

# THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

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

It was rather strange, but the moment he put this question the little doctor shifted his glance, and merely answered, "Humph!" while he seemed to be looking at nothing in particular.

"You know what I mean?" was the somewhat impatient response. "Did my father meet his death through the shock of the collision or by the—?"

"Your father was not killed in the railway accident at all," was the paralyzing reply, as the giver of it still avoided the eye of the questioner.

"What!" shouted the latter, leaping to his feet. "What do you mean? For Heaven's sake, explain yourself and do not talk in riddles!"

"What I mean is this," was the answer given with great confidence and decision, as he once more allowed himself to meet the other man's eye: "Your father was not burnt to death, as you feared, and he did not perish through the shock of the collision, which you hoped might be the case, as being the more merciful death of the two. Your father was shot!"

Had the young man received a bullet wound himself, he could not have started more violently than he did on hearing these words.

"Shot!" he cried—"shot!" Then, passing his hand across his forehead—"I'm not dreaming, am I?"

Dr. Cartwright shook his head.

"No, my boy, you're not dreaming, except inasmuch as life itself is a dream. Your father, I repeat, met his death by foul play—that is putting aside the question of sui—"

"Suicide!" cried the young man, snatching at the word, as it were. "Suicide! My father! Oh, you must be mad!"

The doctor shook his head again. "I discovered, on examining the body after you had left the church, that death had resulted from a bullet wound in the right temple, which had

"Of course you did," interrupted Dr. Cartwright; "and quite right of you, too. Always make game of this sort of thing whenever you come across it. I always do myself, on principle. If I didn't, I should have half the parish sending for me whenever they had the nightmare. At the same time," he added, in a tone of concession, "I admit that it certainly was a coincidence. Anything more I can't acknowledge—my reputation won't allow it."

"Yesterday morning," resumed the young man, "we received a telegram. It said—'Here it is—you can see for yourself.'"

Dr. Cartwright brought his spectacles to bear upon the document. "Humph! Ha!"

"Am returning to-day by the 4:30 train. Shall be home to dinner. Friend accompanies me."

He read it through twice before returning it. "And you say you have no idea what the name of this friend your father went to meet was?"

"To my knowledge I have never heard it mentioned. I thought I knew all my father's friends, but this one must have been an entire stranger to me, and my father must have had some reason for—"

He stopped abruptly, respect for his dead parent held back the words upon his tongue. But Dr. Cartwright apparently guessed the remainder of the sentence.

"You mean, your father must have had some reason for concealing the fact of his previous acquaintance with the man he went to meet at Dover?"

The young man's face flushed.

"I tell you, no! I won't believe it! I won't even listen to such a supposition for a moment! I tell you—but there, you never knew him!" And he turned his head away.

"To return to our subject," said the doctor. "You insist on connecting this same unknown personage with the

its walls the materials for such a funeral sermon as, in all its ancient history, it had never before seen gathered together there.

The remains, now all decently inclosed in coffins, still lay within the precincts of the chancel, where they must remain until after the inquest on the following day.

The church, which was of no great size, was filled to overflowing. For not only were there many mourners present, who had come post-haste from all parts of the kingdom, but strangers for miles round, attracted by the morbid curiosity which draws crowds as with a cart-rop, wherever there is a prevalence of the ghastly element, blocked the aisles, filled the porch, and even occupied the pulpit stairs.

People who came to gaze and gaze, and then, going home to the Sunday dinner, exchanged experiences over the shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes, that it was a sad sight, but one they wouldn't have missed for anything you could have offered them. At the same time they were compelled to own that there were not so many bodies as they had confidently expected, but then, nothing ever did come up to your expectations in this world.

Ted Burritt had a seat assigned him in one of the front pews. A glance at his face, on the part of the functionary who discharged the office of ushering the people into their places, seemed to be sufficient to show to which portion of the congregation he belonged.

Ted Burritt knew that his father's body now lay there within the chancel rails, in one of those hastily constructed coffins, which had been roughly put together to meet the sudden and unprecedented demand.

