

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter IV—Continued.

One fine morning John Ferrier was about to set out for his wheat fields, when he heard the click of the latch, and looking through the window, saw a stout, sandy-haired, middle-aged man coming up the pathway.

His heart leaped to his mouth, for this was none other than the great Brigham Young himself. Full of veneration for the man who had been a visitation to him, he knew that such a visitation boded him little good—Ferrier ran to the door to greet the Mormon chief. This latter, however, received his salutation coldly, and followed him with a stern face into the sitting room.

"Brother Ferrier," he said, taking a seat, and eyeing the farmer keenly from under his light-colored eyelashes, "the true believers have been good friends to you. We picked you up when you were starving in the desert. We shared our food with you, let you safe to the chosen valley, gave you a goodly share of land, and allowed you to wax rich under our protection. Is not this so?"

"It is so," answered John Ferrier. "In return for all this, we asked but one condition; that was, that you should embrace the true faith, and conform in every way to its usages. This you promised to do; and this, if common report says truly, you have neglected."

"And how have I neglected it?" asked Ferrier, throwing up his hands in exasperation. "Have I not given to the common fund? Have I not attended at the temple? Have I not—"

"Where are your wives?" asked Young, looking round him. "Call them in, that I may greet them."

"It is true that I have not married," Ferrier answered. "But women were few, and there were many who had better claims than I, I was not a lonely man; I had my daughter to attend my wants."

"It is of that daughter that I would speak to you," said the leader of the Mormons. "She has grown to be the flower of Utah, and has found favor in the eyes of many who are high in the land."

John Ferrier groaned internally. "There are stories of her which I would fain disbelieve—stories that she is sealed to some gentleman. This must be the case, for I have not seen her since she left my tongue. What is the thirteenth rule in the code of the sainted John Smith? Let every maiden of the true faith marry one of the elect, for if she wed a gentile she committeth a grievous sin."

"You are young and rich and of the true faith," said the Mormon, "and you have a daughter who is the flower of Utah. It is your duty to wed her to one of the elect. If you refuse, you will be deemed an infidel, and your daughter will be given to one of our brethren."

"You will give us time," he said at last. "My daughter is very young—she is scarcely of an age to marry."

"She shall have a month to choose," said Young, rising from his seat. "At the end of that time she shall give her answer."

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 Blanca 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 crunching 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 arm, and looking up, 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 say you to that you 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 of 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 do. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more than those folk here. In spite of all their praying and preaching, there's a party starting for Nevada tomorrow, and I'll manage to send him a message letting him know the hole we are in. If I know anything of that young man he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs."

the truth, Lucy, it isn't the first time I have thought of doing it. I don't care about knocking under to any man, as these folk do to their damned prophet. I'm a free-born American, and I've done to me. Guess I'm too old to earn. If he comes browsing about his 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 swollen up, else he'll be walking into me when he sees you. There's nothing to be feared about, and there's no danger at all."

John Ferrier uttered these consolatory 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 had loaded the rusty old shotgun which hung upon the wall of his bedroom.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning which followed his interview with the Mormon prophet, John Ferrier went in to Salt Lake City, and, having found his acquaintance with the Lord stretched out by 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.

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.

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." "We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for which ever of us may seem good to you."

"We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for which ever of us may seem good to you."

"But my prospects are better," said the other, "than yours. 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 is here, 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?"

"Then I'll 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.

"The young, canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than have you wedded to 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. He will be 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. A minor error was punished so sternly, that would be the fate of this arch-rebel!

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.

Upon rising next morning he found to his surprise a small 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 penance. The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. How this warning came into his room puzzled John Ferrier sorely, for his servants slept in an out-house, and all doors and windows had all been secured.

He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill to 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 sat up to breakfast when Lucy, with a cry of surprise, pointed upward.

In the center of the ceiling was scrawled, with a burnt 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 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 registers, 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 number appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floor; 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 sight of them. He became haggard and restless, and his eyes had the troubled look of some hunted and yet in the end he 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.

He was sitting at the table one evening, pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out of them.

That morning had shown the figure two upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the last of the allotted 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 network which was drawn all around them?

He took 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.

(To be Continued.)

Amusing Errors of Speech.

Bridget, who came to this country last year, has a limited vocabulary, and while she is learning fast, some of the words and expressions she has acquired do not always fit, her ear not having been accurate in getting the right term. Thus the other day she said to her mistress:

"Shall I fix that Kansas back duck for dinner?"

Again, Bridget was telling a tale of a missing friend in this city, when she exclaimed:

"Do you know, I believe when Katie turns up she'll be found in the Potash field!"

While at work on Friday a tremendous blast near by in the subway rattled the dishes in the kitchen and the girl cried out:

"There goes that rapid transom again!"

