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A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter IV—Continued.

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 the note on the road was any human being to be seen.

With a sigh of relief Ferrier looked to the 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 leaped 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 noiselessness of a serpent.

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 or 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 bear up well?" he asked, 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 sharp enough to catch a Washoe hunter."

John Ferrier felt a different man now that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He turned to the 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 hornet's nest. It's Lucy that brings me here, and before harm comes on her I guess there will be one less of the Hope family in Utah."

"What are you doing?" "Tomorrow is your last day, and unless you act tonight 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 night, and 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 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 peril, but has steeled his heart to meet it.

The front and back entrances were watched, but with caution they 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 daylight 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.

great snow-capped peaks hemmed them in, peeping over one another's shoulders to the far horizon.

So steep were the rocky banks on either side of them that the larch and the pine seemed to be suspended over their heads, and to need only a gust of wind to come hurtling down upon them.

Nor was the fear entirely an illusion, for the barren valley was thickly strewn with trees and boulders which had fallen in a similar manner.

Even as they passed a great rock came thundering down with a hoarse rattle which woke the echoes in the silent gorges and startled the weary horses into a gallop.

As the sun rose slowly above the eastern horizon, the caps of the great mountains lighted up one after the other, like lamps at a festival, until they were all ruddy and glowing.

The magnificent spectacle cheered the hearts of the three fugitives and gave them fresh energy. At a wild torrent which swept out of a ravine they called a halt and watered their horses, while they partook of a hasty breakfast.

Lucy and her father would fain have rested longer, but Jefferson Hope was inexorable.

"They will be upon our track by this time," he said. "Everything depends upon our speed. Once safe in 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 daylight, 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, however, that that 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 sleep, he turned 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, 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.

With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to retrace his steps, for 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 "Cocoa" They Were Always Together.

"I never hear laziness discussed," said Frederick Koet, 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 stretch. He was, without doubt, the fellow most utterly devoid of energy it is possible to imagine. He wouldn't have breathed if he could have helped it."

"One of his sons, who had settled in New York, sent him a despatched paper. I remember how Crawford would sit, sunning himself on his porch the whole day, with one of these dogs, like animated sausages, 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, Cocoa, Cocoa!' and the daschunds came trotting out."

"What are their names, Crawford?" I asked, thinking I had misunderstood. "'Cocoa,' 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, any how, I'm not going to worry myself in to a decline by thinking up two dogs names."—New York Times.

Children's Corner

A Wonderful Cupboard. Little Ruth had a discontented look on her face. She sat by the open window idly turning the leaves of the geography which she held in her hand.

"Oh, dear me," sighed she. The sigh was so deep and the little girl's face so sober that Aunt Anne glanced up from her work.

"What is the matter now?" inquired aunt. "Oh, I'm so tired of learning these troublesome lessons, and every day just when I want to have a good time mamma will say, 'Now, Alice, it is time for your lessons. What's the use of studying so much, aunty?'"

Aunt Anne was silent a moment, and then she said to the little girl: "Let me answer your question by telling you about a curious cupboard which I possess. It is not large, although it contains numberless little shelves which have the singular property of expansion—that is, becoming larger if you place things upon them; and, strange to say, although so small, it is impossible to completely fill it."

"Why, I never remember seeing it," said Alice, now thoroughly interested. "You have seen it outside, as you will find when I have finished telling you about it."

"How long have you had the cupboard, aunty?" "Ever since I was born; and every day for thirty-five years I have been putting something into it."

"Why, it must be a queer cupboard!" said Alice, with a puzzled look on her face. "Yes; and another strange thing about it is that you can choose beautiful, useful articles or ugly, worthless ones to fill it with. Now, if you had a cupboard like this, which would you place on its shelves?"

"Why, aunty, the pretty things, of course! I would never put anything ugly for a cupboard of mine, if I could help it."

"Well, Alice, although I think as you do, yet sometimes I grew careless, and placed worthless articles on its shelves. And then, too, it is very difficult to remove anything after you have firmly placed it in position."

