

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter V—Continued.

In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravines which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken.

The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like one another that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He followed one for a mile or more, until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before.

Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he at last found himself in a defile which was familiar to him.

Even then it was no easy matter to keep to the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound.

Wegged down with his burden, and weary from his exertions, he stumbled along, keeping up his heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to insure them food for the remainder of their journey.

He had now come to the mouth of the very defile in which he had left them.

Even in the darkness he could recognize the outlines of the cliffs which bounded it.

They must, he reflected, be awaiting him anxiously, for he had been absent nearly five hours.

In the gladness of his heart he put his hands to his mouth and made the glad echo to a loud halloo as a signal that he was coming.

He paused and listened for an answer, none came save his own cry, which clattered up the dreary, silent ravines, and was borne back to his ears in countless repetitions.

Again he shouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from the friends whom he had left such a short time ago.

A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried onward frantically, dropping the precious food in his agitation.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire had been lighted. There was still a glowing mass of wood ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure.

The same dead silence still reigned all round. With his fears all changed to convictions, he hurried on. There was no sign of life near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling.

He was essentially a man of action, however, and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence.

Seizing a half consumed piece of wood from the smouldering fire, he blew it into a spark, and proceeded with its help to examine the little camp.

The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses, showing that a large party of mounted men had overtaken the fugitive, and the direction of their tracks proved that they had afterward turned back to Salt Lake City.

Had they carried both of his companions with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they had done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve in his body tingle within him.

A little way on one side of the camp was a low-lying heap of reddish soil, which had assuredly not been there before.

There was no mistaking it for anything but a newly dug grave. As the young hunter approached it, he perceived that a stick had been planted on it, with a sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork of it.

The inscription upon the paper was brief, but to the point:

JOHN FERRIER,
FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY.

The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, then, and this was all his epitaph.

Jefferson Hope looked wildly round to see if there was a second grave, but there was no sign of one.

Lucy had been carried back by their terrible pursuers to fulfill her original destiny by becoming one of the harem of the elder's son.

As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only one thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon his enemies.

His strong will and untiring energy should, he determined, be devoted to that one end. With a grim white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smoldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days.

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before daybreak he was always on his way.

On the sixth day he reached the Eagle Ravine, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the Salts.

Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand fiercely at the silent, wide-spread city beneath him.

As he looked at it he observed that there were flags in some of the principal streets and other signs of festivity.

He was still speculating as to what this might mean, when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs and saw a mounted man riding toward him.

As he approached, he recognized him as a Mormon named Cowper, to whom he had rendered services at different times. He therefore accosted him when he got up to him with the object of finding out what Lucy Ferrier's fate had been.

"I am Jefferson Hope," he said. "You remember me?"

The Mormon looked at him with undisguised astonishment—indeed, it was difficult to recognize in this tattered, unkempt wanderer, with ghastly white face and fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young hunter of former days.

Having, however, at last satisfied himself as to his identity, the man's surprise changed to consternation.

"You are mad to come here," he

cried. "It is as much as my own life is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Ferriers away."

"I don't fear them or their warrant," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by everything you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. For God's sake, don't refuse to answer me."

"What is it?" the Mormon asked, uneasily. "Be quick. The very rocks have ears and the trees eyes."

"What has become of Lucy Ferrier?"

"She was married yesterday to young Drebbler. Hold up, man, hold up, you have no life left in you."

"Don't mind me," said Hope, faintly. He was white to the very lips, and had sunk down on the stones against which he had been leaning.

"Married, you say?"

"Married yesterday—that's what those flags are for on the Endowment House. There was some words between young Drebbler and young Stangerson as to which was to have her. They'd both been in the party that followed them, and Stangerson had shot her father, which seemed to give him the best claim; but when they argued it out in council, Drebbler's party was the stronger, so the prophet gave her over to him. No one won't have her very long, though, for I saw death in her face yesterday. She is more like a ghost than a woman."

"Are you off, then?"

"Yes, I'm off," said Jefferson Hope, who had risen from his seat.

His face might have been chiseled out of marble, so hard and so set was its expression, while his eyes glowed with a baleful light.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind," he answered; and, slinging his weapon over his shoulder, he strode off down the gorge and so away into the heart of the mountains to the haunts of the wild beasts.

