# IT WILL OUT

A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV -Continued.

It was as well that his prairie training had given Jefferson Hope the ears of a lynx. He and his friends had hardly crouched down before the melancholy hooting of a mountain owl was heard within a few yards of them, which was immediately answered by another boot at a small distance. At the same moment a vague, shadowy figure emerged from the gap for which they had been making, and uttered the plaintive signal cry again, on which a second man appeared out of the obscurity.

"To-morrow at midnight," said the first, who appeared to be in authority. "When the whip-poor-will calls three

times." "It is well," returned the other. "Shall I tell Brother Drebber?" "Pass it on to him, and from him to

the others. Nine to seven!" "Seven to five!" repeated the other, and the two figures flitted away in different directions. Their concluding words had evidently been some form of sign and countersign. The instant that their footsteps had died away in the distance, Jefferson Hope when her strength appeared to fail

"Hurry on! hurry on!" he gasped from time to time. "We are through the line of sentinels. Everything depends on speed. Hurry on!"

Once on the high-road they made rapid progress. Only once did they meet anyone, and then they managed to slip into a field, and so avoid recognition. Before reaching the town the hunter branched away into a rugged and narrow foot-path which led to the mountains. Two dark, jagged peaks loomed above them through the darkness, and the defile which led between them was the Eagle Ravine, in which the horses were awaiting them. With unerring instinct, Jefferson Hope picked his way among the great bowlders and along the bed of a dried-up watercourse, until he came to the retired corner, screened with rocks, where the faithful animals had been picketed. The girl was placed upon the mule, and old Ferrier upon one of the horses, with his money-bag, while Jefferson Hope led the other along the precipitous and dangerous paths.

It was a bewildering route for any one who was not accustomed to face Nature in her wildest moods. On the one side a great crag towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon his rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster. On the other hand, a wild chaos of bowlders and debris made all advance impossible. Between the two ran the irregular track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practiced riders could have traversed it at all. Yet, in spite of all dangers and difficulties, the hearts of the fugtives were light within them, for every step increased the distance between them and the terrible despotism from which they in the opposite direction, and had not were flying.

They soon had a proof, however, that they were still within the jurisdiction of the Saints. They had reached the very wildest and most desolate portion the air, tottered for a moment upon fated flight. Thence he could look of the pass, when the girl gave a startled cry, and pointed upward. On a rock which overlooked the track, showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solitary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his military challenge of "Who goes there?" rang through the silent ravine.

"Travelers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifle

which hung by his saddle. They could see the lonely watcher fingering his gun, and peering down at them as if dissatisfied at their reply.

'By whose permission?" he asked. "The Holy Four," answered Ferrier. His Mormon experiences had taught him that that was the highest authority to which he could reler.

"Nine to seven," cried the sentinel. "Seven to five," returned Jefferson Hope, promptly, remembering the countersign which he had heard in the

garden. "Pass, and the Lord go with you,"

said the voice from above. Beyond this post the path broadened out, and the horses were able to break into a trot. Looking back they could see the solitary watcher leaning upon his gun, and knew that they had passed the outlying post of the Chosen People, and that freedom lay before them.

# CHAPTER V.

intricate defiles and over irregular and journey. rock-strewn paths. More than once they lost their way, but Hope's intiwhich woke the echoes in the silent clous food in his agitation. into a gallop.

As the sun rose slowly above the eastern horizon, the tops of the great | behind it. mountains lighted up one after the other, like lamps at a festival, until they were all ruddy and glowing. The magnificent spectacle cheered the hearts of the three fugitives and gave them fresh energy. At a wild torrent which swept out of a ravine they called a halt and watered their horses, while they partook of a hasty breakfast. Lucy and her father would Hope was inexorable.

whose enmity they had incurred. He | was brief, but to the point : little knew how far that iron grasp could reach, or how soon it was to close upon them and crush them.

