TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Selection of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April July, Sep-tember, October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applirunts to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

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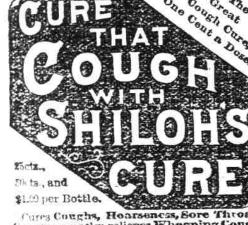
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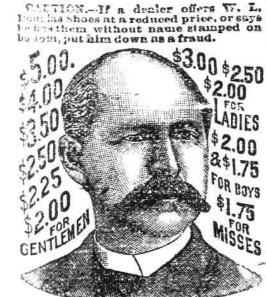
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By A. CONAN DOYLE. Unce on the high-road they made

rapid progress. Only once did they meet anyone, and then they managed to slip into a field and so avoid recognition. Before reaching the town the hunter branched away into a rugged and narrow footpath which led to the mountains. Two dark, jagged peaks loomed above them through the darkness, and the defile which led between them was the Eagle canyon in which the horses were awaiting them. With unerring instinct Jefferson Hope picked his way among the great bowlders and along the bed of a driedup water-course, until he came to the retired corner, screened with rocks, where the faithful animals had been picketed. The girl was placed upon the mule, and old Ferrier upon one of the horses, with his money-bag, while Jefferson Hope led the other along the precipitous and dangerous paths. It was a bewildering route for any-

one who was not accustomed to face Nature in her wildest moods. On the one side a great crag towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon its rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster. On the other hand a wild chaos of bowlders and debris made all advance impossilar track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practiced riders could have traversed it at all. Yet, in spite of all dangers and difficulties, the hearts of the fugitives were light within them, for every step increased the distance between them and the terrible despotism from which they were flying.

They soon had a proof, however, that they were still in the jurisdiction of the Saints. They had reached the very wildest and most desolate portion of the pass when the girl gave a startled cry and pointed upward. On a rock which overlooked the track, showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solitary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his military challenge of 'Who goes there?" rang through the

"Travelers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifle which hung by his saddle. They could see the lonely watcher fingering his gun, and peering down at them as if dissatisfied with their re-

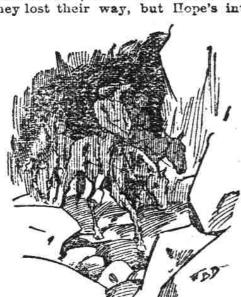
"By whose permission?" he asked. "The Holy Four," answered Ferrier. His Mormon experiences had taught him that that was the highest authority to which he could refer. "Nine from seven," cried the senti-

"Seven from five," returned Jefferson Hope promptly, remembering the countersign which he had heard in the

"Pass, and the Lord go with you," said the voice from above. Beyond this post the path broadened out, and the horses were able to break into a trot. Looking back, they could see the solitary watcher leaning upon his gun, and knew that they had passed the outlying post of the chosen people, and that freedom lay before them.

CHAPTER V.

THE AVENGING ANGELS. All night their course lay through intricate defiles and over irregular and rock-strewn paths. More than once



THEIR COURSE LAY THROUGH INTRICATE

DEFILES. . mate knowledge of the mountains enabled them to regain the track once more. When morning broke, a scene of marvelous though savage beauty lay before them. In every direction the great snow-capped peaks hemmed them in, peeping over each other's shoulders to the far horizon. So steep were the rocky banks on either side of them that the larch and the pine seemed to be suspended over their heads, and to need only a gust of wind to come hurtling down upon them. Nor was the fear entirely an illusion, for the barren valley was thickly strewn with trees and bowlders which had fallen in a similar manner. Even as they passed, a great rock came thundering down with a hoarse rattle which woke the echoes in the silent gorges, and startled the weary horses into a

As the sun rose slowly above the eastern horizon, the caps of the great mountains lit up one after the other, like lamps at a festival, until they were all ruddy and glowing. The magnificent spectacle cheered the hearts of the three fugitives and gave them fresh energy. At a wild torrent which swept out of a ravine they called a halt and watered their horses, while they partook of a hasty breakfast.

rocks offered some protection from the them all and yet had left no traces be-

chill wind, and there, huddled to hind it. gether 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 any pursuers, and Jefferson Hope began to think that they were fairly out of the reach of the terrible organization whose enmity they had incurred. He little knew how far that iron grasp could reach, or how soon it was to close upon them and crush them.

About the middle of the second day of the flight their scanty store of provisions began to run out. This gave the hunter little uneasiness, however, for there was game to be had among the mountains, and he had frequently before had to depend upon his rifle for the needs of life. 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. Havadieu, he threw his gun over his shoulder and set out in search of whatever chance might throw in his way. 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



GIRL CROUCHING OVER THE BLAZING

out success, though from the marks sustained vindictiveness, which he may upon the trees, and other indications, have learned from the Indians among he judged that there were numerous whom he had lived. As he stood by bears in the vicinity. At last after the desolate fire he felt that the only two or three hours' fruitless search, he thing which could assuage his grief was thinking of turning back in de- would be thorough and complete retrispair, when, casting his eyes up- bution brought by his own hand upon ward, he saw a sight which sent a his enemies. His strong will and unthrill of pleasure through his heart. tiring energy should, he determined, On the edge of a jutting pinnacle, be devoted to that one end. With a three or four hundred feet above him, grim, white face he retraced his steps there stood a creature somewhat re- to where he had dropped the food, and sembling a sheep in appearance, but having stirred up the smouldering fire, armed with a pair of gigantic horns. he cooked enough to last him for a few The big-horn, for so it is called -was days. This he made up into a bundle, acting, probably, as a guardian over a and, tired as he was, he set himself to flock which were invisible to the hun- | walk back through the mountains upon ter; but fortunately it was heading in | the track of the avenging angels. the opposite direction, and had not perceived him. Lying on his back, he long and steady aim before drawing | At night he flung himself down among the trigger. The animal sprang into | the rocks and snatched a few hours of

