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A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter II—Continued.

In the meantime, Ferrier, having recovered from his privations, distinguished himself as a useful guide and an indefatigable hunter.

So rapidly did he gain the esteem of his new companions, that when they reached the end of their wanderings, it was unanimously agreed that he should be provided with as large and as fertile a tract of land as any of the settlers, with the exception of Young himself, and of Stangerson, Kimball, Johnson and Drebbler, who were the four principal ones.

On the farm thus acquired John Ferrier built himself a substantial log house, which received so many additions in succeeding years that it grew into a roomy villa.

In three years he was better off than his neighbors, in six he was well-to-do, in nine he was rich, and in twelve there were not half a dozen men in the whole of Salt Lake City who could compare with him.

There was one way, and only one, in which he offended the susceptibilities of his co-religionists.

There were some who accused him of lukewarmness in his adopted religion, and others who put it down to greed of wealth and reluctance to incur expense.

Whatever the reason, Ferrier remained strictly celibate. In every other respect he conformed to the religion of the young settlement, and gained the name of being an orthodox and straight-walking man.

Lucy Ferrier grew up within the log house and assisted her adopted father in all his undertakings.

The keen air of the mountains and the balsamic odor of the pine trees took the place of nurse and mother to the young girl.

As year succeeded to year she grew taller and stronger, her cheek more ruddy, and her step more elastic.

Many a wayfarer upon the high road which ran by Ferrier's farm felt forgotten thoughts revive in his mind as he watched her lithe, girlish figure tripping through the wheat fields, or mustang, and managing it with all the ease and grace of a true child of the West.

So the bud blossomed into a flower and the year which saw her father the richest of the farmers left her a fair specimen of American girlhood as could be found in the whole Pacific slope.

It was not the father, however, who first discovered in the child had developed into the woman. It seldom is in such cases.

That mysterious change is too subtle and too gradual to be measured by dates. Least of all until the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand sets her heart thrilling within her, and she learns, with a mixture of pride and fear, that a new and larger nature has awakened within her.

There are few who cannot recall that day and remember the one little incident which heralded the dawn of a new life.

In the case of Lucy Ferrier the occasion was serious enough in itself, apart from its future influence on her destiny and that of many besides.

It was a warm June morning, and the latter-day settlers as busy as the bees whose hive they have chosen for their emblem.

grip upon the bridle to relax. Choked by the rising cloud of dust and by the steam from the struggling creatures, she might have abandoned her efforts in despair but for a kindly voice at her elbow which assured her of assistance.

At the same moment a stoney brown hand caught the frightened horse by the curb, and, forcing a way through the drove, soon brought her to the outskirts.

"You're not hurt, I hope, Miss," said her preserver, respectfully. She looked up at his dark, fierce face and laughed saucily.

"I am awfully frightened," she said, naively, "whoever would have thought that Ponsoh would have been so scared by a lot of cows?"

"That's God you kept your seat," the other said, earnestly. He was a tall, savage looking young fellow mounted on a powerful roan horse, and clad in the rough dress of a settler, with a long rifle slung over his shoulder.

"I guess you are the daughter of John Ferrier," he remarked. "I saw you ride down from his house. When you see him, ask him if he remembers the rough dress of a settler. He must take us as he finds us."

"He has a good deal to thank you for, and so have I," she answered; "he's awful fond of me. If those cows had jumped on me, he'd have never got it."

"Neither would I," said her companion. "You? Well, I don't see that it would make much matter to you, any more than it would to even a friend of ours. The young hunter's dark face grew so gloomy over this remark that Lucy Ferrier laughed aloud.

"There, I didn't mean that," she said; "of course, you are a friend of mine. You must come and see us. Now I must push along, or father won't trust me with his business any more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he answered, raising his broad forefinger, and bending over her little hand.

She wheeled her mustang round, gave it a cut with her riding-whip, and darted away down the broad road in a rolling gait, as if a friend of hers.

Young Jefferson Hope rode on with his companions, gloomy and taciturn. He and they had been among the Nevada mountains prospecting for silver, and were returning to Salt Lake in the hope of raising capital enough to work some lodes which they had discovered.

He had been as keen as any of them upon the business until this sudden incident had drawn his thoughts into another channel.

Three weeks had passed since Jefferson Hope and his comrades had departed from Salt Lake City.

John Ferrier's heart was sore within him when he thought of the young man's return and of the impending loss of his adopted child.

Yet her bright and happy voice reconciled him to the arrangement more than any argument could have done. He had always determined, deep down in his resolute heart, that nothing would ever induce him to allow his daughter to wed a Mormon.

