will follow suit by introducing a bill to remove the duty from wool? The rage for free raw materials and non-protected agricultural products should not stop with hides and coal. If the farmers who produce hides and the miners who mine coal are to be turned over to the tender mercies of free trade, why not also the farmer who raises wool? Why should he have any benefit from a protective tariff? Why not repeal the agricultural schedules of the Dingley tariff in a lump and at one fell swoop deprive the farmer of protection on each and all of his products? That seems to be the trend of affairs just now in Washington.

Then, when the farmers shall have been left out in the cold, we shall confidently expect Senators and Representatives from the agricultural states to "get back at" Massachusetts by introducing a bill to remove the tariff

If there is anything in history which resembles the insufferable egotism of these Cuban beggars we have never run across it. Here is a lot of people threatening to destroy their own government if the United States does not submit to their blackmailing tactics. They have been aided and encouraged in every possible way, at the cost of many millions of dollars, and now they want more or they will make trouble for themselves and everybody else. Their gross ingratitude and monumental cheek is deserving of preservation in history. And it is the "patriot," the revolutionary army, that is making these demands. They are a nice lot of people. They have got a fertile land offering large opportunities to the industrious, but they have lived so long by pillage and extortion that labor is not to be thought of. So they demand \$35,000,000 from the United States or they will destroy their own government and rob their own people. It is as useless to help such people as to aid a confirmed tramp. They should be made to understand at once that the people of the United States have no intention of supporting a lot of lazy tramps in idleness so as to keep them quiet. If they are too lazy to work let them starve. They are of no use to themselves or the world, and would be far better dead than living.—Michigan Farmer.

No Preferences in Trade.

Nations do not trade on the basis of relationship any more than a man is bound to trade with his wife's relations for the sake of keeping it "all in the family."

Nations trade where they can trade to the best advantage, and a variety of considerations determine their choice. The mere nominal preference for trade with a country does not effect what the advocates of preferential tariffs claim for it, as the figures almost invariably show.—Evansville Courier.

Chamberlain's Proposals.

The most astonishing thing about the present situation is that whereas, five short years ago, a public man who would make such proposals to the British people would be regarded as a lunatic or a knave, the same proposal is now hailed by hundreds of thousands of voters as the only salvation of the country. It is the most astounding and complete revolution in the public opinion of any modern people, and it has all taken place within a short half year.—Detroit Evening News.

What They Want.

The Canadian manufacturers want American capital, but not American competition. That's natural. Some day the boundary line will be abolished and they will be "American," too.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.



Mrs. G. W. Fooks of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, sheriff of Wilcomico county, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared and later all the other symptoms left me."

For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The saddest thing in life is to have nothing to live for.

you plan for tomorrow is uncertain.

What you do today is certain; what

People who belong to the "upper crust" are often the shortest.

Any one can dye with PITNAM FADELESS DYES; no experience required.

Physicians no longer bleed their patients for their dress.

A day without a good deed leaves you in debt.

50,000 AMERICANS WERE WELCOMED TO



DURING LAST YEAR.

They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied. Sir Wilfrid Laurier recently said: "A new star has risen on the horizon, and it is toward it that every immigrant who leaves the land of his ancestors to come and seek a home for himself now turns his gaze"—Canada. There is

Room for Millions.

FREE Homesteads given away. Schools, Churches, Railways, Markets, Climate, everything to be desired.

For a descriptive Atlas and other information, apply to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or authorized Canadian Government Agent—W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.



We would teach the lady who buys.

Lesson number one.

Starch is an extraction

of wheat used to stiffen

clothes when

laundered. Most

starches in time

will rot the

goods they

are used to

stiffen.

They

contain

chemicals.

Defiance Starch

is absolutely pure.

It gives new life to

linen. It gives satisfaction

or money back. It

sells 10 ounces for 10 cents

at all grocers. It is the

very best.

MANUFACTURED BY

The DEFIANCE STARCH CO.

OMAHA - NEB.

GAY LIFE FREE

10 Views of Atlantic City at its best mailed to anyone sending us name and address of two or more friends who are suffering from Catarrh. J. C. RICKEY & CO. 814 WALNUT ST. PHILA.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES) A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and stout complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

W. N. U. Omaha. No. 51—1902.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.