

IT WILL OUT

OR,
A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He was passing through the door, when he turned, with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"It were better for you, John Ferrier," he thundered, "that you and she were now lying blanched skeletons upon the Sierra Blanco, than that you should put your weak wills against the orders of the Holy Four!"

With a threatening gesture of his hand he turned from the door, and Ferrier heard his heavy step scrunching along the shingly path.

He was still sitting with his elbows upon his knees, considering how he should broach the matter to his daughter, when a soft hand was laid upon his, and looking up, he saw her standing beside him. One glance at her pale, frightened face showed him that she had heard what had passed. "I could not help it," she said, in answer to his look. "His voice rang through the house. Oh, father, father, what shall we do?"

"Don't you scare yourself," he answered, drawing her to him, and passing his broad, rough hand caressingly over her chestnut hair. "We'll fix it up somehow or another. You don't find your fancy kind o' lessening for this chap, do you?"

A sob and a squeeze of his hand was her only answer.

"No; of course not. I shouldn't care to hear you say you did. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more than these folks here, in spite o' all their praying and preaching. There's a party starting for Nevada to-morrow, and I'll manage to send him a message letting him know the hole we are in. If I know anything o' that young man, he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs."

Lucy laughed through her tears at her father's description.

"When he comes, he will advise us for the best. But it is for you that I am frightened, dear. One hears—one hears such dreadful stories about those who oppose the prophet; something terrible always happens to them."

"But we haven't opposed him yet," her father answered. "It will be time to look out for squalls when we do. We have a clear month before us; at the end of that, I guess we had best shun out of Utah."

"Leave Utah?"

"That's about the size of it."

"But the farm?"

"We will raise as much as we can in money, and let the rest go. To tell the truth, Lucy, it isn't the first time I have thought of doing it. I don't care about knuckling under to any man as these folk do to their darned prophet. I'm a free-born American, and it's all new to me. Guess I'm too old to learn. If he comes browbeating about this farm, he might chance to run up against a charge of buckshot traveling in the opposite direction."

"But they won't let us leave," his daughter objected.

"Wait till Jefferson comes, and we'll soon manage that. In the meantime, don't you fret yourself, my dearie, and don't get your eyes swelled up, else he'll be walking into me when he sees you. There's nothing to be afraid about, and there's no danger at all."

John Ferrier uttered these consoling remarks in a very confident tone, but she could not help observing that he paid unusual care to the fastening of the doors that night, and that he carefully cleaned and loaded the rusty old shot-gun which hung upon the wall of his bedroom.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning which followed his interview with the Mormon prophet, John Ferrier went into Salt Lake City, and having found his acquaintance, who was bound for the Nevada Mountains, he intrusted him with his message to Jefferson Hope. In it he told the young man of the imminent danger which threatened them, and how necessary it was that he should return. Having done this, he felt easier in his mind, and returned home with a lighter heart.

As he approached his farm, he was surprised to see a horse hitched to each of the posts of the gate. Still more surprised was he on entering to find two young men in possession of his sitting-room. One with a long, pale face, was leaning back in the rocking-chair, with his feet cocked up upon the stove. The other, a bull-necked youth with coarse bloated features, was standing in front of the window, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a popular hymn. Both of them nodded to Ferrier as he entered, and the one in the rocking chair commenced the conversation.

"Maybe you don't know us," he said. "This here is the son of Elder Drebber, and I'm Joseph Stangerson, who traveled with you in the desert when the Lord stretched out His hand and gathered you into the true fold."

"As he will all the nations, in His own good time," said the other, in a nasal voice; "He grindeth slowly but exceedingly small."

John Ferrier bowed coldly. He had guessed who his visitors were.

"We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for whichever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives and Brother Drebber here has seven, it appears to me that my claim is the stronger one."

"Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson," cried the other; "the question is not how many wives we have, but how many we can keep. My father has now given over his mills to me, and I am the richer man."

