

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 working up to 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 bright 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 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 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 leaned up against the wall with his hand to his throat to stifle his inclination to call out.

His first thought was that the prostrate figure was that of some wounded or dying man, but as he watched it he saw it writhe along the ground and into the hall with the rapidity and noiseless 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 and forty hours. I flung myself upon the cold meat and bread which was 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 damned 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, and that 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 we to do?"

"Tomorrow, you 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 mountains. 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 stowed it away in a 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 slapped the revolver butt which protruded from the front of his tunic.

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

The light 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 served 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 it was difficult to realize that the spirit of murder lurked through it all.

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

Ferrier carried the bag of gold and notes, Jefferson Hope the scanty provisions and water, while Lucy

had a small bundle containing a few of her more valued possessions.

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

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

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

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

He and his friends had hardly crouched down before the melancholy howl of a mountain owl was heard within a few yards of them, which was immediately answered by another at a small distance.

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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 radiantly 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 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 rocky offered some protection from the chill wind, and there, huddled together for warmth, they enjoyed a few hours' sleep.

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

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

About the middle of the second day of their flight their 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 warmed themselves, for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen.

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

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

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

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

On the 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.

The hunter was staring at the animal, but fortunately it was heading in the opposite direction, and he had not perceived him.

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

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

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

With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to 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 "Coco" and "They Were Always Together."

"I never hear laziness discussed," said Frederick Kost, the artist, "but I think of Old Man Crawford, who used to keep an inn down on South Beach, when the place was practically a wilderness, and a lot of us fellows were in the habit of running down there to sketch. He was, without doubt, the 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 two dachshund pups. I remember how Crawford would sit, snoring 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, Coco, Coco!' and the dachshunds came trotting out."

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

"Coco," replied Crawford.

"But there are two," I reminded him.

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

—New York Times.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Mrs. Nation has resumed active operations in Oklahoma.

King Edward has returned to England in better health than for years.

A strike of mailhandlers and baggage-men at the union depot in St. Louis has caused considerable delay of the mails.

The walls of a hotel at Jackson, Mich., collapsed while 3 men were at work on the roof, but none were even seriously injured.

The strike of French coalminers is assuming a seriousness equalled only by that in this country. Numerous clashes between troops and strikers are reported.

Ex-Secretary of State Olney, in an address, scored the coal operators. He says that for years they have defied the laws of Pennsylvania which forbid common carriers to engage in mining.

A report will soon be issued by the bureau of forestry showing the amount of timber destroyed by forest fires in the Northwest. By this means it is hoped to secure more effective legislation.

The crown prince of Siam has arrived in New York.

The G. A. R. will hold its next encampment at San Francisco.

Foreign coal will be admitted free of duty while the miners' trouble continues.

President Roosevelt has so far recovered that he is able to go about on crutches.

A Homestead, Pa., inventor, while temporarily insane, murdered his mother, one brother and two sisters.

The coal operators have demanded of Roosevelt that he begin action against the miners' union under the anti-trust law.

Strikers at Geneva clashed with the troops and the hospitals are filled with wounded men from both sides. Many arrests have been made.

To meet need of officers for the navy a special midshipmen's examination will be held in November. Each senator and representative has been asked to name one principal and five alternates.

Governor Bliss, of Michigan, was thrown from a horse and severely injured.

There is enough coal on hand in the various public institutions of New York to run for two months.

Jessie Morrison, who has been twice convicted of murder in Kansas, and who is fighting for a new trial, is out on \$10,000 bonds.

French coal miners have voted a general strike. It is estimated that there are 182,000 miners in France, 60,000 of whom belong to the union.

The transport Sherman has arrived at San Francisco from Manila. She carried a work on the Occur d'Alene branch. The company contemplates making this the main line into Spokane, as much time could be saved.

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PUBLIC FUNDS SOLICITED.

Wage Earners Asked to Contribute Their Earnings for One Hour Each Monday.

Washington, Oct. 14.—The American Federation of Labor, through its executive council, has issued an address to the public, appealing for financial and moral aid for the striking anthracite miners, and denouncing the attitude of the mine owners, on whom, the appeal says, must rest the responsibility for the hardships resulting from the coal famine. The address in part is as follows:

"To the Public and Organized Labor:—The strike of the miners is now in its 23d week. That the strike occurred was entirely the fault of the presidents of the coal companies. That the strike has continued to this day is entirely due to the contempt which the presidents of the coal companies have for the people of our country, and the untold sufferings which all may endure. No effort to settle the strike could be fairer than that of the miners' representative at the conference with President Roosevelt."

"The operators' haughty arrogance, brutal, dominating spirit and blasphemous assumption of divine wealth, proprietorship, shock the universe, and arouse the indignation of all lovers of justice and fair dealing."

