

TART II-Chapter IV-Continued. | had a small bundle containing a few Ferrier crept into the hall and lis- of her more valued possessions. tened intently. There was a pause for a few moments, and then the low, tened intently. insidious sound was repeated.

Some one was evidently tapping very gently upon one of the pannels ed through into the little garden. 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 and 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 twinkling brightly overhead.

The little front garden lay before the farmer's eyes, bounded by the fence and gate, but neither there nor on the road was any human being to be seen.

With a sigh of relief Ferrier looked to the right and to left, until happen-ing to glance straight down at his feet he saw, to his astonishment, a man lying flat upon his face upon the ground, with his arms and legs all asprawl,

So unnerved was he at the sight that he leaned up against the wall with his hand to his throat to stiffe 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 ra-

pidity 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?" What made

"Give me food," the other said, hoarsely. I have had no time for bite or sup for eight and forty hours." He flung himself upon the cold meat and bread which were still lying upon the table from his host's supper, and devoured them voraciously. "Does Lucy bear up well?" he asked, and when he had satisfied his hunger.

"Yes. She does not know the dan-

ger." 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 defferent man now that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He seized the young leathery hand and wrung it man's 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 ung hunter answered. "I have a young hunter answered. 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 guess there will be one less o' the Hope family in Utah."

'What are we to do?"

"Tomorrow is your last day, and unless you act tonight you are lost.

Opening the window very slowly and carefully, they waited until a dark cloud had somewhat obscured

the night, and then one by one pass-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 sllent 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, which was immediately answered by

another at a small distance. At the same moment a vague, shadowy figure emerged from the gap for which they had been making, and uttered the plaintive cry again, on which a second man appeared out of

the obscurity. "Tomorrow at midnight," said the first, who appeared to be in author-ity. "When the whip-poor-will calls three times."

"It is well," returned the other. "Shall I tell Brother Drebber?" "Pass it on to him, and from him to

the others. Nine to seven!" "Seven to five!" repeated the other. and the two figures flitted away in different directions. Their concluding words had evidently been some form of sign and countersign. The instant that their footsteps 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 fall 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 meet any one, and then they managed to slip into a field, and so avoid recognition.

Before reaching the town the hunter branched away into a rugged and narrow foot 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 awaiting 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 picketed.

The girl was placed upon the mule. and old Ferrier upon one of the horses, with his money-bag, while Jefferson Hope led the other along the precipitous and dangerous paths. It was a bewildering route for any one who was not accustomed to face nature in her wildest moods.

on the one side a great crag tow-ered up a thousand feet or more. black, stern and menacing, with long over a flock which were invisible to basaltic columns upon his rugged the hunter; surface like the ribs of some petrifed monster. On the other hand a wild chaos of bowlders 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 at all Yet, in spite of all dangers and difficulties, the hearts of the fugitives were light within them, for every step increased the distance between them and the terrible despotism from which they were flying. They soon had a proof, however. that they were still within the jurisdiction of the Saints. They had reached the very wildest

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 ecnoes 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 de-pends 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 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 enmity 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 thous-and feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen.

Having tethered the horses bid Lucy adieu, he threw his gun over Smith, and Alexander Campbell, and his shoulder and set out in search Dowie. There have been men like 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 sight which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart,

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



More than 30,000 dressmakers from various parts of the United States were either visitors to or participants in the dressmakers' convention that had a week's session in Chicago recently. It was the first one of its kind held in this country and its results were more than pleasing to all the participants as well as to those who organized the scheme. A Denver dressmaker got the first prize. The dress she exhibited showed all

the details of what is now the latest fashion. The gown was of dark blue veiling made up over a lighter shade of inffeta. The waist fitted loosely, was un-shirred over the shoulders, but gathered firmly at the belt. The yoke was outlined by a circle of Russian lace overset by long pieces of tapestry. sleeves were loose above the elbows. It was a beautiful effect and was complimented by all who saw it. The prize was \$50.

"THE FIGHTING PARSON."

Gov. William G. Brownlow, of Ten-

nessee, Was a Unique Figure. Many unique characters stand out conspicuously in the religious history of the United States. There have been the originators of sects-like Joseph Smith, and Alexander Campbell, and Beecher and Talmage, and a host of others who combined with their knowledge of theology and the spiritual needs of men a grasp of other questions which had to do with material things. There have been broad-minded and strong-minded men of the cloth





A home remedy: "Do you think coal oll is good for mosquitoes?" 'I think a hard slap is better."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mannish sort of girl." "Is she really?" "Very. She used the telephona for the first time in her life to-day, and she didn't giggle once."

Tough: "Oh, Henry, don't cut your ple with a knife." "Eliza, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a canopener."-Chicago Record.

Briggs-What's your idea of heaven? Griggs-Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation .--- Life.

Lus Object: Citiman-I see you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite-No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.-Life.

Reporter-You are so confident of catching this criminal you must have a strong clew. Detective-We have. He didn't wear a Panama .-- New York Sun.