About the middle of the second day of their flight their scanty store of provisions began to run out. This gave the hunter little uneasiness, however, for there was game to be had among the mountains, and he had frequently before had to depend upon his rifle for the needs of life. Choosing a sheltered nook, he piled together a few dry branches and made a blazing fire, at which his companions might warm themselves, for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen, having tethered the horses and bid Lucy adieu, he threw his gun over his shoulder and set out in search of whatever chance might throw in his way. Looking back, he saw the old man and the young girl crouching over the blazing fire, while the three and mals stood motionless in the background. Then the intervening rocks hid them from his view.

He walked for a couple of miles through one ravine after another without success, though from the marks upon the bark of the trees, and other indications he judged that there were numerous bears in the vicinity. last, after two or three hours' fruitless search, he was thinking of turning back in despair, when casting his eyes upwards he saw a sight which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart. On the edge of a jutting pinnacle, three or four hundred dfeet above him, there stood a creature somewhat resembling a sheep in appearance, but armed with a pair of gigantic horns. The big-horn—for so it is called—was acting, probably, as a guardian over a flock which were invisible to the hunter; but fortunately it was heading perceived him. Lying on his back, he rested his rifle upon a rock, and took

lift, so the hunter contented himself beneath him. As he looked at it, he with cutting away one haunch and observed that there were flags in some part of the flank. With this trophy of the principal streets, and other over his shoulder, he hastened to re- signs of festivity. He was still specutrace his steps, for the evening was lating as to what this might mean, already drawing in. He had hardly when he heard the clatter of horse's started, however, before he realized the | hoofs, and saw a mounted man riding difficulty which faced him. In his eag- toward him. As he approached, he reerness he had wandered far past the cognized him as a Mormon named ravines which were known to him, and Cowper, to whom he had rendered serit was no easy matter to pick out the vices at different times. He therepath which he had taken. The valley fore accosted him when he got up to in which he found himself divided and him, with the object of finding out subdivided into many gorges, which what Lucy Ferrier's fate had been. were so like one another that it was | "I am Jefferson Hope," he said .; "You impossible to distinguish one from the remember me?" other. He followed one for a mile or The Mormon looked at him with unmore until he came to a mountain tor- | disguised astonishment-indeed, it was rent which he was sure that he had difficult to recognize in this unkempt never seen before. Convinced that he wanderer, with ghastly white face and had taken the wrong turn, he tried fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young another, but with the same result. hunter of former days. Having, how-Night was coming on rapidly, and it ever, at last satisfied himself as to was almost dark before he at last found his identity, the man's surprise changhimself in a defile which was familiar | ed to consternation. burden, and weary from his exertions, riers away."

very defile in which he had left them. | me." mate knowledge of the mountains en- Even in the darkness he could recogabled them to regain the track once nize the outlines of the cliffs which uneasily. 'Be quick. The very rocks more. When morning broke, a scene bounded it. They must, he reflected, have ears and the trees eyes." of marvelous though savage beauty be awaiting him anxiously, for he had "What has become of Lucy Ferlay before them. In every direction been absent nearly five hours. In the rier?" the great snow-capped peaks hemmed gladness of his heart he put his hands | "She was married yesterday to young them in, peeping over one another's to his mouth and made the glen re- Drebber. Hold up, man, hold up, you shoulders to the far horizon. So steep echo to a loud halloo as a signal that have no life left in you." seemed to be suspended over their own cry, which clattered up the dreary sunk down on the stone against which heads, and to need only a gust of silent ravines, and was borne back to he had been leaning. "Married, you wind to come hurling down upon them. his ears in countless repetitions. Again say?" for the barren valley was thickly and again no whisper came back from those flags are for on the Endowment strewn with trees and bowlders which the friends whom he had left such a House. There was some words beas they passed, a great rock came dread came over him, and he hurried gerson as to which was to have her. thundering down with a hoarse rattle onward frantically, dropping the pre- They'd both been in the party that

