

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

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

Long before the service was over there were sounds of lamentation and wailing from many of those present, and several were compelled to quit the church from the violence of their emotion.

At last it was over and the numerous and variously compounded congregation broke up.

After partaking of a frugal meal, Ted sat down to await the arrival of Dr. Cartwright. He hoped that nothing unforeseen would occur to cause him to put off his visit, for he was beginning to rely a good deal upon the energetic little man, who had shown himself at once shrewd and kindly in his dealings with him. He could scarcely believe he had met him yesterday for the first time—and here he became aware of a brisk and familiar voice below.

"How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Jimman, and how's your lodger? Hope you're looking after him well; giving him plenty of new laid eggs and cream and that sort of thing? There's nothing like good living to soften the effect of a bereavement."

Ted heard the voice gradually mounting the stairs and the next moment the doctor's head was put inside the door.

"Hullo!" was his greeting, "there you are. Well, how are you getting on?"

Ted said that he felt pretty well. "Glad to hear it," was the next remark, as the maker of it allowed the rest of his body to follow his head. "By the by, saw you in church this morning. Sad spectacle—very! Shall we be off?"

They left the cottage and made their way in the direction of the station.

When they came in sight of the line they saw that there were still parties of men at work, searching among the heaps of rubbish for money or jewelry or anything else that might have survived the general ruin.



"I thought as much! A ball from a revolver!"

The station master was watching their operations from the platform, and to him Dr. Cartwright addressed himself.

"Look here, Mullins, I want to know what you've done with that carriage—the fourth from the engine—that we managed to save from being quite destroyed with the others. The one, you know, in which we found—"

He whispered the rest in his ear. The station master replied, with a glance of curiosity and sympathy combined at the young man, who was the doctor's companion, that the carriage or the remains of it had been left at the side of the line, about one hundred yards farther down. They soon found it.

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "this is the very carriage. You see, it is a good deal damaged; but I think, for all that, we may be able to find what we are looking for. The first compartment is the one that concerns us."

One door of this had been smashed and beaten in by the force of the concussion; the seat had been splintered, and showed that the fire had caught it in places, and the flooring was torn up. The other end of the compartment, though less wrecked, had received more damage from the fire, the cushions had entirely disappeared, the woodwork was black and charred, and what remained of the door hung from a single hinge.

"Now," said the doctor, taking off his coat before clambering in, "you had better stop outside; there isn't room for two of us in here at once. It was in this corner"—indicating that end of the carriage which had received least damage from the fire—"that we found him. He was lying there, with his head against the back of the compartment, and the lower part of his body jammed between the broken door and the seat. His head, as you might say, rested here," pointing out a particular part of the padding which yet remained. "The bullet, which passed through it, must have lodged somewhere about there. If so, we are sure to find it."

Cutting what was left of the cloth in strips with his knife, he began to pull out the stuffing in handfuls. "I don't know whether the railway company would have anything to say to this," he remarked, as he carefully passed the material through his fingers, before passing it on to his companion outside, who did the same, "but whenever I'm in doubt about my

right to do a certain thing, I always do it first and inquire afterwards."

There was a nose of something metallic falling.

"Hullo!" cried the doctor. "What's that?"

And, regardless of the consequences to his clothes, he began to grope among the shattered remains of the flooring.

In a few seconds he looked up again, flushed and grim, but triumphant.

He held in his hand a conical shaped piece of lead.

"I thought as much," he said, as he handed it to the other—"a ball from a revolver!"

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Jeremiah at Home.

The inquest, which took place at noon on Monday, was held in the school house. The jury, having been sworn in, proceeded to view the bodies and on their return from this melancholy duty the coroner made an unexpected announcement, which caused a great sensation among the closely packed audience.

"It having been brought to my notice that one of the supposed victims of the late disastrous affair, instead of losing his life, as was concluded at the time, through the accident in which so many have, unfortunately, perished, has come by his death through foul play, it is my intention to hold a separate inquiry upon the body at the same hour to-morrow. I shall now proceed with my inquiry as to the manner in which the other passengers met their death. Call the first witness."

Later in the day hundreds of people gathered in the churchyard to witness the interments.

The body of Silas Burritt had been taken back to the vestry, where it would remain until his son fulfilled the promise he had made and brought it home. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," came the words



of the burial service, as one by one the coffins were lowered, and the first spadeful of earth cast upon them.

