TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Samuels of Franklin county will be in Laurishary on the second Thurs-Pebruary, April, July, Sep-() tober and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applirealists teach in the Public Schools orthis county. I will also be in Lemsieurg on Saturday of each and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my

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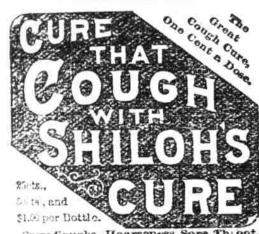
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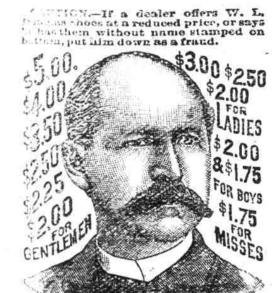
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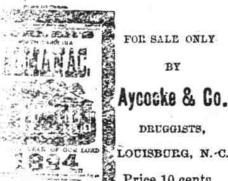
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his bedroom.

By A. CONAN DOYLE. "And how have I neglected it?" asked Ferrier, throwing out his hands Having done thus, he felt easier in his in expostulation. "Have I not given

tended at the temple? Have I not -" "Where are your wives?" asked Young, looking round him. "Call them in, that I may greet them." "It is true that I have not married," Ferrier answered. "But women were few. and there were many who had

better claims than I. I was not a lone-

ly man; I had my daughter to attend

to the common fund? Have I not at-

to my wants." "It is of that daughter that I would speak to you," said the leader of the Mormons. "She has grown to be the flower of Utah and has found favor in the eyes of many who are high in the

land." John Ferrier grozned internally.

"There are stories of her which I would fain disbelieve-stories that she is sealed to some Gentile. This must be the gossip of idle tongues. What is the thirteenth rule in the code of the sainted Joseph Smith? 'Let every maiden of the true faith marry one of the elect; for if she wed a Gentile she commits a grievous sin.' This being so it is | nasal voice; "He grindeth slowly butimpossible that you, who profess the holy creed, should suffer your daughter to violate it."

John Ferrier made no answer, but he played nervously with his riding

"Upon this one point your whole faith shall be tested-so it has been decided in the sacred council of four. The girl is young, and we would not appears to me that my claim is the have her wed gray hairs; neither would | stronger one." we deprive her of all choice. We elders have many heifers [Heber C. Kimball, provided. Stangerson has a son, and am the richer man. Drebber has a son, and either of them to their house. Let her choose between them. They are young and rich, and of the true faith. What say you to that?"

Ferrier remained silent for some little time, with his brows knitted. "You will give us time," he said, at last. "My daughter is very youngshe is scarce of an age to marry."

"She shall have a month to choose," said Young, rising from his seat. "At the end of that time she shall give her answer."

He was passing through the door, when he turned, with flushed face and flashing eyes. "It were better for you, John Ferrier," he thundered, "that you and she were now lying blanched skeletons upon the Sierra Blanco, than that you should put your weak wills against the orders of the Holy Four!" Ferrier heard his heavy step serunch- in the church." ing along the shingly path.

He was still sitting with his elbows upon his knees, considering how he should broach the matter to his daughter, when a soft hand was laid upon his, and looking up he saw her standfrightened face showed him that she from the backs of his two visitors. had heard what had passed.

what shall we do?"-

"Don't you scare yourself," he anover her chestnut hair. "We'll fix it up somehow or another. You don't find | honors both to her and her father. your fancy kind o' lessening for this chap, do you?"

her only answer.

"No; of course not. I shouldn't care to hear you say you did. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more his visitors sprang to their feet and than these folk here, in spite o' all their praying and preaching. There's followed them to the door. a party starting for Nevada to-morrow, and I'll manage to send him a message settled which it is to be," he said letting him know the hole we are in. If I know anything o' that young man, he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs." Lucy laughed through her tears at

her father's description. "When he comes, he will Llvise us for the best. But it is for you that I am frightened, dear. One hears-one hears such dreadful stories about those who oppose the prophet; something-

terrible always happens to them." "But we haven't opposed him yet," her father answered. "It will be time to look out for squalls when we do. We have a clear month before us; at the end of that, I guess we had best

shin out of Utah." "Leave Utah?"

"That's about the size of it." "But the farm?"

"We will raise as much as we can in money and let the rest go. To tell the truth, Lucy, it isn't the first time I swered, with spirit; "but Jefferson have thought of doing it. I don't care about knuckling under to any man, as these folk do to their darned prophet. I'm a free-born American, and it's all do not know what their next move new to me. Guess I'm too old to learn. If he comes brewsing about this farm, he might chance to run up against a charge of buckshot traveling in the opposite direction."