Bear More of an Attraction.

Parson (who has just arrived for the first time at his new country living)—I say, porter, my arrival seems to have caused a great deal of excitement in the village.

Porter—Yes, sir; but it's now to when the dancing bear was here yesterday.—London Tit-Bits.

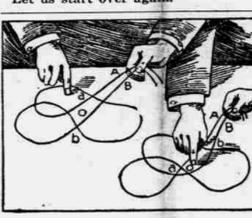
Analysis.

She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion. He—Illusions are the lovely fancies we have about ourselves, and delusions are the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.



Trick With a Piece of Cord.

Take a piece of cord about two yards long, hold the two ends with the thumb and index finger of the right hand and form the figure shown on the left side of our illustration on the table. The task is to pull the cord off the table while another person is trying to prevent it by placing the index finger on any spot inside the figures formed by the cord. You may be certain that any one will select the part of the loop marked with X. When we now pull the two ends of the cord, it will slide past the finger that is trying to prevent it.



HOW IT IS DONE.

We lay the cord again and declare that if the partner places the index finger on the same spot of the figure the finger will be caught and the cord will not be removed. The partner places the finger on P, we pull, and the cord is actually held fast.

Solution: The partner has not noticed that we have changed the loops of the cord. By comparing the two figures in our illustration you will notice the change. In the figure on the left right end of the cord forms first the loop A, while in the figure on the right it forms the loop behind it, so that in this case the loop A belongs to the left end of the cord.

How to Make Traps. In Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping," published some years ago, the following effective traps that can be easily made are described:

A mouse trap may be made with a bowl and a knife blade. Put a piece of cheese on the end of the blade of a table knife. Lift one edge of the bowl and put the knife, standing on its edge, under it, allowing the bait to be about an inch and a half beneath the bowl.

The odor of cheese will attract the mouse and he will find his way under the edge of the bowl, and a very slight nibble will tip the blade and the bowl will fall over on the prisoner.

A thimble may be used in place of the knife. Force the cheese into the thimble and put the thimble under the bowl with the open end inward, allowing about half the length of the thimble to project out of it. The mouse, in trying to get the cheese out of the thimble, will cause the bowl to fall.

If the thimble be too small to allow the mouse to pass under the edge of the bowl, put a piece of pastboard or a flat chip under the thimble.

To make a fly trap, take a tumbler and half fill it with strong soapuds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass, and in the center of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter. A slice of bread may be used in place of the stiff paper. Smear the under side of the disk with molasses before inserting. Flies will find their way downward through the hole, and once below the paper their doom is sealed. In their efforts to escape they will fall into the soapuds and speedily perish.

By setting a number of such traps in a room it will soon be rid of the pests.

What a Boy Can Do. These are some of the things a boy can do:

He can shout so loud the air turns blue; He can make all sounds of beast and bird, And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck, Till he fools the rooster, hen or duck, He can mock the dog, or lamb, or cow, And the cat herself can't beat his "meow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped or plain; He can thunder by like a railway train, Stop at the stations a breath, and then, Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such command, He can turn right into a full brass band, With all of the instruments ever played, And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and is keeping still; But earth would be—God bless their souls!

A dull old place if there were no boys. —Christian Endeavor World.

On a tree close to a house, within a short distance of the river or canal, there was a stork's nest, with young ones. The roof of the house caught fire one day, and though the flames did not actually reach the tree, the heat became scorching. So the mother stork flew down to the water, got into it and drenched her breast; then, returning to her young, she spread the mass of cool, wet feathers all over them. This she repeated over and over again, flying to the river, going down into the water, and returning, her plumage drenched with wet. And thus the nest was saved, and the tender nestlings were preserved alive until the fire had been got under control and all was

safe. The truth of this remarkable story was vouched for by more than one eyewitness.—The Cornhill.

Great Herring Machine. Very clever is a Swedish inventor named Ekenberg, who has constructed a machine which takes herrings as they come from the net, sorts them into four sizes recognized by the trade, scrapes off their scales, cuts off their heads, splits, cleans and washes them inside and out.

The machine does all this automatically, and turns out 20,000 herrings an hour.

One of the big floating herring factories which go out from Göteborg to the herring banks is to be equipped with the astonishing apparatus, which ought to effect a revolution in the price of blotters.

How Can the Lark be Happy? Little Nellie—Uncle Will said the other day that he was as happy as a lark. Do you suppose a lark is very happy?

Little Robert—I should say not. Why, I read in a book that a lark gets up before sunrise every morning.

Tommie's Amendment. Small Tommie (at dinner)—Mamma, chuck me a piece of bread, will you? Mamma (shocked)—Why, Tommie, is that the way to ask for it?

