

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter IV—Continued.

Farrier came 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 marked 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, and he saw 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 the right and left, until he happened 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 spread out.

So unnerved was he at the sight that he leaned up against the wall with his hand to his throat to stifle his inclination to call out.

His first thought was that the prostrate figure was that of some wounded or dying man, but as he watched it he saw it writhe along the ground and into the hall with the rapidity and noise of a snake.

Once within the house, the man sprang to his feet, closed the door, and revealed to the astonished farmer the fierce face and resolute expression of Jefferson Hope.

"Good God!" gasped John Ferrier. "How you scared me! What 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. I flung myself upon the cold meat and bread which were still lying upon the table from his host's supper, and devoured them greedily."

"You are a man of great endurance," said John Ferrier, "but when he had satisfied his hunger."

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

"That is well. The house is reached on a cold day. That is why I crawled my way up to it. They may be dashed apart, but they're not 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 trouble."

"You're his, it there, pard," the Washoe hunter answered. "I have a respect for you, but I was alone in this business. I'd think twice before I put my head into such a hornet's nest. He's a man that brings me here, and before he comes on, I guess there will be one less of the Hope family in Utah."

"What are we to do?"

"Tomorrow in your last day, and then you act tonight. You have a horse, and a couple of horses waiting in the Eagle ravine. How much money have you?"

"Two thousand dollars in gold and five in cash."

"That will do. I have a much more to add to it. We must push for Carson City through the mountains. You had best take Lucy. It is a horse 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 baggage that he could find into a small parcel and filled a steamer jar with water, for he knew by experience that the mountain wells were few and far between.

He had hardly completed his arrangement 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 make our start at once," said Jefferson Hope, speaking in a low but resolute voice, like one who realizes the greatness of the deed 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 windows and across the fields. Once on the road, we are only two miles from the ravine where the horses are waiting. By daybreak 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 darkness Ferrier perceived that at least a dozen men were waiting in 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 of the dress, the slight stretch of the hand, 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 steamer jar, and the two young men followed with their provisions and water, while Lucy had a small bundle containing a few of her more valued possessions.

Opening the window very slowly and carefully, they waited until a dark cloud had somewhat obscured the night, and then one by one, passed through into the little garden.

With bated breath and crouching figures they stumbled across it and gained the shelter of the hedge, which they skirted until they came to the gap which opened into the cornfield.

They had just reached this point when the young man seized his two companions and dragged them down into the shadow, where they lay silent and trembling.

It was as well that his prairie training had given Jefferson Hope the ears of a lynx.

He and his friends had hardly crouched down before the melancholy hooting of a mountain owl was heard within a few yards of them.

"Seven to five!" repeated the other, and the two figures slipped away in different directions. Their concluding words had evidently been some of the words of the forest, and the instant that their footfalls had died away in the distance, Jefferson Hope sprang to his feet, and helping his companions through the gap, led the way across the fields at full speed, supporting and half-carrying the girl when her strength appeared to fail her.

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

Once on the highroad they made rapid progress. Only once did they stop, and that was when they managed to slip into a field, and so avoid recognition.

Before reaching the town the hunter branched away into a rugged and mountainous path which led to the mountains.

Two dark jagged peaks loomed above them through the darkness, and the defile which led between them was the Eagle Ravine, in which the horses were waiting them.

With unerring instinct, Jefferson Hope picked his way among the great boulders and along the bed of a dried-up water course, until he came to the retired corner, screened with rocks, where the faithful animals had been picked.

The girl was placed upon the mule, and the hunter, upon one of the horses, with his money-bag, far from the irregular track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practiced riders could have traversed it.

On the one side a great crag towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon his rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster.

On the other hand a wild chaos of boulders and debris made all advance impossible. Between the two ran the irregular track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practiced riders could have traversed it.

It was a bewildering route for any one who was not accustomed to face nature in her wildest moods.

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Carson, we may rest for the remainder of our lives."

