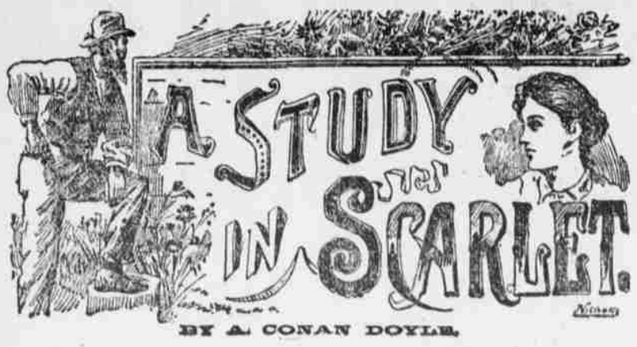

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

THE AVENGING ANGELS.

All night their course lay through intricate defiles and over irregular and rock-strewn paths. More than once they lost their way, but Hope's intimate 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 gallop.

THEIR COURSE LAY THROUGH INTRICATE DEFILES.

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. Lucy and her father would fain have rested longer, but Jefferson Hope was inexorable. "They will be upon our track by this time," he said. "Everything depends upon our speed. Once safe in Carson, we may rest for the remainder of our lives."

During the whole of that day they struggled on through the defiles, and by evening they calculated that they were more than thirty miles from their enemies. At night time they chose the base of a beetling crag, where the rocks offered some protection from the chill wind, and there, huddled together for warmth, they enjoyed a few hours' sleep. Before daybreak, however, they were up and on their way once more. They had seen no signs of 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. Having tethered the horses and bade Lucy adieu, 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 through one ravine after another with-

HE SAW THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG GIRL CROUCHING OVER THE BLAZING FIRE.

out success, though from the marks upon the trees, and other indications, he judged that there were numerous bears in the vicinity. At last, after two or three hours' fruitless search, he was thinking of turning back in despair, when, casting his eyes upward, he saw a sight which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart. On the edge of a jutting pinnacle, three or four hundred feet above him, there stood a creature somewhat resembling a sheep in appearance, but armed with a pair of gigantic horns. The big-horn, for so it is called—was acting, probably, as a guardian over a flock which were invisible to the hunter; but fortunately it was heading in the opposite direction, and had not perceived him. Lying on his back, he rested his rifle upon a rock, and took a long and steady aim before drawing the trigger. The animal sprang into the air, tottered for a moment upon the edge of the precipice, and then came crashing down into the valley beneath.

The creature was too unwieldy to lift, so the hunter contented himself with cutting away one haunch and a part of the flank. With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to retrace his steps, for the evening was already drawing in. He had hardly started, however, before he realized the difficulty which faced him. 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 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 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 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 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 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 reigned all round. With his fears changed to convictions, he hurried on. There was no living creature near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone. It was only too clear that some sudden and terrible disaster had occurred during his absence—a disaster which had embraced them all and yet had left no traces behind it.

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 low-lying head 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.

Died August 4, 1860.

The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, 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 from despair. If there was nothing else left to him, he could at least devote his life to revenge. With indomitable patience and perseverance, Jefferson Hope possessed also a power of sustained vindictiveness, which he may have learned from the Indians among whom he had lived. As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only 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 smouldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days. This he made up into a bundle, and, tired as he was, he set himself to walk back through the mountains upon the track of the avenging angels.

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 well on his way. On the sixth day he reached the Eagle canyon, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the Saints. Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand fiercely at the silent, widespread 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 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 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 all 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 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 sunk down on the stone 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 Drebber 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 Drebber'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.

"DON'T MIND ME," SAID HOPE, FAINTLY.

"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. Among 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 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, and 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. 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 her as having been a bride had disappeared.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing in his heart the fierce desire for vengeance that 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 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 not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and led 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 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 the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it

HE WALKED UP TO THE WHITE, SILENT FIGURE.

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 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'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.

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. 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, 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 Drebber and Stangerson; and no one knew whither they had gone. Rumor reported that Drebber 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 clew 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 one glance of a face in a window, but that one glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the men whom he was in pursuit of. He returned to his miserable lodgings with his plan of vengeance all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the 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 to him that they were in 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 Drebber'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 overtaking 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 late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth. As to what occurred there, we cannot 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.

THE POSTMASTER'S LETTER.