Ted Burritt stood bareheaded beside his new friend, the doctor. Suddenly there was a commotion among the crowd at a little distance and he heard a sharp cry. Then the crowd opened, as though to make way for some one, and he saw a young man leading a figure in black, whom he recognized as the widow, whose hopeless grief he had before been a witness of, but who now was clinging to the arm of the youth who supported her, and seemed as though her sudden joy were almost more than she could bear.

"I was never in the train at all," he was assuring her over and over again. "It was quite a mistake! What made you think you recognized me?"

"There was a bit of cloth just like your coat—but oh, my boy, to think I've got you again!" And the couple passed on, followed by the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd.

"Well, now, what d'you think of that for a sentimental episode? Sort of thing one reads of but doesn't believe in, eh? Dear me," and the doctor took off his spectacles for no apparent reason, and polished them carefully on his silk handkerchief.

"You didn't see the meeting between them, did you? The women were crying all round me, and they've made my spectacles quite dull."

Then, passing his arm through the other's, "Come along," he said, "you've had quite enough of this. Come and spend the evening with me. You know where I live? No? Well, anyone can tell you that. Good-bye. I must be off—got a lot of sick people to look after."

Ted had no difficulty in finding out the house. The door was opened to him by an elderly woman servant, who, as Ted thought, seemed to regard him with a certain amount of suspicion. Howbeit, she bade him enter. From an inner room a voice hailed him.

"Hullo!—that you? That's right—be with you in a minute. Just wait until I've finished poisoning off the parish." And, through the half open door came the clink of glass and the sound of liquids being poured from one receptacle to another.

The next moment Dr. Cartwright

emerged from his sanctum, and greeted him with great cordiality.

"So you've come—thought you would. Glad to see you. And what do you think of my little place?" was the next inquiry, accompanied by a comprehensive sweep of the hand. "Pretty snug, eh? Not bad quarters for a bachelor?"

His visitor expressed approval of his surroundings, which certainly were well worthy of the appellation "snug" bestowed upon them by their owner. At the same time there was an air of compactness, of severe attention to detail, which was suggestive of the fact that the present occupant had, at one time or other, been restricted in the matter of elbow room.

"Yes, I'm pretty comfortable," the doctor went on. "I've got a very good housekeeper, on the whole. Her chief fault is that she's so confoundedly suspicious!"

"Suspicious!" re-echoed the other. "Well, I thought she looked at me rather strangely when she let me in."

The little doctor chuckled, and showed symptoms of great inward enjoyment. "Ah! you thought so, did you? The fact is, she's in mortal terror of my getting married!"

"Well, but that wouldn't make her suspicious of me?"

"My dear fellow, she's suspicious of everybody. She's jealous of every woman, single or married, because the single ones, being single, are open to offers, while the married ones are liable to lose their husbands at a moment's notice, and, as widows, would be more to be feared than the others."

"But I belong to neither category!" said the young man. "Surely—"

"My dear boy," cut in the other, "as a young man you are likely to possess female relatives—a sister or a cousin or an aunt, either of whom might eventually prove dangerous to my peace of mind."

Ted Burritt actually laughed, to the little man's great satisfaction, as the idea presented itself to him of his sister May as a possible aspirant to the position of Mrs. Jeremiah Cartwright.

In less than a moment, however, the laugh had died away, and a corresponding expression of despondency settled down upon his features.

"He thinking of that inquest to-morrow," thought the doctor, "and his father's body lying in the vestry. I must get him out of that groove again. Here"—starting to his feet—"come and have a walk round my premises before it gets dark!"

He took him out through the surgery, and showed him a neat little domain, which was divided into portions, in which grew, respectively, flowers, fruit and vegetables. At the bottom was a fowl run and a very small circular pond, about the size of an ordinary wash-hand basin, in which paddled a solitary duck, who, as soon as he caught sight of the doctor, forsook his favorite element, and came waddling towards him, quacking loudly.

"He seems to know you," said Ted. (To be continued.)

Simple Explanation.

An old man wandered into one of the hospitals of an Eastern city. His eyesight was rather bad, and he had come in the hope of securing relief. He was turned over to a young doctor, who adjusted a large frame in front of the patient's eyes and placed in it a couple of strong magnifying glasses. He then held a printed card some distance away.

"Can you read that?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the old man.

The doctor then put in stronger glasses and brought the card nearer.

"Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"

The old fellow shook his head, saying, "No, not a word."

