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 unamimously 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 Stangerson, Kimball, Johnson and Drebber, 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 new 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 whose hive 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 bellocks 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, relaxed their accustomed stoicism 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 behind her, and she found herself 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. At times, to her alarm, the horns of one of the animals would graze_ by accident or design_ her_ horse's_ flank_ close_ to_ contact with_ its_ angry_ neighbors_ startling_ and_ exciting_ it_ to_ madness.

In an instant it reared upon its hind_ legs_ with a snort of rage, and_ plunged_ and_ tossed_ in_ a_ way_ that_ would_ have_ unseated_ any_ but_ a_ most_ skillful_ rider.

The_ stuation_ 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 struggling creatures, she might have abandoned her efforts in despair but for a kindly voice at her elbow which assured her of assistance.

At the same moment a sinewy brown hand caught the frightened horse by the curb, and, forcing a way through the drove, soon brought her to the outskirts.

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

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

"I'm awfully frightened," she said, naively; "whoever would have thought that Ponsho 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?" she 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 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 wont trust 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 wth 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.

He swore in his heart he would not fail in this if human effort and human perseverance could render him successful.

He called on John Ferrier that night and many 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.

All 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 these 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 am off, Lucy," he said, taking her two hands in his, and gazing tenderly down into her face; "I wont 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 moths 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 I 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 fail 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 un-orthodox 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 Inquisition of Seville, nor the German Vehmgericht, 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 omniscent and omnipotent, and yet was neither seen nor heard.

The man who held out against the Church vanished away, and none knew whither 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.

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

The supply of adult women was 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.

Belted wanderers upon the mountains spoke of gangs of armed men, masked, stealthy, and noiseless, who flitted 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 Avenging 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 participators in the deeds of blood 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.

Downtrodden 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 book he had wheedled out of the author for "almost nothing." After awhile the author, who occasionally travels on the same 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 twain: "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 lowly 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.

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

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

Phamliman—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.—Detriot Free Press.

Apricots and Figs.

The apricot, if soaked 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.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Traveler—I want a bed for the night.

Clerk—Haven't got one in the house, sir.

"Got one out of the house?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll take that. Where is it?"

"Out in the back yard, sir. It's the strawberry bed. Don't roll over on the berries. Good-night, sir."

Quite Different.

Wesley—Yo' look troubled, Rastus! Haven't you got de nerve to propose to her?

Rastus—Oh, I popped de question, but I ain't got de nerve to question pop.

Handicapped.

Madge—How is it you're not going out yachting with Charlie again?

Dolly—It took both his hands to manage the boat.—September Smart Set.

How Can It?

Eddie (aged 6)—Say, pop, ain't the world round?

His Pop—Yes.

Eddie—Then how can it ever come to an end?

In the Wrong Pew.

Lady Customer—Give me a package of hairpins, please.

Green Salesman—You'll find those in the hair mattress department, madam. —Ohio State Journal.

Cautions.

Stern Mother—Were you in swimming, Bobbie?

Bobbie—What if I'll say yes?

Stern Mother—Why, I should whip you.

Bobbie—Then I refuse to answer.—Ohio State Journal.

Farsighted.

"Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening."

"Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt waist." —Portland Oregonian.

The Southern Philosopher.

"You look happy," ventured the tourist.

"Couldn't be more so, stranger," replied the lanky native.

"Didn't the lightning strike your place?"

"Yes, hit the woodpile an' split up enough kindling to last six weeks."

"How about the cloudburst?"

"Oh, that saved the old woman a week's washing. Just hung the clothes out an' the water did the rest."

"But the earthquake?"

"Well, that saved some more work. Churned up all the milk aroun' into butter. Nature is man's greatest help, stranger."

Disappointed.

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.

A Hot One.

Cholly—In what profession would you like me to distinguish myself?

Miss Kiddem—Oh! Any at all—a life-long explorer in Africa, for instance.

Scheme that Failed.

Tom (teasingly)—Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Edyth?

Mayme—Indeed I should.

Tom—Why?

Mayme—Because I really like Edyth.

Not Exactly a Compliment.

Hewitt—Ignorance is bliss.

Jewett—You'd better get your life insured.

Hewitt—What for?

Jewett—You're liable to die of joy.—New York Times.

Appropriate Expression.

Reginald—Miss Wose, don't you think my imported Egyptian cigarettes are fine?

Miss Rose—Yes, they are perfectly killing.

At the Minstrels.

Bones—Yeas, sah. Ah kin prove dat Noah didn't take enuf to eat on dat voyage.

Tambo—How kin yo' prove it?

Bones—Don't de good book say he only took one Ham? ?

Well Watered.

Stubb—You complain about these streets being damp. Why, I know a city where the streets are always a field of water.

