

# 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.

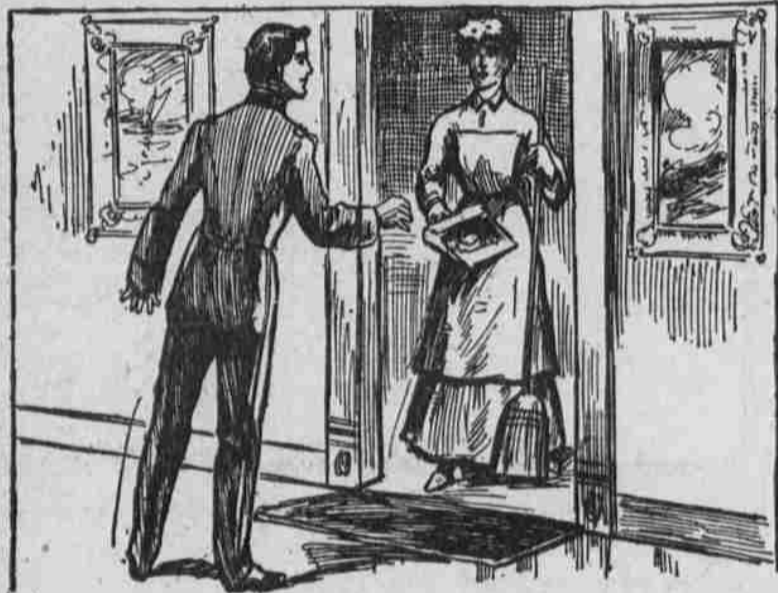
"She has not shown me so much open animosity since my return; but it will not do to count upon this. She may be only—as she would, no doubt herself express it, 'biding her time.' 'You don't deceive me,' she said, when I crept down stairs like a thief in the night and was nearly discovered through her 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 holy word as will express the present company, no offense bein' meant and not hincinyatin' nothink agin nobody, feelin's bein' things as is not to be controlled 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 kitchen clock, makin' allowance for its being twenty-two minits fast by railway time, it do seem as someone oughter interfere in a friendly sort o' 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 particler 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.

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 they've been living here."

"Ah!" said the parlor maid, still showing an inclination to hold her own, "p'raps 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 p'all 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. "Unkel marriages is most always a failure, as 'as bin proved over and over again. But for all that"—with a startling and instantaneous change of the subject—"I should like to know why that there will, as I 'elped to dore up, should be called a Testament? which I thought there was but two, the Hold 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."

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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, what with the preservin' and other things, my 'ands is full and my toes is hout. 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?"

### LIZARDS THAT LIKE MUSIC.

Tuatara 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.

## HORTICULTURE



### An Illinois Peach Orchard. (Farmers' Review.)

As I have a little leisure, I think I will give the readers of the Farmers' Review a sketch of our peach orchard of thirteen acres. Not that peaches pay very largely except to improve our health by keeping us out of doors. But when we do get a crop, oh, my, how we do enjoy them! How we do long to fill up our jars, cans and crocks with the luscious fruit, to be used in the years to come. Crawford peaches do not do well with us, as they are shy bearers. However, the trees generally bear a few each year. Some of them are large and fine, but the rest are medium to small and are one-sided. The Elberta is also a shy bearer here, but forty miles away is said to bear well. The tree seems more hardy than any other kind, and the fruit needs no thinning. The fruit, when fully developed, is beautiful, being long and yellow. But ours were of a different yellow than those shipped from the south, and we purchased our stock from three different nurseries, showing that climate makes the difference in color. Possibly if we had got our stock from the same locality in the south where light colored Elbertas are being grown, the trees would bear light and bright-colored yellow peaches here. Our Triumph peaches did well and the people that bought them said they were good enough for them, but the trees have fruited for only two years. I see that some people say they do no. do equally well every year, but are sometimes very disappointing. The years that our trees bore, the fruit was very large and fine and bright reddish-yellow in color. The young trees were just as full as they need be and the fruit had to be thinned. They do not rot easily after being picked. They may also be left hanging on the trees for several days after being ripe and still will hold their texture. When fully ripe people like them very much for canning, as they do not adhere to the pit.

Alexander peaches do well with us, but they rot easily and must be picked as soon as ripe. As they are clingy, they are not so good to can as are the freestone, though the clingy are ahead of almost any other kind, as to quality. In canning, the Alexanders seem to lose some of their richness in cooking. But they are very rich and choice and are best eaten out of hand. When ripe we think they are even ahead of the beautiful Greensboro, which ripens at about the same time. The latter will delight anyone that is an enthusiast over peaches. But the birds like the Greensboro peaches so much that they have to be picked as soon as ripe, or the birds will mutilate them. After a bird has picked a peach, the bees get at it and make a large hole in a short time.

