

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

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

One member of the household was soon to discover this. Miss Perkins came upon him unexpectedly, as he was stooping, with his back toward her, and apparently engaged in closely examining the keyhole of the door belonging to his master's private room.

"What's that you're doing?" she cried, sharply.

The individual thus addressed started violently, and something fell to the ground with a clink—something which he immediately covered with his foot before he turned and faced her without making any reply.

"You've changed your ways lately," she said, seeing he made no answer, "and always hanging about this door. What's your game, I should like to know. Anyhow, you aren't up to no good. People as gets into respectable houses under false names very seldom is up to any good!"

With this Partisan shaft she turned away and left him, looking back once over her shoulder, with that same malicious smile, as she marked the effect it had produced. What did she mean by that remark of hers about a false name? How could she have found it out? The shot was too near the bull's eye to have been fired at random. Good heavens! Was it possible she could have any suspicion of the real truth?

There was no source whatever from which she might have obtained this information—Ah!

He flew upstairs at a tremendous rate, flight after flight, to the top of the house, to his own room, burst the door open and entered.

There was a modest looking box in the corner of the room—a box which contained his few belongings.

Had he remembered to relock this on the last time when he had occasion to resort to it?

No, the lid offered no resistance to his hand.

He began to turn over the articles which it contained, but could not hit

ment she stood motionless, holding the magazine in one hand, while she looked at the individual before her with a puzzled, searching expression upon her countenance. Then a sudden light seemed to break in upon her—she gave a gasp—her expression changed from curiosity to amazement, and, uttering a little cry, she turned sharply round and ran rapidly up the staircase, leaving the other a prey to the liveliest astonishment. What other remarkable incidents was the day to bring forth?

Meanwhile the young lady had regained the stronghold of her own apartment, locked the door, and, throwing the now despised magazine into a corner, sat down to confide the state of her feelings to the keeping of her faithful diary:

"A most extraordinary thing has happened," she wrote. "My head is in a whirl and I hardly know what I am writing, or what to do, or think. To imagine that I have so often puzzled myself over that young man's likeness to someone else, a likeness which I could never quite fix, though I have often seemed just on the joint of doing so. Very likely I should never have hit upon it but for that, apparently, utterly insignificant action of mine in dropping the book I was carrying. He rushed forward to pick it up and returned it to me and—all at once it struck me like a flash where I had seen him before. It was the same circumstance—the same action—and the same young man!"

"It is a most extraordinary thing and takes my breath away even while I write; but there is no mistake about it. There could not possibly be two people so exactly alike and with precisely the same manner—unless this is a twin brother of the other. But, if so, how is it that one is a gentleman and the other only a servant?"

"Was there ever such a combination met with before, and what—oh, what is the reason for his extraordinary conduct, unless—unless he is the Prince in Disguise, after all!"

thought there was no objection to my adding the letter."

"Then your name, according to your own statement, is Edward, and you have merely added the final letter. If so, I am sorry."

"This was more than the woman could stand, and she broke in, unceremoniously upon her master's speech, 'Edward! Edward what, I should like to know? He's deceiving you, sir, in trying to make out as that's his surname. Ask him what the other is and why he's had to drop it?'"

Mr. Ferrers turned toward him, wearily. "Is the woman right in asserting that the name you have given is only your Christian name? In which case it would seem that you have added the other letter for the purpose of making it do duty as a surname?"

"There was a second's hesitation, during which the housemaid hit her up with impatience, before the answer came, slowly.

"My Christian name is Edward; it did not seem to me to be of any importance which I gave."

Perkins sniffed triumphantly. "So you're going to try and get out of it that way," she thought, "but it won't do."

Something in this last answer had helped to raise him in his master's suspicions.

"I must insist upon your giving me your right name," he said, authoritatively.

"Shall I answer him with a lie?" was the thought which passed through the other's mind. "Surely, one more need not weigh very heavily upon my conscience? And in such a cause!"

But, in the same instant, the face of this man's daughter rose up before him. "How she would despise him, if she knew," he thought, with a sudden reaction and a sense of self-contempt, as he answered, still respectfully enough—

"I should prefer not to mention it." "Oh, you would prefer not to mention it, would you? And what have you done to make you ashamed to own it?" exclaimed Perkins, the housemaid, who was carried away by her feelings at this point, in a tone of triumph.

She had better have remained silent. "Hold your tongue, woman," was the angry reprimand she brought upon herself. "This is no business of yours."

