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 shin 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 browsing 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 afeard 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 sprung 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' Ill 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 ful. 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 come 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 ne regarded as his daughter's dishonor.

He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vain.y 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 alloted 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 net-work 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 upon the ground, with his arms 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 strifle 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 sprung 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 hear up well?" he askea, 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 hornets' 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 wells 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 recognized his two companions and dragged them down into the shadow, where they lay silent and trembling.

To be Continued.

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 Ferrocarrilles 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 on 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 thresher 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 splended 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.

TIME TO COOL OFF.

Proud father—My old friend, I called to see if you couldn't make a place for my son in your establishment. He has just graduated with high honors.

Old Friend—My dear old boy, nothing would please me better. Tell him to call around in two years.

On the Farm.

CEMENT WALLS FOR CELLARS AND DWELLINGS.

The kind of cement used in building walls is a very important factor. Many brands are all right if put where freezing will not occur, but if built where there is continual freezing and thawing the walls will eventually crumble, writes C. M. Thomas. I would therefore advise using the very best cement obtainable. In doing cement work there are always two kinds or parts of the mixture. One is called concrete, which is used for the main part of the work, and the other I will term as the outside coat or dressing. The concrete is made by using six parts sharp, clean gravel, or broken stone, which should be fine, and one part cement. After you have measured and put a certain amount of this mixture in the mortar box, shovel it over three or four times before wetting it and at the last shoveling have an attendant sprinkle it with a rose watering pot, while you continue shoveling. By this method it will be just moist enough to pack well. It should be used as soon as possible after wetting, as it will soon harden. The dressing is made by using two parts sharp, clean sand and one part cement, thoroughly mixing and making by addition of water, about the same consistency as common mortar used for plastering.

For making a wall, either for cellar, partition, lower story of dwelling or basement or dwelling, it must all be done inside of a frame. It is utterly impossible to make cement into bricks and then build a wall out of them that will be as good as a solid job. It would be almost impossible to make the cement stick to the bricks, or in other words you cannot make a coat of cement stick to cement that has already hardened. The operation must all be done at one time. To make a wall, dig a trench 15 inches wide, as the walls should not be narrower than this, and deep enough to be below the frost line, and then up to the top of the ground with small stones and enough of the concrete to make a firm job. We are now ready for the frame, which should be made out of perfectly straight scantling, two inches thick and planed on the side that is against the wall. Those scantlings should be firmly staked and the full length you desire to build one side wall. In building up the wall more scantlings can be added at the top as needed, but never remove any until the wall is completed. Do your leveling by having one scantling level on top. In building up the wall, have some of the dressing and plaster the scantling on the inside up five or six inches, and then fill in with concrete and pound down firmly. Repeat this operation until you reach the desired height. After the wall is set enough to stand firm, the frame can be removed and if the frame was perfectly smooth on the inside, the wall will be perfectly smooth. Now if you desire it to look like bricks, it can be lined off into any sizes desired, and the grooves cut with a mason's trowel.

In facing with small stones, begin at the bottom, and place a row of them against the frame and use enough of the dressing between and around them to make them stay in place, and then fill up behind them with the concrete and be sure to firmly pack it, but do not touch the stones. Keep this operation up until the top is reached, or within an inch of the top, when it can be finished with the top coat.

BUILDING UP THE DAIRY.

What are we to understand by the oft-repeated phrase, "Building up a dairy?" Properly interpreted and followed, chapter first can mean nothing else but gratifying new, vigorous scions onto the old stock. Or, in cattle parlance, it is infusing fresh blood into the dairy through milk breed sires, and then establishing as an inexorable rule in the heifer calf department "survival of the fittest only." Invest or breed into the best strains of cows attainable, feed them on the most perfect milk-producing food you can raise; try the business a year or long enough to give it a fair trial, and if you find your are losing money beat a graceful retreat, and invest in something else. If, however, you are thoroughly in earnest and conscientious about details, the probabilities are that you will stay right with dairying, and find it a profitable and pleasant life work.

AROUND OUR HOMES.

It adds not only to the beauty of a home in the country to have good drives, but is a matter of economy as well. It takes some labor and time to make a good drive, but when once made it will only need watching and some slight repairs for many years. A farmer will always find it a saving of time and expense to have his house back from the road and near the center of his property if the farm be a small one. First rate drives should be made of gravel or slab, running about the house and to the barn. Such drives should in all cases be thoroughly underdtiled and a proper provision be made for surface-drainage.

LOVE YOUR WORK.