The prediction of the Mormon was only too well fulfilled. Whether it was the terrible death of her father or the effects of the hateful marriage into which she had been forced, poor Lucy never held up her head again, but blined away and died within a month.

Her sottish husband, who had married her principally for the sake of John Ferrier's property, did not affect any great grief at his bereavement; but his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the burial, as is the Mormon custom.

They were grouped round the bier in the early hours of the morning, when to their inexpressible fear and astonishment, the door was flung open, and a savage looking, weather-beaten man in tattered garments strode into the room.

Without a glance or a word to the cowering women, he walked up to the white, silent figure which had once contained the pure soul of Lucy Ferrier.

Stooping over her, he pressed his lips reverently to her cold forehead, then, snatching up her hand, he took the wedding ring from her finger.

"She shall not be buried in that," he cried, with a fierce snarl, and before an alarm could be raised sprang down the stairs and was gone.

Thereafter, and so brief was the episode that the watchers might have found it hard to believe it themselves or persuaded other people of it, had it not been for the undeniable fact that the circle of gold which marked the piece which possessed him.

Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges.

Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and fastened itself upon the wall within a foot of him.

On another occasion, as Drebbler passed under a cliff, a great boulder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face.

The two young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and lead repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success.

Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after night-fall, and of having their houses guarded.

After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was either heard or seen of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunted man was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it, that there was no room for any other emotion.

He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his own iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exposure and want of wholesome food were wearing him out.

If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted.

He felt that that was to play his enemy a game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health, and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

His intention had been to be absent a year at the most, but a combination of unforeseen circumstances prevented his leaving the mines for nearly five years.

At the end of that time, however, his memory of his wrongs and his cravings for revenge were quite as keen as on that memorable night when he had stood by John Ferrier's grave.

Disguised, and under an assumed name, he returned to Salt Lake City, careless what became of his own life, as long as he obtained what he knew to be justice.

There he found evil tidings awaiting him. There had been a schism among the Chosen People a few months before, and some of the

younger members of the church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the result had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles.

Among these had been Drebbler and Stangerson, and no one knew whether they had gone.

Rumor reported that Drebbler had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed a wealthy man while his companion, Stangerson, was comparatively poor. There was no elow at all, however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never faltered for a moment.

With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies.

Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human bloodhound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life.

At last his perseverance was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the man in whom he was in pursuit of.

He returned to the miserable lodgings with his plan of revenge all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebbler, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in that street, and had read murder in his eyes.

He hurried before a Justice of the Peace, accompanied by Stangerson, who had become his private secretary, and represented the vagrant in the danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody and, not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks.

When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebbler's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe.

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit.

Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work saving every dollar for his approaching journey.

At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any menial capacity, but never overlooking the fugitives.

When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen.

At the Danish capital he was again a few days too late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth.

As to what occurred there, we can not do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Campbell was Angry.

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell says Mrs. Campbell spoke to him the other day about the advertisement of a buttonless shirt.

"What kind of a shirt is that?" she inquired.

"Just like mine," answered the ex-congressman, who, in telling the story, said Mrs. Campbell didn't speak to him for a week.—New York Times.

Why He Rejoiced.

"I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000," remarked the victim in the chair.

"Yes," replied the barber, "and I'm glad, if it's only for one thing."

"What's that?" queried the victim.

"When I get it I can retire from business and eat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it," rejoined the knight of the razor.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Tired Tatters—Here's a piece in die paper wot's an insult to de profesh.

Wearly Walker—Wot's it say?

Tired Tatters—It says dat a feller ort'n' fer eat nuthin' when he's tired.

Wearly Walker—Well, wot's de matter wid dat?

Tired Tatters—Wot's de matter wid dat? Say, do youse want er feller ter strave to death?—Chicago News.

How Necessary.

"How did that light opera of yours turn out?" asked the young composer.

"A beastly failure."

"What was the reason?"

"Well, you see, the stage manager forgot to load down the poor, simple village maidens who tra-la-la through the piece with silk dresses and pasted diamonds."—Judge.

Not Up to His Own Estimate.

"There!" said one old crowd to another, to whom he was showing the lions of the Scottish town, "that's the statue of Bailie Watson."

