

# THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

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

"I've been dreaming," he said to himself. "I thought everything had been made quite clear to me about—"  
Was he dreaming still, or was there some one in the room beside himself? Some one sitting before the writing table and bending forward as though—  
The figure had a pen in its hand, but it made no sound as it traveled over the paper! The next moment it had raised its head so that he saw the face. "It is the continuation of my dream," he said, and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. There was nothing there.

"How does that chair come to be there, in its old place? I thought I had pushed it back against the wall, and I have no recollection of moving it again. It is very strange."

He rested his hand upon the back of the chair. Oh, it was real enough. There was no mistake about it. But he could have sworn he had never moved—Ah, what in heaven's name was that? A simple enough thing, surely, to cause so much amazement and—what?—surely not fear—in the beholder. Only a pen lying upon the blotting pad, beside a sheet of paper. But the pen was wet, and there were fresh words added to those he had himself written before he fell asleep. The sheet of paper was the one upon which he had written those vague and disconnected phrases, which had caused him so much perplexity and unprofitable speculation. They had been written irregularly, first in the same order that they had appeared on the mutilated sheet, with blank spaces between each broken sentence. Now each blank space had been filled in, and it was with perfectly indistinguishable generations that he read the copy as it now stood:

"If you have not forgotten the friend of twenty years ago, you will, on receiving this letter, start at once for Dover, which place I expect to reach to-morrow morning. There is

slated of only a few lines, but those few lines seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction, judging by the play of his features. Indeed, to the two who were watching him, it seemed as though the expression which overspread his face were almost one of triumph.

"Doctor," he said, "will you excuse me a moment? I have to send an answer to this by the bearer."  
He spoke rapidly, and still that spirit of elation was perceptible in his words and actions. He seemed quite to have cast off that air of abstraction which had characterized his demeanor previously. He quitted the room leaving his sister and friend tete-a-tete.

"Now," said the latter to himself, "Go it, Jeremiah! Now's your chance. Make yourself agreeable for once in your life. But don't forget that you were forty-four last birthday, and you look it, every bit. Ahem! I suppose you are very much attached to your brother, Miss Burritt?"

"Attached to him?" was the exclamation. "Of course I am!"  
"Exactly so—and I'm sure it's very much to your credit. Your brother seems hardly to be himself. I don't remember that he was as nervous and shaky, as he appears to be now, when I first met him—though he had a lot to try him, and—"

She put her finger upon her lips and gave a nervous glance at the door before she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper.

"He has been like that ever since the funeral. He goes and sits himself up for hours, and I know that he is always thinking of that man who killed my father, and planning how he can hunt him down and bring him to the gallows. I don't mind telling you, because I know I can trust you; but—leaning across the table toward him—"I can't help feeling sorry sometimes for—that other man!"

"My dear young lady! I agree with



The figure had a pen in its hand.

What between us which I think will not allow you to deny this favor which I ask. I have much to say to you, and many questions to put which you alone can answer to my satisfaction. If you refuse I shall think, rightly or wrongly, that you still regard me more as the criminal than what I once was, the friend of your youth.

"I—" The young man read this through. Who had written it? Whose hand had completed the broken sentences, and given them the meaning which they had heretofore lacked? Could he have done it himself, while in a state of somnambulism? No; for the handwriting was not his! At a glance, he could distinguish the words which he had written himself. The words over which he had labored and perplexed his soul. The words which had seemed to cast a slur upon the memory of his dead father—which was now removed.

He turned the sheet over. There, on the other side, were those words, the last probably his father ever wrote: "My dear—" together with date, "April 23rd."

He looked again at those mysterious sentences, upon which the ink still glistened. They were written in the same hand!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Advertisement.

Next morning a party of three were assembled at breakfast.  
"You don't seem to have much of an appetite this morning," remarked Dr. Cartwright, addressing his host, who appeared rather distraught, with a tendency to start when spoken to. "How's that?"

The young man replied, as he fled with his knife and fork, "That he didn't seem to care to eat anything, somehow."

At this moment there was an interruption. A maid presented herself with a letter which had just come by hand, and gave it to her young master, stating at the same time, that the bearer was waiting for an answer.

A letter! and come by hand! He started again as though he had been shot, and the doctor noticed that his hand went up to the breast pocket of his coat, as though there were something there. He—the doctor shook his head as he made this observation.

