

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 there nor on the road was any human being to be seen.

With a sigh of relief Ferrier looked to the right and to the left, and happened 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 unmoved 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 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 and forty hours. He hung 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 deferent man now that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He seized the young man's leather 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 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 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 clothes 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 arrangements 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 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 grassy 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 had 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 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 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 howling 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 authority. "When the whip-poor-will calls three times."

"It is well," returned the other. "Shall I tell Brother Drebbler?"

"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 counter-sign. 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 fail her.

"Hurry! hurry!" 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 towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon his rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster.

On the other hand a wild chaos of boulders 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 the 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 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 solitary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his military challenge of "who goes there?" rang through the silent ravine.

"Travelers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifle which hung by his saddle.

They could see the lonely watcher 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.

"Seven to seven," cried the sentinel.

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

"Pass, and the Lord go with you," said the voice from above.

By this post the path broadened out, and the horses were able to break into a trot.

Looking back, they could see the solitary watcher leaning upon his gun, and knew that they had passed the outlying post of the Chosen People, and that freedom lay before them.

CHAPTER V.

All night their course lay through intricate defiles and over irregular and rock-strewn paths. More than once they lost their way, but Hope's intimate knowledge of the mountains enabled them to regain the track once more.

When morning broke, a scene of marvelous though savage beauty lay before them. In every direction the 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 that 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 thousand feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen.

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

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.

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 brain.

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 big horns—so it is called—was acting, probably, as a guardian over a flock which were invisible to the hunter; 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 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 "Cocoa"—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, sunning himself on his porch the whole day, with one of these dogs, like animated sausage, 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 dachshunds 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 dogs 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 in to a decline by thinking up two dogs' names."—New York Times.

Wanted to Go Home.

An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of ye?"

An Opening.

Stage Director.—What shall I do with the wealthy young amateur you engaged this morning?

Manager.—What can he do?

Stage Director.—He says he is willing to play the smallest part.

Manager.—Cast him for the armor in the baronial castle scene.—Judge.

Left Helpless.

Mrs. Brown.—So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake?

Mrs. Black.—Absolutely for nothing. Mrs. Brown.—Oh, that's it? I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.

He Took Advice.

"Why have you failed in life?" "My employers always told me that a man with my brains could make more money doing something else."—Judge.

Chloroform and Ether. A writer in the Lancet reports on the administration of chloroform in 42,978 cases, with 33 fatalities, or one in 1,300, and on 37,277 ether cases, with only four deaths, or one in 9,313.

A Grievance Against His Tailor. "I wish you wouldn't seal your announcement cards," said young Jones. "Why not?" asked the tailor. "Because my landlady thinks they are bills. It hurts my credit."

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



Miss Kate Brown.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN—PERUNA CURED.

A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death.

It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease.

There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, indigestion and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to send you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and hobbits of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celtic regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them a look of grim determination upon his face. Without an instant's hesitation he grasped the figure, still standing there, in a firm embrace, and silently, unseen in the streets of the big city, began a struggle which could have but one ending.

Back and forth the two rocked in each other's arms, back and forth, without a word, but step by step, the outsider, stiff and cold, was being drawn toward the open door. A moment more and the two were within, and the conqueror, losing his hold, stepped back, left the slender figure swaying from side to side and drew a long, fierce breath.

"Darn them Indian figures!" said the cigar-shop man, according to the New York Times. "they might be made of lead from the left of 'em."

Should Keep Out of the Draft. First South American—Ah, good afternoon, senior. Looks like a revolution.

Second South American—Yes, I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes.

Too Extravagant. "No, sir!" roared the stern father, "you may own horses and lands, and automobiles, but you can't marry my daughter."

"Why not?"

"Young man, you've got the Panama hat habit; that's why."—Newark News.

SEEN IN A GREAT CITY.

Pathetic Incident of the Cold Streets—A Deadly Struggle.

Through the bleak street the cold wind whistled. In front of the brilliantly lighted shop one slender figure stood motionless with outstretched arm. Inside was bustle, confusion and warmth, but the rays from the electric lights, which shone through the windows only accentuated the piercing cold without.

Hours passed; the frosty air became more biting and crowds of gay shoppers passed without a glance at the appealing hand stretched out to them.