"Is it no a gude bit larger than life-size, though?" queried his friend.

"Oh, aye, it's a' that; but it's no a bit bigger than the Bailie thoit he was himself."—Tit-Bits.

His Plan.

City Man—Yes; we all need a rest once in a while.

Farmer—So we do, young man. An' if some of you city folks'd foller my plan an' take yer rest 'er at night till 4 in the mornin' you'd be a deal better off.—Puck.

Ambiguos.

"What I am afraid of," said Miss Primy, shaking her head roughly, "is the man I married would not love me when I am old."

"If he loved you when he married you," said Miss Candid, "he would."

As He Thought.

"You are in my pew," said Mr. Upjohn, stidily.

"Then I am sitting in the seat of the scornful," getting out of it with alacrity and taking a seat farther back in the church.—Cassell's Journal.

His Pleat.

Brown—What was Jones kicking about? You'd think he never got what he wanted.

Smith—It's worse than that. He says he never gets even what he doesn't want.—Denver Free Press.

GREAT WATERWAY.

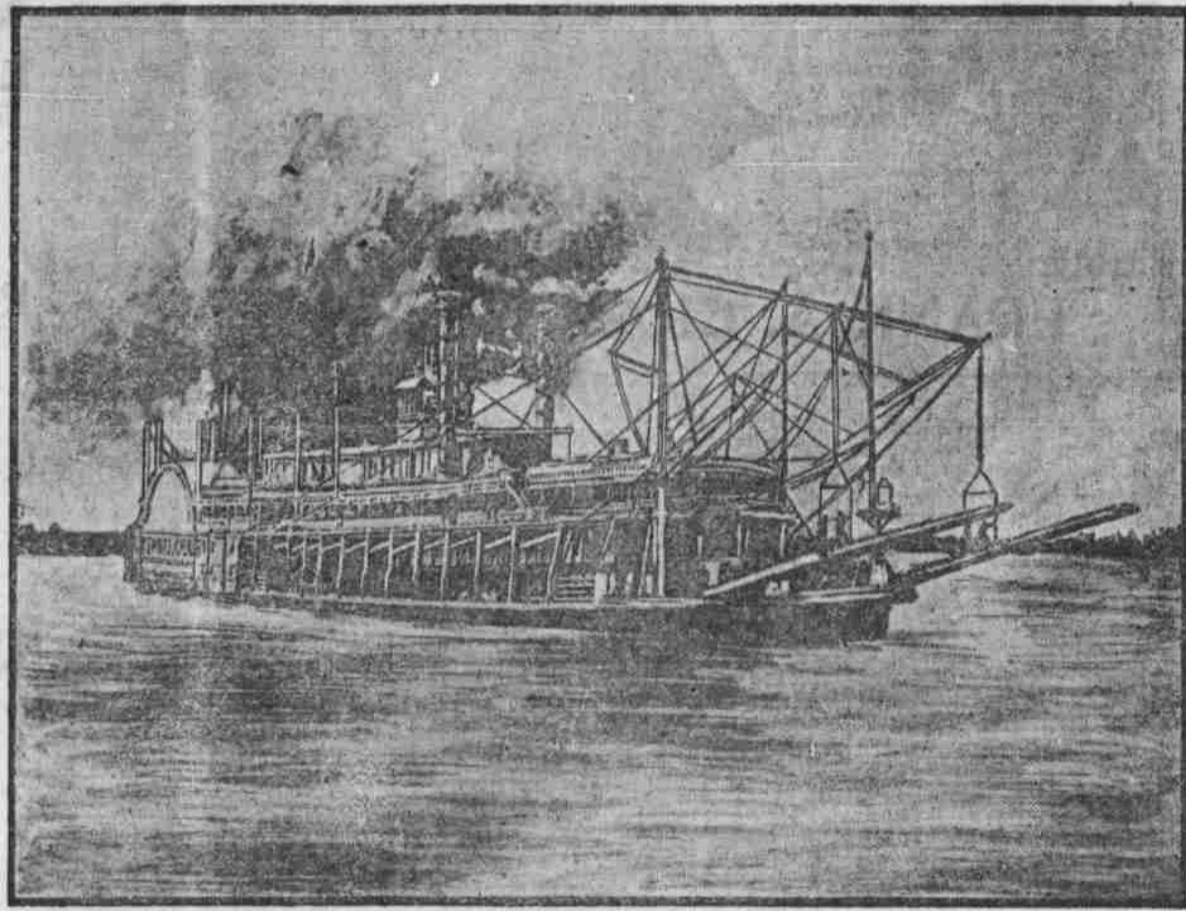
Undertaking Which Will Transform the Mississippi.

