

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter II—Continued.

In the meantime, Ferrier, having recovered from his privations, distinguished himself as a useful guide and an indefatigable hunter.

So rapidly did he gain the esteem of his new companions, that when they reached the end of their wanderings, it was unanimously agreed that he should be provided with as large and as fertile a tract of land as any of the settlers, with the exception of Young himself, and of Stangeron, Kimball, Johnson and Drobner, who were the four principal elders.

On the farm thus acquired John Ferrier built himself a substantial log house, which received so many additions in succeeding years that it grew into a roomy villa.

In three years he was better off than his neighbors, in six he was well-to-do, in nine he was rich, and in twelve there were not half a dozen men in the whole of Salt Lake City who could compare with him.

There was one way, and only one, in which he offended the susceptibilities of his co-religionists.

There were some who accused him of lukewarmness in his adopted religion, and others who put it down to greed of wealth and reluctance to incur expense.

Whatever the reason, Ferrier remained strictly celibate. In every other respect he conformed to the religion of the young settlement, and gained the name of being an orthodox and straight-walking man.

Lucy Ferrier grew up within the log house and assisted her adopted father in all his undertakings.

The keen air of the mountains and the balsamic odor of the pine trees took the place of nurse and mother to the young girl.

As year succeeded to year she grew taller and stronger, her cheek more ruddy, and her step more elastic.

Many a wayfarer upon the high road which ran by Ferrier's farm felt long forgotten thoughts revive in his mind as he watched her lithe, girlish figure tripping through the wheat fields, or met her mounted upon her father's mustang, and managing it with all the ease and grace of a true child of the West.

So the bud blossomed into a flower and the year which saw her father the richest of the farmers left her as fair a specimen of American girlhood as could be found in the whole Pacific slope.

It was not the father, however, who first discovered that the child had developed into the woman. It seldom is in such cases.

That mysterious change is too subtle and too gradual to be measured by dates. Least of all does the maiden herself know it until the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand sets her heart thrilling within her, and she learns, with a mixture of pride and fear, that a man and a larger nature has awakened within her.

There are few who cannot recall that day and remember the one little incident which heralded the dawn of a new life.

In the case of Lucy Ferrier the occasion was serious enough in itself, apart from its future influence on her destiny and that of many besides.

It was a warm June morning, and the Latter-day Saints were as busy as the bees who have live they have chosen for their emblem.

In the fields and in the streets rose the same hum of human industry.

Down the dusty highroads defiled long streams of heavily laden mules, all heading to the west for the gold fever had broken out in California, and the Overland route lay through the city of the Elect.

There, too, were droves of the sheep and bullocks coming in from the outlying pasture lands, and trains of tired immigrants, men and horses, equally weary of their interminable journey.

Through all this motley assemblage, threading her way with the skill of an accomplished rider, there galloped Lucy Ferrier, her fair face flushed with the exercise, and her long chestnut hair floating out behind her.

She had a commission from her father in the city, and was dashing in as she had done many a time before, with all the fearlessness of youth, thinking only of her task and how it was to be performed.

The travel-stained adventurers gazed after her in astonishment, and even the unemotional Indians, journeying in with their peltry, related their accustomed stories as they marveled at the beauty of the pale-faced maiden.

She had reached the outskirts of the city when she found that road blocked by a great drove of cattle, driven by a half dozen wild looking herdsmen from the plains.

In her impatience she endeavored to pass this obstacle by pushing her horse into what appeared to be a gap. Scarcely had she got fairly into it, however, before the beasts closed in, completely imbedded in the moving stream of fierce-eyed, long-horned bullocks.

Accustomed as she was to deal with cattle, she was not alarmed at her situation, but took advantage of every opportunity to urge her horse on in the hope of pushing her way through the cavalcade.

Unfortunately, the horns of one of the creatures, either by accident or design, came in violent contact with the flank of the mustang, and excited it to madness.

In an instant it reared upon its hind legs with a snort of rage, and pranced and tossed in a way that would have unseated any but a most skillful rider.

The situation was full of peril. Every plunge of the excited horse brought it against the horns again, and goaded it to fresh madness.

It was all that the girl could do to keep herself in the saddle, yet a slip would mean a terrible death under the hoofs of the unwieldy and terrified animals.

Unaccustomed to sudden emergencies her head began to swim, and her grip upon the bridle to relax.