"The singer has made great strides in the profession, hasn't she?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly, when she received an encore, she sang; now she usually smiles."

A Clever Lawyer: "Is he a good lawyer?" "A good lawyer! Why, say! I have known him to prove the truth of what isn't so, and not half try."-Chicago Post.

Making love: "As a mere matter of curiosity, sir, I should like to know how long you have been making love to my wife?" "I began, sir, when you left off."-Life.

Mother-Did the professor propose? Daughter-Dear me, mother, he was on the very verge of it, and I foolishly happened to mention bacteria .-- Detrolt Free Press.

"Papa, what is the difference between the smart set and the four hunmore and more bitter and brought upon dred?" "Why, my son, the four hunhim the opposition of the Southernera dred is limited to twenty-six hundred, who favored an independent governbut everybody is in the smart set."ment. He stood between two fires. Life. The North did not like him because

Our Two Great Classes: The world he favored slavery, the South reviled seems to be divided into two classes; him for his defense of the National those who board, and envy those who government. As his enemies increased the thunder of his editorial eloquence keep house, and those who keep house, increased in volume. When from every and envy the boarders .- Atchison other house in Knoxville the Union flag Globe,

"And you still insist that your flying his. Finally his paper was suppressed. machine is a practical commerciai quantity?" "I do," answered the busihe was driven from his home, captured and imprisoned, but in the ness-like inventor; "if you don't believe whale's belly of a Confederate prison it I can show you the gate receipts."he proved as uncomfortable an occu-Washington Star. pant as Jonah, and was spewed forth

Magistrate-Now, I'll let you off this time, but it must be a lesson for you not to be in bad company again. Prisoner-Gee whizz! it ain't my fault that I'm here; the cops made me come .-Philadelphia Record.

Lawyer Brief-I see that case of yours is on. Jury drawn yet? Lawyer Skinner-Yes, and it's a splendid one. Lawker Brief-Above the average in intelligence, eh? Lawyer Skinner-No; way below it.-Philadelphia Press.

in their estimate of the man's character. A similar state of mind possessed At Two Dollars a Visit: "Yes, the the Tennessee folk, for when peace had doctor has put me on the strictest kind been declared and reconstruction had of diet." "Indeed. What is it?" followed the turbulence of the war, "Well, he says I mustn't eat anything I don't like, and not any more than I want of what I do."-Baltimore News.



have a mule and two horses wait. ing in the Eagle ravine. How much money have you?'

Two thousand dollars in gold and five in notes.

That will do. I have as much more to add to it. We must push for Carson City through the mountains. You had best wake Lucy. 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 catables 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 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 slapp d the revolver butt which protruded from the front of his tunic.

'If they are too many for us we shall take two or three of them with us," he said, with a sinister smile

The lights inside the house had all been extinguished, and from the darkened window Ferrier peered over the fields which had been his own, and which he was now about to abandon forever.

He had long nerved himself to the sacrifice, however, and the thought of the honor and happiness of his daughter outweighed any regret at his ruined fortunes.

All looked so peaceful and happy, the rustling trees and the broad, silent stretch of grain land, that was difficult to realize that the spirit of murder lurked through it all.

Yet the white face and set expres sion of the young hunter showed that in his approach to the house he had intimate knowledge of the mountains seen enough to satisfy him upon that head.

Ferrier carried the bag of gold and notes, Jefferson Hope had the scanty

and most desolate portion of the pass, when the girl gave a startled cry and pointed upward.

On a rock which overlooked the track showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solltary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his milltary challenge of "who goes there?"

rang through the silent ravine. "Travelers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifie which hung by his saddle

fingering his gun, and peering down at them as if dissatisfied at their reply.

"By whose permission?"

"The Holy Four," answered Ferrier. His Mormon experiences had taught him that that was the highest authority to which he could refer. "Nine to seven," cried the sentinel. it.

"Seven to five," returned Jefferson Hope, promptly, remembering the New York, countersign which he had heard in pups.

the garden "Pass, and the Lord go with you." the whole da said the voice from above. Beyond this post the path broadened out, and the horses were able him. They to break into a trot.

Looking back, they could see the chair, when solitary watcher leaning upon his "One day gun, and knew that they had passed the dogs we the outlying post of the Chosen Peo- Crawford tu ple, and that freedom lay before Cocoa, Cocoa them.

CHAPTER V.

I asked, this All night their course lay through " 'Cocoa intricate defiles and over irregular " "But th

and rock-strewn paths. More than him. once they lost their way, but Hope's " 'One do man, 'They enabled them to regain the track and go at the

once more. When morning broke, a scene of how, I'm not marvelous though savage beauty lay to a decline b provisions and water, while Lucy before them. In every direction the names.""-N

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 precipice, and then came crashing down into the valley neath.