beneath. lift, so the hunter contented himself | down upon the home of the Saints. with cutting away one haunch and a Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon part of the flank. With this trophy his rifle and shook his gaunt hand they lost their way, but Hope's inti- over his shoulder, he hastened to rethe ravines which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out lev in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like each other 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. Convinced that he had taken the wrong turn, he tried another, but with the same result. Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he again found himself in a defile which was familiar to him. Even then it was no easy matter to keep on the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound. Weighed down with his burden and weary from his exerhis heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to in- riersaway." sure 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 re-

flected, 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 glen reecho to a loud hallo 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 ne shouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from | say?" the friends whom he had left such a short time ago. A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried house. There was some words beonward frantically, dropping the pre-

cious food in his ag intion.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire that followed them, and Stangerson had been lit. There was still a glowing pile of wood-ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure. The same dead silence still party was the stronger, so the reigned all round. With his fears prophet gave her over to him. No one changed to convictions, he burried on. | won't have her very long, though, for There was no living creature near the I saw death in her face yesterday. She remains of the fire; animals, man, is more like a ghost than a woman. maiden, all were gone. It was only Are you off, then?" too clear that some sudden and terrible "Yes, I'm off," said Jefferson Hope, disaster had occurred during his ab | who had risen from his seat. His face |

the base of a beetling crag, where the sence a disaster which had embraced | might have been chiseled out of mar-

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 flame, 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 fugitives, and the direction of their tracks proved that they had afterward turned back to Salt Lake City. Had they carried back both of his companions with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they must have done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve of his body tingle within him. A little way on one side of the camp was a lowlying head of reddish soil, which had ing tethered the horses and bade Lucy | 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 but to the point:

> JOHN FERRIEIL FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY. Died August 4, 1830.

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 the young fellow realized the certainty of her fate and his own powerlessness to prevent it, he wished that he, too, was lying with the old farmer in his last silent resting place.

Again, however, his active spirit shook off the lethargy which springs women he walked up to the white, sielse left to him, he could at least devote his life to revenge. With indomitable patience and perseverance, Jefferson Hope possessed also a power of

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he rested his rifle upon a rock, and took a had already traversed on horseback. the air, tottered for a moment upon | sleep, but before daybreak he was althe edge of the precipice, and then | ways well on his way. On the sixth came crashing down into the valley day he reached the Eagle canyon, from which they had commenced their ill-The creature was too unwieldy to fated flight. Thence he could look fiercely at the silent, widespread city trace his steps, for the evening was al- beneath him. As he looked at it he ready drawing in. He had hardly observed that there were flags in some started, however, before he realized of the principal streets and other the difficulty which faced him. In his signs of festivity. He was still specu- HE WALKED UP TO THE WHITE, SILENT eagerness he had wandered far past lating as to what this might mean when he heard the clatter of horse's the path which he had taken. The val- toward him. As he approached he geance that possessed him. Tales Cowper, to whom he had rendered services at different times. He therehim, 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 face and hunter of former days. Having, however, at last satisfied himself as to his led repeated expeditions into the identity, the man's surprise changed to | mountains in the hope of capturing or consternation.

tions, he stumbled along, keeping up is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Fer-

> "I don't fear them or their warrant," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by all you hold dear to unswer a few questions. We have aldon't rafner to answer me."

"What is it?" the Mormon asked uneasily. "Be quick. The very rocks have cars and the trees eyes." "What has become of Eucy Ferrier?"

Drebber. 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 his ears in countless repetitions. Again | sunk down on the stone against which

he had been leaning.

"She was married yesterday to young

"Married yesterday-that's what those flags are for on the Endowment tween young Drebber and young Stangerson as to which was to have her. They'd both been in the party had shot her father, which seemed to give him the best claim; but when they argued it out in council Drebber's



ble, 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 they remained on top of your special mention. All who have used away into the heart of the mountains to head all through the sermon. Electric Bitters sing the same song of had been planted on it, with a sheet of away into the heart of the mountains to paper stuck in the cleft fork of it. The | the haunts of the wild beasts. Among inscription upon the paper was brief, them all there was none so fierce and so dangerous as himself.

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 pined 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 | Dr. King's New Discovery has done him his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try 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, weatherbeaten man in tattered garments strode into the room. Without a giance or a word to the cowering over her he pressed his lips reverently live dose a, only 25 c. Children love it. to her cold forehead, and then snatch- ing up her hand he took the wedding ring from her finger. "She shall not be buried in that," he cried, with a fleree snarl, and before an alarm could be raised sprang down the stairs and was gone. So strange and so brief was the episode that the watchers might have found it hard to believe it themselves or persuade other people of it. had it not been for the undeniable fact that the circlet of gold which marked heras having been a bride had disap-

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing



recognized him as a Mormon named were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the fore accosted him when he got up to lonely mountain gorges. Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and flattened itself upon the wall within a foot of him. On another occasion, as Drebber passed under a cliff, a great bowlder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face. The two young Mormons were fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and will receive music pupils at her fath killing their enemy, but always with-"You are mad to come here," he out success. Then they adopted the cried. "It is as much as my own life precaution of never going out alone or after nightfall, 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 hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and ways been friends. For God's sake the predominant ic sa 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 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 moun- at the Court House door in Louisburg. If he died like a dog among the moun-tains, what was to become of his re-land situated in Franklin county, adjoinvenge then? And yet such a death | ing the lands of James Journigan, Mrs. Elizwas sure to overtake him if he per- abeth Ayescue, John Ayescue and others, sisted. He felt that that was to play his enemy's 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.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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hoofs and saw a mounted man riding in his heart the flerce desire for ven-

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