The business of raising wealth from the ground is as old as the race and must employ many millions ore of people than any other pursuit. The wealth of nations is grown by the labor of agriculturists; they constitute the most valuable class in any country, but only as a class; individually we are not of much national importance. It is all well enough to talk of the sovereign people, but none of us are kings. We are free, but must obey the laws of nature and of our being; there is no escape from this. Our happiness is in finding out these laws and conforming to them. The lot of the average cultivator of the soil is not an enviable one, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. In Europe, as landlords or tenants, they stay by it for generations. In Portugal and Russia, they are more attached to the soil than we are. Why these things are, it is difficult to explain, but facts are hard things to deal with. Most of us will continue to get our living from the soil because we will be obliged to, many because we love the work, and the true philosophy is to learn to love our work, whatever it is. Let us do the best we can, and do our duty cheerfully wherever we are.

AMENDED.

It may have been observed that school children sometimes receive advice that is excellent in spirit, but difficult to follow literally.

At a public reception at Napier, at which the Governor of New Zealand was present, the school children of the town, after being duly complimented by his excellency on the hearty manner in which they had rendered the national anthem, were urged to put their shoulders to the wheel, and assured that in that way only would they be sure to reach the top of the tree.

At this point one of his excellency's hearers, a quick-witted Irishman, was heard to say:

Sure, it's an axletree he means, bedad.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Scrofula — "Running scrofula sores made me shunned by neighbors. Medical treatment failed. A relative urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Did so and in few months the sores completely healed." MRS. J. M. HAYCH, Etna, N. H.

Inflammatory Rheumatism—"Two attacks of the grip left me with inflammatory rheumatism. Am 89 years old, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me and I can climb stairs and walk anywhere." J. LOVELAND, 373 Fargo Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BRIEFLY MENTIONED.

A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of 30.

The population of the world increases 10 per cent. every ten years.

Paper quilts are extensively used abroad by the poorer classes.

Hyenas always fight kneeling, the foreleg being the most vulnerable part of their body.

While the wedding service is proceeding in Japan, the bride kindles a torch and the bridegroom lights a fire from it and burns the wife's playthings.

More than a century ago a meeting house was erected at the head of the Tuckahoe river, near Tuckahoe, N.J., and it was painted for the first time three weeks ago. Red was the color.

In every city or town in the Netherlands you will find a Rosemary street. In olden days only undertakers lived in them, the rosemary being in the language of flowers, specially dedicated to the dead.

An Anglesea, N.J. gunner killed a duck a few days ago and attached to one of the duck's feet was a large clam. The bird had evidently been wading in shallow water and had stepped on a feeding bivalve.

Hunters at South Seaville, N.J., have exhausted all their ingenuity in trying to capture a white crow that for more than a year has been living in the woods adjacent to the town with several hundred of its black companions.

THE PHOSPHATIC HEART.

Mr Wallace hit the nail on the head in summing up a lecture on "Manuring" before our Institute, when he said:—"So you see that after our careful study of geology and of soil physics, of botany or the science of plants, of the proper feeding of plants and animals; of the history of our systems of farming in general, and the results obtained, and after reviewing the evidence at hand from older countries as well as our own Canada, it is borne in strongly upon us that, excepting in raising hay for sale only, the principal loss our land suffers by cropping and grazing is in humus, nitrogen and phosphates. By the proper use of our farm-yard manures and clover we can restore our humus and nitrogen, but the phosphate has gone from us forever in our animals and grains, and can only be returned by purchase in some form, which, we may then call commercial. If we are growing hay for sale only, we must restore the potash it removes sooner or later, and though our lands will certainly stand a considerable drain, it is not profitable to carry it too far. Here is a motto to paste in your hat, in the old one you wear round the farm—a good phosphatic heart is the base of all successful agriculture."

We expected to hear Mr. Wallace tell us something about Alberts' Thomas-Phosphate Powder, but he studiously avoided it and treated the manuring problem candidly and incisively.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

An item is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that women in France have just had their first chance to register to vote, and that few of them have done so, except the market women in the department of the Halles or markets. From this it might be supposed that all the women of France were permitted to vote, and for all officers.

Single women and widows engaged in trade or commerce on their own account may vote for judges of the Tribunals of Commerce. This is the extent of the suffrage enjoyed by French women. Only a fraction of the women in Paris possess the right, and most of these, naturally, live in the department of the Seine. The difference that the most intelligent women are the least inclined to vote is quite unwarranted.

In some towns, it is said, no women have registered, in others a good many. Doubtless it will be found that in some towns there was a contest over the election of a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, while in other towns there was none, there being perhaps only one candidate in the field.

The justice of letting single women and widows engaged in commerce vote for these judges is clear, and if some of them do not care to exercise the right, that is no reason for debarring those who do. The Evenement observes:—"Women's voting begins at the Commercial Tribunal: It will end at the Palais Bourbon."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

CURIOUS NAMES OF INNS.