The Champion is our ideal for a white peach, as it is very rich and luscious. It is perhaps not so attractive to the eye as some, because not so highly colored. But our Champion peaches are not all alike. On some of the trees the peaches will all be large, with red cheeks, while on other trees the peaches are only of medium size. On the old trees the Champion peaches are the smallest of all. Our Champion trees come from different nurseries, which, I think, is the cause of their not being alike. Budding from the best is what we are now doing, since our first orchard was destroyed. We think every orchardist should learn how to bud his own trees, if he wants the best. We mark our best while they are in fruiting, and when budding time comes, take our buds from them. The Champion is a very fine peach for canning. The juice is very thick and rich, and the peach does not fall to pieces as much as some others. The Crosby is a fine peach when handled right, but it needs much thinning or it will be small. But it bears when any other tree bears, and on that account is a tree that should be largely planted. The Crosbys are not all alike and differ very much in the quality of their fruit. Birds never work on Crosby peaches because they are so woolly, and also because the fruit is late, ripening about the middle of September.

As peaches often fail, we should try to grow only the ones that generally succeed in our locality, and this takes a good many years to find out. In our first orchard only about one-half of the 1,500 trees bore enough to pay. Some of the peaches were little and scattering; others were large but few on a tree. Others ripened up all at once and could hardly be gotten from the tree before half rotten; others fell from the tree almost as soon as ripe. These would usually rot so quickly that they could hardly be marketed before being rotten, especially in a rainy time.

To make peaches pay, we find it quite essential to make a study of them, and also of their culture. Our first orchard was very much bothered with borers, but since the hard freeze that killed so many trees we have seen nothing of the borers, and are wondering if the freeze did not kill the borers, too. We find the best way to deal with borers is to mound up the trees in spring, and also once or twice each spring and fall go to each tree and look for borers, which may quickly be found by the lumps of wax at the bases of the trees. These are filled with little dark spots

the size of the head of a pin, or smaller. Dig them out with a sharp-pointed pocket knife. Most of the borers are found at the collar of the tree just below the ground. Generally they eat their way under the bark and go to one side or down the tree, which trench we must dig open to find the borer. The forks and sides of the tree need also to be looked over, and the borers dug out if much wax is exuding, as a borer in the forks will destroy the bark and cause the tree to split down. The wounds made by the borers and by digging them out should be healed over by a wax made of rosin and old beeswax.

Warren Co., Ill. Mrs. L. C. Axtell.

### The Spraying of Plants.

Less than forty years ago the spraying of plants with insecticides or fungicides was unknown, and, if even thought of, were not seriously contemplated as being a part of good husbandry, says Professor F. M. Webster. A spraying machine in those days would have excited almost as much curiosity as would a telephone or a modern typewriter. There was, indeed, less need for such a machine west of the Allegheny Mountains at least. The need of insecticides and fungicides, and the machinery necessary for their application, has come to us with the advance of civilization and followed the destruction of the forests, the prairie flora, the wild animals and the dusky aborigine. They are the outcome, either direct or indirect, of our more intense civilization and must not only be adopted by the successful fruit grower or farmer, as a part of his business, but he must improve upon them, precisely as he improves upon the varieties of his fruits and the breeds of his domestic animals, and for the same reasons. He must produce, continually, more perfect fruit, more desirable vegetables, more tender and juicy beef, and better horses, else he cannot dispose of them profitably to his fellow man, who needs them and is able to pay for whatever he needs.

### The Composition of Wood.

Wood is made up chiefly of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. When perfectly dry, about half its weight is carbon, and half oxygen and hydrogen, in almost the same proportion as in water. It contains also about 1 part in 100, by weight, of earthy constituents, and nitrogen to the same amount. When wood is burned, all these materials disappear into the air except the earthy constituents. Now, the nitrogen and water taken up by the roots were originally in the air before they reached the ground. It is true, therefore, that when wood is burned those parts of it which came from the air go back into it in the form of gas while those which came from the soil remain behind in the form of ashes.—Gifford Pineho.