After repeating this performance several times the doctor was about to turn him over in despair to his more experienced superior, when the old man quietly explained:

"You see, doctor, I never learned to read."

Not the Queen of Sheba.

The teacher was going over the good old story of King Solomon and his wisdom.

"Now, dears, who was the great queen who traveled so many miles and miles to see the king?"

Silence prevailed in the class.

"Why, you do know, all of you. The queen who came to see the king?"

The name had been forgotten by the class. In order to help them, the kind, but misguided teacher began to offer a little assistance.

"You do know, I am sure. The name begins with S, and she was a very great queen."

Just then up shot a little hand, and out spoke the triumphant voice of the little, auburn-haired girl. She transcribed the listening schoolroom with the following brief statement:

"I know; it was the Queen of Spades!"

The Open Door.

"I don't know exactly how it happened," Reggie was telling his best friend over a game of billiards. "I never meant to propose, you know—that is, not just yet. I wanted to knock about a little more. But after we got home from the theater and sat in the parlor discussing the plot of the play, I ventured out on thin ice and broke through before I knew where I was. It came as a deuce of a shock, just as I should imagine breaking through real ice would be."

"But Jessie was all ready for me. She was expecting it. First thing I knew she had me by the collar and led me on safe ground again—but I was engaged. No doubt about that. Anyhow, I'm glad I got her. Might have lost her through some slip if I'd waited. But I don't want to read any more stuff about bashful fellows stammering out proposals. It's all too easy."

WHY THEY FAVOR IT

DEMOCRATIC FONDNESS FOR COMPETITIVE RECIPROCIDTY.

It is Regarded as an Important Step in the Direction of Free Trade, a Half Loaf That is Much Better Than No Bread.

Democratic leaders in Congress and elsewhere are sitting up of nights to advance the cause of something of their own devising which they are pleased to call "reciprocity." They say it is the reciprocity mentioned as an economic possibility by McKinley and Blaine. In the first place no republican of weight has ever suggested reciprocity in any form that could interfere, in the slightest degree, with the protection of American wages, which are much the highest in the world, or with fostering the wise development of industries on our own soil. No prominent republican has ever proposed reciprocity in any except non-competitive products, and not specifically in regard to those. None has ever touched on the subject save as a generalization worthy of thought, but secondary to republican protection, giving to that beneficent policy the full party recognition it has always had, and always will have, unless the party moves off its old foundations. But what sort of reciprocity are democratic managers urging upon public attention, claiming to have borrowed it from eminent republicans? It is a slash at all protection, an entering wedge to rip up the Dingley tariff in competitive or any other products. It is simply a renewal of the fight, on shifted ground, for democratic free trade.

Thus democrats in Congress are declaring that the Cuban tariff concession "is unquestionably a breach in the wall of protection," and that democratic votes will go to the measure for that reason. Representative Wil-

hization to tempt them to continue their ruinous one-crop policy by special inducements for the dumpage of their sugar. What Cuba needs is a diversification of products, whereby she may secure a variety of customers. It will be no advantage to Cuba to make the American Sugar trust the sole customer for her principal products. There is a deficiency in the world's cotton supply, and all continents are being ransacked for places where that staple can be profitably grown. There is evidence that there is no better place than Cuba. The mountainous districts of Cuba are most valuable grazing lands, whose owners are restocking them in the expectation of profit, properly assured to them by the Cuban protective tariff. The proposed treaty admits American cattle into Cuba at 40 per cent reduction from tariff rates. Do the Cuban stockmen wish to thus buy a market for the Cuban sugar growers? Let us stop our onslaught on Cuban and American industries for the benefit of the American Sugar trust and its friends who have bought sugar estates in Cuba.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WHY FARMERS OBJECT.

Sound Reasons for Their Opposition to Free Trade in Agricultural Products.