Ted Burritt took the letter held out to him, glanced at the superscription and tore it open. It apparently con-

every word you have said, and I am much flattered by the confidence you have shown in me. But I'm afraid it's no use talking to him. I was the same at his age," he continued, "but at forty-four one sees things differently."

"Are you forty-four, Dr. Cartwright?" she inquired, innocently. "Then you are not quite a quarter of a century older than I am. I shall be twenty next month."

"I wish I hadn't been in such a devil of a hurry to be born," thought the doctor; "I wish I had waited another ten or fifteen years or so. I wish she'd got red hair and a squint, or that I was cut out after a different pattern myself."

Later in the morning he paid a visit to the lady of the house. She sat up in bed to receive him, with her Indian shawl over her shoulders, and allowed him to feel her pulse in the friendliest possible way. But when Dr. Cartwright had left the room, he shook his head and remarked to himself, "Unless I'm very much mistaken, that woman is dying of just nothing at all."

"Doctor," said Ted Burritt, meeting him at the foot of the stairs, "I am afraid I shall have to leave you for an hour or two—a little matter of business, you know."

"Don't hurry back on my account, I sha'n't miss you in the least! He's off! I'll just go and—No, he isn't. Why, what's he coming back for? Forgotten something?"

"I've dropped a letter—the one I received this morning. I thought I put it in my pocket, but it isn't there. I suppose you haven't seen anything of the kind lying about?"—he cast a hasty glance round him, but, not seeing it—"Never mind," he said. "After all, it is not of much consequence, and I know the contents."

The door banged again and he was gone. A few moments later his sister crossed the hall.

"I wonder what the doctor's doing?" she said. "It is very rude of us to leave him to himself in this way. What's that?"

Her eye had been caught by something white, lying on the mat at her feet. She picked it up and saw that it was a letter, the contents of which merely consisted of a couple of lines, as follows:

"Dear Sir—The luggage has been claimed. Can you call upon me at

11 o'clock this morning? Yours obediently,

"JOHN SHARP."

Dr. Cartwright did not return home by the first train next day. The mere mention, on his part, of such a purpose being scouted as preposterous by his entertainers.

"I thought you spoke of three days at the least as the length of your visit," said his host; "and I want to have a long talk with you to-day if you don't mind."

"Mind!" said the doctor, "it's just what I should like."

They were at breakfast when this occurred, and the morning paper had just been brought in. Ted Burritt had been glancing over its columns in a careless way, with the air of one who feels certain that they are not likely to contain anything to interest him, when, turning the sheet, his attention was accidentally caught and held by something which appeared among the advertisements. There he sat, his mouth slightly open, and a vivid spot, caused by excitement or some other feeling, on each cheek.

"Anything very remarkable in the paper this morning?" asked the doctor, with an affectation of indifference; but noticing every change in the countenance before him from behind his spectacles. This remark recalled the other to himself. He seemed annoyed that he had betrayed his feelings so openly, and crumpling up the paper, threw it on one side before answering: "Nothing whatever. There is absolutely no news worthy of the name!"

"Now," thought the doctor, "is he deliberately telling an untruth, or what? Oh, certainly! I must get to the bottom of this! Aloud he merely observed, 'There never does seem to be much in the papers nowadays. Now, when I was in the 47th, etc.' Notwithstanding this last remark, he did not forget to take an early opportunity of examining the paper."

"I wish I had noticed which page it was," he said to himself, as he ran his finger down each column in succession. But I don't see anything like it to account for the boy's peculiar behavior. Oh, here you are," as the door opened. "Think of the devil, you know, and—Hallo! you look very much excited about something! What is it?"

"I am excited," was the answer. "And you'll be excited, too, when you have heard all I have to say."  
Dr. Jeremiah stared at the young man in astonishment. Then, "All right," he said, "fire away and astonish me as much as you like."

"Not here," he answered. "I want you to come with me to the room that was my father's study, and where we shall be sure of not being disturbed, as I keep the key myself, and never allow any one to enter it."

They crossed the hall; Ted unlocked the door; they entered, and he locked it again behind them.

Dr. Cartwright looked round him with considerable interest. He noticed the dust, now lying thicker than ever upon every object, small and great. He dusted a chair with his pocket handkerchief before venturing to sit down. Then he took off his spectacles and polished them carefully. "Now," he said, as he settled himself, "I'm quite ready to be astonished."

"You asked me a moment or two back whether I had found the other man?" said Ted—"meaning, of course, the murderer. I have."