### The Silo Profitable.

Last week one of the subscribers of the Farmers' Review, Mr. C. L. Casey of Lake county, Illinois, brought into the office a sample of excellent silage. It was neither too acid nor too dry, and showed that it had been cut at just the right time. This shows the difference between the silo now and fifteen years ago. Then, the man that built a silo knew so little about the time when the silage corn should be cut that he generally made a mistake the first time and cut too early or too late. His too-early cut corn made a very sour silage, and his corn cut too late resulted in the silage that heated. It generally took him some years to learn just when to cut his corn to get good silage. Before learning how, by experience, a good many men got discouraged and gave up the silo. But that condition exists no longer. The agricultural world is now full of knowledge of how to build silos and fill them. The beginner can thoroughly inform himself as to time when the corn should be cut, and make no mistake. He need not therefore experiment for years before being able to get a good quality of silage.

The silo referred to above was built this last fall and was completed just in time to save the corn crop, which had been caught by the frost. The silo is of the stave variety, 16 feet in diameter, 22 feet high and will hold about 100 tons of silage. Mr. Casey tells us that his silo is set 15 inches in the ground and has a cement foundation and floor. The cost was about as follows: lumber, \$80; hoops, \$24.50; cement, \$5; labor, \$10; total, \$119.50.—Farmers' Review.

### Cattle Feeding in Tennessee.

Prof. Andrew M. Soule, director of the Tennessee Experiment Station, says: The feeding of cattle has not been engaged in as extensively in the middle south as the natural conditions would warrant owing to the frequent though ill-founded belief that the winter feeding of cattle could not be made a profitable industry because of the limited supply of corn available for feeding purposes. There is no reason why much more corn should not be grown without increasing the present area by improving the culture now given the land, though if the present corn crop were properly supplemented by the judicious use of cotton seed meal, it would already suffice to feed many thousand head of cattle that are now shipped out as store cattle. The soil and climate of the state are peculiarly well adapted to the production of water cereals, such as barley, oats, wheat and rye.

Nests should be made so that they can be taken out and cleaned in any way. The litter in them should be frequently renewed.

The business of poultry raising is a very large one, and the annual aggregate production of eggs and poultry meat is enormous.

stalls Chestnuts Best. The Italian peasants take as great care of their chestnut tree as American farmers do of their apple trees. This is supposed to account for the fact that the Italian nuts are five times as big as the American.

One View of Deputations. Gladstone when in office did not care particularly for the visits of self-appointed committees of citizens. His definition of a deputation was "a noun signifying many, but not signifying much."

New Chemical Compound. A Russian chemist has discovered a new aluminothermic compound and named it thermite. When fired by the application of a bit of magnesium tape this compound burns fiercely, generating a heat equivalent to that of the electric arc. The fused combination is hot enough to burn a hole with clean edges through an iron plate of any thickness, according to the amount of thermite burned, without heating the plate, except at the point of perforation.

Moslem Cemeteries. When once filled in a Moslem grave is never re-opened on any account. To remove the faintest chance of its thus being defiled a cypress tree is planted after every interment, so that the cemeteries resemble forests more than anything else.

Varying Heart Beats. The heart of a vegetarian beats on an average fifty-eight to the minute; that of the meat-eater seventy-five. This represents a difference of 24,000 beats in twenty-four hours.

Low Price for Steamer. A contract for building a steamer of 6,000 tons was recently made by a great English shipbuilder at the rate of \$26.75 per ton. This is probably the lowest price that has ever been quoted or accepted for a properly equipped cargo steamer, and is but very little more than half what would have been asked for such a vessel two years ago.

Pardons for Duellists. Four Hungarian deputies, including the present prime minister, Count Tlaza, who have been sentenced to various short terms of imprisonment for duelling, have just been pardoned by imperial decree.

Wages in Italy. Laborers in Northern Italy are: Laborers, 40 to 50 cents; bricklayers, 80 cents to \$1; stone cutters and carpenters, 60 to 70 cents; painters and frescoers, 40 to 50 cents; experts, 60 to 75 cents a day.

Camels in Somaliland. For the first time in Somaliland camels are now being used as draught animals, and the results are stated to be highly satisfactory.

No Need to Be Thirsty. The Belgian city of Liege, with a population of 150,000, maintains 10,000 drink sellers.

Phones in Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard, London, is at last to be provided with the telephones for police purposes.

## EUPARILLA



THE TONIC OF ALL TONICS  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER  
THE STRENGTH BUILDER  
THE NERVE TONER  
THE HEALTH GIVER  
THE LIFE SAVER  
It is Harmless It is Safe  
It is Pleasant It is Sure  
AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S