At night time they chose the base of a beetling crag, where the rocks offered some protection from the chill wind, and there, huddled together for warmth, they enjoyed a few hours' sleep.

Before daybreak, however, they were up and on their way once more. They had seen no signs of pursuers, and Jefferson Hope began to think that they were fairly out of the reach of the terrible organization whose enemy they had incurred.

He little knew how far that iron grasp could reach, or how soon it was to close upon them and crush them.

About the middle of the second day of their flight, their scanty store of provisions began to run out.

This gave the hunter little uneasiness, however, for there was game to be had among the mountains, and he had frequently before had to depend upon his rifle for the needs of life.

Choosing a sheltered nook, he piled together a few dry branches and made a blazing fire, at which his companions might warm themselves for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen.

Having tethered the horses and bid Lucy adieu, he threw his gun over his shoulder and set out in search of whatever chance might throw in his way.

Looking back he saw the old man and the young girl crouching over the blazing fire, while the three animals stood motionless in the background. Then the intervening rocks hid them from his view.

He walked for a couple of miles through one ravine after another without success, though from the marks upon the bark of the trees, and other indications, he judged that there were numerous bears in the vicinity.

At last, after two or three hours' fruitless search, he was thinking of turning back in despair, when casting his eyes upward he saw a slight which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart.

On the top of a jutting pinnacle, three or four hundred feet above him, stood a creature somewhat resembling a sheep in appearance, but armed with a pair of gigantic horns.

The big-horned creature, which was acting, probably, as a guardian over a flock which were invisible to the hunter, but fortunately it was heading in the opposite direction, and had not perceived him.

Lying on his back, he rested his rifle upon a rock and took a long and steady aim before drawing the trigger.

The animal sprang into the air, tottered for a moment upon the edge of the precipice, and then came crashing down into the valley beneath.

The creature was too unwieldy to lift, so the hunter contented himself with cutting away one haunch and part of the flank.

With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to retire to his camp, the evening was already drawing in. He had hardly started, however, before he realized the difficulty which faced him.

(To be continued.)

HIS LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

Man Who Named Two Dogs "Coco"—They Were Always Together.

"I never hear laziness discussed," said Frederick Kost, the artist, "but I think of Old Man Crawford, who used to keep an inn down on South Beach, when the place was practically a wilderness, and a lot of us fellows were in the habit of running down there to sketch."

He was, without doubt, the laziest man I ever knew of. He would not lift a finger to do a thing, and he was so fat that he could not get up without the aid of his hands.

"One of his sons, who had settled in New York, sent him two dachshund pups. I remember how Crawford would sit, nursing himself on his porch the whole day, with one of these dogs, like animated mannequins, on each side of him. They were always by him, one to the left, the other to the right of his chair, when they were at rest."

"One day, as I sat talking to him, the dogs were romping in the house. Crawford turned and called: 'Here, Coco, Coco!' and the dachshunds came trotting out."

"What are their names, Crawford?" I asked, thinking I had misunderstood.

"Coco," replied Crawford.

"But there are two," I reminded him.

"One does for both," replied the old man. "They're always together—come and go at the same time. And, anyhow, I'm not going to worry myself to a decline by thinking up two dogs' names."—New York Times.

Wanted to Go Home.

Abe Hummel recently entertained a rural relative who was visiting New York for the first time, says the New York Times. He took his guest to Coney Island and showed him everything worth seeing, from Manhattan beach down to the Bowery. The last place they inspected was a dime museum, where the wonderful curiosities greatly interested the stranger.

Suddenly the countryman caught sight of a large mirror, one of the startling kind that makes a man look as if he had been run over by a steam roller. Mr. Hummel's relative gazed at it for a moment, and then he said: "Then he turned and said: 'Say, Abe, let's go home, quick! Gee-willikens! I never knew until now the meaning of the phrase 'the place that kills.' Another day like this would be the death of me!'"

An Eye for Business.