But my prospects are better," said the other, warmly. "When the Lord

removes my father, I shall have his tanning-yard and his leather-factory. Then I am your elder, and am higher in the church."

"It will be for the maiden to decide," rejoined young Drebber, smirking at his own reflection in the glass. "We will leave it all to her decision."

During this dialogue, John Ferrier had stood fuming in the doorway, hardly able to keep his riding-whip from the backs of his two visitors.

"Look here," he said, at last, striding up to them, "when my daughter summons you, you can come; but until then, I don't want to see your faces again."

The two young Mormons stared at him in amazement. In their eyes this competition between them for the maiden's hand was the highest of honors both to her and her father.

"There are two ways out of the room," cried Ferrier; "there is the door, and there is the window. Which do you care to use?"

His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that his visitors sprang to their feet and beat a hurried retreat. The old farmer followed them to the door.

"Let me know when you have settled which it is to be," he said, sardonically.

"You shall smart for this!" Strangerson cried, white with rage. "You have defied the prophet and the Council of Four. You shall rue it to the end of your days."

"The hand of the Lord shall be heavy upon you," cried young Drebber; "He will arise and smite you!"

"Then I'll start the smiting," exclaimed Ferrier furiously, and he would have rushed upstairs for his gun had not Lucy seized him by the arm and restrained him. Before he could escape from her, the clatter of horses' hoofs told him that they were beyond his reach.

"The young canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of either of them."

"And so should I, father," she answered with spirit, "but Jefferson will soon be here."

"Yes. It will not be long before he comes. The sooner the better, for we do not know what their next move may be."

It was, indeed, high time that some one capable of giving advice and help should come to the aid of the sturdy old farmer and his adopted daughter. In the whole history of the settlement there had never been such a case of rank disobedience to the authority of the elders. If minor errors were punished so sternly, what would be the fate of this arch rebel? Ferrier knew that his wealth and position would be of no avail to him. Others as well known and as rich as himself had been spirited away before now, and their goods given over to the Church. He was a brave man, but he trembled at the vague, shadowy terrors which hung over him. Any known danger he could face with a firm lip, but this suspense was unnerving. He concealed his fears from his daughter, however, and affected to make light of the whole matter, though she, with the keen eye of love, saw plainly that he was ill at ease.

He expected that he would receive some message or remonstrance from Young as to his conduct, and he was not mistaken, though it came in an unlooked-for manner. Upon rising next morning, he found to his surprise, a full square of paper pinned on to the coverlet of his bed just over his chest. On it was printed, in bold, straggling letters:

"Twenty-nine days are given you for amendment, and then—"

The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. How this warning came into his room puzzled John Ferrier sorely, for his servants slept in an out-house and the doors and windows had all been secured. He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill into his heart. The twenty-nine days were evidently the balance of the month which Young had promised. What strength or courage could avail against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers? The hand which fastened that pin might have struck him to the heart, and he could never have known who had slain him.

Still more shaken was he next morning. They had sat down to their breakfast when Lucy, with a cry of surprise, pointed upward. In the center of the ceiling, was scrawled, with a burned stick apparently, the number 28. To his daughter it was unintelligible, and he did not enlighten her. That night he sat up with his gun and kept watch and ward. He saw and he heard nothing, and yet in the morning a great 27 had been painted upon the outside of his door.

Thus day followed day; and as sure as morning came he found that his unseen enemies had kept their register, and had marked up in some conspicuous position how many days were still left to him out of the month of grace. Sometimes the fatal numbers appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floors; occasionally they were on small placards stuck upon the garden-gate or the railings. With all his vigilance John Ferrier could not discover whence these daily warnings proceeded. A horror, which was almost superstitious, came upon him at the sight of them. He became haggard and restless, and his eyes had the troubled look of some haunted creature. He had but one hope in life now, and that was for the arrival of the young hunter from Nevada.