"Quite sure?" said the doctor, still preserving his equanimity.

"I will give you the whole story from the day we parted. You know all that went before."

He began with the account of the burnt letter; and the little doctor listened with an interest he found impossible to disguise. "It's a sad pity it should have been so nearly destroyed," was the first remark he made. "because, of course, it is impossible to tell now what the rest of the contents might have been."

(To be continued.)

## MISTAKEN IN THE DIAGNOSIS.

Doctor's Error Affected the Size of His Pocketbook.

Albert Levering, the black-and-white artist responsible for so many "comics," used to live in Chicago, but recently transferred his allegiance to New York. He took his hypochondriacal tendencies with him and they are still in good working order. His favorite pastime is to read of some deadly disease, preferably a new one, go to bed imagining he has it, lie awake all night, seek his doctor in the morning and get assurance that he is in perfect health, and then go back cheerfully to work.

One morning not long ago he turned up at the doctor's just as the man of medicine was getting into his carriage.

"I'm in a hurry," called the doctor, "and can't stop to see you, but it's all right—you haven't got it."

"Haven't got what?" demanded the astonished artist.

"Whatever it is you think you've got. Not a symptom of it. Good bye," and he drove away.

"Well, now," said Levering, turning to a lamp-post as the only witness of the scene, "that's the time he's mistaken. I know I have got it—ten dollars in my pocket to pay his last bill; but if he's sure I haven't I'll try to get in line with his diagnosis," and he went around to the nearest junk shop and invested the money in a pair of brass candlesticks and a copper kettle.—Philadelphia Post.

Russian Doctors.  
Russia is very short of doctors, having only eight for every 100,000 inhabitants. Great Britain has 150 for the same number.

## LIVE STOCK



The Flock That Doesn't Pay.

Mr. A. W. Smith, a Canadian shepherd, draws the following picture of the flock of the man who says "there is no money in sheep":

I shall now draw a picture of how he probably has been treating his flock. In the beginning of winter, and often a good while after winter had begun, the sheep were to be seen in the fields, either scraping the snow away from the ground, looking for a bite of grass or a weed, or else huddled in a corner of the field anxiously looking for relief from the owner.

This relief came after a long while, and the sheep were driven to the barnyard, when they were turned in among a lot of cattle and pigs and colts, perhaps, to be hooked or kicked or chased, and kept in constant terror—the sheep is a timid animal naturally—and all the time taking their chance of getting a bite to eat from among all the rest. While for shelter they perhaps had opening to the yard a small pen, with cracks and openings all the way up and down and around the walls, built, one could imagine, to let in the greatest number of drafts possible. The door just wide enough for two ewes heavy with lamb to wedge themselves solidly between the jambs, and inside, the ceiling so low that when you went into the pen you were doubled up so you looked enough unlike a human being to scare the sheep into a stampede for the door, which is always conducive to some dead lambs. After a while the lambs begin to come, a lot of weak ones among them, consequently a lot of dead ones, and for some reason the ewes did not seem to have much milk, and the wool on the older ones seemed to get kind of loose and a lot of it got rubbed off by the sheep trying to relieve themselves from the annoyance of the innumerable ticks and lice with which they were infested. In fact, he had not very good luck so far with either the ewes or lambs. Then he thought if the grass would only come, that night "freshen them up a bit," and as soon as the snow was gone they went to the fields where the grass was hoped to be, picked some stubs of last season's grass and a few early weeds, and refused the poor quality of straw at the stack or pen. Some more lambs died, and a few of the weakest of the old ewes dropped off. Then the farmer was quite sure sheep did not pay and turned them on the road.

In Beef Making.  
Writing of beef making, Prof. D. W. May of the Kentucky station says: The results of practical experiments have been variable, and owing to the methods of conducting them, and especially to the factor of the individuality of the animal as shown by the differences in results with the same feeds, it has been difficult to draw very definite conclusions. In feeding cattle the usual practice is to take the animal from grass at about eighteen months of age and to feed heavily on concentrated rations during several months. During this period the framework of the animal is rounded out and fat deposited among the organs and tissues of the body. The tendency for several years has been toward the fattening of younger animals. The four-year-old steer is a thing of the past, while the three-year-old steer is rare. In some sections, especially where the feeding period is long by reason of the hard winters, some cattle are marketed as long yearlings, having been fed continuously and sold as "baby beef." The source of feeding cattle is with the general farmer and western ranchman. The western cattle that were formerly marketed from grass are being shipped more and more into the corn belt for a finishing period. The ranchmen have by the use of good bull's made a wonderful change in the character of western cattle. It is now possible to buy at the principal cattle markets range cattle almost pure bred and of great uniformity of type. The farmers of the corn-growing sections must meet the competition of the ranches by growing a better class of steers, and to do this they must breed with a definite object in view.

