

IT WILL OUT

OR,
A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing in his heart the fierce desire for vengeance which possessed him. Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges. Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and flattened itself upon the wall within a foot of him. On another occasion, as Drebber passed under a cliff, a great boulder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face. The young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and led repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success. Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after nightfall, and of having their houses guarded. After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was either seen or heard of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it that there was no room for any other emotion. He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exhaustion and want of wholesome food were wearing him out. If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted. He felt that that was to play his enemy's game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

His intention had been to be absent a year at the most, but a combination of unforeseen circumstances prevented his leaving the mines for nearly five. At the end of that time, however, his memory of his wrongs and his cravings for revenge were quite as keen as on that memorable night when he had stood by John Ferrier's grave. Disguised and under an assumed name, he returned to Salt Lake City, careless what became of his own life, as long as he obtained what he knew to be justice. There he found evil tidings awaiting him. There had been a schism among the Chosen People a few months before, some of the younger members of the Church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the result had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles. Among those had been Drebber and Stangerson; and no one knew whither they had gone. Rumor reported that Drebber had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed a wealthy man, while his companion, Stangerson, was comparatively poor. There was no clue at all however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive, would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never faltered for a moment. With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies. Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human blood-hound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life. At last his perseverance was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that one glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the man whom he was in pursuit of. He returned to his miserable lodgings with his heart of vengeance all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the street, and had read murder in his eyes. He hurried before a justice of the peace, accompanied by Stangerson, who had become his private secretary, and represented to him that they were in danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody, and not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks. When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebber's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe.

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit. Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work, saving every dollar for his approaching journey. At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any menial capacity, but never overtaking the fugitives. When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen. At the Danish capital he was again a few days late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth. As to what occurred there, we cannot do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

CHAPTER VI.

Our hunter's resistance did not apparently indicate any ferocity in his

disposition toward ourselves, for on finding himself powerless he smiled in an affable manner, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt any of us in the scuffle.

"I guess you're going to take me to the police-station," he remarked to Sherlock Holmes. "My cab's at the door. If you'll loose my legs I'll walk down to it. I'm not so light to lift as I used to be."

Gragson and Lestrade exchanged glances as they thought this proposition rather a bold one; but Holmes at once took the prisoner at his word, and loosened the towel which he had bound round his ankles. He rose and stretched his legs, as though to assure himself that they were free once more. I remember that I thought to myself, as I eyed him, that I had seldom seen a more powerfully built man, and his dark, sunburned face bore an expression of determination and energy which was as formidable as his personal strength.

"If there's a vacant place for a chief of the police, I reckon you are the man for it," he said, gazing with undisguised admiration at my fellow-lodger. "The way you kept on my trail was a caution."

"You had better come with me," said Holmes to the two detectives.

"I can drive you," said Lestrade.

"Good! and Gragson can come inside with me. You, too, doctor, you have taken an interest in the case, and may as well stick to us."

I assented gladly, and we all descended together. Our prisoner made no attempt at escape, but stepped calmly into the cab, which had been called, and we followed him. Lestrade mounted the box whipped up the horse, and brought us in a very short time to our destination. We were ushered into a small chamber, where a police inspector noted down our prisoner's name and the names of the men with whose murder he had been charged. The official was a white-faced, unemotional man, who went through his duties in a dull, mechanical way. "The prisoner will be put before the magistrates in the course of the week," he said; "in the meantime, Mr. Jefferson Hope, have you anything that you wish to say? I must warn you that your words will be taken down and may be used against you."

"I've got a good deal to say," our prisoner said, slowly. "I want to tell you gentlemen all about it."

"Hadn't you better reserve that for your trial?" asked the inspector.

"I may never be tried," he answered. "You needn't look startled. It isn't suicide I'm thinking of. Are you a doctor?"

He turned his fierce dark eyes upon me as he asked this last question.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"Then put your hand here," he said, with a smile, motioning his manacled wrists toward his chest.

I did so, and became at once conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion which was going on inside. The walls of his chest seemed to thrill and quiver as a frail powerful engine was at work. In the silence of the room I could hear a dull humming and buzzing noise which proceeded from the same source.

"Why," I cried, "you have an aortic aneurism!"