Choked by the rising cloud of dust and by the steam from the straggling creatures, she might have abandoned her efforts in despair but for a kindly voice at her elbow which assured her of assistance.

"You're not hurt, I hope, Miss," said her preserver, respectfully.

She looked up at his dark, fierce face and laughed softly.

"I'm awfully frightened," she said, "but whoever would have thought

(that Ponsabo would have been so scared by a lot of cows?)

"Thank God you kept your seat," the other said, earnestly. He was a tall, savage looking young fellow mounted on a powerful roan horse, and clad in the rough dress of a hunter, with a long rifle slung over his shoulder. "I guess you are the daughter of John Ferrier," he remarked. "I saw you ride down from his house. When you see him, ask him if he remembers the Jefferson Hopes of St. Louis. If he's the same Ferrier, my father and he were pretty thick."

"Hadn't you better come and ask yourself?" the man asked demurely.

The young fellow seemed pleased at the suggestion, and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"I'll do so," he said; "we've been in the mountains for two months, and are not over and above in visiting condition. He must take us as he finds us."

"He has a good deal to thank you for, and so have I," she answered; "he's a awful fond of me. If those cows had jumped on me, he'd have never got over it."

"Neither would I," said her companion.

"You? Well, I don't see that it would make much matter to you, anyhow. You ain't even a friend of ours."

The young hunter's dark face grew so gloomy over this remark that Lucy Ferrier laughed aloud.

"There, I didn't mean that," she said; "of course, you are a friend now. You must come and see us. Now I must push along, or father will treat me with his business any more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he answered, raising his broad sombrero, and bending over her little hand.

She wheeled her mustang round, gave it a cut with her riding-whip, and darted away down the broad road in a rolling cloud of dust.

Young Jefferson Hope rode on with his companions, gloomy and taciturn. He and they had been among the Nevada mountains prospecting for silver, and were returning to Salt Lake City in the hope of raising capital enough to work some lodes which they had discovered.

He had been as keen as any of them upon the business until this sudden incident had drawn his thoughts into another channel.

The sight of the fair, young girl, as frank and wholesome as the Sierra breezes, had stirred his volcanic, untamed heart to its very depths.

When she had vanished from his sight, he realized that a crisis had come in his life, and that neither silver speculations nor any other questions could ever be of such importance to him as this new and all-absorbing one.

The love which had sprung up in his heart was not the sudden, changeable fancy of a boy, but rather the wild, fierce passion of a man of strong will and imperious temper.

He had been accustomed to succeed in all that he undertook, and he swore in his heart he would not fall in this. If human effort and human perseverance could render him successful.

He called on John Ferrier that night and merrily times again until his face was a familiar one at the farmhouse.

John, cooped up in the valley, and absorbed in his work, had little chance of learning the news of the outside world during the last twelve years.

At this Jefferson Hope was able to tell him and in a style which interested Lucy as well as her father.

He had been a pioneer in California and could narrate many a strange tale of fortunes made and fortunes lost in those wild, halcyon days.

He had been a scout, too, and a trapper, a silver explorer, and a ranchman. Wherever stirring adventures were to be had, Jefferson Hope had been there in search of them.

He soon became a favorite with the old farmer, who spoke eloquently of his virtues. On such occasions Lucy was silent but her blushing cheek and her bright, happy eyes showed only too clearly that her young heart was no longer her own.

Her honest father may not have observed these symptoms, but they were assuredly not thrown away upon the man who had won her affections.

It was a summer evening when he came galloping down the road and pulled up at the gate.

She was at the doorway, and came down to meet him. He threw the bridle over the fence and strode up the pathway.

"I'm off, Lucy," he said, taking her two hands in his, and gazing tenderly down into her face; "I want ask you to come with me now, but will you be ready to come when I am here again?"

"And when will that be?" she asked, blushing and laughing.

"A couple of months at the outside. I will come and claim you then, my darling. There's no one who can stand between us."

"And how about father?" she asked.

"He has given his consent, provided we get these mines working all right. I have no fear on that head."

"Oh, well, of course, if you and father have arranged it all, there's no more to be said," she whispered, with her cheek against his broad breast.

"Thank God," he said, hoarsely, stooping and kissing her. "It is settled then. The longer you stay the harder it will be to go. They are waiting for me at the canyon. Good-bye, my own darling—good-bye. In two months you shall see me."