It was evident that a certain number of seats had been reserved for those who, it was felt, had the greatest claim to them, for he observed, after a short time, that the same pew into which he had been ushered also contained two of his fellow passengers on that ever memorable journey—a poor widow and another woman.

The former, it was impossible to doubt, had found her worst fears realized, for she still cried silently and ceaselessly behind the shelter of her veil. The other woman, whom he now guessed to be about forty years of age, and who was good-looking in a sort of hard-featured way, was also clothed in deep black garments, but there was a suppressed glitter in her eye, and that same restless movement of the fingers, as she perpetually rustled the leaves of her prayer-book, which betrayed the existence of some strong but suppressed feeling, which seemed to be more like excitement than grief.

But, then, we are all at liberty to show our grief in our own peculiar way.

In the other pews round him he recognized other faces—those of fellow-travelers or others whom he had seen at the station or in the church in the early morning of the day before. Among these there were, of course, happy exceptions to the general rule. There were those who had found the living where they had looked for the dead, and who, after a few hours of torturing suspense, had discovered the one they sought, either in the village or in some of the neighboring hamlets, and were present on that morning with a chastened joy and gratitude unspeakable.

(To be continued.)

### School Children Saved.

In but few of the cities of the world are school children examined on entrance or subsequently to determine which are defective with reference to applying the remedy. Examinations of nearly nine hundred pupils in an American school of the better class during the last year showed that 34 per cent were near-sighted, 12.9 per cent had functional heart disorders, 5.6 per cent had spinal curvature with some vertebral rotation, 41.2 per cent more had a symmetry of spine, hips, or shoulders, 14.6 per cent had adenoids or chronically enlarged tonsils. In over 10 per cent of the cases letters were sent to parents, recommending that medical attention be given to some physical condition. Examinations of 40,000 school children by school physicians in the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, Germany, showed that 23 per cent were near-sighted, 10 per cent or more had spinal curvature, and 60 per cent had teeth which needed attention.

### Protecting School Children.

The Minister of Public Instruction in France has taken the lead of all the world in measures for the prevention of consumption in the schools. A new law requires that an examination of every pupil shall be made once in three months, and the height, the weight, the chest measure and the general physical condition of every one shall be entered on the pupil's report. The schoolrooms receive the same preventive attention. Carpets are prohibited, curtains must be of cloth that may be frequently washed; no dry sweeping is allowed, and dust must be removed by wet cloths; all school furniture must be often scoured; books are regularly disinfected, and no book that has been used by a consumptive child may be used by another person.

### Colleagues at Outs.

Years ago when Lord Anlessey was lieutenant of Ireland he said once of the Irish secretary of that day: "Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I never mention the subject to him." Just how they transacted official business remains a mystery.

## ACT IS NOT POPULAR

### RELUCTANT REPUBLICAN SUPPORT OF THE CUBAN BILL.

President McKinley Quoted by Congressman Hepburn to Prove That the Only Sound Reciprocity is That Which Excludes Competitive Products.

The number and the names of the Republican representatives who voted reluctantly and under protest for the Cuban reciprocity bill will never be known. It is, however, perfectly well known that a large number, probably a majority, voted for the bill under pressure of one sort or another and against their better judgment. Mr. Hepburn of Iowa, like the most of his associates, lacked the courage to vote according to his convictions and against the bill, but he had the courage to say that he voted for it under constraint and unwillingly. In his speech of November 19 Mr. Hepburn confessed that he was yielding to coercion when he said:

"Mr. Chairman, I have intimated that I intend to vote for this bill, and yet I confess I do it with reluctance. I do it because a large majority of my associates seem to think that it is necessary, because the administration very heartily approves of it, because the last Republican state convention of the State of Iowa declared in favor of it. Therefore I intend to vote for it, but I am not satisfied with the reasoning indulged in by gentlemen in support of it."

Under ordinary circumstances people who disapprove of a measure vote against it. It would seem, however, that extraordinary circumstances must have impelled Mr. Hepburn and a hundred or more just like him to stifle their convictions and help enact into law a bill which they know to be bad in principle and vicious in practice. Like the gentleman from Iowa, all of these unwilling supporters of the Cuban bill did the wrong thing with their eyes wide open. All of them in so doing confessed that they surrendered to influences stronger than their con-

cent of the tariff imposed on like products from other foreign countries will be imposed if the bill becomes a law.