"Why, this is the most curious cupboard I ever heard of!" exclaimed the little girl. "How I should like to see it!"

"What if I tell you that you are the owner of one yourself, Alice?" "Surely you are joking, aunty."

"No, indeed. Can you not guess its name? It is our brain or mind. It has a place for everything, and if we fill it with the beautiful, the good and the true, we must commence when young to lay treasures upon its shelves. Day by day we add either good or bad to its store, although we may not always be conscious of what we are doing."

"Do you remember what you learned at school the other day for a memory gem?"

For the thoughts you do not speak shine out in your cheeks and eyes. There is a shelf for each of your studies, and if you learn that lesson in geography you will fill a little more of the space for that particular study."

"I understand now, aunty," said Alice. "When I am studying I will remember that I am filling my cupboard with useful and beautiful things."—Youth's Companion.

The Walking Knife. Stick two knives into a cork so as to form a balance. Into the base of the cork insert two pins so they will not bend under the weight. Place the



whole upon a flat ruler slightly inclined and give it a light rocking motion. The knives and cork will walk down the ruler.

What a Boy Should Know. A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way, summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good, legible hand. To spell all the words that he knows how to use. To speak and write good English. To add a column of figures rapidly. To make out an ordinary account. To deduct 10% per cent from the face of the account.

To receive an account when it is paid. To write an ordinary receipt. To write an advertisement for the newspaper. To write an ordinary promissory note. To reckon the interest, or the discount, on the note for years, months or days. To draw up an ordinary bank check. To take it to the right place in a bank to get the money.

To make neat and correct entries in day-book or cash-book. To tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor. To tell something about the great authors, statesmen and financiers of the present time.

If, says the successful business man, a boy can do all this, it is probable that he has enough education to make his way in the world.

Papa's New Hat. The father of 3-year-old Maggie usually wore a tall silk hat, but one day he wore a soft felt, and as he approached the house Margie turned from the window and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, come quick and see papa with a soft-felted hat on!"

Question Was Lost. "Mamma," said 5-year-old Mabel, "I—" "Well, dear?" queried the mother, as the little one hesitated.

"Oh, never mind," said Mabel. "I was going to ask you something, but it must have got lost out of my head."

Nellie's Reproof. Little Nellie's mamma had promised to take her shopping, but later changed her plans.

"Mamma," said Nellie reprovingly, "I wish to goodness you wasn't so freckle-minded!"

Faunce for the Goose. Small Johnny—Say, mamma, why did Robinson Crusoe call his man Friday? Mamma—Because he was found on Friday.

Small Johnny—Then why didn't you call me Monday instead of Johnny? Ignorance of the Ancients Explained. Teacher—Why did the ancients believe the world was square instead of round? Bright Pupil—Cause they didn't have any school globes to show 'em different.

Thought Water Would Help. Mamma—What are you going to do with that watering can, Harry? Harry (aged 3)—Sprinkle so baby's head so him's hair'll spunk.

FISHES' FACES DECEIVING. Can't Always Tell by Expression What Their Characters Are. "Fish are a good deal like people," said Superintendent Spencer, of the New York aquarium. "You can't always tell by their countenances what to expect of them. Look at that fellow there, now!"

He pointed to a tiger fish which was butting its nose against the glass of its tank. No more villainous face of the pugnacious sort could be found in a day's search in the haunts of third-rate pugilists.

"Looks as if he would fight at the wriggle of a fin, doesn't he?" the superintendent continued. "See those jaws! Bad eye, too. Well, sir, that is the most gentle fish in the aquarium—affection and kindness. Now, over there is a lady fish. Just observe those brilliant colors, and that dear, innocent face, and notice the coaxing, graceful movements of its tail. You'd think it would eat out of your hand, and drop if you scooped it."

"On the contrary, it's the most un-ladylike fish in this collection; its temper is shrewish and its habits are bad, and if you gave it a chance it would bite you like a savage bull pup. It's a vicious fish, and doesn't deserve all those fine airs it has."

