

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, inaudible 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 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 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 sprawl. 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 noise 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 flung himself upon the cold meat and bread which were still lying upon the table from his host's supper, and devoured them voraciously.

"Does Lucy bear up well?" he asked, when he had satisfied his hunger. "Yes. She does not know the danger," her father answered. "That is well. The house is watched on every side. That is why I crawled my way up to it. They may be darned sharp, but they're not sharp enough to catch a Washoe hunter."

John Ferrier felt a different man now that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He seized the young 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."

ALPINE FATALITIES

Last Year While Mountain Climbing 119 Persons Perished.



Carson, we may rest for the remainder of our lives. At night, if they chose the base of a bedding 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.

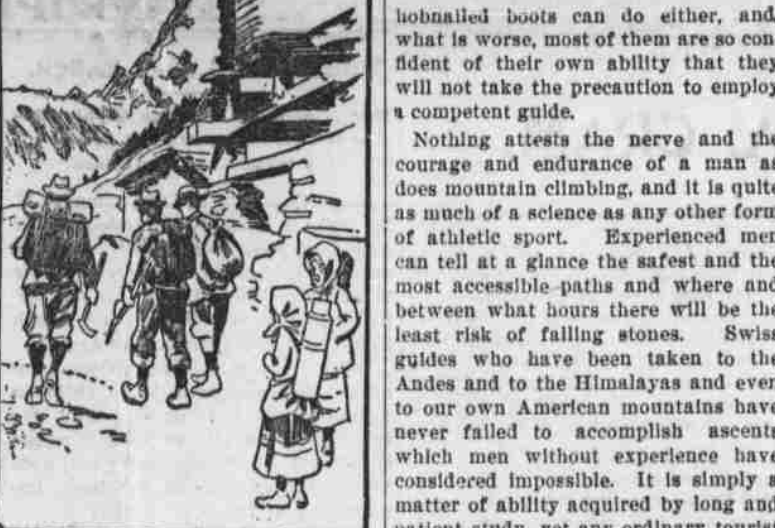
Choosing a sheltered nook he piled together a few dry branches and made a blazing fire, at which his companions might warm themselves, for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and the air was bitter and keen.

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. The high-bridged creature was 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.



During last year, according to a report recently issued by the Alpine Club, 119 persons lost their lives while climbing the Alps—more than double the number for the previous year. Most of the accidents occurred in the neighborhood of Chamounix and were due to the foolhardiness and inexperience of tourists. The number of accidents suffered by experienced climbers was comparatively small.

Switzerland and the Tyrol are becoming the holiday ground for more and more people every year, and it may be expected the lives lost will be in the same proportion. The increased number of accidents is therefore exactly what might have been expected. When one tourist attempted to scale a rocky mountain side or a glacier ten years ago there were twenty or perhaps fifty novitards with the delusion that anybody with an alpenstock and a pair of

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, WHO CREATED A SENSATION BY RETIRING.

CONGRESSMAN DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, who refused to try for reelection in the Third District of Iowa because of opposition to the tariff views of some Republican colleagues, has served his constituents ten terms. He was born in Old Deer, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, March 14, 1840. The family came to America in 1840 and settled on a farm in Winneshock County, Ill.



SPEAKER HENDERSON AT HIS DESK.

In 1865 Col. Henderson was appointed internal revenue collector, but resigned to practice law, becoming successful in Dubuque. In 1882 the congressional nomination was unanimously offered him, he accepted and was elected. In his ten consecutive terms he was nominated each time by acclamation. He was elected Speaker of the House Dec. 4, 1890, and was re-elected in 1901.

A FAMOUS JURIST.

Former United States Supreme Court Justice Horace Gray. The death of Horace Gray, at his home in Nalant, Mass., removed one of the most eminent of American jurists. Justice Gray had been in failing health for some time. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy a few months ago, and from this he never sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the United States Supreme Court. Upon his retirement he was succeeded by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, also a resident of Massachusetts.

Justice Gray came of a family long noted in the legal profession in Massachusetts. He was born in Boston seventy-four years ago. He graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1860, and from the law school in 1864. He was shortly in his profession. In 1864 he was appointed reporter of decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and served till 1867. Three years later he was chosen associate justice of the same court and chief justice in 1873. Here he gained an enviable reputation as a jurist. He was named as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States Dec. 19, 1881, by President Arthur.

Justice Gray was a great all-around lawyer. He was a recognized authority in admiralty cases. During recent years he rendered the opinion of the court in many important cases. He was with the majority of the Supreme Court justices in the income tax and insular cases and decided that the United States had no right to seize fishing smacks supposed to be carrying aid to the Cubans. Justice Gray delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court that Congress had the power to make the treasury notes of the United States legal tender in payment of private debts in time of peace as well as in war.



A home remedy: "Do you think coal oil 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 telephone for the first time in her life to-day, and she didn't gliggle one."

Tough: "Oh, Henry, don't cut your pie with a knife." "Eliza, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a can-opener."—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.

Las Olivas: Citi man—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 out."—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.—Detroit Free Press.

"Papa, what is the difference between the smart set and the four hundred?" "Why, my son, the four hundred is limited to twenty-six hundred, but everybody is in the smart set."—Life.

Our Two Great Classes: The world seems to be divided into two classes; those who board, and envy those who keep house, and those who keep house, and envy the boarders.—Aitchison Globe.

"And you still insist that your flying machine is a practical commercial quantity?" "I do," answered the business-like inventor; "if you don't believe I can show you the gate receipts."—Washington Star.

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. I see you've got Lawyer Skinner—Yes, and it's a splendid one. Lawyer Brief—Above the average in intelligence, eh? Lawyer Skinner—No; way below it.—Philadelphia Press.

At Two Dollars a Visit: "Yes, the doctor has put me on the strictest kind of diet." "Indeed. What is it?" "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.

"What are you doing?" asked the Justice as the defendant's counsel began his argument. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides," replied the Justice. "It has a tendency to confuse the court."

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