This would mean a reduction of one-half in the duty on sugar, and it would be a more injurious blow to the sugar-beet industry than the proposed reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on sugar from Cuba.

There is no foundation for a claim that this reduction should be made on Philippine sugar. It would be made at the expense of an American industry which needs protection. If there is any merit in the protective tariff theory at all it applies in the case of the beet sugar industry.

As a result of the proposed reduction of 50 per cent in the tariff on Philippine sugar, great sugar plantations would be started in those islands and it is altogether possible that legislation would be crowded through permitting the importation of Chinese labor into the archipelago for the purpose of working such plantations.

The Philippines are costing the people of this country millions of dollars every year, and it inures to the benefit of the inhabitants of those islands rather than to the people of the United States. Certainly we should not be asked to go farther and destroy one of our industries in order to make the sugar plantations of the Philippines more profitable.—Denver Republican.

### To Attack the Tariff.

The majority of those who are constantly sounding the praises of reciprocity have no other purpose except to attack the tariff by the only means at hand. Of course there are a few who honestly believe that reciprocity in competitive products is consistent with a protective tariff. But there are not many of that kind. Reciprocity reminds one of the men who used to call themselves "bimetallists." Men used to stand around and say, "We are in favor of the use of gold and silver both; we are bimetallists." They would proceed to say that there was not gold enough in the country to make a currency, therefore silver must be used. Time demonstrated that all such men were silver standard

## AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

### REV. BROOKE HEREFORD DEAD.

Was Among the Most Prominent of Unitarian Divines.

Announcement was made at Boston last week of the death in London of Rev. Brooke Hereford, D. D., at one time pastor of the Church of the Messiah in Chicago. Dr. Hereford was pastor of the Rosslyn Hill Chapel, London, and was born in England in 1830. As a Unitarian preacher he attained the highest place and was regarded as a very pillar of strength to that denomination. His career in Boston, when he was in charge of the Arlington Street Church, will long be remembered for the splendid work he did.

Rev. Brooke Hereford arose to prominence in the Unitarian church in England, and from Manchester he was called to Chicago in 1876, taking charge of the Church of the Messiah. He remained in that city until 1882, when he went to Boston to fill the pulpit of the Arlington Street Church, where he was regarded as one of the



foremost ministers of the city. For ten years he remained in Boston, and then accepted a call from his native land, taking a pastorate in Hampstead, London. Dr. Hereford was a writer as well as a pulpiteer, and was the author of three books, "The Life Story of Travers Madge," "Sermons of Courage and Cheer" and "The Forward Movement in Religious Thought as Interpreted by Unitarians." Some years ago Dr. Hereford returned to this country to attend the national conference of the Unitarians in Washington. At that time he spent nearly two months in Boston and other Massachusetts cities.

### ROMANCE REVEALED BY DEATH.

New York Recluse Leaves Money to Unknown Daughter.

Alpheus D. Dabois, for fifty-three years principal of a public school in New York city, died the other day after leading the life of a recluse for many years. It was then learned that he was worth about \$500,000. The petition for probate of will sets forth that a widow, Julia Dabois, survives him, and there is this strange clause in the will: "I give and bequeath to my daughter, Ivy Blanche, married, name and residence unknown, \$10,000." No reference whatever is made in the will to the widow. Two sisters living in New York are made residuary legatees, but they refuse to give any information regarding the old man's romance.

### BRIDE FOR SPANISH KING.

Youthful Bavarian Princess Said to Have Been Selected.

According to the Spanish newspapers a project is on foot for the marriage of King Alfonso to his cousin, Princess Marie del Pilar of Bavaria. The princess, who is 13 years old, is



PRINCESS MARIE DEL PILAR OF BAVARIA

the only daughter of Prince and Princess Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria. Her mother was the Infanta Marie de la Paz of Spain, sister of King Alfonso's father.

