## THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUNDOUT

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

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

table and bending forward as though of triumph. The figure had a pen in its traveled over the paper! The next answer to this by the bearer." moment it had raised its head so that bed his eyes. He looked again. There was nothing there.

had pushed it back against the wall, tete. and I have no recollection of moving it again. It is very strange."

He rested his hand upon the back of the chair. Oh, it was real enough. There was no mistake about it. But he could have sworn he had never moved-Ah, what in heaven's name was that? A simple enough thing. surely, to cause so much amazement and-what?-surely not fear-in the beholder. Only a pen lying upon the blotting pad, beside a sheet of paper. But the pen was wet, and there were fresh words added to those he had himself written before he fell asleep.

The sheet of paper was the one upon which he had written those vague and disconnected phrases. which had caused him so much perplexity and unprofitable speculation. They had been written irregularly, just in the same order that they had read the copy as it now stood:

for Dover, which place I expect to times for-that other man!" reach to-morrow morning. There is 1 "My dear young lady! I agree with

allow you to deny this favor which I

ask. I have much to say to you and

many questions to put which you

alone can answer to my satisfaction.

If you refuse I shall think, rightly or

wrongly, that you still regard me

more as the criminal than what I once

The young man read this through.

Who had written it? Whose hand

had completed the broken sentences,

and given them the meaning which

they had heretofore lacked? Could he

have done it himself, while in a state

of somnambulism? No; for the hand-

"J.-

was, the friend of your youth.

sisted of only a few lines, but those "I've been dreaming," he said to few lines seemed to afford him conhimself. "I thought everything had siderable satisfaction, judging by the been made quite clear to me about-" play of his features. Indeed, to the Was he dreaming still, or was there two who were watching him, it seemsome one in the room beside himself? ed as though the expression which Some one sitting before the writing overspread his face were almost one

"Doctor." he said, "will you excuse . hand, but it made no sound as it me a moment? I have to send an

He spoke rapidly, and still that he saw the face. "It is the continua- spirit of elation was perceptible in his tion of my dream." he said, and rub- words and actions. He seemed quite to have cast off that air of abstraction which had characterized his demean-'How does that chair come to be or previously. He quitted the room there, in its old place? I thought I leaving his sister and friend tete-a-

"Now," said the latter to himself, 'Go it, Jeremiah! Now's your chance. Make vourself agreeable for once in your life. But don't forget that you were forty-four last birthday, and you look it, every bit. Ahem! I suppose you are very much attached to your brother, Miss Burritt?"

"Attached to him?" was the exclamation. "Of course I am!"

"Exactly so-and I'm sure it's very much to your credit. Your brother seems hardly to be himself. I don't name!" remember that he was as nervous and shaky, as he appears to be now, when I first met him-though he had a lot to try him, and-"

She put her finger upon her lips and gave a nervous glance at the door before she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper. did not forget to take an early oppor-

"He has been like that ever since occupied on the mutilated sheet, with the funeral. He goes and shuts himblank spaces between each broken self up for hours, and I know that he sentence. Now each blank space had is always thinking of that man who been filled in, and it was with per- killed my father, and planning how feetly indescribable sensations that he he can hunt him down and bring him cession. But I don't see anything liketo the gallows. I don't mind telling ly to account for the boys's peculiar "If you have not forgotten the you, because I know I can trust you; friend of twenty years ago, you will, but"-leaning across the table toward on receiving this letter, start at once him-"I can't help feeling sorry some-

you know, and -- Hullo! you look very much excited about something! What is it?" "I am excited," was the answer 'And you'll be excited, too, when you have heard all I have to say." Dr. Jeremiah stared at the young

man in astonishment. Then "All right," he said, "fire away and astonish me as much as you like." "Not here," he answered, "I want

11 o'clock this morning?