Penn—What city is that?

Stubb—Venice.

Love's Golden Dream.

She—And will you speak to papa tomorrow, dear?

He (in dismay)—Oh! Don't, darling—don't wake me up!—Puck.

She Cornered Him.

The city editor was troubled, not to say angry.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, as he read the letter addressed to his department, "my wife has been asking me that question for the last week and I refused to be bothered——" He looked at the letter again and jumped out of his chair. "Thunder and guns," he cried, "it's her handwriting, too. Now that she has learned the trick, she'll make me settle every social, household and historical question that comes up, and I'll be right on hand to take the blame if I make a mistake."

For a long time he remained buried in thought. Then he resigned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

As He Understood It.

Smith—Where are you living now?

Brown—In St. Louis. Ever been there?

Smith—No.

Brown—Well, come over and spend a week with us and you'll never live anywhere else.

Smith—Why, is the climate that fatal?—Chicago News.

Cozy in Name Only.

Cholly—I'm awfully tired—and want to rest a bit.

Carrye—Then don't sit in the cozy corner.

His Only Request.

Judge—The jury has returned a verdict of guilty. Have you anything to say for yourself before sentence is passed?

Prisoner—Only one thing your honor. I trust you will see your way clear to deduct the time occupied by my counsel's speech from my term of imprisonment.

Nearing the Age Limit.

Firstnight—Mdle. DeKliquor is billed as having appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. I wonder who they were?

Frontrow—All those who reigned previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century, I imagine.

Good Advice.

Hix—Green sent $1 to a man who advertised to impart information that would enable any one to save money.

Dix—Did he get the information?

Hix—Yes. The advertiser wrote and told him not to send any more.

Took It for Granted.

Guide (at the capitol)—See that man across the way? That is the speaker of the house.

Jay Green—Dew tell! Heow long has his ole woman been dead huh?

Evasion.

"How do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"Not a bit longer than it is now."

His Observation.

"There are two critical periods in every married woman's life," observed the bachelor philosopher.

"Put me next" said the very young man.

"One" replied the b. p. "is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't."

His Experience.

Hix—They say that every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life.

Dix—Don't believe a word of it.

Hix—Why not?

Dix—A man kicked at least a week off my life recently because I laughed when a banana peel upset him on the sidewalk.

A Pointer.

You can sometimes see pretty well into the future if you get the right focus on the past.—Puck.

How He Felt.

"Is it a severe attack?" asked his wife.

"Is it?" said the dyspeptic. "I feel as though I had eaten everything ever mentioned in a cook book!"—Puck.

Too Philosophic.

"It's terribly warm," said the person who could not suffer in silence.

"Yes," answered the man who is so good-natured that he irritates. "But it's a great comfort to think that you are not in danger of being arrested for forgetting to clean the snow off your sidewalk."—Washington Star.

A Mortal Enemy.

"Aunt Sally is a good old soul. I suppose she hasn't an enemy in the world."

"Indeed, she has! I know one. She once spoke of Miss Bleachblood as 'that girl with the sandy hair.'"—Puck.

But Not Satisfied.

The Author—This is all nonsense about the literary profession being unhealthy.

The Poet—Of course. Why, it is the greatest appetite producer in the world.

Where Thieves Hide Money.

According to Chief of Detectives Miller, there are curious changes of fashion among women criminals, just as among their more honest sisters, says the Philadelphia Record. "Take, for instance," said he, "the matter of how women pickpockets conceal upon their persons the coin which they steal. Did you ever know that the place of concealment varies with them from year to year? Back in 1890 they hid it in their hair, and in searching a woman thief the head was always the first thing to be examined. In the neighborhood of 1895 they hid it in their shoes. 'Try her shoe first, miss,' I always used to say to the female searcher in handing over a woman thief. Nowadays they hide it in a small pocket sewed on their skirts in just about the place where on a man's trousers the little watch pocket is sewed, and police matrons find on seven out of ten women thieves pockets of this kind—invisible patches that a lay mind would be bound to overlook."

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.

A Russian Law.

No Russian is allowed to return to his native country if he has while away changed his religion.

A Mountain Town.

There is a town of 600 inhabitants on the top of the Mount of Olives.

Unconvinced.

"Is your wife ever speechless with indignation?"

"She says she is, but I have reason to doubt it."

Anthracite Coal.

It is estimated that, allowing a yearly output of 60,000,000 tons, the stock of anthracite in Pennsylvania will last 80 years.

Fish Sauce.

A delicious fish sauce to serve with fish or meat is made by putting six spoonsful of water to four of vinegar; set on the fire, thicken with yolks of two eggs; make hot, not boiling, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon before serving.