A story is told of a colporteur, butler in one of New York's most fashionable suburbs, who, being given one hundred or more invitations to a social function for delivery, could not resist the temptation to slip into each a message circular of his wife, who was seeking patients. The surprise and consternation of the invited guests at receiving the two documents may be easily imagined.

Chloroform and Ether.

A writer in the Lancet reports on the administration of chloroform in 42,978 cases, with 33 fatalities, or one in 1,300; and on 37,272 ether cases, with only four deaths, or one in 9,318.

A Grievance Against His Tailor.

"I wish you wouldn't send your announcement cards," said young Jones. "Why not?" asked the tailor.

"Because my landlady thinks they are bills. It hurts my credit."

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



Miss Kate Brown.

Miss Kate Brown, recording secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 605 N. Seventh St., Kansas City, Kan., says:

"For seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well-earned day. I caught a severe cold, which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the Kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold deranged my whole system."

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, got deranged, but little benefit. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better, gradually, so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown.

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overtopped Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little, Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the sprites attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their ready power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in marble or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them their nightly visitations of gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—changelings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

Unpleasant for Both.

An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be at a party as he was passing. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of you."

An Opening.

Stage Director—What shall I do with the wealthy young amateur who engaged this morning?

Manager—What can he do?

Stage Director—He says he is willing to play the smallest parts.

Manager—Cast him for the armor in the baronial castle scene.—Judge.

Left Helpless.

Mrs. Brown—So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake?

Mrs. Black—Absolutely for nothing. Mrs. Brown—Oh, that's it? I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.

He Took Advice.

"Why have you failed in life?" "My employers always told me that a man with my brains could make more money doing something else."—Judge.

PISON CURE FOR GOUT WHERE ALL THE TALKERS SAY IT CAN BE CURED. One in time. Sold by druggists.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Dollars and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines especially. See us before buying.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN—PERUNA CURED.



A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death.

It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease.

There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but still the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, medicine and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to send you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

SEEN IN A GREAT CITY.

Pathetic Incident of the Cold Streets—A Deadly Struggle.

Through the black street the cold wind whistled. In front of the brightly lighted shop one slender figure stood motionless with outstretched arms. Inside was bustle, confusion and warmth, but the rays from the electric lights, which shone through the windows only accentuated the piercing cold without.

Hours passed; the frosty air became more biting and crowds of gay shoppers passed without a glance at the appealing hand stretched out to them.

It was growing late, the streets were deserted, when, suddenly, without warning, a man rushed, bareheaded, from the shop, a look of grim determination upon his face. Without an instant's hesitation he grasped the figure, still standing there in a firm embrace, and silently, unseen in the streets of the big city, began a struggle which could have but one ending.

Back and forth the two rocked in each other's arms, back and forth, without a word, but step by step, the outsider, stiff and cold, was being drawn toward the open door. A moment more and the two were within, and the conqueror, looting his hold, stepped back, left the slender figure sprawling from side to side and drew a long, fierce breath.

"Darn them Indian figures!" said the eager shop man, according to the New York Times, "they might be made of lead from the heart of 'em."

Should Keep Out of the Draft.

First South American—Ah, good afternoon, senior. Looks like a revolution.

Second South American—Yes, I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes.

Too Extravagant.

"No, sir!" roared the stern father, "you may own horses and lands, and automobiles, but you can't marry my daughter."

"Why not?"

"Young man, you've got the Panama hat habit; that's why."—Newark News.

What was the Reading?

Too much reading is given as the cause of the downfall of a New England young man who became a burglar. Until a list of the culprit's favorite authors is published Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. Hornung will be under suspicion.

Undisputed Points.

Attorney for the Defense—You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir!

Attorney for the Prosecution—And you, sir, are a shyster and a rogue!

The Court—Come, come, gentlemen, let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

As He Called It.

"But why," asked the man who always wanted to know "why do you call that little jump you made from a tower into the water a 'leap for life'?" They tell me it is not at all dangerous.

"Well," replied the artist, "don't I make a livin' by it?"

What was the Reading?

Too much reading