

IT WILL OUT

OR,
A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"The moment for which I had waited so long had at last come. I had my enemies within my power. Together they could protect each other, but singly they were at my mercy. I did not act, however, with undue precipitation. My plans were already formed. There is no satisfaction in vengeance unless the offender has time to realize who it is that strikes him, and why retribution had come upon him. I had my plans arranged by which I should have the opportunity of making the man who had wronged me understand that his old sin had found him out. It chanced that some days before a gentleman who had been engaged in looking over some houses in the Brixton Road had dropped the key of one of them in my carriage. It was claimed that same evening and returned; but in the interval I had taken a moulding of it, and had a duplicate constructed. By means of this I had access to at least one spot in this great city where I could rely upon being free from interruption. How to get Drebber to that house was the difficult problem which I had now to solve.

"He walked down the road and went into one or two liquor shops, staying for nearly half an hour in the last of them. When he came out he staggered in his walk, and was evidently pretty well on. There was a hansom just in front of me and he hailed it. I followed it so close that the nose of my horse was within a yard of his driver the whole way. We rattled across Waterloo Bridge and through miles of streets, until, to my astonishment, we found ourselves back in the terrace in which he had boarded. I could not imagine what his intention was in returning there; but I went on and pulled up my cab a hundred yards or so from the house. He entered it and his hansom drove away. Give me a glass of water, if you please. My mouth gets dry with the talking."

I handed him the glass and he drank it down. "That's better," he said. "Well, I waited for a quarter of an hour or more, when suddenly there came a noise like people struggling inside the house. Next moment the door was flung open and two men appeared, one of whom was Drebber, and the other was a young chap whom I had never seen before. This fellow had Drebber by the collar, and when they came to the head of the steps he sent him a shove and a kick which sent him half across the road. 'You hound!' he cried, shaking his stick at him. 'I'll teach you to insult an honest girl! He was so hot that I think he would have thrashed Drebber with his cudgel, only that the cur staggered away down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. He ran as far as the corner, and then, seeing my cab, he hailed me and jumped in. 'Drive me to Halliday's Private Hotel,' said he.

"When I had him fairly inside my cab my heart jumped so with joy that I feared lest at this last moment my aneurism might go wrong. I drove along slowly, weighing in my own mind what it was best to do. I might take him right out in the country, and there in some deserted lane have my last interview with him. I had almost decided upon this, when he solved the problem for me. The craze for drink had seized him again, and he ordered me to pull up outside a gin palace. He went in, leaving word that I should wait for him. There he remained until closing time, and when he came out he was so far gone that I knew the game was in my own hands.

"Don't imagine that I intended to kill him in cold blood. It would only have been rigid justice if I had done so, but I could not bring myself to do it. I had long determined that he should have a show for his life if he chose to take advantage of it. Among the many billets which I have filled in America during my wandering life, I was once a janitor and sweeper-out of the laboratory at York College. One day the professor was lecturing on poisons, and he showed his student some alkaloid, as he called it, which he had extracted from some American arrow poison, and which was so powerful that the least grain caused instant death. I spotted the bottle which this preparation was kept in when they were all gone I helped myself to a little of it. I was a good dispenser, so I worked the alkaloid into small, soluble pills, and a pill I put in a box with a simple made without poison. I determined the time that, when I had my my gentlemen should each draw out of one of these boxes I eat the pill that remained, and I was quite as deadly, and a good deal less noisy than firing across a kerchief. From that day I carried my pill-boxes about with me, and the time had now come when I was to use them.

"It was nearer one than two when a wild, bleak night, blowing rain in torrents, dismal outside, I was glad within that I could have shouted of pure exultation. If any of you men have ever pined for a thing longed for it during twenty years, and then suddenly within your reach, you would stand my feelings. I lighted and puffed at it to steady my but my hands were trembling, temples throbbing with excitement. As I drove, I could see old John Ferrier and sweet Lucy looking at me out of the darkness and smiling at me, just as plain as I see you all in this room. All the way they were ahead of me, one on each side of the horse, until I pulled up at the house in the Brixton Road.

"There was not a soul to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, except the dripping of the rain. When I looked in at the window, I found Drebber all huddled together in a drunken sleep. I shook him by the arm. 'It's time to go out,' I said.

