

# THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

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

"To-day is Tuesday. There is a little shabby prayer book somewhere among my belongings. I will put it once and for all out of my power to procrastinate further by fixing upon a certain date and swearing to carry out on that, and no other, the purpose which has been in my mind so long.

"To-day, as I have said, is Tuesday,—on Friday, then, without further delay, I will insert my duplicate key in the lock of that door—first of all ascertaining that it will fit—and make, what Dr. Jeremiah would describe as a felonious entry.

"Meanwhile, I have to consider Perkins.

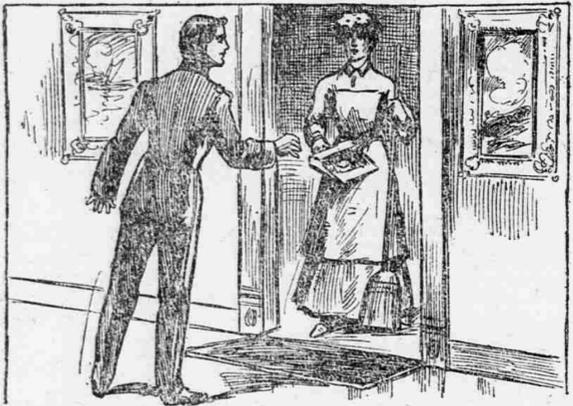
"She has not shown me so much open animosity since my return; but it will not do to count upon this. She may be only—as she would, no doubt herself express it, 'biding her time.' 'You don't deceive me,' she said, when I crept down stairs like a thief in the night and was nearly discovered through her instrumentality.

"What was the threat she employed toward me on that memorable occasion? 'I'll find out what you are up to, as sure as name's Maria Ann Perkins!' And she is a woman who looks as though she would not mind to what pains she put herself, or what time elapsed, so that she could avenge herself for her fancied wrongs.

"Since writing the above lines some hours ago, I have made another discovery. My master has remained shut up in his private room for the greater part of this time and I, in accordance with my position as spy, have hung about the door on the chance of hearing some sound, however slight, or catching sight of his face as he left the room.

"I have often wondered as to the manner in which he employs himself on these occasions, when he remains locked in this chamber for hours.

"To-day there has been no room for doubt. He has been writing on and on, ceaselessly. Evidently he uses a quill and writes a heavy hand, for I could plainly hear the sound the pen made in traveling over the paper.



"Let me relieve you of those things."

"Here is another subject for consideration.

"He has made his will, and now he is writing. Writing what?"

"Apparently something of importance.

"Once, too, I heard the unmistakable sound of the tearing of paper. Was he dissatisfied with what he had written and tearing it up? Did he find the composition of the document difficult, and, if so, for whose eye was it intended, that so much time and trouble were lavished upon it?"

"If he is now occupied in writing letters of an undoubtedly private nature, shall I be intrusted with the task of carrying them to the post when completed? Or, if the work upon which he has been engaged is of some other description, what will become of it when finished, and what will he do with the pieces of paper which he has torn up? Will they be committed to the flames, or simply to the waste paper basket?"

"Which," said the cook at dinner the next day, "ditchwater is the honky word as will eggswater the present company, no offense bein' meant and no 'hinsinyatin' nothink agin nobody, feelin' bein' things as is not to be kintrilled by the best of us, and better be low in your mind than in your hidears is my motto, but when it comes to not a word bein' spoke for five minits by the kitching clock, makin' allowance for its being twenty-two minits fast by railway time, it do seem as someone oughter hinterfere in a friendly sort of way."

How much longer she would have rambled on in the same key it is impossible to say, had not another note been struck by the parlor maid, who remarked that, "Miss Agnes hadn't seemed partic'lar cheerful the last day or so."

The young man, Edwards, seemed as though his attention was arrested by this trivial remark and glanced across the table inquiringly.

"Yes," added the parlor maid, addressing herself to him, as she perceived that what she had said had, somehow or other, interested him, "I've caught her sighing to herself more than once lately, as though she'd something on her mind. 'Praps'—with a sudden inspiration—'praps' she's in love—folks generally sighs a

deal, when they're in love"—and she directed what ought to have been a killing glance at the good looking young man opposite her, and breathed a sigh on her own account.

