

# THE FACIAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.  
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**CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.**  
All, though still little, were more in line, though by the very order to which they had been in some degree subjected. The few, which had stopped before reaching the upper part of the body, had been sufficient for the time.

He ran his eye over them again. "What was that? Something which creased as he laid his hand upon one of the papers nearest to him. It was a sheet of foreign note paper, much stained, and written only upon one side."

"The push—of all the other papers together in a heap. Then, with the burnt letter before him, with an elbow planted on each side, and his head supported between his hands, he bent himself to the task of deciphering what still remained."

"At last, after at least an hour spent in this way, he made a gesture of despair."

"I suppose I must give it up. The task is beyond me—at least, this portion of it."

He cast his eye again over the words.

"Why tell me nothing as they are. They even serve to cast some implication upon my father's honor, and—"

He broke off abruptly, and the color flushed his face. What was it that the doctor had hinted at? Something discreditable in the past?

He glanced at the paper again. "But this speaks of something worse—"

He gave a hasty look round, as though he half-fancied the possibility of the presence of a listener, as he whispered the words—"Something criminal!"

He took up his pen again, and once more concentrated his whole attention upon the burnt letter.

The paper before him contained a number of broken phrases—the beginnings and fragments of sentences. The upper part of the letter had been

the back was written a name and a date—"James Ferris, taken June, 1858."

## CHAPTER XV.

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At the particular moment to which we refer, his attention was engaged by something in the top right hand corner of the outside sheet, which seemed to afford him a considerable amount of satisfaction.

"It certainly does read well," he remarked to himself complacently. "I can't deny that, though I did find it myself. I wonder," he continued, rapping his chin with his forefinger, "whether the gent who's made the appointment for 11 o'clock came from the advertisement, or whether he was recommended?"

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the answer was firm and concise: "I don't require you to prove the murder so much to trace the man, and when you have done so—leave him to me!"

"Probably not. Probably not. But you must allow a certain amount of ambiguity—of cutting both ways. If we could prove the knowledge of some felonious—some here he referred to a sentence in the copy of the letter—some criminal proceedings concerning the writer on the part of the—"

"The unfortunate gentleman was shot—something which lay between those two lines. Why, then, we should be able to see out."

"Suppose those two to be alone in a first-class carriage. Suppose that a sudden quarrel arises between them; that the deceased, as I have just said, is provoked to utter threats as to what he may or may not do. Suppose the one threatened, who carries a revolver, makes up his mind to silence him once for all by the means of a bullet through his brain."

"His client nodded. Mr. Sharp, before proceeding further, just let us come to an understanding as to what you want me to do?"

"I want you," was the answer, "to trace this other from the time that he was last seen."

"Very good," from Mr. Sharp. "And to trace his history backwards from that time?"

"And the party's name?"

"Ted handed him the photograph and showed him what was written on the back."

"Very good, sir. I think we understand each other. And you would wish me to begin my investigations?"

"At once?"

There was a little discussion here about terms, expenses, etc., which being satisfactorily arranged, the client rose and prepared to take his departure.

"You will leave me this," the detective indicated the photograph—"and you may see the letter to Ted Burrill assented and replaced the items off on his fingers—"First, that the man we want wrote that letter; secondly, that he was the other passenger, and, thirdly, that he fired that shot."

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(To be continued.)

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The old Yankee kid at driving a bargain is not to be despised. A woman visitor at a fashionable resort on the Maine coast last summer went to the Universalist church in the place the first Sunday morning after the service was politely shown to a seat. There was no hymn-book, however, but the occupant of the pew behind her reached over and took the book in her hands. At the close of the service the visitor turned and thanked the person, saying as she was to attend that church all summer, and she would like to buy a hymn book. "Well," said the other woman, "I guess you can have that book if you'll give me a pair of black gloves for \$1.50 and dry cleaned suit for \$2.00. Very well," said the visitor. The next day she went to Portsmouth, purchased the No. 1 black gloves for \$1.50 and dry cleaned suit for \$2.00. She returned to the city on the following Sunday—Boston Herald.

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"Can you get everything you want?" the child asked the mistress of the mansion.

"Yes, I think so," was the reply. "Can you buy anything you'd like to have?"

"The lady answered, "Yes."

"And the child, who was of a meditative turn, gazed at her half pityingly and said wonderingly, "Don't you find it dull?"

To the keen little mind accustomed to the bright colors of the day and the delight born of rarity, the aspect of continual plenty and desires all gratified by the cheerful and remarked a feeling of monotony that seemed almost wearisome.

