

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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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;

of 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

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. Hullo! 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.

In the Night

"My dear, marriage has its humorous side," writes a cheerful young matron who is visiting in New England. "Not only that, but it is also useful as a means of discipline."

"I think you never knew—in fact, for some years I took particular pains that nobody should know—about what happened the first time George and I came east together. It was practically our wedding trip, because we hadn't gone away anywhere just at first and I really hadn't had time yet to get accustomed to George's little ways. Oh, it was nothing; only on the first night we spent at the hotel in New York he dreamed that the horses were running away and that he'd got to save my life, and so what did the dear boy do but seize me bodily and throw me out of bed! You know how strong he is."

"Well, that's in the past. I can speak of it with perfect calm, but this thing I'm going to tell you now happened only six weeks ago. I wonder if it's funny? See what you think."

"You remember, we came up here to Portland from New York by water. We thought it was going to be such a nice little sea voyage, but it turned out cold as Greenland, and then, just as we got off Point Judith, there was a fog that made it dangerous to move in any direction; so there we lay for eleven hours waiting for it to clear. Waiting! That's a passive, restful word. What we did was to stay there and be churned."

"Talk about seas! Did you ever know a sea that came from all directions at once and bumped up in the middle at the same time? Words couldn't tell you! The boat was full of people who had crowded on for a short trip, without dreaming that they would be out long enough to need

staterooms, and they were simply strewn all over the cabin floor.

"Well, we just went straight to bed. Of course we had no notion of sleeping, but we thought discretion was the better part of valor. George managed to get into the upper berth and I tumbled into the lower. You see, I didn't dare take my hands off a little box of hand-painted teacups that I was carrying to Aunt Maria, and every time I was tossed back and forth in my berth I tried to keep that from striking anything, which made it a busy season."

"Oh, how sick I was! And cold—and such a headache—and frightened to death every minute for fear something would crash into us—and not a second of rest—just one everlasting motion from all ways at once! Well, in the midst of it all George went to sleep! How he could do it is beyond me. Maybe, being so heavy, he wasn't thrown around quite so much. Anyway, I heard him snore."

"The next minute the end of everything seemed to come. Our suit cases, that we had been foolish enough to leave unattended on the bench at the side of the room, gave a mighty jump and the water pitcher rose up out of its rack and I was lifted up off the bed at the same instant. I remember first being pounded against the wall at the back of the berth, and then bouncing forward away over the edge, and down—down on the floor in the midst of hard things with sharp corners—brushes, combs, bottles, a broken pitcher, ice water and goodness knows what!"

"And George! Please try to imagine my feelings, when, instead of leaping to my rescue on the instant, George poked his sleepy head over the edge of the berth and growled out: 'Mary, what on earth are you getting up for?'"

A Jamaican Wake

The peasants of Ireland are not the only people who "wake" a corpse. The practice is as common among the negroes of Jamaica, in the West Indies, but they are more generous than the Irish; they give the deceased two wakes instead of one.

The first wake is held on the first night after death, the second on the ninth night, when the ghost is supposed to hover around the house and require propitiation.

The wake starts with a procession of the mourners to the grave, where a white cock is sacrificed to make the perturbed spirit rest. Then they return to the house, light a number of candles and fortify themselves with immense quantities of rum and food.

One after another the mourners yell at the top of their voices to the ghost they imagine to be present, telling him how much they loved him and what an excellent man he was. Hymns are sung, and then the spirit is supposed to be placated and the mourners are free to have a good time.

A feast, or "eating match," follows, and most of the guests get drunk on strong "estate rum," which is practically proof spirit. Boisterous games are played, and favorite native songs, such as the following, are sung:

Chorus—
Me len' him me canoe,
Him tie me paddle,
John Joe, widdle waddle,
Me len' him me fish pot,
Him tie me net,
John Joe, widdle waddle,
Me len' him me harpoon,
Him tie me line,
John Joe, widdle waddle,
John Joe no hab
None hat 'pon him head,
John Joe, widdle waddle,
John Joe no hab
None shirt 'pon him back,
John Joe, widdle waddle,
If I catch John Joe
I will break him back,
John Joe, widdle waddle.