It apparently missed its aim, but something in this last remark seemed to excite great derision in the breast of Perkins, the housemaid.

"In love!" she exclaimed. "Ha, ha! I like that," and she, too, sent a glance, which might, in a sense have been described as killing—if looks could kill—across the table. "In love, indeed!"—with withering contempt—

"Who with, I should like to know? You forget there's never been such a thing as a young man as she'd look at, or touch with the tips of her fingers"—(there was a strong malicious emphasis on this)—"inside the door once since they've been living here."

"Ah!" said the parlor maid, still showing an inclination to hold her own, "praps not. But how about before that?"

"Well," replied the housemaid, suddenly showing an inclination to go over to the enemy and side with her rival and invariable opponent, to the latter's vast astonishment, "I don't say as you mayn't be right. Anyhow, whether she's in love or whether she isn't, it's no good if he ain't her equal. For you may be sure her pa'll never hear of her marrying beneath her."

"And quite right, too," put in the cook, who thought it was high time she introduced another of her experiences. "Unekal marriages is most always a failure, as 'as bin proved over and over again. But for all that"—with a starting and instantaneous change of the subject—"I should like to know why that there will, as I 'elped to drow up, should be called a Testament? which I thought there was but two, the Old and the New?"

"Lor, cook!" cried the housemaid, with a sniff, "how your mind do run on that will! Anyone would think as it was the only one as ever was, and nobody never signed their names to nothing before."

"Wills there may 'ave bin," answered the cook, majestically, "but seldom one as the cook were sent for, all of a

that the dust which it contained must have been gold dust at the very least. At any rate, he had his way, and hurried off with the articles as though he were half afraid that she might change her mind. But, when he arrived at the basement, there was nothing but dust and flue left in the dust pan. The pieces of paper had disappeared!

That same night, in the seclusion of his own room, he occupied himself in the seemingly vain and useless task of separating, sorting and pasting together some morsels of writing paper, which had been torn into the minutest fragments.

"I was right when I guessed it to be no ordinary letter he was writing," he muttered. "This is only the heading of the document that he had been engaged in drawing up; but it is sufficient to enable me to arrive at the purport of its contents."

"The true narrative and confession of me, James Ferrers, of the strange tragedy of the 25th of Ap—"

"Ah, James Ferrers, you were guilty of worse than a crime—a blunder—when you contented yourself with tearing up that sheet of paper into particles, which you thought were too minute ever to be deciphered, instead of burning them on the spot!"

"But why has he made this confession? Is it merely to relieve his own conscience, or has he some other object in view which I cannot at present discern?"

"Whatever it may be, that document, that confession of his guilt, of which I needed no further confirmation, cannot have left this house. It is, no doubt, concealed in some secret drawer or hiding place in that room of which I possess the means of entry in the duplicate key. Next Friday may settle that question as well as others."

CHAPTER XXI.

A Robbery and a Recognition.

The next day, being Thursday, was not destined to pass uneventfully.

"To-morrow!" said the young man who, for prudential reasons, chose to go by the name of Edwards, as he rose that morning; forgetting to take into consideration the proceedings of to-day and their probable influence on the affairs of to-morrow.

It was not very long before he awoke to a sense of mischief, brooding in the air. Perhaps it was the sight of that pale, narrow face opposite to him as he ate his breakfast—a face which, on this occasion, was wreathed with a false smile and characterized by a general air of great complacency.

Evidently Perkins was in a high state of good humor, so much so that it struck the young man with a vague presentiment of impending disaster.

However, he consoled himself with the reflection that there was only one more day to elapse before he hoped to be in a position to set everyone at defiance; and, surely, in that short time, she would be unable to meet with an opportunity for wreaking her spite upon him.

"After to-morrow, the Deluge," he thought, paraphrasing the words of the French monarch. Meanwhile, there was to-day to be considered; if he had only been aware of the fact, the chances of to-morrow were already in danger of being seriously jeopardized by the events of the more immediate present.