It was growing late, the streets were deserted, when, suddenly, without warning, a man rushed, bareheaded, from the shop, a look of grim determination upon his face. Without an instant's hesitation he grasped the figure, still standing there, in a firm embrace, and silently, unseen in the streets of the big city, began a struggle which could have but one ending.

Back and forth the two rocked in each other's arms, back and forth, without a word, but step by step, the outsider, stiff and cold, was being drawn toward the open door. A moment more and the two were within, and the conqueror, losing his hold, stepped back, left the slender figure swaying from side to side and drew a long, fierce breath.

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MALARIA An Invisible Enemy to Health

Means bad air, and whether it comes from the low lands and marshes of the country, or the filthy sewers and drain pipes of the cities and towns, its effect upon the human system is the same.

These atmospheric poisons are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood, and the foundation of some long, debilitating illness is laid. Chills and fever, chronic dyspepsia, torpid and enlarged liver, kidney troubles, jaundice and biliousness are frequently due to that invisible foe, Malaria. Noxious gases and unhealthy matter collect in the system because the liver and kidneys fail to act, and are poured into the blood current until it becomes so polluted and sluggish that the poisons literally break through the skin, and carbuncles, boils, abscesses, ulcers and various eruptions of an indolent character appear, depleting the system, and threatening life itself.

The germs and poisons that so oppress and weaken the body and destroy the life-giving properties of the blood, rendering it thin and watery, must be overcome and carried out of the system before the patient can hope to get rid of Malaria and its effects.

S. S. S. does this and quickly produces an entire change in the blood, reaching every organ and stimulating them to vigorous, healthy action. S. S. S. possesses not only purifying but tonic properties, and the general health improves, and the appetite increases almost from the first dose. There is no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic or other mineral in S. S. S. It is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy.

Write us about your case, and our physicians will gladly help you by their advice to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

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SENATOR MORGAN AS PROPHET.

Great National Undertaking, He Thinks, Will Eventually Come.

"Let me see," said Senator Morgan, the veteran legislator from Alabama, "the last time I heard of it there had been about \$150,000,000 of the Pacific refunding debt paid into the Treasury. Suppose we add to this the Chinese indemnity, and the proceeds of the sale of public lands for half a decade. That would make a sum of about \$200,000,000. Now, suppose we make of that amount a fund for great public improvements."

"First build the isthmian canal. The canal will pay for itself within fifteen years after its completion, but with the money that comes in from the canal other public works of improvement could be started. We would see the Chicago drainage canal extended to the Gulf of Mexico. That would be a great improvement and would soon pay for itself. Then we would see the inside route from New York to Florida made navigable for the largest ships afloat. That would be useful to commerce and of great strategic value in the event of war."

"Then we should build great fortifications at Havana, at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and in the Danish West Indies, which will eventually be our property. This would flank the British line extending along our coast, and which has menaced us for years in the event of war with that nation. Great public highways could be built, parks established, and all these works accomplished from the tolls on some of the improvements mentioned."

When Senator Morgan took up the isthmian canal fifteen years or more ago in the Senate every one thought that it was a visionary enterprise. Now that the construction of the canal seems to be an assured fact those who heard the Alabama Senator are wondering whether they have heard a prophecy.—Washington Times.

Something Good. Would you like to buy a can of canned peaches as delicious in flavor, as sweet and as genuinely good, as even your mother put up for you? If so, ask your dealer for Monopole Peaches and don't let him give you any other kind. Monopole Peaches are put up from the very finest extra selected fruit in the heaviest of syrup, and we guarantee them the best to be had in any place at any time. Don't forget the name—Monopole, and see that you get it from your grocer.

Wadhams & Kerr Bros., packers, Portland, Ore.

Kitchener Still Fancy Free. General Kitchener, it is announced, will be superintending the military maneuvers at Delhi, India, in December. This dispels the rumor of an engagement matrimonial which gossips had set for the Christmas season.

FITS Permanently Cured. So fit or nervousness cured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Send for FREE TRIAL. 25¢. 50¢. 1.00. Dr. J. C. Williams, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Worse. "So Smith acted as judge?" "At a church raffle. Foolish man!" "No, no; not at a church raffle—at a baby show."

"Idiot!"

Pain—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Use the last on the first, and you will neither have one or the other.

Undisputed Points. Attorney for the Defense—You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir!

Attorney for the Prosecution—And you, sir, are a shyster and a rascal!

The Court—Come, come, gentlemen, let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winsor's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

As