Dr. Cartwright did not return home

by the first train next day. The mere mention, on his part, of such a pur-

pose being scouted as preposterous

at the least as the length of your visit," said his host; "and I want to

have a long talk with you to-day if

"Mind!" said the doctor, "it's just

They were at breakfast when this

occurred, and the morning paper had

just been brought in. Ted Burritt

had been glancing over its columns in

a careless way, with the air of one

who feels certain that they are not

likely to contain anything to interest

him, when, turning the sheet, his at-

tention was accidentally caught and

held by something which appeared

among the advertisements. There he

sat, his mouth slightly open, and a

vivid spot, caused, by excitement or

"Anything very remarkable in the

some other feeling, on each cheek.

paper this morning?" asked the doc-

tor, with an affectation of indiffer-

ence; but noticing every change in

the countenance before him from be-

hind his spectacles. This remark re-

called the other to himself. He seem-

ed annoyed that he had betrayed his

feelings so openly, and crumpling up

the paper, threw it on one side before

answering: "Nothing whatever. There

is absolutely no news worthy of the

deliberately telling an untruth, or

what? Oh, certainly! I must get to

the bottom of this!" Aloud he merely

observed, "There never does seem to

be much in the papers nowadays.

Now, when I was in the 47th, etc."

Notwithstanding this last remark, he

"I wish I had noticed which page

it was," he said to himself, as he ran

his finger down each column in suc-

behavior. Oh, here you are," as the

door opened. "Think of the devil.

tunity of examining the paper.

"Now," thought the doctor, "is he

"I thought you spoke of three days

obediently.

by his entertainers.

you don't mind."

what I should like."

Yours

"JOHN SHARP."

you to come with me to the room that was my father's study, and where we shall be sure of not being disturbed, as I keep the key myself, and never allow any one to enter it."

They crossed the hall; Ted unlocked the door; they entered, and he locked it again behind them.

Dr. Cartwright looked round him with considerable interest. He noticed the dust, now lying thicker than ever upon every object, small and great. He dusted a chair with his of competition Major Landon's fight pocket handkerchief before venturing to sit down. Then he took off his spectacles and polished them carefully. "Now," he said, as he settled himself, "I'm quite ready to be astonished."

"You asked me a moment or two back whether I had found the other man?" said Ted-"meaning, of course,

the murderer. I have." 'Quite sure?" said the doctor, still

preserving his equanimity. "I will give you the whole story

from the day we parted. You know all that went before."

He began with the account of the burnt letter; and the little doctor lis possible to disguise. "It's a sad pity it should have been so nearly destroyed," was the first remark he made, "because, of course, it is impossible to tell now what the rest of the contents might have been." (To be continued.)

MISTAKEN IN THE DIAGNOSIS.

Doctor's Error Affected the Size of His Pocketbook.

Albert Levering, the black-andwhite artist responsible for so many "comies." used to live in Chicago, but recently transferred his allegiance to New York. He took his hypochondriacal tendencies with him and they are still in good working order. His favorite pastime is to read of some deadly disease, preferably a new one, go to bed imagining he has it, lie awake all night, seek his doctor in the morning and get assurance that he is in perfect health, and then go back cheerfully to work.

One morning not long ago he turned up at the doctor's just as the man of medicine was getting into his carriage.

"I'm in a hurry," called the doctor, "and can't stop to see you, but it's

all right-you haven't got it." "Haven't got what?" demanded the

astonished artist. "Whatever it is you think you've got. Not a symptom of it. Good bye,"

"Well, now," said Levering, turning to a lamp-post as the only witness of the scene, "that's the time he's mistaken. I know I have got it-ten dollars in my pocket to pay his last bill; but if he's sure I haven't I'll try to get in line with his diagnosis." and he went around to the nearest june shop and invested the money in a

per kettle.-Philadelphia Post.

pair of brass candlesticks and a cop

KANSAS CITY GIRL WHO HAS WON HIGH FAVOR IN ENGLAND



unusual honor for an American singer her musical debut in Paris a little in the three-year contract made by the over a year ago, and a few months Covent Garden opera in London with later appeared with success as Lakme Miss Elizabeth Parkinson. Miss Park- in a grand production at the Opera inson is the daughter of Judge John D. | Comique.

London correspondents point out an Parkinson of Kansas City. She made

WON CAMPAIGN WITH BULL.

How New York Assemblyman Secured His Seat.