A lover of the curious has published a collection of curious names of inns in Great Britain. The gems of the collections are the "Cow and Snuffers," the "Beetle and Wedge," the "Crown and Two Chairmen," the "Ass in the Bandbox," the "Case Is Altered," the "World Turned Upside Down," the "Cardinal's Hat," the "Valiant Trooper," the "Complete Angler," the "First In and Last Out," the "Old Quiet Woman," the "Man Loaded with Mischief," and the "Naked Man." In Brussels there is a public house opposite a cemetery with the title "Better Here than Oppo-ite," while another, on the way to the same cemetery of the Ixelles, has for sign "Better Here than Farther On." The "Case Is Altered" is curious, but not uncommon. There is one at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and one at Bradwell Quay, in Essex.

No doubt there are other good teas, but for strength, richness and real quality
Blue Ribbon stands alone.

REMARKABLE PIANO.

The Only Instance Where the Action Was "On the Hog."

One Bouchet, who complied a history of Acquitaine, describes a remarkable pianoforte built for Louis XI. by the Abbe de Baigne. The king one day hearing a drove of hogs tuning up preparatory to a general rush for and promiscuous scramble at the slop pail, laughingly ordered the priest to contrive means by which these seemingly discordant sounds might produce harmony. Tradition does not affirm that the reverend gentleman scratched his head thereat, but owing to the prevalence of the tonsure it is safe to assert that he did not. Notwithstanding which, however, he managed to nicely grade the drove, from the thin treble of the shoat to the bassoon grunt of the tusked boar, and having arranged them in stalls under a pavilion announced to his astonished Majesty, who had not thought of the matter since, that the piano was in tune. TheKing, incredulous, attended, and when the Abbe struck the keys there poured forth to the delight of the entire court a burst of music such as Orpheus never conceived. The explanation, when the crafty prelate chose to expose his plan, was most simple. The keys being struck, a prong set in motion by the action was stuck into the pig, grazing or piercing, according to the force and temperament of the player, the resulting squeal, howl or groan producing harmony.

A Happy New Year Indeed
To those who believed there was no cure for catarrh and to whom the constant use of ointments, snuffs and washes was a weariness to the flesh. A delightful and sure cure has been found. No need for fetid breath and broken voice. Send for a free sample outfit and be convinced. The name of this sure cure is Catarrhozone. Catarrhozone penetrates to the diseased parts in the form of a pine-scented gas. Write at once to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A RARE GENIUS.

Jinks—That man does not look very smart, and yet you say he has made a million.

Winks—Smart? He's a genius. He's a great inventor.

You don't say so? What did he invent?

He invented an apple barrel that won't hold scarcely anything at all.

UPS AND DOWNS.

In Germany it is considered necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so it is carried upstairs as soon as born. In case there are no upstairs, the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant.

Many people suffer with catarrh until it becomes chronic, because they do not know how easily it can be cured. Ten days' free trial treatment ought to be convincing. Send fifteen cents to cover cost of mailing outfit. Dr. Ray's Successful Remedy Co., Toronto.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Great geniuses, they say, are always absent-minded.

Yes, but don't fool yourself; all absent-minded people are not great geniuses.

Iowa Farms For Sale, $2 per acre cash, Balance crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

HOMESICK.

The bride—What's the matter, darling?

Bridegroom sighing—Oh, don't mind me, little one, but sometimes I wish I could see my bachelor apartment again.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

SEARCHING THE SEWERS.

Paris sewers are being searched carefully for treasure trove, owing to the recent discovery by a workman under the Rue Montmartre of a bundle containing 600,000 francs in securities.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

CONSOLING.

Don't you think, Mrs. Spitely, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?

Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look.

ALBERTS THOMAS-PHOSPHATE POWDER

INVITATION ACCEPTED.

Mr. Saphead—I've got a fad, too, don't ye know. I collect old and rare violins. Come around and see em.

Musician—Do you play?

Mr. Saphead—Bless you, no, not a note.

Musician (enthusiastically)—I will come.

FEDERAL LIFE GROWS RAPIDLY.

The report of the annual meeting of the Federal Life Assurance Company which will be found elsewhere in this issue, contains a record of remarkable expansion, even in this growing time. The Federal Life secured enlarged powers at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, and is proceeding to spread its operations into new and profitable fields The report of the directors show that during 1898 the assets of the company were increased by 20 per cent. a very remarkable increase, which, however, was surpassed by the addition of 21.41 per cent. to the reserve fund. The company has also been able to earn high rates of interest on its invested funds, and exceedingly difficult thing in these days, when the vaults of most financial institutions are scarcely able to contain the surplus of hoarded capital.

CURIOUS.