"That's what they call it," he said, placidly. "I went to a doctor last week about it, and he told me that it was bound to burst before many days passed. It has been getting worse for years. I got it from over-exposure and underfeeding among the Salt Lake mountains. I've done my work now, and I don't care how soon I go, but I should like to leave some account of the business behind me. I don't want to be remembered as a common cut-throat."

The inspector and the two detectives had a hurried discussion as to the advisability of allowing him to tell his story.

"Do you consider, doctor, that there is immediate danger?" the former asked.

"Most certainly there is," I answered.

"In that case, it is clearly our duty, in the interests of justice, to take his statement," said the inspector. "You are at liberty, sir, to give your account which I again warn you will be taken down."

"I'll sit down, with your leave," the prisoner said, suiting the action to the word. "This aneurism of mine makes me easily tired, and the tussle we had half an hour ago has not mended matters. I'm on the brink of the grave, and I am not likely to lie to you. Every word I say is the absolute truth, and how you use it is a matter of no consequence to me."

With these words, Jefferson Hope leaned back in his chair and began the following remarkable statement. He spoke in a calm and methodical manner as though the events which he narrated were commonplace enough. I can vouch for the accuracy of the subjoined account, for I have had access to Lestrade's note-book, in which the prisoner's words were taken down exactly as they were uttered.

"It doesn't matter much to you, why I hated these men," he said; "it's enough that they were guilty of the death of two human beings—a father and a daughter—and that they had, therefore, forfeited their own lives. After the lapse of time that has passed since their crime, it was impossible for me to secure a conviction against them in any court. I knew of their guilt, though, and I determined that I should be judge, jury and executioner all rolled into one. You'd have done the same, if you had been any manhood in you, if you have been in my place."

"That girl that I spoke of was to have married me twenty years ago. She was forced into marrying that same Drebber, and she broke her heart over it. I took the marriage-ring from her dead finger, and I vowed that his dying eyes should rest upon that very ring, and that his last thoughts should be of the crime for which he was punished. I have carried it about with me, and have followed him and his accomplice over two continents until I caught them. They thought to tire me out, but they could not do it. If I die to-morrow, as is likely enough, I die knowing that my work in this world is done, and well done. There is nothing left for me to hope for or to desire."

"They were rich, and I was poor, so that it was no easy matter for me to follow them. When I got to London my pocket was about empty, and I found that I must turn my hand to something for my living. Driving and riding are as natural to me as walking, so I applied at a cab-owner's office, and soon got employment. I was to bring a certain sum a week to the owner, and whatever was over that I might keep to myself. There was seldom much over, but I managed to scrape along somehow. The hardest job was to learn my way about, for I reckon that of all the mazes that ever were contrived, this city is the most confusing. I had a map beside me, though, and when once I had spotted the principal hotels and stations, I got on pretty well."

"It was some time before I found out where my two gentlemen were living, but I enquired and enquired, until at last I dropped across them. They were at a boarding-house at Camberwell, over on the other side of the river. When once I found them out I knew that I had them in my mercy. I had grown my beard, and there was no chance of their recognizing me. I would dog them and follow them until I saw my opportunity. I was determined that they should not escape me again."

"They were very near doing it, for all that. Go where they would about London, I was always at their heels. Sometimes I followed them on my cab, and sometimes on foot, but the former was the best, for then they could not get away from me. It was only early in the morning or late at night that I could earn anything, so that I began to get behind with my employer. I did not mind that, however, as long as I could lay my hand upon the men I wanted."

"They were very cunning, though. They must have thought that there was some chance of their being followed, for they would never go out alone, and never after nightfall. During two weeks I drove behind them every day, and never once saw them separate. Drebber himself was drunk half the time, but Stangerson was not to be caught napping. I watched them late and early, but never saw the ghost of a chance; but I was not discouraged, for something told me that the hour had almost come. My only fear was that this thing in my chest might burst a little too soon and leave my work undone."

"At last, one evening I was driving up and down Torquay Terrace, as the street was called in which they boarded, when I saw a cab drive up to their door. I presented some luggage was brought out, and after a time Drebber and Stangerson followed it and drove off. I whipped up my horse and kept within sight of them, feeling ill at ease, for I feared that they were going to shift their quarters. At Euston Station they got out, and I left a boy to hold my horse and followed them on to the platform. I heard them ask for the Liverpool train, and the guard answer that one had just gone, and there would not be another for some hours. Stangerson seemed to be put out at that, but Drebber was rather pleased than otherwise. I got so close to them in the bustle that I could hear every word that passed between them. Drebber said that he had a little business of his own to do, and that if the other would wait for him he would soon rejoin him. His companion remonstrated with him, and reminded him that they had resolved to stick together. Drebber answered that the matter was a delicate one, and that he must go alone. I could not catch what Stangerson said to that, but the other burst out swearing, and reminded him that he was nothing more than his paid servant, and that he must not presume to dictate to him. On that the secretary gave it up as a bad job, and simply bargained with him that if he missed the last train he should rejoin him at Halliday's Private Hotel; to which Drebber answered that he would be back on the platform before eleven, and made his way out of the station. (To Be Continued.)"