Much surprise was evinced when the young millionaire Robert Winthrop Chanler defeated Major Francis G. Landon in the race for the New York assembly. The explanation may be found in a story which seems to ing member of the 400, a personal indicate that Mr. Chanler either has friend of Mrs. Astor and a papal a good idea of practical politics or is being guided by a veteran at the game. Everything was going well with Major Landon's campaign, despite his unpopular move in declaring against the acceptance of Pullman passes, when Mr. Chanler invested \$5,000 in a prize bull, which he invited all of the tarmers of the district to call at his place and view. The ruralists went into raptures over the bull, and when they expressed a wish that they might own such an animal Mr. Chanler promptly presented each with a card giving him an interest. These cards were distributed without discrimination to all raisers of cattle, and the prize bull became the common property of the county. Against this sort was hopeless.

"THE HEALTH OF THE SICK." Witty Toast Proposed by New York

State Senator. Senator Sullivan of New York was recently the guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the president," of Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy." and of a dozen other persons and subjects glasses were trained duly, and then, all of a sudien, the toastmaster remarked that the witty Senator Sullivan had not yet responded to a toast. "Senator Sullivan," he said, rising, "has not yet been heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The Senator arose and beamed upon the assemblage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

CHARITIES TO BE KEPT UP.

Forecast of John D. Rockefeller's Last Testament.

It leaked out the other day through the statement of a prominent business man of New York city, whose acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller is a close one, that the terms of the Rockefeller will are so drawn that the numerous charities to which he now contributes regularly will receive the same benefits yearly as they do now. It isn't known whether this will include the University of Chicago or scores of institutions and private charities which are kept alive largely by the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, and of which the world at large knows but little.

Left Lands of Unknown Value.

The personal property of the late George M. Wakefield, mining operator and speculator of Milwaukee, is worth \$123,699.40, according to the report of the appraisers made to the county court. How much the real estate is worth is not known, as the appraisers were unable to determine the values. there being 4,186 acres of mining land in Michigan and thirty acres in Marinette county.

Would Change Term of Office.

Assemblyman Newcomb has introduced in the New York legislature a bill providing that after the close of McClellan's term the mayor of New York shall remain in office four years instead of two. Mr. Newcomb at present contents himself with saying that if municipal and national politics are to be divorced in New York it is evident that mayoralty elections the year before the presidential contest must be abandoned.

SPLIT IN NOTED SOCIETY.

Women Leave Organization on Question of Divorce.

An organization of Catholic women was formed in New York city recently which had for its object, among other things, suppression of the divorce evil. Miss Annie Leary, a leadcountess, was one of the principal movers in the new enterprise, but it is understood she and Mrs. Frederick Neilson, also one of the leading women of the Catholic laity of the United States, have withdrawn from the society, the reason being that a rule was recently adopted that all members pledge themselves to abjure the society of divorced persons. Miss Leary numbers among her friends Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and other notable divorcees. Mrs. Neilson, the mother of Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell, who recently divorced Arthur I. Kemp and was remarried soon afterward, followed suit.

WORSTED IN WITTY CONTEST

Young Society Woman Got the Best of Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey Depew was badly worsted the other afternoon in a contest of wit with a young society woman of Washington. The two had been waging a fairly even battle until the Senator ventured to praise a certain young woman who for some time has been endeavoring to work her way into exclusive society. The youthful matron with whom Chauncey was conversing does not view this aspiration with favor, and he was aware of the fact. 'You must admit," said he, "that Mrs. Blanks' crudeness is disappearing. I should certainly say that she is rising in the social scale." "Oh, dear me, yes," was the reply, "she is snubbed by a better class of people every time she appears. To that extent at least the poor thing is making progress."

A DIPLOMAT AND NOVELIST.

South American Who Has Won Fame in Both Spheres.

Dr. Eduardo Acevado Diaz, the newly appointed minister from Uruguay, who has been sent to Washington to open a legation, is known in South America as a novelist of high repute. Not confining himself to running a newspaper as editor and dabbling in affairs of state, Senor Diaz found time to publish in Spanish a large number of romances of thrilling interest. Most of these stories have all the interest of Spanish love tales and are typical of South America, taking high mark not, but it does include scores and in the lighter literature of that country.

Lady Minto's Long Journey.