FOR DEEP-SEA BOATS.

Ultimate Result of the Stupendous Work the Government Has in Hand.

Many Millions to Be Expended in Making the Mississippi the Grandest Water Passage in the World—Obstructions to Be Removed and Channels to Be Changed—Bank Protection and Establishment of Adequate Levee Systems—Effect on Trade.

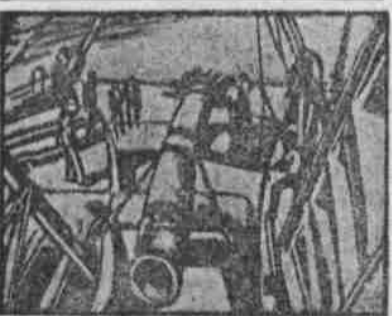
The Mississippi River, "Father of Waters," from its source to its mouth traverses 13 degrees latitude, is along the lowest line and through the most fertile belt of the United States. There is the vast alluvial strip from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, several times the area of that great valley of the Nile which has played such an important part in the world's history. Back of this strip, to the west, in Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Northern Louisiana, is a great resourceful land in almost virgin condition, and having a climate as favorable as that of Northern Italy. To the east are the partially developed areas of Illinois, Ken-



A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER AT FULL SPEED.

tucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. To the westward again are almost limitless areas of undeveloped and unexplored forests, where conditions would be most favorable to the production of all the crops of the middle latitudes. Beginning at the Gulf, at the south, first comes the natural home of rice and sugar cane; then the cotton belt of the future, and then the corn lands of the Middle West. The Mississippi's source is practically at the door of the cereal country of the North. Here also ores and fuels and building materials are cheaply assembled. This region might indeed under favorable circumstances become the dominant manufacturing center of the American continent. No other part of the country possesses facilities for navigation so extensive, convenient and safe.

The month of the river at the Gulf is within easy reach of the Caribbean Sea, along whose shores are countries whose development has scarcely begun, while



HOW SNAGS ARE RAISED AND SAWED.

the Isthmian Canal will in the near future open lines of commerce to new regions along the Pacific coast. All the great water courses, from the Rockies to the Alleghenies, and from the great lakes to the Gulf, are tributary to this noble stream, which thus becomes the common outlet for more than two-thirds of the arable area of the United States.

It is small wonder, then, considering the possibilities of this magnificent river, that there is great interest in the work the Government has undertaken in an effort to restore it to the position it once occupied in the commercial world. It is comparatively but a few years ago that the Mississippi was the dominating influence in all business relations between the two great sections of the country. The advent of great trunk lines of railroads saw the diversion of the river traffic to other channels and the days of boating seemed forever past. The river was neglected and gradually has fallen into comparative disuse. That it will see the return of the old days, with the enlargements and benefits of modern ideas, is the hope of all residents of the great cities which rest upon its banks—a hope which seems about to be realized.

Uncle Sam's Plans.

The Government appropriation of \$12,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi, which includes not only the dredging of a channel of sufficient depth to admit of the passage of large steamers, but the establishment of adequate means of protection to those districts which are periodically flooded by its overflow, is but the beginning of stupendous operations which shall make the river in every sense the grandest

waterway in the world. With one condition, however, the work of the engineers must show in a practical way that the great rushes of water which come down from the North, from the Ohio and the Missouri can be successfully withstood. That only will determine the future of the river. It will be the deciding balance in the scale which shall decide whether or not the Mississippi shall become a waterway capable of bearing deep sea ships upon its bosom, thus opening up to the South the commerce of Chicago and the whole northern lake region. That such a result will be attained, the greatest engineers produced by this country believe. They are working enthusiastically with the idea of "making good," and are sanguine that the work of the ensuing four years, which is the time limit

being now organized, with others to come in the near future.