It is easy to understand that Canada would be glad to enter into a reciprocity agreement with the United States that should include natural products only. Equally obvious is the reason why she should decline to swap trade privileges in manufactured products. Her natural products seek a nearby market, and it would be tremendously to her advantage if she could sell her surplus in the United States instead of shipping it to Europe. But in industrial production she is only a beginner. She is trying to develop her manufacturing industries. In the event of free trade in natural products Canada would do all the selling and

THE MONKEY AND THE BUZZ SAW.



liams, the Democratic leader in the house, insists that the Cuban bill is an example of reciprocity, and that reciprocity is a concession to the democratic demand for untrammelled trade relations." A democratic paper remarks that while reciprocity is a quibble and an anomaly, it should be welcomed by Democrats as a step toward a tariff for revenue only, and on the ground that half a loaf is better than none. President Roosevelt recommended the Cuban concession as a "unique" provision to assist a new nation which this country created and over which this country holds a peculiar restraint. Few republicans think that the United States is still under fiscal obligations to Cuba, or that any point of honor is involved in the action of Congress yet to come. As far as the democratic party is concerned, it is fighting protection, not trying to benefit Cuba.

Thomas B. Reed's last magazine article, published after his death, which occurred less than a year ago, was a powerful argument against reciprocity as far as it had been defined within his experience. "If you will examine reciprocity in detail," he wrote, "you will find that, in nearly every case, the national revenue is sacrificed for the benefit of individuals." Probably the Cuban bill, if it goes through, will work that way, no matter what sentiment of supposed honor or generosity is felt by any of its advocates. Mr. Reed opposed the Cuban tariff reduction in these incisive words: "For the republicans to desert the beet sugar interest is to desert the farmer in the one conspicuous and clear case where his industry is fostered. Under the tariff as it now is all the sugar needed by this country can be made by the people of this country. That is in accord with our system. When we throw our markets open to the world in all things, then it will be time to do it for sugar." Mr. Reed was a statesman of long experience in Congress. Senator Allison, with similar training, said recently: "Reciprocity is a beautiful theory, but I am convinced that it cannot be put into practice." Reciprocity has grown a little more definite in one respect. It is democratic ammunition, and seized by them with eagerness as a national campaign draws near and finds them without an issue. Republicans decline to hand them an issue on a reciprocity free trade platter.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Bad for Cuba.

As for the Cubans themselves, it would almost be a crime against civ-

none of the buying, while free trade in manufacturers would swamp every one of her youthful industries. The American farmer objects to reciprocity restricted to natural products only. With good reason he objects to having all of Canada's surplus of grain dumped on the American market. He knows that to remove the protective tariff from Canadian cereals would not only be disadvantageous to his interests now but would in the near future help to build up a competition overwhelming in its magnitude.

Canada's grain-producing possibilities are practically unlimited. The total acreage of the lands in Manitoba and thence west to the Rockies, and ranging 600 or 700 miles north of the boundary line is 2,230,000,000 acres. Of this about 25,000,000 acres are being utilized or have been transferred by the crown to railways, for homesteads and other purposes of production. Of these 25,000,000 this year only 3,123,663 acres were under cultivation. The actual yield of grain of all kinds this year was 110,000,000 over last year. The wheat yield was 57,163,932 bushels, an increase of about 4,000,000.

As rapidly as immigration can be induced and lands placed under cultivation these countless millions of acres are to be added to the wheat-producing area of North America. It is the dream of Canada to become the great wheat-producing country of the world. Reciprocity in natural products would greatly hasten the realization of this dream. Already large numbers of farmers from the United States are moving over to the Canadian Northwest and locating upon lands within reach of railroad transportation. There will be more railroads, more accessible lands, more farmers rushing over to take and till them. That is what Canada wants. It is not, however, what the American farmer wants. He prefers to retain as long as possible the advantages which the present tariff gives him in the matter of a profitable market for his food stuffs. Hence his opposition to reciprocity in natural products.

Is it unreasonable or unnatural that another great body of American farmers should be unwilling to relinquish the advantages which the Dingley tariff gives them, and to surrender to foreign competitors the control of the immense market for their sugar cane, their sugar beets, their early fruits and vegetables, their oranges, lemons and pineapples, and their tobacco?

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

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Everybody's Magazine, January, 1904.
In each succeeding number of Everybody's Magazine is found some significant and valuable article bearing on the subject about which the people are most interested at the moment of its appearance. Nothing could have been better than O. K. Davis's explanation of the issues between Russia and Japan in the December number. Every day, since, there have been telegrams from Tokio and St. Petersburg telling of the progress of negotiations between the belligerent powers. The readers of Everybody's had been informed by one of the most entertaining of war correspondents just what to expect when "Slav met Jap." At the moment Congress is the live topic. What's happening in Washington is of paramount interest to the American public, and in Everybody's is found "What Will Congress Do?" written by no less an authority than the ex-Speaker of the House, David B. Henderson, of Iowa.
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