Mr. Spencer put his hand near the glass front of the tank, says the New York Mail and Express. There was an instant commotion; the insinuating tail lashed the water, and that angelic mouth bumped sharply against the barrier in a swift effort to nip the tip of the superintendent's finger.

"Would you ever think it?" said Mr. Spencer. "Lady fish, indeed!"

Queer Customs of Chinese. In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure. John buys soup by the pound and cloth by the foot. A Chinaman never puts his name outside of his shop, but paints inside a motto, or a list of his goods on his vertical signboard.

Some reassuring remark is frequently added, such as "One word half." A child two feet high would not be cheated."

Every single article has to be bargained for, and it is usual for the customer to take his own measure and scales with him. A strong man has difficulty in carrying on his back two pounds' worth of the copper cash which is the common currency, so it is necessary to take a servant to carry it.

The sycee of silver is the only other form of money besides the copper tael. As it weighs about sixty-seven ounces, a hammer and cold chisel are indispensable for making change.

When you engage a servant or make a bargain it is not considered binding until "the fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet, to do him justice, when once this coin has been paid by you the Chinaman, coolie or shopman will generally stick to his bargain, even if the result to him be loss.

—Modes and Fabrics. A Great Avenue of Trees. Japan has an avenue of trees fifty miles in length. The trees are cryptomeria, and every one is a perfect specimen, quite straight, from 130 to 150 feet in height, and twelve to fifteen feet in circumference. The avenue extends from the town of Namanda to Nikko.

One-half the world imagines the other half couldn't possibly manage to wally along without it. The mountain scenery unless there is a man in it.



FARMERS' CORNER

Wheat Bulb Worm. The wheat stem maggot or wheat bulb worm, the Iowa Homestead says, has proved to be rather a serious pest in some localities. Its presence may be easily detected in a crop. When the maggot form of the insect enters the stalk, it cuts off the stem just above the upper joint, with the result that the head takes on a ripened appearance while the crop is yet green.

It seems to be more plentiful where both winter and spring wheat are grown in the same locality. In this case the mature insects with wings deposit their eggs upon the young plants of winter wheat. When these hatch, the larvae feed upon the central part

of the plants on their course downward. They remain during the winter in the surface of the ground and appear in the spring in the adult form. These in turn lay their eggs upon spring wheat plants and cause the destruction of such plants as they feed upon.

The accompanying illustration shows portions of two heads of wheat that have been affected by this insect as well as the pupa and larva form and mature condition of the insect. These are magnified, and conception of the real size may be obtained by the little character placed beside each figure, which indicates their exact length.

The available remedies for this insect are preventive rather than curative. Wheat should not be grown continuously on the same soil, and indeed long rotation should be introduced in which there are a variety of crops.

Good Turnip Varieties. The soil for turnips should be rich and mellow. For the best results sow the seeds in drills twelve to eighteen inches apart and half an inch deep. When the plants are a few inches high, thin them out so that they will stand six inches apart. The seeds should be

fed in the field and by their use loss or waste of the food is prevented.—Indianapolis News.

Deep Plowing. We used to believe in what we read when young about the value of plowing deep to bring up the fertility that had leached down through the surface soil into the subsoil. Our opinion was changed when we tested the deep plowing upon a field with a clay subsoil that we planned to plant corn in. Later experience has shown us that deep plowing, by which we mean a depth of more than four to six inches, is seldom beneficial in this climate, whatever it may be in other sections of the country. The crops like corn, that like to spread their roots near the surface where the soil is warmed by the sun, certainly do not need to have the earth stirred very deeply for them, while those that send their roots down into the subsoil, as onions, clover seeds, etc., can do so almost through the hardest subsoil or anything excepting a gravel in which there is no moisture.—Cultivator.

"Blue Milk." What is known as "blue milk" may be epidemic in a herd or confined to a single cow. It is probably from some unknown source of filth and may be checked by attention to cleanliness and careful washing of the cow's teats with a little weak acetic acid solution. Such milk has been fed to animals that ate it readily and without harm.