Small Tommie—Well, then, please chuck me a piece of bread.

CAPACIOUS BED OF WARE. Is Large Enough to Hold a Dozen Persons Comfortably.

The great bed of Ware is famous not only for its size, but because of Shakespeare's allusion to it in "Twelfth Night." When Sir Toby Belch urges Aguecheek to send a challenge to his supposed rival, he says: "Put as many lies in a sheet as will lie in it, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England."

This enormous bed is 10 feet 9 inches square and 7 feet 6 inches high. It is made of Spanish oak, elegantly carved, and is a wonderful specimen of antique furniture that for three centuries has been the pride and glory of the Saracen's Head at Ware. The top is a solid canopy of beautifully carved wood made in one piece. At the base of each footpost are boxes. It was the custom in old times for a newly arrived guest who had never seen it before to drink a toast to the bed in a can of beer. Twelve persons have slept in it at one time, and it is asserted in the old chronicles that twenty did so at a pinch.

When Ellhu Burrett, the learned American blacksmith, went on his walking tour from London to the Land's End he turned aside to see the great bed of Ware, and might have slept in it, but didn't. Some modern authorities declare that it is not older than the reign of Elizabeth, but this can hardly be, as when it was put up for auction part of the coat-of-arms of the Earl of Warwick was found on the bottom or back of it, with the date 14—, and there is a tradition in the counties of Berks and Warwick that it was originally in Warwick Castle and made for the accommodation of King Edward IV. of England, who could not sleep in an ordinary bed, being an inch and seven feet tall. This tradition says that it was removed from Warwick Castle—where it is called in the household book "the king's bed"—to the inn at Ware to accommodate Edward in one of his campaigns during the wars of the roses. There is common sense in the story, for Edward was a voluptuous man, reveling in all the luxuries which could be procured in so rude an age, carrying with him when he went to war or hunt silken pavilions, cupboards of plate, feather beds, many changes of apparel and choice wine for himself and his favorites.

EATING TIME ON CAT FARM. Dietary Table of an Up-to-Date Feline Boarding House.

The care of cats of absent mistresses and of those which are raised for sale has become a matter commanding great attention, and in its up-to-date features is sufficiently amusing. The dietary time-table and daily routine on one of these modern cat farms is described as follows: At 8:30 the cats have saucers of food, prepared as for a baby, and given while warm at the consistency of cream. At 12:30 they dine either on a well-bred sheep's head, cut up very fine, or by way of change they have a fish dinner. At 3 o'clock a drink of warm milk is provided. At 7 p. m. they have fish and rice, or biscuits soaked in milk. Clean boiled—they are emphatic about the boiling—water is always kept at hand, as cats suffer from thirst more than is generally realized.

A white cat should be cleaned exactly as you would clean the fashionable white neck fur. The hand of the cleaner should be dampened, not wet, in some water in which a few drops of ammonia have been poured. The cat should then be stroked. It should then be sprinkled generously with flour, which must be rubbed into the fur. This must then be thoroughly brushed out, and the coat polished with a silk handkerchief. This ceremony should be rarely indulged in, as a healthy cat will keep itself clean in clean surroundings. The cats at the farm in question realize prices, which frequently run into three figures, so the care bestowed on them is not altogether unreasonable.

Let Others Walk the Floor. "Do you think out the jokes in the funny column?" asked the visitor.

"No, the reader does that," said the editor.—Indianapolis News.

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FARM AND GARDEN

Mustard in Grain Fields. The plant referred to scarcely needs description, as it is so common, although the accompanying illustration will impress the reader with its identity. The flowers are yellow and the leaves soft, somewhat resembling those of rape, cabbage, turnips, etc.; in fact mustard belongs to the same family of plants as those named. It is one of the most serious of all the weed pests. This is due to the fact that it ripens its seeds before most of the cereals, so that the ground is again seeded down for another year. But this is not all. The seeds are so oily in their nature that they have been known to remain in the

ground for a period of twenty-five years when buried so deeply as to prevent germination, and yet after this time have grown vigorously. It is because of this characteristic that it is especially important to prevent wild mustard from seeding. In fields where the plants are few in number the labor expended by way of pulling them up by root would be most profitable.

Where it is not practical to pull out mustard, owing to the large amount present, it may be advisable to make the cereal crop into hay rather than allow it to ripen. If some such plan as this is not adopted where fields are badly infested with mustard it may be necessary in the near future to allow the land to lie idle and adopt the summer fallow system in order to get rid of the pest. This would be an instance where an ounce of remedy would be worth many pounds of cure.—Iowa Homestead.