One has but to pass through a flood on the lower Mississippi to realize what adequate protection from the high waters of the river means to the dwellers of the States along its borders. While it is not expected that the overflow can ever be entirely prevented, it is certain that with the proper attention, much the greater part of the damage can be averted. It is no exaggeration to say that the money loss which, from time to time, has come from Mississippi floods, will run up into hundreds of millions.

It need not be wondered that the people of the lower Mississippi, with those of the higher waters as well, for that matter, are, thanksgiving regarding the work inaugurated by the government.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

[Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.]

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Lumber Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and load orders, which will be promptly filled.

Regulator Line

STEAMERS

Regulator and Dalles City

Between The Dalles and Portland Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Dalles 7 A. M.
Arrive Portland 4 P. M.
Leave Portland 7 A. M.
Arrive Dalles 5 P. M.

Leave Hood River (down) at 8:30 A. M.
Arrive Hood River (up) at 3:30 P. M.

W. C. ALLAWAY,
General Agent.

White Collar Line

Portland-Astoria Route

Str. "BAILEY GATZERT"

Daily round trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD.

Leaves Portland 7:00 A. M.
Leaves Astoria 7:00 P. M.
Through Portland connection with Steamer Yakoota from Ilwaco and Long Beach points.
White Collar Line tickets interchangeable with O. R. & N. Co. and V. T. Co. tickets.

The Dalles-Portland Route

STEAMERS

"TAHOMA" and "METLAKO"

Daily trips except Sunday.

Str. "TAHOMA."

Leaves Portland, Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:00 A. M.
Leaves The Dalles, Tues., Thurs., Sat. 7:00 A. M.

Str. "METLAKO."

Leaves Portland, Tues., Thu., Sat. 7:00 A. M.
Leaves The Dalles, Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:00 A. M.
Landing and office: Post Office Street. Both phones Main 351. Portland, Oregon.

AGENTS.

J. W. CRICHTON, The Dalles, Ore.
A. R. FULLER, Hood River, Ore.
WOLFFORD & WEISS, White Salmon, Wash.
HENRY OLIVIER, Astoria, Ore.
JOHN T. TOTTEN, Stevenson, Wash.
C. WYATT, Vancouver, Wash.
A. J. TAYLOR, Astoria, Ore.

E. W. CRICHTON,
Portland, Oregon

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART TIME SCHEDULES ARRIVE

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Spokane 9:30 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Fl. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:20 p. m.
At night Express 8:50 p. m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Bonanza, Minn. neapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:10 a. m.
St. Paul Mail 6:15 p. m. Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Fl. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p. m. All sailing dates subject to change.
For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.

Daily Ex. Sunday 8:50 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m. Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings. 4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday

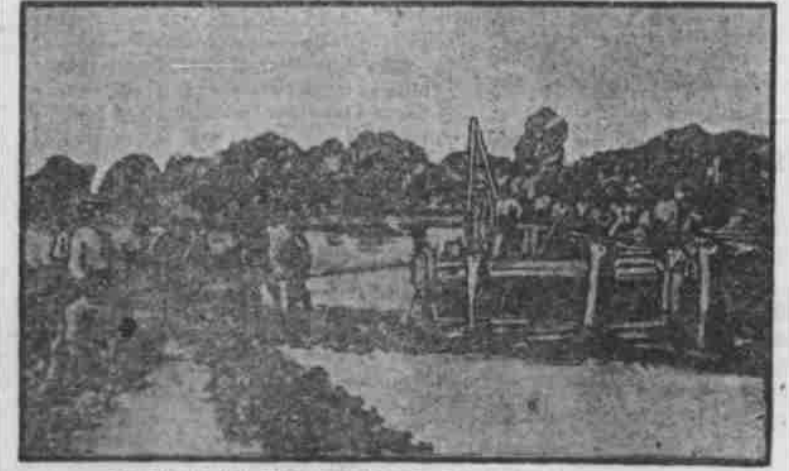
6:40 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri. Willamette River. Water landing, Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings. 4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday

7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Water landing, Oregon City, Independence and Way Landings. 3:30 p. m. Mon. and Wed.

Lv. Riparia 4:00 a. m. Daily except Monday. Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston. 7:30 a. m. Daily except Monday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

A. N. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.



MAKING AN EMBANKMENT TO SAVE A VILLAGE.