He tore himself from her as he spoke, and flinging himself upon his horse, galloped furiously away, never even looking round, as though afraid that his resolution might fall him if he took one glance at what he was leaving.

She stood at the gate, gazing after him until he vanished from her sight. Then she walked back to the house, the happiest girl in Utah.

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks had passed since Jefferson Hope and his comrades had departed from Salt Lake City.

John Ferrier's heart was sore within him when he thought of the young man's return and of the impending loss of his adopted child.

Yet her bright and happy face reconciled him to the arrangement more than any argument could have done. He had always determined, deep down in his resolute heart, that nothing would ever induce him to allow his daughter to wed a Mormon.

Such a marriage he regarded as no marriage at all, but as a shame and a disgrace. Whatever he might think of the Mormon doctrines, upon that one point he was inflexible.

He had to seal his mouth on the

subject, however, for to express an unorthodox opinion was a dangerous matter in those days in the Land of the Saints.

Yes, a dangerous matter—so dangerous that even the most saintly dared only whisper their religious opinions with bated breath, lest something which fell from their lips might be misconstrued and bring down a swift retribution upon them.

The victims of persecution had now turned persecutors on their own account, and persecutors of the most terrible description.

Not the population of Seville, nor the German Vehmegericht, nor the secret societies of Italy, were ever able to put a more formidable machinery in motion than that which cast a cloud over the Territory of Utah.

Its invisibility and the mystery which was attached to it made this organization doubly terrible. It appeared to be omniscient and omnipotent, and yet was neither seen nor heard.

The man who held out against the Church vanished away, and none knew whether he had gone or what had befallen him. His wife and children awaited him at home, but no father ever returned to tell them how he had fared at the hands of his secret judges.

A rash word or a hasty act was followed by annihilation, and yet none knew what the nature might be of this terrible power which was suspended over them.

The first this vague and terrible power was exercised only upon the recalcitrants, who, having embraced the Mormon faith, wished afterward to revert or to abandon it. Soon, however, it took a wider range.

The supply of gangs of armed men, running short and polygamy without a female population on which to draw was a barren doctrine indeed.

Strange rumors began to be bandied about—rumors of murdered immigrants and rifled camps in regions where Indians had never been seen. Fresh women appeared in the harems of the elders—women who pined and wept, and bore in their faces the traces of an unextinguishable horror.

Tainted wanderers upon the mountain, masked, stealthy, and noiseless, who fitted by them in the darkness. These tales and rumors took substance and shape, and were corroborated and re-corroborated, until they resolved themselves into a definite name.

To this day, in the lonely ranches of the West, the name of the Danite Band, or the Avenge Angels, is a sinister and an ill-omened one.

Fuller knowledge of the organization which produced such terrible results served to increase rather than to lessen the horror which it inspired in the minds of men.

None knew who belonged to this ruthless society. The names of the participants were kept in the strictest secrecy, and violence, done under the name of religion, were kept profoundly secret.

The very friend to whom you communicated your misgivings as to the prophet and his mission might be one of those who would come forth at night with fire and sword to exact a terrible reparation. Hence every man feared his neighbor, and none spoke of the things which were nearest his heart.

(To be continued.)

AUTHOR SCORES ON PUBLISHER.

Down-trodden Writer Who Got Even with His Tyrant.

Only the rattle of the wheels on the rails disturbed the quiet of the smoking car on one of the suburban trains the other morning, save when a proficient card player announced the number to be scored at the end of a hand. A certain publisher, who never failed to travel on that train, for a wonder was silent, and had no tales to tell of the enormous circulation of the last issue he had wheeled out of the author for "almost nothing." After awhile the author, who occasionally travels on a steam train, got on at a small station.

"Hello, Blank," roared the publisher as soon as the author loomed up in the doorway, fixing the attention of the car on the train; "I say, did you get that check I sent you yesterday?"

"I'm sure," replied the author, modestly, "I don't know; I got so many checks yesterday."

"Why I mean the one for \$70 for that short story of yours I accepted," said the publisher in a loud voice.

"Oh, yes," quietly replied the author. "I recollect now. Yes, I got it. It was for that story I sent you last year which you returned saying it was dead 'rot' and paid seventy for this year."

With one voice the company of card players cried:

"Score one!"