Table for Handling Grapes. I have seen large, heavy tables for this work in many grapehouses, upon which the grapes were emptied from the trays to be sorted, trimmed and packed into baskets. I do not favor this method of treating grapes. I think the less they are handled the better. The packing table shown makes it possible to take the grapes out of the tray stem by stem as wanted by the packer and thus avoid the emptying out of the grapes. The table is so constructed that a tray fits into it tipped up suffi-



GRAPE PACKING TABLE.

ciently to make it convenient to take the clusters from it. In the illustration half of the tray is cut away in order that the construction of the table may appear more plainly.

The little block (B) on the headpiece of the tray answers a twofold purpose—it serves as a handle in place of the hand holes and it keeps the trays from dropping off one from the other when they are being piled up in the store-room or when hauling on the wagon sled.—F. Grenier, in Farm and Fireside.

Sowing Clover in Corn. The farmer who sows clover and finds in the spring that it was winter killed considers that he has lost time, labor and the value of the seed. This is not so, for the growth of the clover makes during the late summer and fall has added enough fertility to the soil to materially assist in paying for the time and labor involved. As a matter of fact, there ought not to be much labor spent in seeding the clover beyond the work of putting in the seed, particularly if the work is done at the last cultivation of the corn. Under almost any weather conditions, except severe and prolonged drought, it may be considered wise to make a seeding of clover, crimson or red, at the last cultivation of the corn. If it goes through the winter, one adds so greatly to the fertility of the soil that they can afford to take some chances.

The Hay Press. The farmer who has more hay than barn room will find it a good investment to have a hay press that he may put it into smaller bulk, so that there will be room for it in the barn, instead of stacking it out of doors. It will keep better, and if he has any to sell it will be more easily handled and sell more readily at a better price. If one cannot afford to buy a press, let those one ever seems too poor to hire a lawyer.

Evaporated or Dried Potatoes. "Dried potatoes" is the name of a new product evolved by the South Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station. The potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated in a canner, and will remain in perfect condition for years. The preserved potato becomes fit for eating after being soaked in warm water for an hour. Like many other new ideas, this promises to be a big thing, and its development may have a great effect on the vast potato fields of northern Maine. It is reported that an acre of potatoes yielded 357 bushels, which made 105 bushels of the dried product, nearly a pound to 3/4 pounds of the raw product. Although the report we have does not say anything about it, probably the sweet potatoes can be subjected to the same process.—American Cultivator.

Cutting Up a Hog. After the hog has been killed and cleaned, cut down on each side of the backbone with a sharp hatchet, then with a few cuts with the knife at the lower part, loosen the leaf lard, pull it upward and take it out. Begin at the breast bone, and with the aid of a knife take out the ribs. Run a knife down between the leaf and the fat meat of the backbone. By the aid of splits spread the hog to its full width and allow it to hang until it has thoroughly cooled. The accompanying diagram will show just how the carcass is cut. If the animal is a very heavy one, cut the sides apart, then take off the shoulder, then the side meat and finally the ham. By taking it down in pieces in this manner I can handle a heavy hog myself.—E. Esterley, in Farm and Home.

Shows Lack of Phosphate. When cattle chew their wood or old bones it indicates a lack of phosphate or lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are in grass the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of bone dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and in quality of milk and butter.

Farm Notes. If you do not have enough manure for a large field use it on a small plot, and endeavor to make as much as possible by concentrating the manure and work to a limited area. Manure may be wasted by attempting to make it do service on a larger space than it will profitably cover, as well as entailing more labor than the crop can compensate for.

Sheep are one of the best kinds of stock to keep in one's yard. After a little practice they will pick up fallen fruit quicker than hogs; and this is often very important, as the coding moth worm generally leaves the apple soon after it drops. But, with either sheep or hogs, sufficient food must be supplied or the trees will be barked. The food thus given goes, however, where it will do the most good, in the production of the largest and best fruit.

There is quite a difference in the advantages of budding and grafting. The proper time for budding is any period when good buds can be procured and the bark will run on the stocks. Peaches and roses are always budded, but grafting is used on apples, pears and grapes. Budding is sometimes done in order to change the tops of quite young fruit trees. Dry weather is not favorable to budding, and as a rule budding is not as successful as grafting.

Bones may be dissolved by the use of unleached wood ashes, especially if they are broken or ground. The proportions for a fertilizer, used by some farmers, are one barrel of raw bone flour, three barrels dry wood ashes, fifty pounds of gypsum and ten gallons of water. The material is placed in a heap upon the floor and stirred with a hoe while the water is added. The mass is kept moist, and in two or three weeks will be ready for use. Five barrels of this mixture is considered an efficient and cheap dressing for an acre of ground.

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