Lady Minto, who recently returned to Ottawa after an enjoyable visit to Japan, has covered a good many thousands of miles since she took up her abode at government house. It was only quite recently that she and her husband made the journey from Ottawa to Montreal, a distance of 120 miles, in Canadian canoes. The party, which comprised eight persons, paddled by day and camped in the woods at night, the arrangements generally being of the simplest and least luxuricus description.

Claus Spreckels' Vow.

When Claus Sprekels left the Sandwich islands some ten years ago he said he should not return until Queen Liliukalani had won her throne back, or, failing that, until grass should be growing in the streets of Honolulu. As there is no prospect of either of these events happening, it is probable that the splendid Spreckels mansion in Honoluiu will remain vacant until the owner dies. Half a dozen servants have been in charge of the place for ten years.

PROUD SHIP WAITED.

WHILE LONGSHOREMEN SHOWED RESPECT FOR COMRADE.

Story of How a Great Ocean Liner Strained at Her Dock While Workmen Attended Funeral of One of Their Brotherhood.

Once upon a time an ocean liner had to wait five hours for a man. The man was only a dock hand. His name

The story amazed me. It was repeated by several men before I could believe it. For of all things under heaven there is nothing more symbolic of power and wealth and the rising surge of a whole world's commerce than an ocean liner.

The ship must sail! Men strained day and nights on the docks-often thirty hours without sleep-to load late rush cargoes of freight.

Men toil in a turmoil of tumbling crates and barrels, of huge loads swung by derricks. Men slip and are maimed; some are killed and forgotten. The ship goes on! The ship

In this case it had to wait, and for a dock hand.

It happened two years back. The B-- was unloading. Jim was far down in the bottom of the hold. Every few seconds the daylight was almost blotted out by a great mass of cargo dragged twisting and turning up sixty feet to the deck above.

Presently a massive mahogany log. weighing seven tons, was to be raised, and Jim helped fasten the rope. A comrade signaled by the wave of his arm to the men far above. The great derrick strained. The rope tightened. Jim gave a short, startled cry. The signal had been given too soon. He was wedged in between the huge logi and the steel side of the hold, and was crushed to death in an instant.

The legal term for this is "contributory negligence." On the docks each year brings scores of deaths and hundreds of accidents. Most of them are legally due to "negligence," and the man gets no damages.

Still even a "negligent" man must be allowed to live. His wife and his little children must not starve. And so on pay day you will find at most docks a box by the pay window, into which the big hearted longshoremen drop part of their pay for the sake of a comrade maimed in the week's irregular surge of commerce.

So Jim's funeral expenses were paid by the men. Fortunately he had no family. Jim was young, in his early twenties, with a kind heart and a cheery wit that had already been felt and loved by his three hundred companions.

He was killed on Saturday. His funeral was to come Tuesday morning. On Tuesday morning the great ship must sail. It must be loaded.

Suddenly there occurred to some one a startling, unheard of idea. "The ship can wait!" Once started, this heresy was hotly discussed. It spread with lightning speed. It met with amazing success. Not a man could be found on the dock Tuesday morning.

The great ocean liner was delayed five hours, simply by the death of one "negligent" longshoreman, whose 300 mates loved him well enough to attend the funeral, even though it should have cost them their jobs.-Ernest Poole in Chicago American.

WHAT THE STARS ARE.

Chemical Matter Is the Same in All the Twinkling Lights.

In concluding a valuable series of articles on the "Chemistry of the Stars," A. Fowler writes as follows: "Notwithstanding the divergence of opinion on some points, there is a general acquiescence in the view that the matter composing the stars is essentially the same as that with which we are acquainted on the

"This leading idea is admirably expressed by Sir William and Lady Huggins in the following passage in their 'Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra': 'As the conclusion of the whole matter, though there may be no reason to assume that the proportions of the different kinds of chemical matter are strictly the same in all stars, or that the roll of chemical clements is equally complete in every star, the evidence appears to be strong that the principal types of star spectra should not be interpreted as produced by great original differences of chemical constitution, but rather as successive stages of an evolutional progress, bringing about such altered conditions of density, temperature and mingling of stellar gases as are sufficient presumably to account for the spectral differences observed, even though with our present knowledge a complete explanation may not be forthcoming.'