had been lighted. There was still a argued it out in council, Drebber's glowing pile of wood ashes, there, but party was the stronger, so the prophet it had evidently not been tended since gave her over to him. No one won't his departure. The same dread silence have her very long, though, for I saw still reigned all round. With his fears death in her face yesterday. She is all changed to conviction he hurried more like a ghost than a woman. Are on. There was no living creature near you off, then?" the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone. It was only too clear that some sudden and terrible disaster had occurred during his of marble, so hard and so set was its ed them all and yet had left no traces a baleful light.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round, and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling. He was essentially a man of action, however, to the haunts of the wild beasts. of." and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence. Seizing a half-consumed piece of wood from the smouldering fire, he blew it into a flame, and proceeded with its help to examine the fain have rested longer, but Jefferson little camp. The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses, "They will be upon our track by this showing that a large party of mounttime," he said. Everything depends ed men had overtaken the fugitives, upon our speed. Once safe in Carson, and the direction of their tracks provwe may rest for the remainder of our ed that they had afterward turned month. Her sottish husband, who had back to Salt Lake City. Had they car-During the whole of that day they | ried back both of his companions with struggled on through the defiles, and them? Jefferson Hope had almost perby evening they calculated that they suaded himself that they must have were over thirty miles from their done so, when his eye fell upon an enemies. At night-time they chose the object which made every nerve of his base of a beetling crag, where the rocks body tingle within him. A little way offered some protection from the chill on one side of the camp was a low-lying wind, and there, huddled together for heap of reddish soil, which had assuredwarmth, they enjoyed a few hours ly not been there before. There was sleep. Before day-break, however, no mistaking it for anything but a they were up and on their way once newly dug grave. As the young hunsprung to his feet, and, helping his more. They had seen no signs of any ter approached it, he perceived that a companions through the gap, led the pursuers, and Jefferson Hope began to stick had been planted on it, with a way across the fields at full speed, sup- think that they were fairly out of the sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork porting and half carrying the girl reach of the terrible organization of it. The inscription upon the paper

#### JOHN FERRIER, Formerly of Salt Lake City. Died August 4, 1860.

ferson Hope looked wildly round to see down the stairs and was gone. So would miss him for two or three days was no sign of one. Lucy had been that the watchers might have found it Sometimes, with my sister and I, he carried back by their terrible pursuers hard to believe it themselves or per- would sit on the bench at Rottingdean son. As the young fellow realized the circlet of gold which marked her as certainty of her fate and his own pow- having been a bride had disappeared. erlessness to prevent it, he wished hat he, too, was lying with the old farmer in his last silent resting-place. Again, however, his active spirit shook off the lethargy which springs from despair. If there was nothing else left to him, he could at least devote his life to revenge. With indomitable patience and perseverance, Jefferson Hope possessed also a power of sustained vindictiveness which he may have learned from the Indians among whom he had lived. As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only one thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon his enemies. His strong will and untiring energy should, he determined, be devoted to that one end. With a grim, white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smoldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for

a few days. This he made up into a

bundle, and, tired as he was, he set

himself to walk back through the

mountains upon the track of the Avenging Angels. weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before day-break he was always well on his way. On the sixth a long and steady aim before drawing | day he reached the Eagle Ravine, from the trigger. The animal sprung into which they had commenced their illthe edge of the precipice, and then down upon the home of the Saints. came crashing down into the valley Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand The creature was too unwieldly to fiercely at the silent, widespread city

to him. Even then it was no easy mat- "You are mad to come here," he ter to keep to the right track, for the cried. "It is as much as my own life moon had not yet risen, and the high is worth to be seen talking with you. cliffs on either side made the obscurity There is a warrant against you from more profound. Weighed down with his the Holy Four for assisting the Fer-

he stumbled along keeping up his "I don't fear them or their war- age of an acquaintance can be readheart by the reflection that every step rant," Hope said, earnestly. "You ily ascertained by knowing the month, brought him nearer to Lucy, and that must know something of this matter, days of month and of week of birth he carried with him enough to insure | Cowper, I conjure you by everything All night their course lay through them food for the remainder of their you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. He had now come to the mouth of the | For God's sake, don't refuse to answer

"What is it?" the Mormon asked.

full in sight of the spot where the fre | him the best claim; but when they | it.

"Yes, I'm off," said Jefferson Hope, who had risen from his seat.