"But they won't let us leave," his dangher objected. "Wait till Jefferson comes, and we'll soon manage that. In the meantime, don't you fret yourself, my dearie, and don't get your eyes swelled up, else he'll be walking into me when he sees

you. There's nothing to be afeard about, and there's no danger at all." John Ferrier uttered these consoling remarks in a very confident tone, but she could not help observing that he paid unusual care to the fastening of the doors that night, and that he carefully cleaned and loaded the rusty old shotgun which hung upon the wall of

CHAPTER IV. A FLIGHT FOR LIFE On the morning which followed his interview with the Mormon prophet.

ger which threatened them, and how his chest. On it was printed in bold, necessary it was that he should return. straggling letters;

mind, and returned home with a light-As he approached his farm, he was pale face, was leaning back in the rocking-chair, with his feet cocked upon the stove. The other, a bullnecked youth with coarse, bloated feawindow with his hands in his pockets. whistling a popular hymn. Both of them nodded to Ferrier as he entered, and the one in the rocking-chair com-

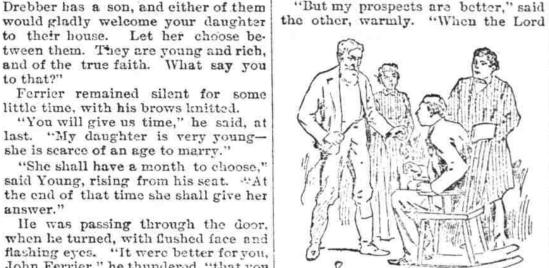
menced the conversation. "Maybe you don't know us," he said. "This here is the son of Elder Drebber, and I'm Joseph Stangerson, who traveled with you in the desert when the Lord stretched out His hand and gathered you into the true fold."

"As He will all the nations in His own good time," said the other, in a exceeding small."

John Ferrier bowed coldly. He had guessed who his visitors were. "We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for whichever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives

"Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson." cried the other; "the question is not in one of his sermons, alludes to his how many wives we have, but how hundred wives under this endearing many we can keep. My father has placards stuck upon the garden-gate epithet], but our children must also be now given over his mills to me, and I

"But my prospects are better," said



"THERE ARE TWO WAYS OUT OF THE ROOM," CRIED FERRIER.

removes my father. I shall have his With a threatening gesture of his tanning-yard and his leather factory. hand he turned from the door, and Then I am your elder, and am higher

"it will be for the maiden to decide," rejoined young Drebber, smirking at his own reflection in the glass. "We will leave it all to her decision."

During this dialogue, John Ferrier had stood furning in the doorway. ing beside him. One glance at her pale, hardly able to keep his riding-whip

"Look here," he sail at last, strid-"I could not help it," she said, in an- ing up to them, "when my daughter swer to his look. "His voice rang summons you, you can come; but until of them. That morning had shown through the house. O father, father, then, I don't want to see your faces

again." The two young Mormons stared at last of the allotted time. What was swered, drawing her to him, and pass- him in amazement. In their eyes this to happen then? All manner of vague ing his broad, rough hand caressingly competition between them for the maiden's hand was the highest of

"There are two ways out of the room," cried Ferrier: "there is the door, ble network which was drawn all A sob and a squeeze of his hand were | and there is the window. Which do

you care to use?" His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that

beat a hurried retreat. The old farmer

"Let me know when you have sardonically. "You shall smart for this!" Stanger-

son cried, white with rage. have defied the prophet and the couneil of four. You shall rue it to the end of your days."

"The hand of the Lord shall be heavy upon you," eried young Drebber; "He will arise and smite you!"

"Then I'll start the smiting," exclaimed Ferrier furiously, and would have rushed upstairs for his gun had not Lucy seized him by the arm and restrained him. Before he could escape from her, the clatter of horse's hoofs told him that they were beyond his reach.

"The young canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of

wither of them.' "And so should I, father," she an-

will soon be here." "Yes. It will not be long before he comes. The sooner the better, for we It was, indeed, high time that some

that his wealth and position would be of no avail to him. Others as well known and as rich as himself had been spirited away before now, and their goods given over to the church. He was a brave man, but he trembled at the vague, shadowy terrors which

of love, saw plainly that he was ill at bear up well?" he asked, when he had

hung over him. Any known danger he

pense was unnerving. He concealed

his fears from his daughter, however,

John Ferrier went into Salt Lake City, Young as to his conduct, and he was and having found his acquaintance, not mistaken, though it came in who was bound for the Nevada moun- an unlooked-for manner. Upon rising tains, he intrusted him with his mes- next morning he found to his sursage to Jefferson Hope. In it he told prise, a small square of paper pinned the young man of the imminent dan on to the coverlet of his bed, just over

"TWENTY-NINE DAYS ARE CIVEN . YOU

FOR AMENDMENT, AND THEN-The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. surprised to see a horse hitched to How this warning came into his room each of the posts of the gate. Still puzzled John Ferrier sorely, for his more surprised was he on entering to servants slept in an outhouse, and the find two young men in possession of doors and windows had all been sehis sitting-room. One, with a long, cured. He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill into his heart. The twenty-nine days were evidently the balance of the month which Young tures, was standing in front of the had promised. What strength or courage could avail against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers! The hand which fastened that pip might have struck him to the heart. and he could never have known whe had slain him.