PECULIAR ENGLISH CUSTOM.

The most part of the English usages some of us copy, and the rest of us get used to; but there is a feature of formal dining there which is different. We refer to the failure to introduce all the company to one another. There are no general introductions at an English dinner, or even at a house party in the country. If all the guests are acquainted there is no need to introduce them, but if they are strangers they must remain so, or trust, to chance or personal magnetism for making acquaintanceships. Every man is introduced at a dinner party to the lady he is to escort to the table. There it stops. It is a custom which has some close relation to the experience of an ancient race through many centuries. We leave the reader to analyze it.

GREATEST GLOVE TOWN.

Grenoble is the place where most of the kid gloves come from. At this place alone 1,200,000 dozen pairs of gloves are manufactured annually. This represents a value of \$7,000,000, and gives employment to 25,000 working people of both sexes.

ANARCHISTS ARE ACTIVE.

THEY AGAIN THREATEN THE LIFE OF KING HUMBERT.

Strong Repressive Steps Adopted—London Surveillance Prevented Assassination of the King—Strict Guard Kept on the Riviera.

No one need be astonished to learn at any moment of some attempt upon the life of King Humbert. For some time the gaolers of the Anarchist Acciarito, who exactly two years ago attempted to assassinate the King, have been endeavoring to exasperate him into making revelations by taunting him with the fact that while he was in prison those who had intimidated him to undertake the deed were at liberty, enjoying the good things of life, and making fun of him.

About four weeks ago these tactics resulted in the convict confessing to the Governor of the penitentiary the names of four leading Anarchists who had selected him to assassinate the King, and from whom he had received his instructions. Two of them were arrested in Rome, a third in Austria, and a fourth in London. The results of this has been a determination on the part of the Anarchists to strike some fresh blow with the object of terrorizing society, and had it not been for cipher telegrams received by the police at Rome from Inspector Melville, of the English police, who is especially entrusted with the duty of keeping watch on foreign Anarchists in London, it is probable that some tragedy similar to that which resulted in the death of Empress Elizabeth last autumn might have occurred the other day.

THREE ANARCHISTS

of the type of Acciarito and of Luccheni arrived in Rome the other day for the purpose of committing some outrage, either in the shape of an attempt to murder the King or to blow up some Government building or the Royal palace. Having been shadowed from the time they left London, they fell into the hands of the police as soon as they alighted from the train at Rome. Inspector Melville might have never known anything about the matter and have failed to warn the authorities at Rome had it not been for the fact that his attention was drawn about a fortnight ago to the presence of several strangers at the ordinary meetings of the various Anarchist societies in London. This convinced him that there was something in the wind. Accordingly, he took special pains to secure information as to what was in progress, and ascertained the purpose to again attempt the life of King Humbert, not only as a response by the Anarchists to the recent arrest of those of their leaders who had been denounced by Acciarito, but as a punishment for the prominent part which the Italian Government has taken in connection with the recent anti-Anarchist conference. That the police authorities in the various capitals of Europe apprehend some revival from the extraordinary precautions which have been adopted in Rome for the protection of the King and Queen, and of the various Government offices, while on the Riviera never before has such an elaborate system of police guard surrounded Queen Victoria as on the present occasion. So strict is the watch kept that the moment a stranger whose appearance seems suspicious to the police officials arrives by train, either at Nice or at any of the Riviera stations, he is forced to leave at once.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

The Peasantry Living on Weeds and Chopped Straw.