"Whatever's come to Mariarann?" asked the cook, who was also struck by the change. "I've never knowed 'er took that way afore. Hackshully offered to darn a pair of stockings for me, which, with the preservin' and other things, my 'ands is full and my toes is hot. Which 'make 'ay while the sun shines, as there's no knowin' 'ow long the weather'll 'old up,' is my motto, but let's 'ope it'll last."

"And she's been and called me 'dear' to my very face," said the parlor maid, taking up the parable; "which you might have knocked me down with a duster, I was that took aback, and hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming. I wonder what it means?"

(To be continued.)

LIZARDS THAT LIKE MUSIC.

Tuataras of New Zealand Very Fond of Rollicking Choruses.

A curious fact has lately been learned about the tuatara, the large native lizard of New Zealand.

It is a great fat, sleepy thing, from a foot upward in length, with a measurement around it of about twelve inches. It is kept tamed, about rocks. Wild specimens are growing rare, though one island off the coast still swarms with them.

These harmless things come out as a rule only for food. But some one in Christ church has discovered a way of bringing them out at any time. This is by singing to them.

They have preferences in music, too. They evince much more satisfaction at a rollicking chorus than at a solo.

One day a song sung by a girl brought some out, but only their heads were visible, their sleepy eyes opening every few minutes. Then the charmer tried "Soldiers of the Queen" and when all joined in the chorus there was no doubt about the effect on the tuataras.

They wriggled about on the rocks, almost dancing in their excitement and joy, until the repertoire of the singers was exhausted, when the lizards sneaked back again to their home among the rocks.

New Zealand is the only place in the world where these great lizards are found, and they are said by biologists to be out of their place in this stage of the world's history. They belong to the coal period, and like the moa, ought, by natural laws, to have become extinct long ago.—New York Sun.

## NEED OF THE CANAL.

ENTIRE COUNTRY RECOGNIZES ITS NECESSITY.

Obstructionists in the Senate Are in Opposition to Their Party Followers in Scheming to Delay the Construction of the Panama Waterway.

Senator Gorman's tactical maneuvers on the Isthmian canal question have been successful only in uncovering the weak points in the Democratic line.

Democratic Senators who originally favored the Panama route and who voted for the Spooner bill and to ratify the Hay-Herran canal treaty have no reason for opposing the present canal treaty.

Democrats who held that the treaty with Colombia made too many concessions cannot logically oppose the present treaty, which makes no concessions inimical to the interests of the United States.

Senators who formerly favored the Nicaragua route are right in the abstract. The Inter Ocean believed years ago and believes now that the Nicaragua route is preferable to the Panama route. The contention that there is greater risk and greater possibility of scandal in constructing a canal on the Panama route than on the Nicaragua still stands.

As a canal on the Nicaragua route is impossible and as a canal on the Panama route can be constructed under more favorable circumstances than ever before, the real friends of an Isthmian canal have accepted the situation, preferring a canal on the

ama canal, Senator Morgan is not satisfied with a "canal strip" ten miles wide. He wants to annex the entire Isthmus, canal strip, Colon, Panama and all. His bill provides that all the rights and properties of the Republic of Panama of every description shall vest in the United States of America, without reserve, and shall be subject to their sovereign jurisdiction. It is true that Senator Morgan does not propose to take the Isthmus without some compensation. He would give for it \$10,000,000, which he regards as a good price for territory that contains only 31,571 square miles. He does not neglect also to provide a balm for the bereaved Colombians in the shape of \$15,000,000.

The eloquent senator will be warmly welcomed to the ranks of the "imperialists." The important thing to the country, however, is the fact that Senator Morgan has finally admitted that the Panama canal is a probability.

No Fooling With the Tariff.

The unsettled conditions from which the country has just commenced to recover do not admit of introducing any new uncertainties until the sky has materially cleared. Had the boom continued there might have been some grounds for the opponents of the tariff to argue that it was bringing too much prosperity, but now that the boom has had a check the danger that would follow the introduction of a further disarrangement of trade conditions could invite nothing but disaster.

The Republicans have always stood for a tariff that would enable American industry to thrive. There is no occasion now to pull away any protec-

## UNSATISFACTORY BASIS FOR RECIPROCITY NEGOTIATIONS.



Uncle Sam—You see, my dear Lady of the Snows, the things you have to sell are precisely the things we have to sell. If we should consent to so foolish a piece of business as to rob our farmers of their protection, we should certainly insist upon an open market for our manufactures.