Woman, indeed! A crowning insult! And to be told to hold her tongue!

Her master, turning again to the young man, repeated his question, with the addition of the inquiry suggested by the last remark of the woman Perkins.

"What have you done that you are ashamed of your name?"

"Nothing," was the proud reply, given with head erect and defiant; and there was something about the manner and tone by which the other was obviously impressed.

"Why, then, do you refuse to answer the question I have put to you?" he asked in a milder voice.

"There are family reasons," was the answer.

Family reasons! A man servant with family reasons, just as though he were anyone else, instead of being a useful sort of machine, hired out at so much a year, with board and lodging! No wonder there was something incongruous in the sound!

"I have nothing to do with your reasons," was the answer, "and I must absolutely decline to retain any one in my service under a false name."

He knew now that it was coming—notice to leave on the spot. Or might there not be a reprieve? He was entitled to a month's notice in the ordinary course of things. Oh, why had he procrastinated so long and wasted such golden opportunities? A month's warning—that was all he prayed for. A month?—another day was all he asked.

"Then you refuse to give me your proper name? I ask for the last time."

(To be continued.)

EXPENSE OF COLLEGE MUSCLE.

Vast Sums Spent by Leading American Universities.

The impressive totals of university funds invested in athletic equipment during the present year make the outlay for developing the "sound body" rival for endowment of classical chairs and foundations, says Collier's Weekly. The University of Pennsylvania is completing an athletic field and a gymnasium in one magnificent quadrangle at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. Harvard has just thrown open a new field called the "Stadium," at a cost of \$250,000.

A movement is under way at the University of Chicago to endow athletics in order to remove certain objectionable features of an admission fee system to struggles for college honors, and a half million dollars is the amount needed to provide sufficient capital to maintain the varied sporting interests of the institution. Columbia has recently purchased real estate valued at \$2,000,000, a part of which will be used for an athletic field, according to present plans. Princeton is building a gymnasium which will rival in cost and elaborate equipment any of her collegiate halls. There are several preparatory schools whose gymnasiums and fields added within the last three years represent an outlay of \$50,000 each.

He Knew Him.

Hicks—Gayman seems to be very happy to-night. He must have money.

Wicks—Why do you think so?

Hicks—Because of the way he's cracking jokes.

Wicks—Nonsense! If he had money he wouldn't be happy unless he was cracking bottles.—Catholic Standard Times.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

APPEALS TO RUSSIANS

Czar Calls Upon His People to Uphold the Government in the Conflict with Japan.

Reserves in All Parts of the Vast Empire Have Been Summoned to the Colors.

The czar has answered Japan's peremptory challenge to arms and ordered his armies and fleets in the far east to meet force with force.

The empire is responding to the call of the czar. The scenes of intense patriotism which accompanied the declaration of war against Turkey in 1877 are being repeated in all parts of the empire. From Kiev, Odessa,

canal and hoisting a signal of distress, thus delaying the Russians two days. Gen. Dragomirov has arrived in St. Petersburg. He is one of Russia's greatest fighters and may be appointed commander in chief, as Gen. Kourapatkin, the war minister, probably cannot be spared.

JAPAN'S POSSIBLE PLANS

English Strategy Expert Reviews Conditions of the War.