A London correspondent, referring to the famine in Russia, says:—"Clinging to the rigorous press censorship which prevails in the Czar's dominions, not much has been heard of the Russian famine. There is no doubt, however, that it has attained most serious and even appalling dimensions. The whole of four great provinces to the east of the River Volga is now involved, and the peasant population, numbering several millions, is reduced to the last extremity of want. West of the Volga the famine district extends almost to Moscow itself. Throughout this large area the failure of crops is said to be more complete than even during the terrible visitation of 1891-92. The unhappy peasantry are endeavouring to support life on a mixture of weeds, acorns, and chopped straw, and are being decimated by the effects of typhus and excessive cold on constitutions enfeebled by insufficient nourishment."

The Russian Government, notwithstanding previous warnings, has not imitated that of British India in organizing and insuring against famine in time of comparative plenty, and the consequence is that this terrible catastrophe has caught it almost unprepared. Much is being done by private agencies, and the Red Cross has been distributing relief to more than 70,000 persons for the last two months in one province alone, but Government measures to cope with the distress are still on a very inadequate scale.

"The Times indicates a significant fact that in a country where 85 per cent. of the population subsists entirely by agriculture, the whole expenditure on the agricultural department of the Government is £4,500,000, while the army and navy cost £52,000,000."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells How Easy It Is for a Man to Be Upset by the Unexpected.

"It is the unexpected," said the retired burglar, "that upsets us. A man who would walk straight into battle with perfect readiness and calmness might be greatly startled by the explosion of a toy pistol close by when he wasn't looking for it. A man who was looking for tigers might walk up to a tiger without a tremor and yet be scared half to death by a cat. I was once myself not scared exactly, but certainly thrown clean off my balance by so simple a thing as an ordinary domestic cat, met under unusual circumstances."

"I was prospecting the interior of a house in the usual way and at the usual hour of my profession, and in due course had reached an upper chamber, in which I sat my lamp down upon the bureau preparatory to work. There was a man asleep in the bed at my back in this room, but he was to all appearances sound asleep, and I apprehended no trouble from him. There were in the top drawer of this bureau a few trinkets worth removing, and when I had got them into my bag I shut that drawer and started to open the next. It was a good bureau, drawers working slick and smooth, and I pulled the second drawer out as far as I wanted it at a touch. As I looked down into it I saw something gleaming there in a dim sort of way in the dark and the next minute I heard a sort of a zoop! in the atmosphere, or thought I did, and something leaped out of that drawer and went up over my shoulder, just touching my face as it passed."

"It was a cat. That's all. Just a cat. I suppose it had been around the room there in the afternoon, and that drawer had been left open and the cat had jumped into it and gone to sleep there, and had been shut in there, still asleep when the drawer was closed, after dusk, maybe, and the cat was not noticed. All those things I realized as the cat went over my shoulder, which was only a fraction of a second after the time when I had seen its eyes—as I now know them to have been—shining in the drawer. But in that very brief period I had involuntarily started back. I don't think any man is absolutely proof against surprise. But, even so, I should have been all right in half a second and nothing would have happened if I hadn't caught my heel in a rug in stepping back. I couldn't recover myself, though I had completely recovered my mental self-control before I had fallen."

"I went down with a crash that just made the house rattle, falling with my head on the floor close up by the side of the bed. The man in the bed was lightning. He woke up, turned over, and swung his arm in a sweep down from the side of the bed while I was turning over on the floor. His hand just ticked my head as I turned away from it, only a touch, but it was the touch of a man that wasn't shy, and in one instant I heard the bounce of the bed crash under him as he sprung up out of it. He was after me, but by this time I had gone."

"I had hung on to the bag through it all by instinct, and so I got away with the few trinkets I had found in the top drawer; but in place of them I left for him, on top of the bureau, my lamp for a souvenir."

A DEPRESSING SEASON.

It Is Just Now People Feel Most the Effect of Long Months of India Correspondent.

Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors and overheated and impure air, makes even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down.

A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy-giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work loving people.

E. Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes: "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did."

Thousands—some of them your neighbors—have been made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you must get the genuine, which are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

LADY BROOKE'S HORSES.

The Countess of Warwick drives a magnificent matched pair of white Arabians, which are known as the "Rothschild ponies." One of the pair was presented to her by the late Baron, and the story of the presentation illustrates his keen admiration for horseflesh and his gallant generosity. The Countess had one white Arab and the Baron another, and the Baron discovered that the two were a perfect match. He was anxious to make a pair of them, and he offered to purchase the Countess' treasure at her own figure. But Lady Warwick refused all offers. The Baron had set his heart upon matching these two equine beauties, and rather than be disappointed he presented his to the Countess.