Miss Canada—Then we can't trade. We want to build up our own industries.

Panama route with all its risks to no canal at all.

The Democratic senators honestly in favor of an Isthmian canal accepted this view of the situation when they voted for the Spooner bill. They have not changed their views and are now objecting, not to a canal on a particular route, but to the means used to secure control of the route. This objection is personal or political and cannot stand in the court of final issue when the question is a canal on the Panama route or no canal at all.

On this question no one doubts how the American people would vote.

East and West, North and South, Democrats and Populists, as well as Republicans, they are in favor of an Isthmian canal. Mr. Gorman's scheming to defeat the ratification of the canal treaty has developed the strength of the canal sentiment in the Democratic party. There is no opposition to the ratification in the Republican party.

Why, then, treat the question as a party issue? Why not act upon it in its real character, as an American question, and put aside Mr. Gorman's theory that any question, no matter how vital to American progress, may be used as a football in the game of politics.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## MORGAN'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Senator Would Now Annex the Isthmus of Panama.

Senator Morgan has "recognized" the Panama canal. But the venerable assailant of the President's Panama policy will not recognize the new republic. Instead of recognizing it as an independent government he would grab it and annex it to the Union.

If anybody in this country took Senator Morgan seriously on the Isthmian canal question his bill for the annexation of Panama, introduced in the Senate, would be regarded as an alarming and unexpected manifestation of "imperialistic" tendencies on the part of the venerable statesman from Alabama.

Senator Morgan has viciously lampooned the president for aiding the formation of the new republic and for recognizing its independence. He charged the president with having precipitated the revolution and denounced the Panama canal treaty as unlawful.

But the venerable senator has executed an amazing flop. He no longer sits up nights with the Constitution and screams with frenzy as he contemplates the outrage perpetrated upon the sovereign state of Colombia by the people of Panama. Having made up his mind that nothing can now prevent the building of the Pan-

ama canal, Senator Morgan is not satisfied with a "canal strip" ten miles wide. He wants to annex the entire Isthmus, canal strip, Colon, Panama and all. His bill provides that all the rights and properties of the Republic of Panama of every description shall vest in the United States of America, without reserve, and shall be subject to their sovereign jurisdiction. It is true that Senator Morgan does not propose to take the Isthmus without some compensation. He would give for it \$10,000,000, which he regards as a good price for territory that contains only 31,571 square miles. He does not neglect also to provide a balm for the bereaved Colombians in the shape of \$15,000,000.

Farmers and Exports.

Some of the Democratic orators would be pleased to make it out that the falling off of the exports, which was shown by the last reports, was caused by the present tariff laws, and that the decrease of the exports worked injury to the farmers. Some have gone so far as to say that the Dingley law is responsible for the falling off of the exports of farm products. It so happens that most of the products which have shown a decrease in export are on the free list. There has been no decrease in the production of farm products. No one has been complaining because his corn crop, or his wheat crop has been a failure. Prices also are good. If the exports have fallen off it means that instead of selling in a foreign market the farmers are selling at home. Everyone is employed and is a consumer. Home people are consuming home products. The farmer is feeding his neighbors in American commercial centers. But the farmers would not have had a chance to do this were it not for the fact that the present tariff schedules make it possible for the factories to work night and day to make goods for the home and foreign markets. The farmer's prosperity is intimately linked with the prosperity of all the other classes of the country. Is the farmer satisfied? It is not likely that one who stops to consider will vote for a change.—Davenport Times.

Wrong from First to Last.

With the tariff kept at the protective point American plants will be enlarged to do all the work necessary for this country. With the tariff taken off, with Democratic free trade, the European mills would hold that trade and gain more as this country grew. American steel and iron workers would then come into direct competition with foreign labor and wages would go down. The trust would not be crushed. There is nothing plainer than that the Democratic idea is wrong from first to last.—Lafayette (Ind.) Call.



## FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

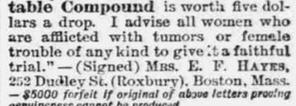
"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now. 'Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound' is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.—\$5.00 per bottle. If original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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