"What more could the miners do and maintain their self respect (and not forfeit the respect of their fellow men, and their willingness to submit all matters in dispute to a commission appointed by President Roosevelt, and who that was refused, to leave the entire controversy to J. P. Morgan, one of the men largely interested with the operators. There has never been a time, either before the strike or since its inauguration, that the miners have not been entirely willing to have the questions involved in the miners' claims investigated and adjusted by any disinterested person."

"In behalf of the miners, in behalf of the cause of freedom, for justice and right, the undersigned, representing the organized wage earners of America, appeal to all people to contribute generously, promptly, and to continue the same until the termination of this contest. And to that end the following suggestions are made:

"First—That in each city and town, business, professional and public men form relief committees to solicit financial and other contributions."

"Second—That the hours between 10 and 11 o'clock of each Sunday morning during the continuance of the strike, be designated as 'Miners' Hour,' and the wages earned during that hour by the working people of our country be appropriated to the miners."

"Third—That the ministers of the gospel of all denominations make a special plea to their respective congregations each Sabbath morning in behalf of the miners, their wives and children, and that they constitute themselves into relief committees among their respective parishioners."

"Fourth—That the daily, weekly and labor press solicit contributions from their readers; entertainments be arranged and contributions from unions and other organized bodies solicited."

"Fellow citizens, fellow wage earners, come to the aid of the miners in their heroic contest, and administer the best rebuke to the arrogant, oppressive and unjust attitude toward the miners of the operators, who would trample under foot and crush the hearts and spirits of the men whom they employ with equally callous indifference as they outrage dignity, the manhood and the interests of every man, woman and child in our land."

"Send all contributions to W. B. Wilson, Secretary United Mine Workers of America, Stevens Building, Indianapolis, Indiana."

TO INCREASE CUBAN ARMY.

Island Congress is Now Considering a Bill for This Purpose.

Washington, Oct. 14.—The Cuban congress is considering a bill to increase the Cuban army to three or four times its present strength, and the impression prevails in the island that the bill will be enacted. Should Secretary Root heed the appeal of President Palma, the legislation would be looked upon as almost necessary, as the Cubans are looking forward with much anxiety to the time when their own troops can form the sole garrison of Havana, and when there will be no other troops to dispute their title.

The natives of the island, according to mail advices from the Cuban metropolis, have a misconception of the intention of this government in leaving a handful of troops in their territory. Those that remain are in no way acting as a garrison, and do not assert themselves, or thrust themselves to the front, as they did prior to May 20. Officially, neither American officers nor men appear at any functions. Whenever they are invited, it is in a personal and not an official capacity. It is said today that an American uniform is rarely seen on the streets of Havana, there being practically no evidence of the presence of our troops in that vicinity.

Wright to Retire.

Washington, Oct. 14.—The statement is made that Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, will retire from the office in two years. For 13 years Mr. Wright has been the chief of the bureau of labor. He is now engaged in some important investigations, the completion of which will occupy the two years he expects to remain at the head of the labor bureau. Mr. Wright a few days ago was installed as president of Clark college, at Worcester, Mass.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of the Past Week—Brief Review of the Growth and Development of Various Industries Throughout Our Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

Prairie City suffered another severe fire, which destroyed \$9,000 worth of property.

The Loewenberg-Going company has paid its convict labor account for August, amounting to \$1,251.80.

Douglas county prune growers are beginning to ship the 1902 crop. The yield is 75 per cent of the average, while the quality is first class.

The discovery has been reported of rich gold deposits 11 miles northwest of Gates, on the Little North Fork of the Santiam river, in Marion county.

The fifth biennial fruit fair held at Hood River was a great success. The famous little valley fairly outdid itself in a grand display of choice apples and fruits of all kinds.

The Booth-Kelly Lumber company has just purchased 20,000 acres of timber land in Southern Oregon. The purchase includes some of the finest timber in the state. The consideration was \$250,000.

The crop of Italian prunes in Lane county is much lighter than for many years. The petite and silver prunes were not affected much by the bad weather, however, and are showing a good crop.

H. E. Brooks, a veteran newspaper man and editor from Amarillo, Texas, has bought into the Roseburg Plaindealer with W. C. Connor. They will improve the mechanical equipment of the paper and a Sunday morning edition will be added.

Hon. A. R. Burbank, an honored and respected citizen of Lafayette, died in that city October 7. Deceased was born in 1817, and came to the Pacific Coast in 1849, but returned again to the East. In 1853 he came to Oregon and has since resided here.

A number of Polk county growers have refused 25 cents per pound for their hops.

Multnomah county's taxable property is valued at \$48,932,450. An increase of \$776,788 is shown over 1901. Most of the increase is in city property.

During September the Oregon City land office received \$7,335.71. There were 54 homestead entries filed.

The assessment rolls of Tillamook county show an increase in taxable property of nearly two million dollars over that of last year.

The opinion expressed general at Salem that the hop growers who hold their hops will receive the highest price. Manager Winstanley, of the hopgrowers association, predicts that within 60 to 90 days the price will go to 30 cents, and most likely 40 cents before next year's crop is picked