Such a marriage he regarded as no marriage at all, but as a shame and a disgrace. Whatever he might think of the Mormon doctrines, upon that point he was inflexible.

He had to seal his mouth on the subject, however, for to express an unorthodox opinion was a dangerous matter in those days in the Land of the Saints.

Yes, a dangerous matter—so dangerous that even the most saintly dared only whisper their religious opinions with bated breath, lest something which fell from their lips might be misconstrued and bring down a swift retribution upon them.

The victims of persecution had now turned persecutors on their own account, and persecutors of the most horrible description.

Not the Inquisition of Seville, nor the German Vehmergericht, nor the secret societies of Italy, were ever able to put a more formidable machinery in motion than that which cast a cloud over the Territory of Utah.

Its invisibility and the mystery which was attached to it made this organization doubly terrible. It appeared to be omniscient and omnipotent, and yet was neither seen nor heard.

The man who held out against the Church vanished away, and none knew whether he had gone or what had befallen him. His wife and children awaited him at home, but no father ever returned to tell them how he had fared at the hands of his secret judges.

A rash word or a hasty act was followed by annihilation, and yet none knew what the nature might be of this terrible power which was suspended over them.

At first this vague and terrible power was exercised only upon the recalcitrants, who, having embraced the Mormon faith, wished afterward to revert or to abandon it. Soon, however, it was extended to all.

The supply of adult women was running short and polygamy without draw was a barren doctrine indeed. Strange rumors began to be bandied about—rumors of murdered immigrants and rifled camps in regions where Indians had never been seen.

Fresh women appeared in the harems of the elders—women who pined and wept, and drew in their breath at the prospect of an unextinguishable horror.

Belted wanderers upon the mountains spoke of gangs of armed men, masked, stealthy, and noiseless, who flitted by them in the darkness.

These tales and rumors took substance and shape, and were corroborated and re-corroborated, until they resolved themselves into a definite name.

To this day, in the lonely ranches of the West, the name of the Danite Band, or the Avengeing Angels, is a sinister and an ill-omened one.

Fuller knowledge of the organization which produced such terrible results served to increase rather than to lessen the horror which it inspired in the minds of men.

None knew who belonged to this ruthless society. The names of the participants in the deeds of blood and violence, done under the name of religion, were kept profoundly secret.

The very friend to whom you commended your misdeeds, and the prophet and his mission might be one of those who would come forth at night with fire and sword to exact a terrible reparation. Hence every man feared his neighbor, and none spoke of the things which were nearest his heart.

(To be continued.)

Retribution at Last. "These racing automobiles ought to be suppressed," remarked the indignant man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lowly citizen. "I get some enjoyment out of them."

"You! Why, you never rode in one in your life."

"Of course not, but think how interesting they are making things for the scorching bicyclists, who have heretofore monopolized the roads. I tell you it looks to me like righteous retribution."

Setting the "Tip" Question. The awkward question of the tip was solved by a big New Englander from the state of Maine who was dining in a London restaurant the other evening.

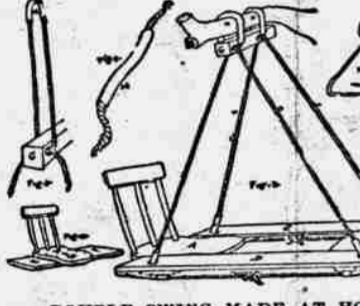


FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Simple Double Swing. In getting ready to make the swing described here the best thing to do first is to study Figure 1 in this picture.

Now get two strong boards of good wood about twelve inches wide and at least one inch thick. The length of these boards must be such that each one will project twelve inches on either side of the chairs, after the latter have been fastened to the boards in the position shown in Figure 4.

In fastening the chair seats, remember that the wood of which chairs are made is extremely likely to split along the grain. It is better to bore holes for the screws or nails first, with a sharp gimlet.



DOUBLE SWING MADE AT HOME.

and lay the long boards, C and D, over the ends of the short boards, E and F (Figure 4).

Screw them together with the largest screws that you can handle. If possible, bolt them instead of screwing them. Boys do not use bolts often enough for their work. They are quite as easy to put in as screws, and they not only make a much firmer job, but also one that is far neater.

Whether bolts or screws are used, enough must be put in to assure complete rigidity. If only one is used at each corner, the entire frame will have a constant liability to give sideways.

Now you have your framework complete. The next step is to bore holes for ropes to hang the swing.

If the ropes are simply put through holes bored to receive them, the chafing that occurs constantly when the swing is in motion will soon fray them out, and they will be dangerously weak before the swing has been used many days.