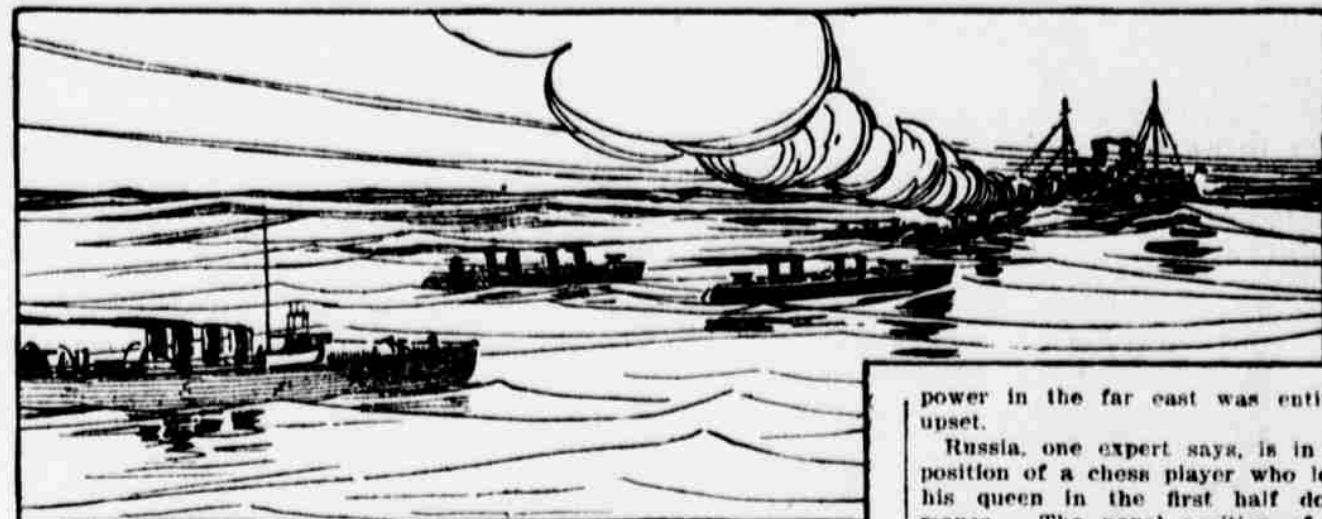
Spenser Wilkinson, whose commentaries on the strategy and tactics of the South African war placed him in the forefront of British military writers, has an article in the London Morning Post in which he says: "Any Japanese objective can best be secured by the defeat of the Rus-

STUDY JAPAN'S VICTORY

Europe Wonders at the Astounding Success So Easily Won by the Mikado's Navy.

Land Battles with the Armies of the Czar May Yet Turn the Tide of Conflict.

Every successive detail from the far east emphasizes the significance of the astounding successes won by Japan, says a dispatch from London. It is pointed out that the mikado's squadrons are sweeping the sea as triumphantly as did that Dutch admiral who rode the channel with a broom at his masthead. In less than forty-eight hours the balance of the naval



TORPEDO FLOTILLA ATTACKING BATTLESHIP.

Kharkoff, Ekaterinoslav, and Moscow come stories of patriotic demonstrations. The war fever has seized upon the people. Public balls and other festivities have been countermanded and the Red Cross society is besieged with women ready to go to the front as nurses.

The czar's first move after accepting the issue of war was to order the mobilization of the army reserves in east Asia. In every military district in European Russia regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery are under orders to prepare for a campaign in the far east.

The war department has practically assumed control of the Transiberian railway and its capacity already is being taxed to the utmost in the transportation of troops and munitions of war.

There was a great scene at the naval academy when the czar personally advanced the senior class to the rank of officers. The czar, who wore an admiral's uniform, in addressing the cadets, said:

"You are aware, gentlemen, that two days ago war was declared upon us. The insolent foe came by night and attacked our stronghold and fleet. Russia now needs her navy as well as her army. I have come to-day to promote you to the rank of midshipmen. I am confident that, like your revered predecessors, Admirals Chichagof, Lazaref, Nakhimof, Kornilof and Istomin, you will work for the welfare and glory of our beloved fatherland and devote all your energies to the fleet over which flies the flag of St. Andrew."

The Russian newspapers in general chorus denounced the action of Japan as being treachery, declaring that it is truly Asiatic, but insisting that the issue of the conflict will not be decided by the naval engagements, as the Japanese will have to meet Russia on dry land, when the score will be wiped out.

The Novoe Vremya says it is quite possible that the whole of Corea has been overrun by Japanese soldiers in disguise, and that Russia may first have to assume the defensive, but when her forces in southern Manchuria and Corea are increased the Japanese will realize what they have to meet.

"God, right and international law on our side," the Russ says.

One hundred and thirty million Russian hearts are beating in unison in the desire to expunge the traitorous slight on Russian honor. Enough of defensive tactics! Let us drive out the foe!