Farm Notes. Abundant foliage assists in protecting fruit on trees and vines. Fruit ripens earlier on trees where the leaves have not been killed, and, as leaves take carbonic acid from the air and give off oxygen, they serve to purify the air while deriving food therefrom.

Roots are superior to ensilage as winter food for stock, but the cost of ensilage is much less than roots. A crop of carrots will be found one of the best foods that can be grown on the farm, but the work of growing the carrots is the great drawback. Ensilage, on the contrary, can be always relied upon as something sure, as the corn may be cut at any stage of growth should necessity so demand.

Good silage that has been well and closely packed in the silo is estimated to weigh about twenty pounds or more per cubic foot, and forty pounds is about the ration allowed each cow for one day. A silo ten feet deep and ten feet square will consequently have enough ensilage to supply two or more cows over four months. Such a silo is small one, but the estimate shows that a large proportion of food can be stored away for winter in a small place by the use of ensilage.

Build Airtight Silos. If we have silos filled with well eared, well matured corn and plenty of early cut clover hay, very little protein need be bought. Many make a great mistake in not building silos that are airtight. A few dollars extra spent in the construction of a silo may save tons of silage. I have seen silos made of one thickness of boards, and there

fed in the field and by their use loss or waste of the food is prevented.—Indianapolis News.

Live Stock in Iowa. According to late census bulletins issued by the United States government, the State of Iowa leads all her sister commonwealths in the value of the live stock owned by her citizens on her farms. The total value of the stock owned in the Hawkeye State is \$271,844,034. Texas is second, with \$230,227,934. Illinois third, with \$188,856,020. Kansas is fourth, with \$188,317,248; then comes Missouri fifth, with \$154,295,363; Nebraska sixth, with \$142,769,629; New York seventh, with \$120,673,101; Ohio eighth, with \$120,466,134; Indiana ninth, with \$105,508,528; and Wisconsin tenth, with \$93,521,480.

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would be a foot of rotten silage around the walls. Can a man afford this loss? The cheap silo is expensive in the end.—American Agriculturist.

Early-Cut Hay. In those sections where hay is a commercial crop, mostly intended for sale, they are very sure to cut all kinds of hay early, and cure it as little as possible without danger of its heating in the bale. They cut timothy before it has blossomed, and if the red top is sown with it that must be cut at the same time. They find that they can get from \$2 to \$4 per ton more for early-cut hay than for that which is not cut until in bloom or later. It is worth that much more to the city buyers who mostly want it for horses, the value of it for milk cows increases even more by early cutting, and the larger dairymen who make butter or sell their milk by the test of butter fat have nearly all learned this lesson, but we often see the grass on small farms standing about two weeks after we should have said it ought to have been cut. There is a class of farmers who will not learn by the experience of others, and will not begin to cut the grass any earlier than their grandfathers did. The old meadows, where the grass is thin and largely June grass and daisies or white weed, need to be cut about the first of any, both because they are early, and even the white weed makes pretty good hay for cows and young stock if it is cut just as it begins to blossom. When the blossoms have fallen off it makes a very poor hay. When they are cut early the land can be plowed, fertilized and some other crop put in or grass sown in August.—Exchange.

For Outdoor Feeding. At a season of the year when it is desirable to feed most of the stock in the pasture a number of troughs made like that shown in the illustration will be found to save considerable labor. The trough may be made any size to accommodate the animals to be fed. For horses and cows it may be arranged on the fence as shown and for sheep and swine fastened lower down on the fence. Made a foot wide at the bottom and, say, twenty inches at the top, it will be about right.

The trough should be securely spiked to the fence posts as shown, and if two animals are to be fed at a time it may be divided in the middle. If the animals are tied to the rings at the posts each will get its share. Troughs of this kind are especially desirable when corn, oats or chopped roots are to be

fed in the field and by their use loss or waste of the food is prevented.—Indianapolis News.

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