Twenty had changed to fifteen, and

fifteen to ten; but there was no news of the absentee. One by one the numbers dwindled down, and still there came no sign of him. Whenever a horseman clattered down the road or a driver shouted at his team, the old farmer hurried to the gate, thinking that help had arrived at last. At last, when he saw five give way to four, and that again to three, he lost heart, and abandoned all hope of escape. Single-handed, and with his limited knowledge of the mountains which surrounded the settlement, he knew that he was powerless. The more frequented roads were strictly watched and guarded, and none could pass along them without an order from the council. Turn which way he would, there appeared to be no avoiding the blow which hung over him. Yet the old man never wavered in his resolution to part with life itself before he consented to what he regarded as his daughter's dishonor.

He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out of them. That morning had shown the figure 2 upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the last of the allotted time. What was to happen then? All manner of vague and terrible fancies filled his imagination. And his daughter—what was to become of her after he was gone? Was there no escape from the invisible network which was drawn all round them? He sunk his head upon the table and sobbed at the thought of his own impotence.

What was that? In the silence he heard a gentle scratching sound—low, but very distinct, in the quiet of the night. It came from the door of the house. Ferrier crept into the hall and listened intently. There was a pause for a few moments, and then the low, insidious sound was repeated. Some one was evidently tapping very gently upon one of the panels of the door. Was it some midnight assassin who had come to carry out the murderous order of the secret tribunal? Or was it some agent who was marking up that the last day of grace had arrived. John Ferrier felt that instant death would be better than the suspense which shook his nerves and chilled his heart. Springing forward, he drew the bolt and threw the door open.

Outside all was calm and quiet. The night was fine, and the stars were twinkling brightly overhead. The little front garden lay before the farmer's eyes, bounded by the fence and gate; but neither there nor on the road was any human being to be seen. With a sigh of relief Ferrier looked to right and to left, until happening to glance straight down at his feet he saw, to his astonishment, a man lying flat upon his face and legs all asprawl.

So unnerved was he at the sight that he leaned up against the wall with his hand to his throat to stifle his inclination to call out. His first thought was that the prostrate figure was that of some wounded or dying man, but as he watched it he saw it writhe along the ground and into the hall with the rapidity and noiselessness of a serpent. Once within the house, the man sprang to his feet, closed the door, and revealed to the astonished farmer the fierce face and resolute expression of Jefferson Hope.

"Good God!" gasped John Ferrier, "How you scared me! What ever made you come in like that?"

"Give me food," the other said, hoarsely. "I have had no time for bite or sup for eight-and-forty hours." He flung himself upon the cold meat and bread which were still lying upon the table from his host's supper, and devoured them voraciously. "Does Lucy bear up well?" he asked, when he had satisfied his hunger.

"Yes. She does not know the danger," her father answered.

"That is well. The house is watched on every side. That is why I crawled my way up to it. They may be darned sharp, but they're not quite sharp enough to catch a Washoe hunter."

John Ferrier felt a different man now that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He seized the young man's leathery hand and wrung it cordially.

"You're a man to be proud of," he said. "There are not many who would come to share our danger and our troubles."

"You've hit it there, pard," the young hunter answered. "I have a respect for you, but if you were alone in this business I'd think twice before I put my head into such a hornet's nest. It's Lucy that brings me here, and before harm comes on her I guess there will be one less o' the Hope family in Utah."

"What are we to do?"

"To-morrow is your last day, and unless you act to-night you are lost. I have a mule and two horses waiting in the Eagle Ravine. How much money have you?"

"Two thousand dollars in gold, and five in notes."

"That will do. I have as much more to add to it. We must push for Carson City through the mountains. You had best wake Lucy. It is as well that the servants do not sleep in the house."

While Ferrier was absent preparing his daughter for the approaching journey, Jefferson Hope packed all the eatables that he could find into a small parcel, and filled a stoneware jar with water, for he knew by experience that the mountain walls were few and far between. He had hardly completed his arrangements before the farmer returned with his daughter all dressed and ready for a start. The greeting between the lovers was warm but brief, for minutes were precious, and there was much to be done.