Still more shaken was he next morning. They had sat down to their breakfast when Lucy, with a cry of surprise, pointed arward. In the canter of the ceiling was scrawled, with a burned stick, apparently, the number 23. To his daughter it was unintelligible, and he did not enlighten her. That night he sat up with his gun and kept watch and ward. He saw and heard nothing, and yet in the morning a great 27 had been painted

upon the outside of his door. Thus day followed day; and as sure as morning came he found that his unseen enemies had kept their register, and Brother Drebber here has seven, it | and had marked up in some conspicuous position how many days were still left to him out of the month of grace. Sometimes the fatal numbers appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floors; occasionally they were on small or the railings. With all his vigilance John Ferrier could not discover whence these daily warnings proceeded. A horror, which was almost superstitious, came upon him at the sight of them. He became haggard and restless, and his eyes had the troubled look of some haunted creature. He had but one hope in life now, and that was for the arrival of the young hunter from Nevada.

Twenty had changed to fifteen, and fifteen to ten; but there was no news of the absentee. One by one the numbers dwindled down, and still there came no sign of him. Whenever a horseman clattered down the road or a driver shouted at his team, the off farmer hurried to the gate, thinking that help had arrived at last. At last, when he saw five give way to four and that again to three, he lost heart, and abandoned all hope of escape. Singlehanded, and with his limited klowledge of the mountains which surrounded the settlement, he knew that he was powless. The more frequented words were strictly watched and guarded, and none could pass along them without an order from the council. Turn which way he would, there appeared to be no avoiding the blow which hung over him. Yet the old man never wavered in his resolution to part with life itself before he consented to what he re-

garded as his daughter's dishoner. He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out the figure 2 upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the and terrible fancies filled his imagination. And his daughter-what was to become of her after he was gone? Was there no escape from the invisiround them? He sank his head upon the table and sobbed at the thought of his own impotence.

What was that? In the silence he heard a gentle scratching sound-low, but very distinct, in the quiet of the night. It came from the door of the house. 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 arr ved 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 right and to left, until happening to glance straight down at his own feet he saw to his astonishment a man lying flat upon his face upon the ground,

with arms and legs all asprawl. So unnerved was he at the sight that he leaned up against the wall with one capable of giving advice and help his hand to his throat to stifle his inshould come to the aid of the sturdy | elination to call out. His first thought old farmer and his adopted daughter. | was that the prostrate figure was that In the whole history of the settlement of some wounded or dying man, but as there had never been such a case of he watched it he saw it writhe along rank disobedience to the authority of | the ground and into the hall with the the elders. If minor errors were pun- rapidity and noiselessness of a serpent. ished so sternly, what would be the Once within the house the man sprang fate of this arch rebel? Ferrier knew to his feet, closed the door and revealed to the astonished farmer the fierce and resolute expression of Jefferson Hope.

"Good God!" gasped John Ferrier. "How you scared me! Whatever made you come in like that?"

"Give me food," the other said, hoarsely. "I have had no time for bite could face with a firm lip, but this sus- or sup for eight-and-forty hours." He flung himself upon the cold meat and bread which were still lying upon the and affected to make light of the whole | table from his host's supper, and desatisfied his hunger.

He expected that he would receive . "Yes. She does not know the dansome message or remonstrance from ger," 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 quite 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 hornets' nest. It's Lucy that brings me here, and before harm comes on her I guess there will be one less o' the Hope family in Utah."

"What are we to do"

"To-morrow is your last day, and unless you act to-night 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 termined if I could not stay with my guaranteed to be positively pure. through the mountains. You had best wake Lucy. It is as well that the serv-

ants do not sleep in the house." While Ferrier was absent preparing his daughter for the approaching journey, Jefferson Hope packed all the eatables 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 but with caution we may get away box. For sale by Thomas & Aveocke. through the side window and across the fields. Once on the road, we are only two miles from the ravine where the horses are waiting. By daybreak mountains."

"What if we are stopped?" asked

Hope slapped the revolver butt which | depending upon a healthy condition of protruded from the front of his tunic. all the vital organs. If the liver be in-If they are too many for us we shall active, you have a bile us look, if your take two or three of them with us," he

said with a sinister smile. The lights inside the house had all ened window Ferrier paered over the fields which had been his own, and which he was now about to abandon forever. He had long nerved himsoli to the sacrides, however, and the thought of the honor and happiness of his daughter outweighed any regret peaceful and happy, the rustling trees Avcocke. Pocket size contains twentyand the broad, silent stretch of grain- five doses, only 25c. Children love it. 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 Louse he had seen enough to satisfy

him upon that head. Ferrier carried the bay of gold and notes, Jefferson Hope had the scanty provisions and water, while Lucy had the 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 HARPER'S BAZAR ... hardly crouched down before the mel HAMPER'S MAGAZINE ancholy hooting of a mountain on HARPER'S WEEKLY was heard within a few yards of them. HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE which was immediately answered by another hoot 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 time of receipt of order. plaintive signal cry again, on which a second man appeared out of the ob-

"To-morrow at midnight," said the first, who appeared to be in authority. "When the whippoorwill calls three times."

"It is well," returned the other. "Shall I tell Brother Drebber?" "Pass it on to hira, 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 countersign. 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 big. I shall on Monday, April 2, 1894. strongth appeared to fail her. strength appeared to fail ber.

pends on speed. Hurry ou!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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