**One Thing to Avoid.**

"Yes," said the great man, "I am going to write a book of personal recollections. I think it will be a sufficient amount to do that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, your prominent enough. I'd like to caution you about one thing."

"What's that?"

"For the purposes of publication, don't recollect anything about prominent people. You live in my own mind to write about. Those are the kind of reminiscences that will make the book."

"Oh, well, suit yourself, but remember that I warned you."

"Why, just as soon as you begin to recollect things about them they will begin to recollect things about you."

"I had that thought," he remarked to the great man—Cincinnati Post.

**The "Coup de Monstrer."**

The fatal issue of a recent French duel caused discussion of what the Parisian fencers call the "Coup de Monstrer." The hero of the story was a young Parisian young man engaged to be married to a young lady of fortune, and dwelling with a countess of his father, he got his ears bored at the Bordeaux Club. Ignorant of feeling, he dared not resent the insult, and, concealing his engagement, he also took fencing lessons from a Monsieur, a maître d'armes of Toulouse. Monsieur taught him the use of the sword.

"Humph!" he remarked, "something vague and unsatisfactory. It is certainly no kind of a serious thing of a suspicious nature between the two."

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# THE GREAT WESTERN CANADA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Pe-ru-na.

## AGRICULTURE

### New Forage Plant, Berseem.

Recently while at Washington and in conversation with D. G. Fairchild, of the Department of Agriculture, the question was asked by the writer, "Is there any new forage plant recently introduced that gave promise of being of exceptional value to American farmers?"

Mr. Fairchild, who has traveled extensively in foreign lands, seeking new plants that would be of benefit to our agriculture, replied that, in his judgment, the forage plant named Berseem was destined to play a great part in the coming agricultural history of our country.

It is a word, the great forage and soiling plant of the Nile valley. Egyptian agriculture is now most prominent on account of its cotton which has obtained a world wide celebrity. But the foundation of that agriculture does not rest upon cotton but upon the leguminous plant, berseem. In Egypt, as elsewhere, it is the legume that upholds the fertility of the land, for the very root of the Nile is by no means the great element in the retention of the fertility of the country.

Berseem is also called Alexandrian clover and Egyptian clover. It is closely related to our ordinary red clover and is known botanically as Trifolium Alexandrinum. It is believed, however, that the plant did not originate at Alexandria but that it came from some other Mediterranean region and was introduced into Egypt in comparatively recent times. Mr. Fairchild says that it is a plant of very great importance now in all parts of Egypt. It is the best and most valuable forage plant in the country; all the best and milch cattle graze upon it; the camels are fed upon it; and the wellkept donkeys get it.

It is said to be very hardy and carries a bag of it for his horse, and every dayman has a bundle of it on top of his load for the feeding of his horses or bullocks.

It is a plant that grows in the cities green and is sold in large quantities in the market place. Egyptians have found out the value of clover and are building up an agricultural prosperity upon it. Ten years ago about a million acres of it were raised in that country and the area is increasing. In America clover is one of a number of fodder crops; in Egypt it is the chief supply of nitrogen in their soil largely on account of this legume. It is also a great wood destroyer, on account of its vigorous and rapid growth.

But what is its value to our country? Chiefly as a plant to grow in irrigated regions where the winters are not enough severe to kill it out. Under such conditions it starts into growth with remarkable rapidity, and grows most kinds of weeds and yields a most nutritious and palatable food for all kinds of stock. When young it has a strong resemblance to alfalfa, but it does not have the same kind of flowers. Its hollow stems are small but well supplied with tubercles. It is a plant that grows in the fall and winter, putting it in the fall and cutting it in the spring. The United States government has imported a good deal of the seed and is trying it experimentally in the Southern states and in California. It is looked upon as a probably valuable soiling crop for orchards, vineyards, and Arizona. For forage in the north it is advised to plant it in the spring after the danger of frost is past and harvest it in the fall, as it is an annual or about ten months to reach to maturity. As yet it is in an experimental stage, but great things are hoped from it—Farmers Review.

**The Farm Home a Picture.**

In traveling about the states, we see too many buildings painted either in a gloomy or a gaudy color, says Delbert Utter of Wisconsin. Now, why not paint the farm home in colors of nature's colors, choosing white and the neutral tints of gray, green and brown, blending colors that will be pleasing and cheerful to the eye?

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**Isaac Brock, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived for 115 years.**

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