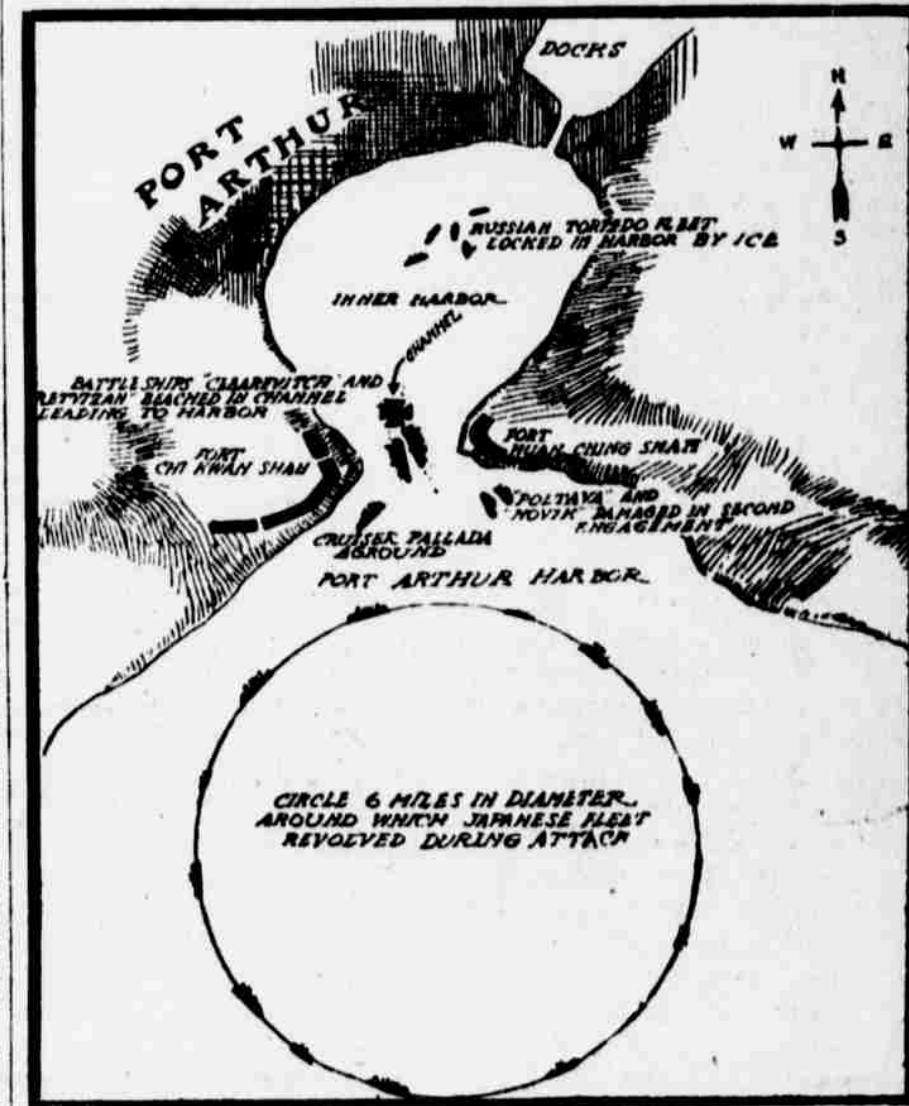
The Bourse Gazette says: "Yesterday we longed for peace. Now we think only of war. The world soon will be startled by Russia's heroic work. Japan has placed herself beyond the pale of civilization. The upstart, pigmy Japan, would not have dared to attack the giant Russia without the encouragement of England and America."

In this connection the Russ claims to have authority for saying that the two new Japanese warships, the Nishin and Kasuga, were saved from certain capture by the Russian squadron bound for the far east under Admiral Wrenius by the action of the commander of a British battleship in placing his vessel across the Suez

power in the far east was entirely upset. Russia, one expert says, is in the position of a chess player who loses his queen in the first half dozen moves. The naval position of the Russians at Port Arthur is considered absolutely desperate, and it is thought most unlikely that Vladivostok's squadron of four powerful armored cruisers will be able to go to the assistance of the battered fleet at Port Arthur.

Admiral Stark's position there is likened to Cervera's at Santiago. He is described as being between the horns of a dilemma. He must either submit to be held under the guns of Port Arthur in a posture intensely humiliating to Russian pride and prestige, or he must come out and fight in a condition of inferiority which would render defeat almost a foregone conclusion. Whatever now happens, the Japanese empire is thought safe from attack. It is, however, recognized that the war is by no means over

WHERE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.



Disabled Russian Warships in Port Arthur Harbor.

ice, and the Liaotung gulf is perhaps too shallow in its northern portion to admit of transports approaching.

"To land near Vladivostok would be to have to advance through an exceedingly difficult country toward Kharbin, and the march could be delayed by a Russian rear guard so long as to nullify its effect as a blow against communications. A landing in Corea would have to be secured against a torpedo attack and might be resisted on shore, but if successful it ought to clear the Russians from the Yalu.