Feeding Methods.  
In the past the price of corn has been so low that American stockmen have been wasteful in their feeding methods. One cause of the low price of corn was the low price of land, which meant a low cost of crops grown upon it. The steady rise in the price of land has made the cost of corn production much greater than before, and it is not at all likely that we will ever see corn very low priced again. Therefore the methods of feeding stock must be changed. The common feeds must be more fully utilized and every new feed that promises anything must be investigated. Soiling will doubtless have to be more largely practiced. Principally we must cut down the amount of corn fed daily to each animal to the point where a certain amount of grain will give the greatest possible result. Experiments have shown that this point is far below the consuming capacity of the animal. In days of very cheap corn it was the practice to shovel out to each animal all the ear corn that could be eaten. It was assumed that the greater amount of corn eaten the greater would be the profit from its consumption; that no matter how much corn was given, the last pound was as fully utilized as the first. This we now know to be an error.

## LASTING RELIEF.



J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys. I suffered intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the passages of abnormal secretions. Doctors failed to relieve me. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box

## Big Fire in Brewery.

Paterson, N. J., dispatch: Fire partially destroyed the plant of the Hinchliffe brewery. Total damage is \$300,000. A beer famine in Paterson is threatened.

## The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

Gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904. If you will, Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

Per Acre.  
Salzer's Heartless Barley 121 bu.  
Salzer's Home Builder Corn 300 bu.  
Speltz and Macaroni Wheat 80 bu.  
Salzer's Victoria Rape 60,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Teosinte, the quick-growing fodder wonder 100,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass 50,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes 1,000 bu.  
Now such yields pay and you can have them, Mr. Farmer, in 1904.  
SEND 10c IN STAMPS  
and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. (W. N. U.)

There is love and there is justice. Justice is for one's self, love is for others.—R. L. Stevenson.

The most provoking enmity is that which is unprovoked.

## Mother Gray's Sweet Remedies for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 50,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 5c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Gimsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

## WHERE BIRDS ARE TAME.

Inhabitants of Pacific Islands Unused to Humans.

Naturalists commissioned by the United States government have discovered on the distant island of Laysan in the Pacific some new birds and many novel facts in regard to known species. The visiting scientists were perhaps the first human beings whom the myriads of birds that crowd this tiny speck of land had ever seen. In consequence, birds representing species which in other lands wing hurriedly away at the sight of man came up to the naturalists, looked curiously into their faces, perched on their writing tables, wonderingly inspected the tripods and other accessories of the cameras, and permitted themselves to be stroked. The fact that these birds are ordinarily regarded as the wildest species made a profound impression on the visiting scientists.

## Not Used to It.

Over in Camden there is a 5-year-old youth with the unhappy faculty of letting the cat out of the bag at inopportune moments, says the Philadelphia Press. The youngster's parents were entertaining a few friends at dinner the other day, and as an especial indulgence he was allowed to be one of the party. He inspected the bountifully spread board with a critical eye, and then unable to contain himself, piped out:

"My! This is a feast."

## DR. FED HIMSELF.

Found the Food that Saved His Life.

A good old family physician with a lifetime experience in saving people finally found himself sick unto death. Medicines failed and—but let him tell his own story. "For the first time in my life of sixty-one years I am impelled to publicly testify to the value of a largely advertised article and I certainly would not pen these lines except that, what seems to me a direct act of Providence, saved my life and I am impressed that it is a bounden duty to make it known."

"For 3 years I kept falling with stomach and liver disorders until I was reduced 70 lbs. from my normal weight. When I got too low to treat myself, 3 of my associate physicians advised me to 'put my house in order' for I would be quickly going the way of all mankind. Just about that time I was put on a diet of Grape-Nuts predigested food. Curiously enough it quickly began to build me up, appetite returned and in 15 days I gained 6 lbs. That started my return to health and really saved my life."

"A physician is naturally prejudiced against writing such a letter, but in this case I am willing to declare it from the households that the multiphase thousands who are now suffering as I did can find relief and health as easily and promptly by Grape-Nuts. If they only knew what to do. Sincerely and Fraternal yours, Name of this prominent physician furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## A CALENDAR WATCH.