Get a piece of old, worn-out garden hose, which can be obtained almost anywhere. A hardware store will be sure to have some if you cannot find a piece knocking around the house. Cut it into sections a few inches in length.

Then heat a poker red hot and with it burn holes, just large enough to allow the hose to pass through, into each corner of the frame, six inches from the ends and sides.

Then comes the operation of making the stay block, which is to act as support for the swing when it is hung. This stay block is shown as Figure 3 in Figure 1. It is simply a good strong block of wood, hickory preferred, with holes bored into it just as in the frame.

Its dimensions are four feet long by four inches square, and the holes are four inches from the end. Figure 2 shows one in direction in which the ropes must be passed through the frame, up to and through the stay block and the loop that they form above it.

"Done!" The towel waves. Betty dances on her toes. The Gray Princess wakes up and purses her congratulations. Great times!

"Oh," breathes Betty. "It feels so good to be out of debt!"—Youth's Companion.

Crown Prince of Portugal. The Crown Prince of Portugal may make no stir in the world beyond his father's little kingdom, but he is said to be a dear boy for all that.

An Explanation. "I wonder how the stars are made. And where they got the gold?" Said Bob to bigger brother Fred.

"Now, Fred was 5 years old. And he was wise in many things. As little Bobbie knew. So now he thought a little while: His brown eyes darker grew. "Why, don't you know," at length he said.

THE "CHIPPEWAY BREAKFAST."

General Winfield Scott's Narrow Escape from Being Captured. An incident in the life of Gen. Winfield Scott, told by himself very rarely, well illustrates how trifles may change the current of events.

It was a trifle which saved his life at what is known as the "Chippeway breakfast." On July 4, 1814, Gen. Scott's brigade had been marching all day with Gen. Hall's forces, and had driven the enemy down toward the town of Chippewa.

Just at dusk a man came to Gen. Scott with a message from a lady who lived in a large house on the opposite side of the creek. She asked that a sentinel might be placed at the bridge to prevent straggling soldiers from going to her house.

She was the wife, and she was alone with her five children, save for the presence of one friend, a young lady. Word was sent that her request would be granted.

"Early the next morning the same messenger again appeared," says Gen. Scott, "bearing the lady's thanks and the request that I, with as many of my staff as I chose to bring with me, would breakfast with her that day."

"Acting on the impulse of the moment, I called two of my aids and returned with me cordially, and at once ushered us into the dining room, where we were presented to a charming young lady. It was a rare pleasure for us to be in ladies' society or to sit down to a well-ordered table, and we were prepared to enjoy the meal.

"Before we had broken our fast Lieut. Watts rose from the table to get his bandanna, which had been left in his hat at a side table near the window. Glancing out, he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and redcoats on the other, with the evident intention of surrounding the house and capturing us."

"General, we are betrayed!" he cried. "Springing from the table, we ran from the house and as fast as our legs would carry us toward our own camp. Several shots were fired after us, but we were fortunate enough to escape unhurt."

"But for the bandanna we should have been captured." This was a most mortifying experience for me that I should so heedlessly have walked into a trap. And yet, even to this day, I am not sure that my hostess intended to betray me."

AGRICULTURAL



Signs of a Good Milker.

When it comes to buying or raising a dairy cow too many neglect to consider whether the cow, from her general appearance, seems to be fitted to do good work in the dairy or not. Now it is to be admitted that you cannot tell certainly whether a cow is a deep rich milker from her general appearance; but still, so large a percentage of the high quality cows of the land have certain external signs that have come to be regarded as the marks of a good cow that it is folly to overlook these marks when selecting cows for one's herd.



A GOOD MILKER.

Notice the fullness in the fore part of the udder and how well it runs up behind, with the large, well-placed teats and its general appearance of large capacity. Such an udder, when milked out dry, will fall in loose, soft folds, like an empty bag. It is a good type to breed to.

Plowing Under Green Crops. While we advocate plowing under green crops, when they are not worth more for stock food than for manure, we believe that there are some soils where this practice may do injury rather than good.

Where the soil is light and sandy, lacking nitrogen, or when it is stiff and needs to be made more porous, then almost any green crop is a good manure for it. Where it is low and wet, and perhaps has too much acid in it, a heavy crop of clover or other green manure will usually be an injury to the succeeding crop, unless it is given some dressing of lime in some form, and if used liberally will benefit that and the succeeding crops.

Sowed on the surface and harrowed in they do not waste or do any harm if the amount is much more than one crop needs.—American Cultivator.