### Career of Lieut. Perrill.

Lieut. Harlan P. Perrill of the United States cruiser Atlanta, who took a prominent part in a controversy with Gen. Daniel Ortiz, commander in chief of the Colombian forces of the Atlantic and Pacific in the Gulf of Darien, refusing to lower the stars and stripes on the demand of the Colombian officer, is a son of Nathan A. Perrill of Lebanon, Ind. Lieut. Perrill, with Vern Bryan, an apprentice, also of Lebanon, has been on the Atlantic since the vessel has been on its present cruise. Lieut. Perrill is 29 years old.



"I knew the man," he cried.

traversed the head completely, and must have caused instantaneous death.

"I can't realize it," groaned the other. "Who could have done it?—unless he was robbed."

Dr. Cartwright shook his head.

"His watch and chain and valuables were taken charge of, like those of the other passengers, and a considerable amount of money was found upon him. Whatever the object, it was not that. The thing will be to discover if he had a traveling companion, and who that traveling companion—"

Ted Burritt brought down his hand upon the table, with a force that made that article of furniture shiver.

"I know the man!" he cried. "Or, if I do not know now, I will never rest until I have found out!"

"Phew!" whistled the doctor. "Then you know something about the affair? You have your suspicions?"

"Suspicions!" cried the young man; "more than suspicions! I see it all—if I only knew the man's name."

"What man's name?" asked the doctor.

"What man?" was the impatient reply. "Why, the murderer, to be sure."

"I wish you would just begin at the beginning and tell me all you know about it."

"I will tell you all I know, as well as what I only guess. Two days ago my father received a letter, which appeared to have a peculiar effect upon him. It is evident to me that he was expecting the letter, and that it was that which made him nervous and fidgety and unlike himself. At breakfast the next morning, to our surprise, he announced his intention of taking a short journey; giving no other explanation than that he was going as far as Dover, partly on business—though we had reason to believe that the business was only an appointment with a friend."

"And the friend's name?"—of course he told you?"

"No," was the answer, "that was just what he did not do."

"Humph!" said the doctor, "that was rather— Well, never mind. Go on!"

"The night after my father left home, I was awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, by his voice calling me. And I answered him back. The next morning my sister May came to me in trouble about a dream she'd had the same night. She dreamt that something dreadful had happened, or was about to happen, to her father. Of course, I made game of it."

mysterious circumstances of your father's death?"

"Who else could it be?" exclaimed Ted. "You yourself have put the motive of robbery out of the question!"

"Certainly," was the reply. "But having disposed of that motive only makes it the more necessary to provide another."

"And there again you supply it yourself," burst out the other. "You hinted of the possibility of my father having something discreditable in connection with his past life—"

"Not discreditable," interrupted the doctor, "only indiscreet."

"Now," proceeded the other, "reverse your implication. Apply what you have said of the one to the other, and there you have your solution of the mystery—your motive, and whatever else you require."

He paused, breathless with the vehemence with which he had pronounced these last words.

"Well," said the doctor, wagging his head sagely, "I don't deny it. There you have a motive of a sort—not a very strong one. But, before you can proceed further with it, you have to establish the important fact as to that other occupant of the carriage. And, when you consider that the individual in question, even if he did travel by that same train and in that same carriage, was actually the recipient of an invitation to your own house, there seems to be something so improbable, so coldblooded about the whole concern that—"

"And is not that exactly what it is? A coldblooded, dastardly outrage upon one who never injured a soul, and who was one of the kindest and best of men. Oh, Lord! I can't stand the thought of it."

"Now I've started him off again," murmured the doctor, remorsefully. "Why couldn't I have left well alone? Anyhow, I must be going now."

So, drawing himself up and squaring his shoulders in his most military style, he remarked, falling back into his ejaculatory manner, "Must be off now. Found the wound in your father's head to-day. To-morrow look for the bullet that made it. Good-bye. Can't stop another moment," and he was gone.

## CHAPTER X.

The Fourth Carriage From the Engine.

The next morning, being Sunday, everyone from far and near repaired to the church, which contained within