The first one cost \$2,000—Made for Napoleon Bonaparte.

A watch that tells the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, and changes of moon is a timepiece that until recently could be owned only by the nobility because of the high cost. The first one cost \$2,000 and was made entirely by hand and consumed over two years' time in construction. About fifty years later a Swiss concern placed some on the market which could be sold in this country for about \$200 each.

This watch that has hitherto been sold at a price which only the well-to-do could afford, has just been put on the market at a low price and it is a watch which fills a long-felt want. If a watch tells you the hour and the minute of the day, why should not the same machine tell you the day of the week, day of the month, and month of the year? A prominent manufacturer has realized the usefulness, if not the actual necessity of such a timepiece, and by simplifying the mechanism and arranging to turn them out in large quantities, has, after several years of work and the expenditure of a large amount of money, succeeded in producing a watch thoroughly reliable in every way. This watch is a perpetual calendar as well as a timepiece, and what is of more interest to the public, is sold at a price but a fraction above that of an ordinary watch of like grade.

Contrary to the supposition of the uninitiated, it is not an intricate assembly of complicated parts, but is as simple as any regular timepiece. On the dial, in addition to the small second dial, it has three small dials of like character, one showing the days of the week, another the days of the month, while a third shows the month of the year. By an ingenious attachment to one of the wheels, when the hour and minute hands show midnight, the small hands indicating the days of the week and the days of the month, move forward automatically one day, thus saving the wearer the necessity of changing the calendar attachment, and in consequence the watch needs no care or attention after being once correctly set except to be wound regularly. The manufacturers have been quick to appreciate the certainty of a large demand for this article in this country and have arranged to market them through Bellhart Mfrs. and Traders, Ltd., a prominent New York house, who, as an introductory measure, will furnish them direct to the public. An article that so completely fills a want has seldom been seen, and has hitherto been utterly disregarded by manufacturers. It can consistently be said that for usefulness and reliability this is one of the most attractive articles in the watch line.

An advertisement setting forth the merits of this watch appears elsewhere in these columns.

## ARKANSAS TRAVELER RESPONDED.

Get Back in Rhyme at Missouri Pacific's General Passenger Agent.

H. C. Townsend, general passenger and ticket agent of the Missouri Pacific with headquarters at St. Louis, sent out a novel holiday greeting to patrons of the road and was surprised to receive a response in rhyme from a man in Arkansas. Here is the greeting followed by the answer:

This is the train that runs so fast  
Across the plains to mountains vast;  
This is the train that's never late,  
And keeps its service up to date.  
This is the train that runs out West,  
And takes you there for work or rest;  
This is the train that runs to the land  
Of mountains high and canyons grand;  
This is a true hotel on wheels,  
It serves to you the best of meals;  
This is the train with lowest rate—  
St. Louis to the Golden Gate.  
If you should wish to go that way,  
See H. C. Townsend, G. P. A.

This is how the Arkansas traveler wrote in response:

H. C. Townsend, G. P. A.:—  
I received your card to-day,  
And I'm writing now to say  
That your train's A-I-O. K.

I'm a regular passenger  
And I'm here to tell you sir  
It's a corker—sure enough—  
(Please don't take this as a puff—  
All your trains are up to snuff—  
Strictly in it—just the stuff!)

Makes me restless when I read  
Of the comfort and the speed—  
Want to peek my clothes and ship  
On that train—Gee! What a trip!

Feed you like a millionaire—  
Gosh! Just read that out-of-fare!  
Tender steaks, well done or rare;  
Game and things from everywhere!

Slade, deserts, coffee, cake—  
Wow! It makes my stomach ache!  
And the rates—I'll swear to you,  
Same as cutting naught in two!  
(Shame to take such service cheap—  
Gought to make us pay a heap!)

Guess I've said about enough,  
(Every word is straight—no guff.)  
So I'll stem myself, with my pen,  
Truly yours, A. PASHENJAIRE.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LEON COWLEY,  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1904.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The roll-top desk covers a multitude of untidiness.

A Rare Good Thing.  
"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtzworth, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 5c. Ask to-day.

When the wise is angry, he is wisest no longer.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE  
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 50c. package only 5 cents.

To support a detour is to court defeat.

Pink's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'HARA, 317 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1902.

All our glory is of His grace.