"We must start at once," said Jefferson Hope, speaking in a low but resolute voice, like one who realizes the greatness of the peril, but has steeled his heart to meet it. "The front and back entrances are watched, but with caution we may get away through the side window and across the fields. Once on the road, we are only two miles from the ravine where the horses

are waiting. By day break we should be half-way through the mountains."

"What if we are stopped?" asked Ferrier.

Hope slapped the revolver butt which protruded from the front of his tunic.

"If they are too many for us, we shall take two or three of them with us," he said, with a sinister smile.

The lights inside the house had all been extinguished, and from the darkened window Ferrier peered over the fields which had been his own, and which he was now about to abandon forever. He had long nerved himself to the sacrifice, however, and the thought of the honor and happiness of his daughter outweighed any regret at his ruined fortunes. All looked so peaceful and happy, the rustling trees and the broad, silent stretch of grainland, that it was difficult to realize that the spirit of murder lurked through it all. Yet the white face and set expression of the young hunter showed that in his approach to the house he had seen enough to satisfy him upon that head.

Ferrier carried the bag of gold and notes, Jefferson Hope had the scanty provisions and water, while Lucy had a small bundle containing a few of her more valued possessions. Opening the window very slowly and carefully, they waited until a dark cloud had somewhat obscured the night, and then one by one passed through into the little garden. With bated breath and crouching figures they stumbled across it and gained the shelter of the hedge, which they skirted until they came to the gap which opened into the cornfield. They had just reached this point when the young man seized his two companions and dragged them down into the shadow, where they lay silent and trembling.

To be Continued.

BERLIN SUPERSTITION.

Although in Berlin, as elsewhere, most superstitions are connected in some way or other with marriage or death still there are quite a large number that have nothing to do whatever with either, writes a correspondent. For instance, many a housewife would feel as if she were just tempting the fates if she were to allow a room to be swept at night; for, while the dust was going out, she would argue, trouble would be sure to creep in. A peace-loving servant-maid will have recourse to all sorts of odd stratagems to avoid taking a pair of shoes from off a table; for, whoever takes them off, she holds, is sure to have a quarrel that very same day with him or her who put them on.

I shall never forget the scene I once witnessed in a German household when the fact became known that I had broken a looking glass. The thing was of no great value—it was only a little hand mirror—and as I was its owner, I was at a loss to understand why the breaking of it should cause so much excitement. The servants stood around me wringing their hands, and indulging in all sorts of noisy demonstrations of grief and sympathy, while their mistress who passed in the world for being a strong-minded woman, looked equally distressed. She told me again and again how sorry she was that such a misfortune should have happened to me in her house. "You will have no luck now for seven long years, do what you may," she assured me in quite a sepulchral tone. And when I laughed she waxed quite indignant and was heard to remark later that the English were sadly lacking in reverence.

On a previous occasion in that same house, I had stumbled while going upstairs, whereupon it was promptly taken for granted that wedding presents would soon have to be bought. If two persons have the same thought at the same moment, and express it in the same words, they may each wish a wish and the wish will be gratified if they but have the patience not to speak until they are addressed by some third person. With regard to the moon, endless superstitions prevail, not only in Berlin, but throughout Germany, and among them the old English superstition that to see the new moon through glass brings misfortune. There are superstitions too, with regard to the colour of the horses one may meet. Some people will walk miles on the chance of coming across a piebald horse, just as others will go far out of their way to avoid one that is "skewbald." Then the way the birds fly, how the leaves fall to the ground, whether stairs do or do not creak and whether door-bells ring or remain at rest, are all matters fraught with significance for Berliners, and not for them alone, for in every land old superstitions die hard.

SEEN IN THE LITTLE CAGE.

Those who have first gazed in dismay, and then laughed, at their own distorted reflections in a concave or convex mirror will appreciate an amusing occurrence lately witnessed at a menagerie.

Here and there between the cages were placed trick mirrors which reflected a distorted image. An Irishman, after a critical survey of the monkeys, had wandered away from his better half, and suddenly found himself in front of one of these mirrors. After a glance at his distorted reflection, he rushed back to his wife, who was still watching the antics of the monkeys.