But amid the laughter the hilarious note of the publisher was not heard.

"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Retribution at Last.

"These racing automobiles ought to be suppressed," remarked the indignant man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lovely citizen. "I get some enjoyment out of them."

"You! Why, you never rode in one in your life."

"Of course not, but think how interesting they are making things for the scorching bicyclists, who have heretofore monopolized the roads. I tell you it looks to me like righteous retribution."

A Week's End Party.

Phamlinan—You don't know how it feels to have half a dozen mouths to feed.

Batcheller—Perhaps not, but I'll bet you realized last night what it meant to have at least a hundred to feed.

Phamlinan—Surely, you don't entertain that many?

Batcheller—Mosquitoes.

Small, but Flourishing.

Papa—You were up late last night daughter.

Daughter—Yes, papa. Our fresh air club met on the piazza.

Papa—Who belongs to your fresh air club.

Daughter (slowly and somewhat reluctantly)—Well, Jack—and—and me.—Detroit Free Press.

Applicants and Figs.

The applicant, it is said in its own bulk of cold water for 48 hours, is said to be almost like fresh fruit. Figs should be immersed in hot water for an hour.

Hard to Rear.

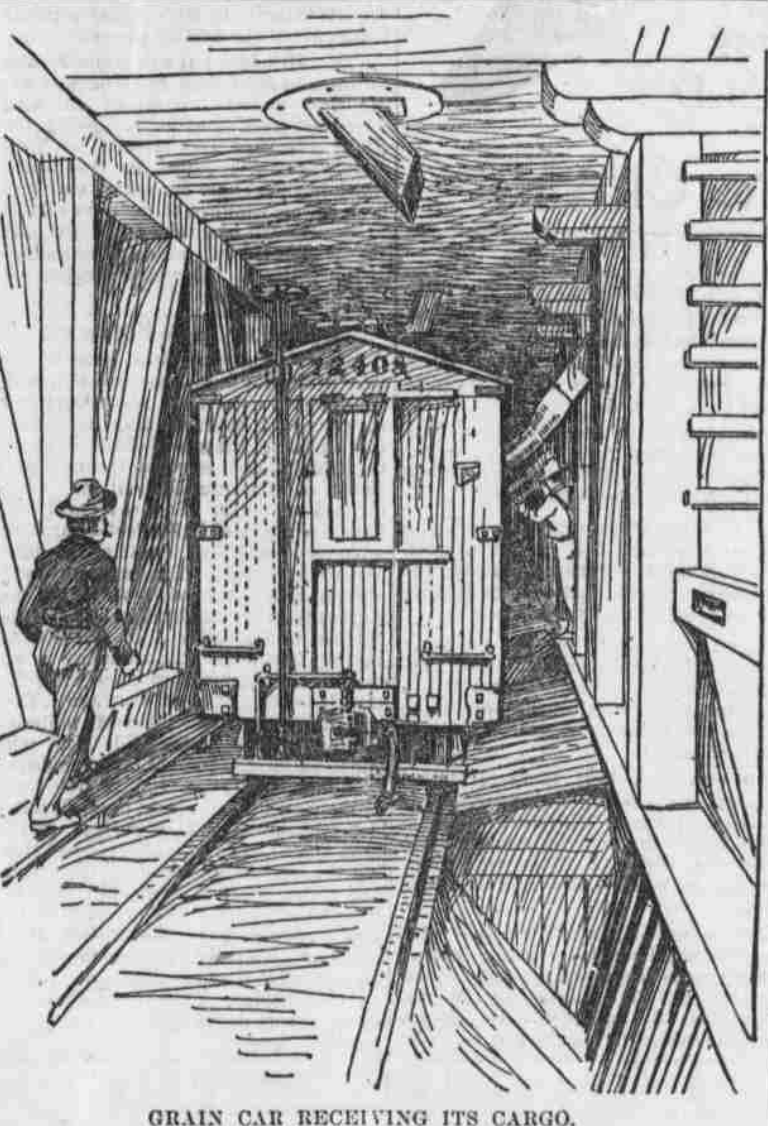
The two most difficult creatures to keep alive in aquariums are the herring and the whale.

IN CHICAGO GRAIN ELEVATORS... City Has Remarkable Facilities for Handling All Cereals...