The corpse is not usually present at a Jamaican wake, as it is at an Irish one, because in a tropical country burial almost immediately follows death. At the "nine night," as the negroes call the second wake, four men take up the sheet on which the dead man expired. Holding it by the corners, they shake it violently, calling out:

"Bredder Dead Man! Bredder Dead Man! Am you dere? Here's you ole friend's, den, come fe talk wid you. If you love we, don' come out!"

There follows a few minutes of terrified silence. Will the ghost appear and cause trouble? If he does not, the mourners leave a sigh of relief, and conclude that their efforts have quieted the restless spirit forever. Then they start in to enjoy themselves again.

The Antediluvian Man

He lived, when he could, on the land. His grub, roots and berries and such; Hence, as men of all "paths" understand, He was always immune from the itch. (This proves that he knowed which was which)

From the date when to think he began; And he lived—whether poor as Job's turkey, or rich— As an antediluvian man.

He was fathered we know not by whom; (Mayhap a jawjagular toad); And hadn't no mother, I dare to presume.

But, like Topsy, he jest only growed. Yet I hint, in the teeth of the code, As only a truth-teller can, That none more high-toneder, high-minded'er, knowed Than the antediluvian man.

He was honest, though keen as a knife; Never burgled a national bank; Never ran off with his neighbor's best wife.

Never swore with a cuss that was blank. Most edicts would call him a crank— (That's the style from Bersheba to Dan)— To which he'd remark, "Though I'm To hold to be frank, I'm an antediluvian man."

When he couldn't draw rations on shore, He'd live—

Requisition he'd make on the sea, And of shell fish uselessly scoop in a store.

For breakfast and dinner and tea, He'd gored when he hungered, but he Never guzzled from schooner or can, Like modern Berlin night and day on This antediluvian man.

He turned in out under the sky, In a shakedown of leaves from above, And heard the stars hymning their sweet lullaby—

The music of spheres when in love, He wore neither collar nor glove, Carried neither umbrella nor fan; And in uniform undress he dressed, so's Like an antediluvian man.

No matter if aged or young, When he spoke he meant just what he said, And said what he meant in his own And mother tongue—

(A language we schedule as dead), Though a bed of its word-roots is From Tamaqua clear out to Japan; Philologists cannot quote a word written or read By the antediluvian man.

—R. W. McAlpine, Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.

Along Life's Way

Along life's way our hearts will feel Sweet thrills of ecstasy, When love seems filling all the soul With calm serenity. And life seems strewn with flowers sweet With and everywhere, Then how much happiness the soul Will find along life's way.

Sweet roses bloom and all around The merry birds will sing As if they to the hearts of all Life's joyousness would bring. All nature opens her full heart For glory of mankind, And teaches him in every way To all her beauties find.

Such beauty everywhere revealed Is manifest to him Who travels with soul opened eyes, Which ne'er seem growing dim, But see the beautiful without, Within and everywhere, And do not look for darker sides Of life, which holds despair.

Ah! love will light life's pathway up With radiance so bright, And all the blessings of the world Reveal with its kind light; Till earth will seem like paradise, And all the bliss 'twill be, When all shall live by God's best laws In sweet serenity.

But when the light of love goes out, What darkness will appear! For then the reign of terror comes, When men are ruled by fear; And oh! what sorrows fill their hearts; What wretchedness each day Confronts the hearts which fear to tread Along life's dreary way.

All long for evil to depart, And love come back again To glorify the Father's world And soften hearts of men, Love's reign alone can satisfy, And fill the heart with peace, And may it ever rule supreme To happiness increase.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott in New York Herald.

She Merely Feigned Insanity.