Miranda, visiting city friends,—My, here's her visitin' card.

Miranda's husband—What does it say?

Miranda—It says she's at home Thursdays. Wonder where she stops rest of the time.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Satisfying because comprehensive enough to meet every demand and suit every pocket. Try it—
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

FREE! No Money Required!!
If you will sell $2.40 worth of our Brightlight Chemical Lamp Wicks, at 5 cents each, we will send you, free of charge, a Nickel-plated, Stem-winding, Stem-setting, American Watch, gents' size, warranted a reliable time-keeper. These Wicks have heretofore been advertised under the names of Whitelight, Clearlight, etc., and sold at 10 cents each, but we now offer them at the reduced price, FIVE CENTS EACH. For selling $3.60 worth we give a beautiful ladies' size watch. We give also for selling these Wicks: Accordions, Violins, Autoharps, Mandolins, Guitars, Bracelets, Rings, and other valuable presents. We give a handsome 6-Blade Pearl Handle Knife for selling only 60 cents' worth. Send your address and we will forward the wicks for you to sell post paid, when sold send the money and we will send premium. Wicks returnable if not sold.
Address GEM NOVELTY CO., TORONTO.

The Federal Life Assurance Company.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Shareholders of The Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Head Office, in Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 7th inst. In the absence of the President, Mr. Beatty, Mr. William Kerns, First Vice-President, occupied the chair, and Mr. David Dexter acted as Secretary. The following report and financial statement was submitted by the Directors:—

The Directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the shareholders the following report of the business of the Company, together with a statement of receipts and disbursements for the year which closed on 31st December, 1898, and of the assets and liabilities on that date.

New business consisted of fourteen hundred and fifty-nine applications for insurance, aggregating $2,848,850, of which thirteen hundred and eighty-one applications for $2,114,232 were accepted, applications for $134,000 having been rejected or held for further information.

Annuity premiums to the amount of $12,731.50 were also received.

In the past year, as in the preceding year, fully 90 per cent. of the new business written by this Company was on its investment plans. This and the fact that the advent of three additional well-equipped competitors in the field within the past two years has not diminished the share of new business which this Company has been able to secure indicate the continued growth of feeling in favor of investment insurance rather than towards other forms of investment on which interest earnings are depreciating steadily.

The income for the year shows a gratifying increase over previous years, and the addition of $143,835.14 to the assets is especially noticeable, the total assets having risen to $866,283.41, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security of the policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted to $1,475,283.41, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding liabilities to $757,399.20—showing a surplus of $717,884.21. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was $108,884.21.

Assurances for $114,575 on fifty-seven lives became claims through death, of which amount the Company had reinsured for $7,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums ($30,878.32) with matured endowments for $4,600, the total payments to policyholders amounted to $143,702.25.

In accordance with the Company's Act of Incorporation, the shareholders at last annual meeting, your Directors applied for and obtained from the Parliament of Canada a special act of incorporation changing the name of the Company to the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada, and granting enlarged powers for business and investment in and out of Canada.

The investments of the Company have been carefully looked after, and have yielded for years past the best results reported by any company doing business in this country. Expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, while due effort is being made for new business. The chief officers and agents of the Company are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interest. The office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

The accompanying certificate from the Auditors vouches for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith, all accounts, securities and vouchers having been examined by them.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

INCOME.

Premiums, interest and rent	$ 410,831 73

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid policyholders for death claims, endowments, dividends, etc.	143,702 25
General expenses, re-insurance and dividends on capital	127,548 09

ASSETS.

Debentures, mortgages, policy loans, real estate, cash and other securities	$866,283 41	
Guarantee capital	609,000 00	
Total resources for security of policy-holders		1,475,283 41

LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund		757,399 20
Surplus to policy-holders		717,884 21
Insurance written and taken during the year		2,021,585 00
Amount assured		11,185,566 43

JAMES H. BEATTY, President. DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen,—We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending 31st December, 1898, and have certified their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on 31st December, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted

H. S. STEPHENS,
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Auditors.

Hamilton, March 1st, 1899.

In moving the adoption of the Directors' Report Mr. Kerns referred to the steady and substantial growth of the Company's business; the large increase from year to year in its income, assets and surplus. He stated that while the expenditure had been decreased 6.56 per cent. in the last year, the assets of the company had increased 19.90 per cent., the net surplus 37.92 per cent. and the reserve funds 21.41 per cent., the capital and assets having now reached $1,475,283.41.

He quoted from the December number of The Economist to show that the Company had so carefully managed the investment of funds as to earn a better rate of interest in each of the past eight years than the average rate earned by all of the Canadian life assurance companies. The rate earned by the Federal in 1897—the last year in which the average can be obtained