DURING the last days of summer wheat and oats pour into the grain elevators of Chicago at a great rate. The grain does not stay there by any means. There wouldn't be room for it. Trains are constantly backing into the elevators and boats pulling up to their sides to take on loads of the grain and transport the cereals eastward. Chicago is the chief depot of the country for making the transfer from the producing points to those where the grains are to be prepared for consumption.

Most of the great elevators of the city are located where they can be reached by both water and rail, while the heavy receipts come by rail the most of the big shipments out of the city go by boat. If the Chicago elevators were divided into stories, as are ordinary buildings, they would be from ten to fifteen stories in height. Most of them have narrow upper sections only about half as wide as are the main portions. These higher portions are used for machinery and grain transferring devices, so there is no need for a great width as the lower floors, where the grain is stored in bins.

When a trainload of grain arrives at an elevator the cars to be unloaded are backed right into the elevator on



GRAIN CAR RECEIVING ITS CARGO.

the places where the cars or boats come to be loaded.

In an elevator visited by a newspaper correspondent there were eight movable chutes leading on as many bins to the pier of the ship, where the boats came alongside to receive their cargoes. The elevator had a capacity of almost 2,000,000 of grain, and the eight bins for loading boats each had a capacity of 5,000 bushels. The foreman in charge of the ship loading had an arrangement for telling how much grain there was in the bin, which made it unnecessary for anyone to visit the bin and see how big a supply it contained. A rope reached over a pulley and into the storage bin. A heavy weight was attached to the end in the bin. The other end of the rope reached to the first floor of the elevator. Various marks were on the wall and at the side of each, such and such a number of bushels of grain was marked down, the larger numbers being toward the bottom. A knot was tied in the rope and when a test was made by loosening the rope and letting down the weight to the surface of the grain the foreman could tell just how much remained in the bin. By ropes the workman could also open or close a valve, shutting off the grain or letting it flow down the chute from the bin into a boat. When being filled the boat comes alongside the pier and her hatches are opened and as many chutes as can be used—which is, of course, determined by the length of the vessel—are placed in operation. The chutes can be swung about from side to side, and there have been instances in which six of them were employed at one time in sending grain down into the hold of a long steamer.

Down the center of the elevator is a second track on which is run in the freight cars to be loaded with grain. Cars are filled in a way somewhat similar to boats, but one double-kneed chute is used for each car. The car is rolled under the bin which is to be emptied. A swinging chute connected with the bin is pulled up to the side of the car. At the end of the chute is a double spout, the ends being slightly turned to one side so that they will go into the door of the car, and pointing almost in opposite directions so that they will spread the wheat as much as possible.

"Bob" Burdette's Revenge.

Undoubtedly one of the most acceptable examples of the "dot woman's husband" is found in Mr. Burdette's general Bob Burdette, as he is so happily called—for he not only attends all the biennials, but shows his hand round from time to time in support of his wife.

Not long ago, for interesting instance, the Atchison Globe, pending a visit of Mrs. Burdette to that town, and in preparation of which the club women were making much ado, published a sarcastic editorial headed, "Who is Mrs. Bob Burdette?" When this came to the notice of Mr. Bob, he industriously set about sending the editor newspaper clippings by the yard. Each day for weeks he posted an article or home life, and finally added a note calling attention to the fact that in the same issue with the editorial was a fine write-up of the lady on an inside page. "Read your own paper," was the parting shot to the editor. "I do."

Thereupon the paper came out with a second editorial headed, "We Entend," and in conclusion said: "If Mrs. Burdette will quit, we will apologize for our lack of information about her wife. Mrs. Burdette seems to be a lovely character, all right."—The Pilgrim.

Every love affair is like a progressive game of cards. The players have moved up from another table where they had different partners, but the game they play is the same, with the same points and the same blunders. It differs from a progressive game of cards only in the fact that the prize isn't as valuable as the prize given at cards.

A woman has to ask her friends' permission to wear a new style of hat, and her husband's permission to buy it.

After a man tires of amusements he calls them follies.

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Atlantic Express 8:20 p. m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minnetonka, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee and Chicago and East.	8:10 a. m.
St. Paul Pull 6:20 p. m. via Spokane.	Pull Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.

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5:50 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 10:30 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:40 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Water permitting. Oregon City, Independence and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Ly. Riparia 4:30 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston.	7:30 a. m. Daily except Monday.

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