"'All right, cabby,' said he. 'I suppose he thought we had come to the hotel that he had mentioned, for he got out without another word and followed me down the garden. I had to walk beside him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I gave you my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us.

"'It's infernally dark,' said he, stamping about. 'We'll soon have a light,' I said, striking a match and putting it to a wax-candle which I had brought with me. 'Now, Enoch Drebber,' I continued, turning to him, and holding the light to my own face, 'who am I?'

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his own features, which showed me that he knew me. He staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight I leaned my back against the door and laughed loud and long. I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me.

"'You dog!' I said, 'I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see to-morrow's sun rise. He shrunk still further away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was, for the time, the pulses in my temples beat like sledge-hammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some sort if the blood had not gushed from my nose and relieved me.

"'What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?' I cried, locking the door and shaking the key in his face. 'Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last.' I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke, he would have begged for his life, but he knew well that it was useless.

"'Would you murder me?' he stammered. 'There is no murder,' I answered. 'Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?'

"'It was not I who killed her father,' he cried.

"'But it was you who broke her innocent heart,' I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. 'Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance.'

"He covered away with wild cries and prayers for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me. Then I swallowed the other, and we stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die. Shall I ever forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pangs told him that the poison was in his system? I laughed as I saw it, and held Lucy's marriage-ring in front of his eyes. It was but for a moment, for the action of the alkaloid is rapid. A spasm of pain contorted his features; he threw his hands out in front of him, staggered, and then, with a hoarse cry, fell heavily upon the floor. I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!

"The blood had been streaming from his mouth, but he had taken no notice of it.

he was very much mistaken. I soon found out which was the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel, and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn. I woke him up, and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebber's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills. Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never allow his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison.

"I have little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up, I went on cabbieing it for a day or so, intending to keep at it until I could save enough to take me back to America. I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a cabbie there called Jefferson Hope, and said that this cab was wanted by a gentleman at 221 B Baker Street. I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life. That's the whole of my story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer; but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."

So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed. Even the professional detectives, blasé as they were in every detail of crime, appeared to be keenly interested in the man's story. When he finished we sat for some minutes in the stillness which was only broken by the scratching of Lestrade's pencil as he gave the finishing touches to his short-hand account.

"There is only one point on which I should like a little more information," Sherlock Holmes said at last. "Who was your accomplice who came for the ring which I advertised?'

The prisoner winked at my friend jocosely.

"I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people into trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or it might be the ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see, I think you'll own he did it smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily. "Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked, gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoner will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and Jefferson Hope was led by a couple of warders, while my friend and I made our way out of the station and took a cab back to Baker Street.

(To be Continued.)

EARLY CLOSING IN LONDON.

A Proposition to Interfere With a Permanent Local Custom.

"The man who writes to the Times" is not only an entity in London but is also a pictorial personage—the theme of the artist, the essayist, the novel writer and the dramatist. The sage advice of the Persian "Oolah" to his patrons, 'Let your troubles boil within,' has little recognition in usage among dissatisfied Englishmen who find a temporary outlet, at least, for a few of their minor grievances in letters sent to London daily papers. Just now some controversy has arisen in London as to the expediency of the existing regulations, strictly enforced by the police, for the closing at the hour of midnight of public houses maintained for the refreshment of hungry and thirsty men. One such correspondent has been writing to a London paper on the subject, and his communication, a characteristic one, is as follows:

"I am not a wine-bibber nor given to riotous living in the small hours. But I want to know how much longer the peaceful Londoner will submit to the absurd regulation which denies him food at a restaurant after 12 o'clock on Saturday night. Why should he not be left to eat his supper at half-past 12, as on other nights? It is not a question of drink, sir. An American writer says our climate is fatal without whiskey. 'Two drinks a day or you die.' No, sir, it is arbitrary interruption of a man's supper on Saturdays that is killing off the population. And for what reason of State, gracious powers? I am a moderate consumer of oysters, with a chop and an omelet to follow, and the converse of mind in between. Why is all this to be suspended at midnight and my digestion turned into the street? Pray answer me that."

No satisfactory answer has been given to this inquiring Englishman and to other similar correspondents, who have been invited "to send a petition to Parliament" as the easiest and safest way to redress the evils from which they complain.