"Investigations are still in progress" in many lands, and it is not too much to expect that sooner or later the story of celestial evolution will becompletely elucidated."-Knowledge.

The Wheat Song.

"Brothers, brothers, 'tis dark down here-Brothers, brothers, O feel the sun," Whispers the wheat beneath our feet, In the glow of life begun.

Erothers, brothers, the light is good-Brothers, brothers, my sap runs strong." Murmurs each blade by the warm wind In an endiess whispering song.

Brothers, brothers I'm fair and strong—Brothers, brothers, I'm crowned with gold." Whispers the wheat with its task com-

And the tale of its labors told. Brothers, brothers, the earth was dark; Brothers, brothers, the world is fair-

Brothers, brothers, the world is fair-But we struggled on and we gained a Which each of us may wear."
-Elmer B. Mason in The Reader.

writing was not his! At a glance, he could distinguish the words which he had written himself. The words over which he had labored and perplexed his soul. The words which had seemed to cast a slur upon the memory of his dead father-which was now removed. He turned the sheet over. There, on the other side, were those words, the last probably his father ever wrote: "My dear-" together with date, "April 23rd." He looked again at those mysterious sentences, upon which the ink still glistened. They were written in the same hand!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Advertisement.

Next morning a party of three were assembled at breakfast. "You don't seem to have much of

an appetite this morning," remarked Dr. Cartwright, addressing his host. a tendency to start when spoken to. "How's that?"

geted with his knife and fork, "That he didn't seem to care to cat any- all, it is not of much consequence, and and he drove away. thing, somehow."

At this moment there was an interruption. A maid presented herself with a letter which had just come by hand, and gave it to her young master, stating at the same time, that the bearer was waiting for an answer.

started sgain as though he had been shot, and the doctor noticed that his

Ted Burritt took the letter held out as follows: to him, glanced at the superscription and tore it open. It apparently con- claimed. Can you call upon me at same number.

The figure had a pen in its hand. that between us which I think will not | every word you have said, and I am much flattered by the confidence you have shown in me. But I'm afraid it's no use talking to him. I was the same at his age," he continued, "but at forty-four one sees things dif-

"Are you forty-four, Dr. Cartwright?" she inquired, innocently. "Then you are not quite a quarter of tened with an interest he found ima century older than I am. I shall be twenty next month."

"I wish I hadn't been in such a devil of a hurry to be born," thought the doctor; "I wish I had waited another ten or fifteen years or so. I wish she'd got red hair and a squint, or that I was cut out after a different pattern myself."

Later in the morning be paid a visit to the lady of the house. She sat up in bed to receive him, with her Indian shawl over her shoulders, and allowed him to feel her pulse in the friendliest possible way. But when Dr. Cartwright had left the room, he shook his head and remarked to himself. "Unless I'm very much mistaken, that woman is dying of just nothing at

"Doctor," said Ted Burritt, meeting him at the fcot of the stairs, "I am afraid I shall have to leave you for an hour or two-a little matter of business, you know."

"Don't hurry back on my account. sha'n't miss you in the least! He's off! I'll just go and-- No, he isn't. Why, what's he coming back for? Forgetten something?"

"I've dropped a letter-the one I received this morning. I thought I put who appeared rather distraught, with it in my pocket, but it isn't there. I suppose you haven't seen anything of the kind lying about?"-he cast a The young man replied, as he fid- hasty glance round him, but, not seeing it-"Never mind," he said. "After

I know the centents." The door banged again and he was gone. A few moments later his sister crossed the hall.

"I wonder what the doctor's doing?" she said. "It is very rude of us to A letter! and come by hand! He leave him to himself in this way. What's that?"

Her eye had been caught by somehand went up to the breast pocket thing white, lying on the mat at her of his coat, as though there were feet. She picked it up and saw that something there he- The doctor shook it was a letter, the contents of which his head as he made this observation. merely consisted of a couple of lines,

"Dear Sir-The luggage has been

Russian Doctors. Russia is very short of doctors, hav ing only eight for every 100,000 inhab. itants. Great Britain has 180 for the