"I feigned insanity to test the love of my people for me, and in an effort to get money which my husband left for my little 10-year-old daughter. I am not insane and I never was. I acted all the time, and now, a jury having found me insane, I've got to go to the asylum. I won't stay there; the doctors won't keep a sane person in a madhouse." Such was the statement of Mrs. Edna Bellew of Atlanta, Ga., made in a seemingly rational manner, while preparing to be taken to the state asylum for the insane at Mill- edgewile, where she was ordered sent by Judge Wilkinson in the court of ordinary.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or ringing in the ears, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is not a permanent condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As the kleptomaniac thought in the candy store, "Stolen kisses are sweetest."

Are prisoners on a ship put in the "hold"?

It never pays to warp the character to reach money.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

There are always lots of theatrical stars left over.

All is not gold that glitters, but lots of people don't know the difference.

In a street car a man's selfishness is often deep-seated.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

As the surveyor said: "I have to draw the line somewhere."

No, "blood money" is not necessarily composed of red cents.

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for the same money.

Girls kiss each other in the most loving way when there are men around.

Some women are attractive only when they are laughing.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and I make them white again. Large 2 oz. packages, 5c.

Sometimes the cobbler can't tap so well as the doctor.

Talking in a whisper is a bad habit.

No man is honest who pilfers from a good name.

The acrobat doesn't understand his business until he tumbles.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Chicago's Murderous Cars.

An appalling list of dead and injured from the operation of the antiquated street car systems of Chicago exists in the police and coroner's records for the month of October. Twelve persons appear as having been killed by cable trains or trolley cars, and 155 were reported injured from the same cause. Many cases of slight injury, it is said, are never reported. Defective equipment seems to have been the cause of many of the accidents; carelessness by motormen or gripmen apparently was another prolific cause. The killed average nearly one every two days, and the injured more than five per day.

The Cook and the Pope.

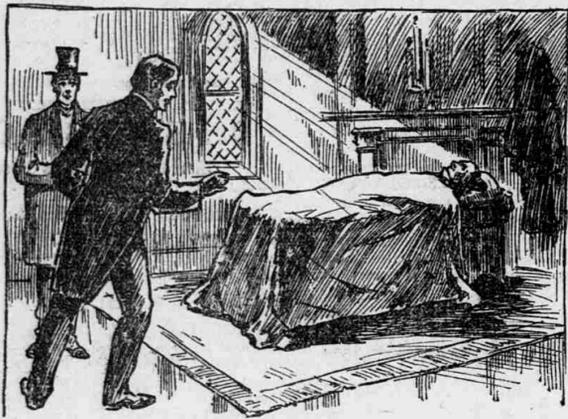
Bishop Potter is telling a story for after dinner purposes on an Irish cook who once served in his family. "One day I heard the cook swearing at a great rate at an Italian gardener we had and I rebuked him for it. 'But, yer riverence,' she said, 'he is nothin' but an ole dago anyway.' 'You should not speak that way of an Italian,' I protested. 'You know that your pope is a dago, as you call them, and you consider him infallible.' 'Yis, I know that,' she answered. 'And as a dago he is infallible, but if he was an Irishman he would be twice as infallible.'"

There are men who insist upon being looked upon as born to ill luck.

A Western Woolgrower.

Newcastle, Wyo., Dec. 21.—There is a man in this place who claims that no one need suffer with backache, as he has proved in his own case that it can be completely and permanently cured. His name is S. C. Holst, and he is a stock raiser and woolgrower. "I was shearing sheep at the time the first pain came on," says Mr. Holst. "I was so bad for two years afterwards that I could hardly sit down, and when once down it was almost impossible for me to get up again. "I tried all the medicine I could hear of and several doctors without help, not even for a moment. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and they made a new man out of me. I felt as if there was new blood in my veins. I am as stout in the back as a mule and can lift and work as hard as I please without an ache or pain in any part of my body. "It is now over a year since they cured me and I can say there is not a healthier man in Wyoming than I am, and before using Dodd's Kidney Pills there was not a more complete physical wreck in the whole country than I was."

A man rarely regards a woman as strong enough to be left entirely on her own resources.



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 paused 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 the 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 hilt; 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