FOUND BY LIGHTNING.

Lightning recently brought about the discovery of an Etruscan tomb near Volterra. It struck an old pine tree on a hillside, and in cutting down the remnants of the tree the workmen found the top of the sepulcher under the roots.

NEW PAPER MILL.

On account of the scarcity of raw material for the paper mills of Holland they now use the stalks of the potato plant, which can be bought of the farmers for 50 cents per ton.

TALES OF RUSSIAN FAMINE

AFFECTED AREA INCLUDES THE BLACK EARTH ZONE.

People Are Living on Bark of Trees—The State of the Country Hopeless and the Majority of the People Know It.

It is only now that the truth about the terrible famine which for many weeks has afflicted the best part of European Russia is permitted to reach the outside world. The district affected is bounded on the east by the Volga and on the west by an imaginary line drawn from Moscow to Kiev, which is the extremest southern point. In the north it is probable that the famine stretches as far as Archangel, though it is very difficult to obtain reliable information with regard to districts north of Nijni; Novgorod. The affected area includes the celebrated black earth zone, which was once famous for its fertility, as well as the great grain districts of the Provinces of Samara, Saratoff, and Simbirsk.

Russia was last visited by a famine in 1891-92, but since that very severe visitation there has been only one exceptionally good year, and hence the peasants have not been able to recover from their losses in 1892, when they were obliged to slaughter 45 per cent. of their horses and cattle for want of fodder. Moreover, this year the landed gentry have been affected quite as much as the peasantry, and the series of bad years which they have gone through has so broken their resources that many of them are

VERGING ON DESTITUTION.

In the case of the peasantry it is reported that they have been compelled to still further reduce the number of their live stock. They are supporting life on all manner of substitutes for bread, including the bark of trees the thatches from the roofs of their huts, and even sawdust. Every effort is being made by the Government to prevent the terrible facts connected with the sufferings of the people from leaking out. But the vigorous champion of the Russian peasant, Count Tolstoi, has managed to obtain publicity for a few circumstances which are sufficiently indicative of the state of affairs. He says that statistical researches have shown that the Russian people consume, on the whole, 50 per cent. less food than the normal amount scientifically assumed to be necessary for the maintenance of health. He also points to facts which are calculated to show that during the last twenty years the men of the black earth region who have attained the age for military service have increasingly failed to satisfy the authorities of their fitness for such service. Besides, the census returns prove that, while the population reached its maximum rate of increase twenty years ago, that declining ever since, until it has at last touched zero, that is to say, the population is at a standstill, and everybody knows that when a population attains this stage it presently begins to decline.

LOST HEART AND HOPE.

Count Tolstoi then points to the appearance of the average Russian peasant of to-day, his emaciated body and sunken cheeks, and contrasts the condition of the rural population with that of the urban, whose physique, except in manufacturing towns, is generally magnificent. Count Tolstoi maintains that the people are so police-ridden that they have lost heart and hope, they have no spirit and no energy, a general apathy has come over them, and they have become slothful and gin-sodden.

Count Tolstoi's picture is certainly not overdrawn. The state of the country is hopeless and the people know it. One of the worst features of agricultural Russia is the deforestation of the country. The whole of Central Russia is practically denuded of trees, and this has been brought about in a little less than fifty years. The district in which Tourgeniev, the novelist, and the personal friend of Tolstoi, used to shoot are now absolutely bare. This deforestation has of necessity affected the climate and has reduced the snow and rain falls, which are nothing like what they used to be. Snow is to Russia what the Nile is to Egypt; it is the fertilizer of the land. In the old days of serfdom the peasants were compelled by the landowners to dam up this snow in the spring so that it did not all run to waste in the rivers, but to-day these precautions can no longer be enforced. Leading Russian agriculturists and engineers maintain that the only possible way of staying off ruin is by the introduction of some system of irrigation, as in India. Of course, in good days the forests retained an olden deal of the snow even until June, and thus contributed to the humidity of the atmosphere.

LAND TENURE.

But the real cause of the depressed condition of Russian agriculture is the system of land tenure. The land does not belong individually to the peasant, but collectively to the village. The village is responsible for the taxes, and, hence, one wealthy peasant may have to pay for the thriftless ones. The consequence is that a system of misery has sprung up, by means of which the poorer peasants are absolutely in the power of their wealthier and often unscrupulous neighbors.