"The difficulties of landing at any of the places named may lead the Japanese to move their army through Corea, landing its portions at various points and to trust to their power of maneuver to bring about a decisive battle in conditions unfavorable to the enemy.

and Russia's position is compared to that of Great Britain after the initial reverses of the Boer war. Several papers take pains to throw a little cold water on the exultation with which the news of the Japanese victories are received in London. Everything is not over, bar the shouting, say these papers, and, by the way, a majority of the English press pays a warm tribute to the manner in which Russia has received the news of her disasters.

What will Japan do next? is the question asked on every side. The predictions made here are neither more nor less valuable than those published on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is idle to cable more than an indication of what appears to be the consensus of British expert opinion on the subject.

GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR AND TOWN OF PORT ARTHUR.



"What's that you're doing?"

upon the thing he was in search of. The little shabby prayer book, containing his real name in his father's own handwriting, was gone! Gone! Stolen!

That hateful woman, with her sly, cat-like step and hypocritical ways, had taken advantage of his one act of carelessness, in leaving the box unlocked, to pry into its contents and carry off the most compromising article of all.

Well, the damage was done, and could not be repaired. The only thing now, was to try and stave off the discovery of the double part he had been playing a little while longer.

After a time he rose from his groveling attitude with his mind fully made up. There was only one course to pursue, and he would pursue it.

He must appear totally ignorant of the theft, and receive every allusion or insinuation with an affected utter lack of comprehension. Let her suspect what she might, let her act and talk as she would, he must keep up the delusion and try to baffle her for at least one more day. Or else, if she seemed inclined to show her teeth—if she appeared disposed to be dangerous, he must hurry on the matter.

A little later in the day, as he was absent staring out of a window in the hall, he heard a faint, rustling sound, and, looking up, saw Miss Ferrers descending the staircase. He allowed his eyes to rest upon her for an instant, telling himself that his opportunities for doing so would soon be at an end now.

She must have felt his glance, for a certain air of embarrassment seemed to fall upon her, and the color rose in her face.

Then she gave herself an impatient twitch, as though she said to herself, "Stand upon your dignity and do not allow the impertinent gaze of a mere menial to discompose you!"

The young man who had picked up my catalogue at the Royal Academy! One of the effects of the twitch was, that it caused her to drop a magazine which she was carrying, just as her foot was upon the last step.

Before she could stoop to reclaim it, there was a hurried dart across the hall, on the part of the menial in question, and the article was returned to her with, what was not so much the respectful deference of an inferior, as the ordinary and natural courtesy of an equal.

The effect of this simple act of politeness upon its recipient was as singular as unexpected. For a mo-

"How the girls at school would envy me! I am living in the same house with a real live Mystery!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Perkins' Revenge.

Friday morning came, bringing with it, about eleven o'clock, a message which struck a feeling of chill foreboding to the heart of the individual whom it concerned.

The master of the house desired to speak with the young man Edwards at once, in the dining-room. What did it mean? Was it merely some matter of small importance in connection with his household duties to which he wished to draw his attention personally, or—?

Mr. Ferrers was sitting in his place at the head of the table. There was something judicial looking in his attitude and expression, and, standing at a short distance from him, was the housemaid, Perkins.

"Come in and shut the door," was the first sentence addressed to him. He obeyed noiselessly and carefully, more than ever mindful of his assumed position and grateful for each second's delay, which allowed him the opportunity of searching his brain for some way out of the dilemma.

"Edwards,"—it was the voice of his master and enemy addressing him—"I have one or two very serious questions to put to you."

The young man bent his head deferentially, and seemed to intimate his entire readiness to answer all inquiries.

"It has been brought to my notice—that is, I have reason to believe"—the voice continued, as its owner seemed to experience some difficulty in opening up the subject—"that I have been deceived in you, and—in fact, that the name under which you are at present passing, is not your own. Is that so?"

Ted answered respectfully, "Begging your pardon, sir, but the name I am going under is my own. Might I be allowed to ask who says anything to the contrary?"

"You mean to maintain that your name is Edwards, after all?" he inquired, bending his brows upon Miss Perkins, whose—as he now thought fit to describe it—unwarrantable interference in the matter had subjected him to this annoyance.

"My name is Edward, sir. An 's' at the end makes it sound better, and I