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

With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to retrace his steps, for evening was already drawing in, the He had hardly started, however, fore 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 Kost, the artist. "but I think of Old Man Crawford, who used They could see the lonely watcher 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 fellow most utterly devoid of energy it is possible to imagine. He wouldn't have breathed if he could have helped

"One of his sons, who had settled in

GOV. WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW.

fluence in shaping the trend of public affairs, who dared combat popular opinion and whose principles and theories ultimately triumphed. They were not seekers after the bauble of popularity. To enthrone right and justice was their aim. Of such as these was William Gannaway Brownlow, one of the most fearless men who ever spoke from a pulpit or turned the stream of his thought into the columns of the press. A plant sprung up on Virginia soil, he was transplanted to the Cumberiand Mountains, where he flourished and blossomed and decayed. Throughout the land he was known as "the fighting parson." yet a more peaceable man never lived. Eventually the people of his State came to respect his sincerity, the nobility of his character and the power of his intellect and manifested their esteem by electing him to high

office. Brownlow was born in Wythe County, Virginia, in August, 1805, and was left an orphan at 11. He became a carpenter, and besides earning a living earned enough to obtain for himself a fair English education. At the age of 21 he entered the Methodist ministry, and for ten years labored as an Itinerant preacher in the Southern mountains. He was preaching in John C. Calhoun's district, 'In South Carolina, in the campaign of 1828, and achieved y for his opposition to

opposed nullification, and m unpopular-something uen of 23 do not care to until 1838, when he be parson," an appellation y he denied. pposed Andrew Johnson

but failed of election. inch advocate of slavery, ciations of the abolitionof the style which Henry w employs when writing al foes. But his loyalty was unbounded, and he thy for those who urged a of the States. As the ed, his editorials became

Brownlow was twice elected Governor of the State. In his first message he advocated the removal of the negro population to a separate territory and Nashville over the manner in which judges of election should be appointed, and the United States troops were ordered to Nashville to sustain the Govyears, at the end of which period he was succeeded by ex-President Andrew State Journal. Johnson. After the close of his term he returned to Knoxville and until his death continued the publication of the Whig.

had disappeared it still floated over

and set within the Union lines. Com-

ing North, he addressed large audi-

ences and awakened great enthusiasm

in favor of the enlistment of troops.

His family was expelled from Knox-

ville, and together they traveled

through the northern part of the coun-

try, where he spoke in all the principal

cities. Many people of the North who

had previously been unfriendly now

realized that they had been mistaken

DOG ON HER MONUMENT.



Curlous and strange is a monument which was recently erected in the prinrts in behalf of Method- cipal cemetery at Milan, over the grave of a lady named Leonilda Monti. Duror of the Knoxville Whig. ing her life she was a great lover of it editorials, his hot de- animals, and the dog sculptured beside absolute fearlesaness the tall tombstone is designed to pernational reputation. It petuate this fact. The monument is before he was known as attracting much attention.

> Keeps Him Tight Right Along. "Don't you ever get tired doing nothing?" asked the housekeeper. "Lady," replied the tramp, "I git so tired doin' nothin' dat I can't do nothin' else."-Philadelphia Record.

She Was Up in Arms. And so he kissed you unawares, Fell victim to your charms; And were you angry? "Well-I-was Well-I was up in arms," -Houston Post.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice as the defendant's counsel began declared it bad policy to give them the his argument. "Going to present our ballot. In 1867 his combativeness found side of the case." "I don't want to play in a conflict with the mayor of hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tindincy to confuse the coort." Driver-Did you mark the spot where your comrade fell out of the boat and was drowned? O'Laffertyernor. In 1869 he was elected to the Shure. Of did. Of took a piece av wood United States Senate and served six an' left it floatin' on th' wather at th' very place he went down, sor .- Ohio

The Real Thing: "Are you a real Indian?" asked the investigating youth of one of the painted Indians who accompanied Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. "Sure!" replied the Indian: "I was born an' raised in Indianapolis, Indiana."-Exchange.

Mrs. Wederly (unmasking after the fancy ball)-Oh, but didn't I fool you. though? You had no idea that you were flirting with your wife all the evening. Mr. Wederly-No, I hadn't; you were so very agreeable I was completely deceived .- Tit-Bits.

The danger of a little knowledge: "Don't you sometimes regret that you did not devote more time to your education in early life?" "No, sir," answered the politician; "If I had learned to talk grammatical the voters in my district would think I was puttin' on airs and driftin' away from the hearts of the people."-Washington Star.

"Why did you insist on getting me an upper berth in the sleeping car?" asked the habitually austere lady. "Well," answered her irrepressible niece, "you have been expecting for so many years to find somebody under your bed that I thought it might relieve your mind to have all doubts on the subject removed at once."-Washington Star.

"Yes," said the young wife, "Henry and I had some words this morning. and I can't deny that he got the best of it." "That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start in married life that way." "I know it," answered the young wife. 'I've thought it all over. and when he comes home to-night I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened." "That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?" "I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."

"One day

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to the left.

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trotting out. " 'What s