"Come away wid ye, Bridget!" he exclaimed. "O've found a bigger trate than that—the ugliest baste in the show! He's in a little cage in the corner."

Bridget followed her husband's lead, and he dragged her in front of the little cage. To his astonishment, there was more in the cage than he expected.

"Begorra, Bridget," he exclaimed, "there's a pair av 'em!"

FUNERALS IN MEXICO.

They are Graded According to the Sum Survivors are Able to Pay.

Perhaps no city in the world has so many different styles of hearses for different prices as the City of Mexico, where the street railway company—known as the Campania de Ferrocarriles del Distrito-Federal de Mexico—for short—derives a considerable portion of its receipts from the rent of funeral cars and hearses.

The best hearse is drawn by six horses, and there are numerous attendants upon the heavily draped car. As much as \$125 is charged for the hearse, but if it is sent out with only four horses the amount is reduced by \$25.

The next best hearse can be hired for \$60. Two horses drag the car, which has but a scanty amount of black drapery. A cross surmounts all the hearses, and but for this on the cheaper class hearses, which can be hired for \$6.50, it would be difficult to distinguish a hearse from an ordinary passenger car in the distance. There are also six other styles of cars varying between these two extreme prices named.

All the charges named are made for the funeral car or hearse alone, and do not include the passenger cars required for the mourners.

When the house in which the funeral is held is not on the line of the road the cars are placed at the nearest curve or on a branch track, and at the return the company is only obliged to take the passengers to the public square called "Localo."

One hour is allowed to the attendants to remain at the cemetery, and for every additional hour a charge of \$1.25 extra is made for each car.

A fixed time is allowed for the body to be taken out, and no delays are permitted, so that the funeral service in no way interferes with the ordinary traffic. A total revenue of about \$80,000 a year is derived by this company from the rent of hearses and funeral cars.

A DYSPEPTIC'S RELEASE.

suffered from this distressing Malady for Many Months—Found Only one Medicine to Help Him.

The farming community at Port Robinson, and many miles around, are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 23 years of age, who farms in summer and follows a steam thrasher in autumn and winter. While yet so young he has had his share of pain and sickness. Our reporter, hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he learned the reporter's errand, he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words:—"I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am not afraid to say a kind word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In the summer of 1897 I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. I felt as though I had an oppressive weight on my stomach and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He doctored me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail and for a year I could find no remedy that could cure me. I felt perfectly worn out, had no strength, appetite or energy. I was prevailed upon by a friend from a distance to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased two boxes in June, 1898. Although I thought myself beyond cure, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after using nine boxes I feel as good a man as ever and am in splendid flesh. I can eat, digest and sleep well, while before all food soured on my stomach and caused awful distress. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from untold suffering."

CLOSING A BRILLIANT CAREER.

In an account given by a distinguished man of letters of a recent visit to Mr. Ruskin, this gentleman describes Mr. Ruskin's appearance as singularly ennobled by the long, snow-white beard, which descends nearly to the waist, and gives a patriarchal dignity to the finely moulded face. The end of life finds Mr. Ruskin in a mood of perfect serenity; the storm and stress have departed, and all that is left is pure sweetness and gentleness. His favorite occupation is sitting at his window looking on the calm waters of the lake below. He receives great numbers of letters, but the present day affairs of this troubled world make little impression upon him.

TURKEY-CLAW ORNAMENTS.

The woman who lives in the country or in a village, where she has her own poultry yard can now utilize the claws of her turkeys. One of the unique ornaments of the season is nothing more than a real turkey's claw, neatly varnished and with a small thermometer tied on the leg. In the more expensive shops the claws are tipped with silver. The beauty of this realistic article is that any one can make it. It has no other.

HUMDRUM EXISTENCE.

Mrs. Wiggles. My husband and I never quarrel.
Mrs. Waggles. How tame and uninteresting your life must be!