His face might have been chiseled out absence-a disaster which had embrac- expression, while his eyes glowed with

"Where are you going ?"

"Never mind," he answered; and, slinging his weapon over his shoulder, strode off down the gorge and so away into the heart of the mountains Among them all there was none so fierce and dangerous as himself.

The prediction of the Mormon was only too well fulfilled. Whether it was the terrible death of her father or the effects of the hateful marriage into which she had been forced, poor Lucy never held up her head again, but pined away and died within a married her principally for the sake of John Ferrier's property, did not affect any great grief at his bereavement; but his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the burial, as is the Mormon custom. They were grouped wonderful in breadth from temple to round the bier in the early hours of temple." Always he wore a gray suit the morning, when, to their inexpressible fear and astonishment, the door was flung open, and a savage-looking, weather-beaten man in tattered garment; strode into the room. Without a glance or a word to the cowering women, he walked up to the white, silent figure which had once contained the pure soul of Lucy Ferrier. Stooping over her, he pressed his lips reverently to her cold forehead, and then, snatching up her hand, he took the wedding-ring from her finger.

"She shall not be buried in that," The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, he cried, with a fierce snarl, and be- road to see him start, and he would reif there was a second grave, but there strange and so brief was the episode and find he had gone away to Ireland.

(To Be Continued.)

### CALENDER REPEATS ITSELF.

#### Every Twenty-eight Years You Can Use Your Old Time Over Again

ly calendar of common years repeat themselves at the regular intervals of six, five, six and eleven years, creating the calendar siecle of twenty-eight years. Our yearly calendars repeat about dogs and birds and children, of themselves in regular order every twenty-eight years except when the last year of the century is not a leap ity and a directness of talk which they year; than an irregular interval of six or twelve years, and, in the case of the leap years 72, 76, 80, 84, 88 of such centuries the regular order of twenty-eight years is not resumed until the expiration of forty years, twentyeight plus twelve. Commencing with For five days he toiled, 100t-sore and the year 1900, each yearly calendar will repeat itself twenty-eight years until the year 2099.

either Monday, Tuesday, Thursday or than pretty in feature. There are Saturday, is explained by the fact that our calendar repeats itself every 400 ther in their house, in the village or years, therefore but four days out of on the beach, always without shoes

The interval of forty years in the case of leap years indicated at close of cen- one at the other in a kind of triangutury applies also to any other event lar duel. When this recreation palled occurring at intervals of four years. For instance, the presidential inauguration day, March 4, 1877, cocurred on and determination, the girls as eager Sunday. This will not occur again un- combatants as the boy. When all til 1917, or forty years later.

The intervals must always be six, of three of every four centuries, an ing home to lunch. irregularity in the repetition of the monthyl calendar occurs. There may be a repetition of the intervals of six years, twelve, or three may be an interval of seven and five years, twelve, before the regular order is resumed. but such irregularity in monthly calendars is limited to a period of twelve years.

No monthly calendar ever repeats itsolf in less than five years. As a further illustration, take May, 1871. This calendar repeated itself in May, 1876, five years, and May ,1882, six years. but the entire calendar for 1871 repeated itself in 1882 only an elevenyear interval.

A monthly calendar repeating itself at no time in less than five years, the

# VEGETABLE BATTERY.

tricity" Tree.

nounced the discovery of a tree in the some time past I can speak most forests of Central India which has most the trees are of a highly sensitive na- to be." were the rocky banks on either side he was coming. He paused and listen- "Don't mind me," said Hope, faintly, ture, and so full of electricity that of them that the larch and the pine el for an answer. None came save his He was white to the very lips, and had whoever touches one of them receives Imitations never cured anyone, and Nor was the fear entirely an illusion, he shouted even louder than before, "Married yesterday-that's what and will influence it at a distance of cautioned. The genuine are sold only had fallen in a similar manner. Even short time ago. A vague, nameless tween young Drebber and young Stan- of day, it being strongest at midday, Pink Pills for Pale People." If your followed them, and Stangerson had gether. Birds never approach the tree ville, Ont., and they will be mailed gorges, and startled the weary horses | When he turned the corner, he came | shot her father, which seemed to give | nor have insects ever been seen upon | post paid at 50c a box or six boxes

### KIPLING, THE MAN.

Recellections of the Poet and Story Teller by a Girl.