The village commune is also a sort of trades union, which can enforce its terms on the landed gentry, who are often in dire straits for labour, the peasant frequently refusing to work for them. The system upon which the land was allotted to the peasants was also entirely wrong. The peasantry have a firmly rooted idea that originally all the land belonged to them, and that the gentry grabbed it and enslaved them. Hence, when the serfs were liberated they thought the landed gentry should return the stolen land. The Government, however, only carved off certain portions of the estates and allotted these portions to the peasantry, who had to pay for them by annual instalments. The gentry, however, were paid at once and in full by the Government, and immediately got rid of the money in the approved Russian manner, in feasting, gambling, etc. Their grievance is that the Government, by giving the peasants land, has deprived the gentry of their labourers, while the peasants complain that they have not received sufficient land. This is indeed the case, so that the present state of affairs is that nobody is pleased and nearly everybody ruined. The estate owner can get no labour; the peasant has not enough land to support himself. Thus Russia is face to face with bankruptcy, and anybody who knows the real state of affairs in the country can not doubt the sincerity of Russia's desire for disarmament.

SURF SLIDING IN HAWAII.

An Old-Time Incident of the Indulgence of Royal Dames in the Sport.

The old practice of surf sliding, "hee-nalu," upon surf boards, was magnificent sport, says a writer. It has fallen almost entirely into disuse since forty years ago, when horses became numerous and cheap. Before that date I used frequently to see it at Lahama, as well as earlier at Kailua. I believe some adepts still practice it at Hilo. The board used in surf sliding is from five to eight feet long and ten to fifteen inches wide, rounded at the ends and sharpish at the edges, very much like a paper cutter. The rider swims out with the board under one arm, diving under the rollers until outside where the surf is just beginning to break. There, by an adroit movement, he stretches himself upon the board just in front of a big roller, at the same time violently plying arms and legs to "get a move on," while the roller lifts him from behind. Once in motion the wave does the rest, although great skill is needed to keep the board poised precisely at the proper height and inclination upon the front of the violently breaking roller. The riders will thus shoot several hundred yards to the shore.

By early and long practice great skill was attained in this sport. The more expert would often rise to a standing posture, balancing their boards by their feet at the right point on the wave. I can remember in early boyhood daily watching from my home through the stems of the lofty cocoa palms, scores of natives flying in together in the white, roaring surf. Some were prone, others crouching on their boards, and some standing erect. Both sexes participated, and modesty was much at a discount, except when the venerated missionary was in sight. The males wore the malo or breech girdle when disporting thus in our neighborhood. The females did not stand up on their boards.

Customs in those early days were Arcadian. At about 1824 the writer's young mother at Kailua once received in her thatched cottage a morning call from a bevy of royal dames with their attendants, all fresh from surf play. The maidens carried the garments while their mistresses stalked into the missionary's parlor in stately simplicity and proceeded to dress. All that was utterly innocent, and so in a certain sense was the nearly entire unceasing of domestic morals in those early days. To infuse some degree of conscience on that point has been altogether the most difficult part of the missionary's task in Hawaii. To most of the Ten Commandments the Hawaiian was easily amenable. But the importance of the seventh did not readily come home to him.

SPRING MEDICINE.

It is Absolutely Necessary to Give Some Attention to the Blood at this season.

In the springtime the blood needs attention. The change of the year produces in everyone, whether conscious of it or not, some little heating of the blood.

Some people have pimples, a little eczema, or irritation of the skin; others feel easily tired and depressed and have a poor appetite. A tonic is needed, and the best tonic—the best spring medicine for man, woman or child is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills do not purge and weaken like other medicines. They make rich, red blood, build up the nerves and make weak, depressed and easily tired people feel cheerful, active and strong. No other medicine in the world has offered such undoubted proof of merit, and what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will do for you if given a fair trial.

Miss Ella M. Kelly, North-West Harbor, N.S., says: "I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering from any form of weakness, as I have proved their worth in my own case."

Remember that pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form or in boxes that do not bear the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' are not Dr. Williams'. No one was ever cured by a substitute. Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c, a box or six boxes for \$2.50.