How to Set a Hen. Here's a good way to set a hen. The nest is made in a rooky box, with a cover. Nailed to one side of the box is a little slat yard, slats on top also. In which water and food are kept constantly. The hen can go out into the yard at any time, eat and drink, and have no temptation to wander away and let her eggs get cold.



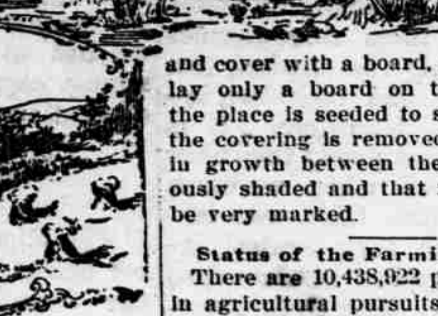
NEST FOR A BETTER.

Shade Berries Soil. The complete shading of the soil rapidly enriches it, even without the application of manure. It may be that shading causes a deposit of nitrogen from the air; every farmer knows that wherever a stack of hay or straw has stood for several months the ground underneath is not only enriched, but grows much darker in color. Anyone may try an experiment as follows: Select the poorest spot of ground on the farm, lay over a strip of any length, but about a yard wide, a few inches of straw,

and cover with a board, or, if preferred, lay only a board on the ground. If the place is seeded to something after the covering is removed the difference in growth between the portion previously shaded and that not shaded will be very marked.

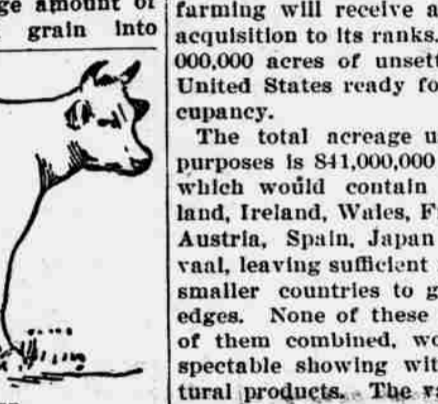
Status of the Farming Industry. There are 10,438,822 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries engage 18,845,000 persons. One-third of the entire area of this country is devoted to tillage of the soil. There are to-day 5,739,657 farms in the United States, and the value of farm property, including improvements, stock and implements, is \$20,514,001,838.

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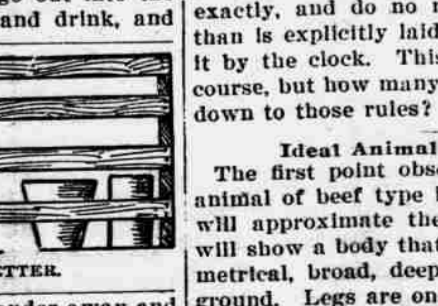
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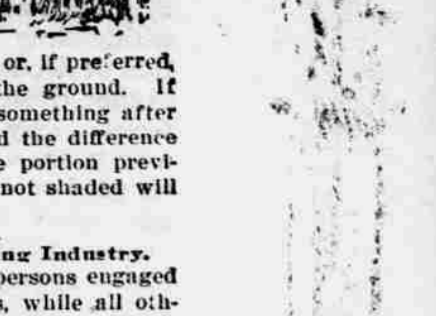
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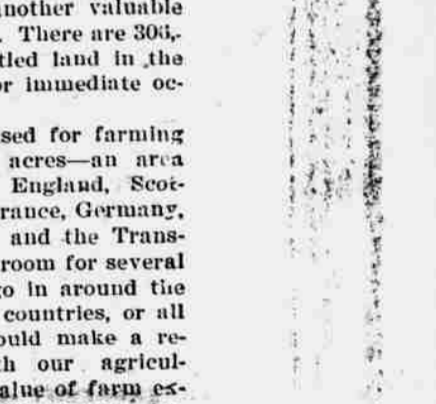
Status of the Farming Industry. There are 10,438,822 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries engage 18,845,000 persons. One-third of the entire area of this country is devoted to tillage of the soil. There are to-day 5,739,657 farms in the United States, and the value of farm property, including improvements, stock and implements, is \$20,514,001,838.

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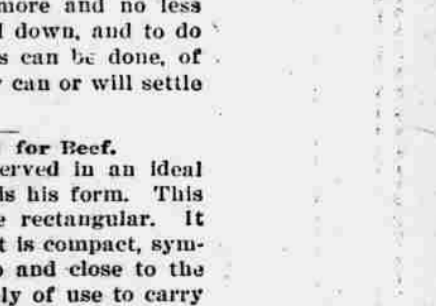
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