Rottingdean is a fresh, charming little place on the south coast of England. There Sir Edward Burne-Jones has a beautiful house, and opposite his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, had taken a place for the summer. My mother used to visit Lady Burne-Jones, and we frequently met the Kiplings there. I think he visited no other house in Rottingdean, because, they said, "he had a holy horror of being made a fusa

He used to settle himself in his chair as though he were at peace with all the world, and beam upon us beneath his gold-rimmed glasses, and he had an odd habit of gesticulating with two fingers on any emphasized word as if he were knocking a nail into it.

Conjure a rather squat man, with such a ragged, gorse-like mustache that you must have liked him very much to have let him kiss you. Then a fine chin and jaw, strong in line, gentle in contour. And my mother said, "a head and he never tied his shoe laces.

You could see him with his odd walk that came from the shoulders, lurching across the village streets on sunny afternoons. He was sun-browned, muscular, radiant-I think, the happiest man I ever met. I never saw him in the open, but that he was singing or humming-buzzing, perhaps, is the better word.

### HIS AMUSEMENTS!

Well, he used to cycle across to Brighton, when we all used to stand in the then, and this was all his epitaph. Jef- fore an alarm could be raised sprung turn in the evening to dinner. Or we to fulfil her original destiny, by be- suade other people of it, had it not and idle away a morning. At cost of coming one of the harem of the elder's been for the undeniable fact that the infinite trouble he would pile a line of stones quite near the water; then he would scramble back to us and we would all fire volleys together. We were allowed three throws to his one, but I think the ratio was afterward reversed, because he was a poor shot. This recreation he called "decimating an enemy's palisade," and as our shots slowly brought down the stones, he would get quite excited, and his shoe laces become more and more untied. The monthly calendar and the year- Also, we would fling stones out on the sea, and in this, too, we always beat him. It may be, he allowed us to win. but at the same time he never permit-

ted us the idea. What used we to talk about? Oh, which he was genuinely fond, and the pleasant nothings at all. Always there were about him a simple sincersay are only met in the very great and the very little. About his books-his own or anybody else's-he never made remark. Once, when we spoke of India, he said he went there when he was quite a child, and had stayed there very many years, and that he liked the place. Then he stopped, whistled to his dogs, and we all went in for luncheon. But, really, this talk was in no way as remarkable as that of twenty obscure men I know in London.

The Kipling children were uncanny That all centuries must begin on little souls, original in manner, rather three of them-two girls and a boy; all the summer they went about, whethe seven can inaugurate a century. or socks, and their legs and hands were sunburned to a gipsy brown.

Their great sport was to fling stones upon them they enlivened themselves in a grand international fight, conducted on all sides with great spirite was over they sat in a row on the beach, removed the signs of battle, solemnly kissed, and then the queen five, six, eleven years, but at the close little trio, hand in hand, would go sing,

# HOW TO GET STRONG.

Nature Should be Assisted to Throw off the Polsons that Accumulate in the System Daring the Winter Months.

Thousands of people not really ill require a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid and "out of sorts."

Nature must be as isted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves, and make du'i, listless men, women and children fees bright,

active and strong Mr. John Siddons, London, Ont., says: "I can speak most favorably of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. German Scientists Discover an "Elec. They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when A German authority has recently an- debilitated. Having used them for favorably of their beneficial results, As an invigorator of the constitucurious characteristics. The leaves of tion they are all that they claim

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. an electric shock. It has a very sin- there are numerous pink colored imitgular effect upon a magnetic needle ations against which the public is even 70 feet. The electrical strength in boxes the wrapper around which of the tree varies according to the time bears the full name "Dr. Williams" and weakest at midnight. In wet dealer does not keep them send to the weather its powers disappear alto- Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockfor \$2.50.