T. H. EDMUNDSON.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—I had been an invalid for nineteen years and had all the doctors in our country prescribe for me, but they could not say just what ailed me. When I wrote you giving the history and symptoms, you diagnosed my case as disease of the blood and kidneys, and advised me to try your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets," and I feel confident your medicines *saved my life*, and I hope all sufferers from kidney and blood diseases will try your valuable medicine.

T. H. EDMUNDSON, Postmaster, *Home, Marshall Co., Kans.*

The muscular system, the Heart, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, all do their work with constant difficulty for every weary, thin or thin-blooded person. Fatigue comes early, is extreme, and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply, and poisonous materials accumulate. This is the reason pale people are always tired. Certain it is that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures and builds up just such sufferers. To the weak and the nervous, Pierce guarantees A CURE.

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A refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

WORK AND SOCIETY.

The Two-Fold Strain on Delicate Women.

Unerring Symptoms of Nervous Weakness and Over-Fatigue—The Value of Paine's Celery Compound, the Remedy that Makes People Well.

In a recent number of the Queen, Mrs. Lynn Lynton writes, evidently from experience, of the dangers of overwork and too great nerve and mental pressure among delicate women.

"Only the exceptionally strong," says Mrs. Lynton, "can stand the strain of the two-fold life of work and society."

Social life, instead of bringing you refreshment, brings a redoubling of anxieties and so much more to think of and so much more to arrange and manage. There are a thousand cares that the mother, the hostess and the careful housekeeper cannot share with others.

With more pretentious living, larger families, and with every fresh social duty comes the increase of nervous strain and a step nearer the breaking-down point. The great share of this pressure comes upon the anxious mistress of the household. She becomes irritable and hysterical. The most insignificant little trouble looms large and weighs heavy—all because she is breaking down, and the nervous strain is too much for her. She cannot eat, nor sleep, nor rest, nor work; her nervous organization has gone all to pieces. Of the thousands of such cases that Paine's celery compound has cured, of the thousands of people in all classes of society who owe their present health and strength to this wonderful compound first prescribed by Prof. Phelps of Dartmouth college, two women in the best society in Dexter, Mich., (whose portraits are given above), tell their friends of the virtue of the remedy.

Mrs. Belle Rodman writes: "I can certainly speak in favor of Paine's celery compound. I have doctored more or less for the last three years with our best doctor, and tried several remedies, with no benefit. Last summer I was advised to take Paine's celery compound. I have taken about three or four bottles, and my sister Allie Bennett, has taken it, too, about the same number of bottles, during the same length of time.

"I felt all run down, my liver troubled me, I had awful headaches and very bad periods of sickness that would leave me weak and pale and discouraged. Now I have improved in looks and flesh, and I have gained in many ways through the merits of Paine's celery compound, and shall use it, as I am too young to be sick. I am 25 years old."

Mrs. Rodman, her sister, and the little girl are certainly healthy now, as the above photograph shows.

From all over the country come, every week, hundreds of similar testimonials unsolicited. If one is weak or "run down," she should use Paine's celery compound. It makes people well.

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Coal of the best quality for domestic use, and of all sizes, delivered in any part of the city at lowest price.
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Rear room, first floor, Third National Bank, or sent by mail or telephone to the mine, will receive prompt attention.
Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Buckwheat Coal.

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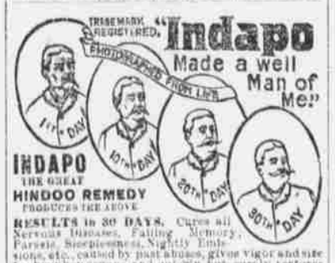
CURES HEADACHE
CURES HEADACHE
CURES HEADACHE

Restores Lost Health

MISS LOTTIE CARSON, of Saranac, Mich., writes: "I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything to help me, but at last a friend advised me to take your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, which I did, and after taking two bottles, I have not had the headache since."



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HAVE YOU ASTHMA CATARRH HEADACHE NEURALGIA

This MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful boon to sufferers from Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, or HAY FEVER. Afford immediate relief. An efficient remedy, convenient to carry in pocket, ready to use on first indication of cold. Continued Use Effects Permanent Cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, 50 cts. Trial free at Druggists. Registered mail, 60 cents. E. S. CUSHMAN, Mfr., Three Rivers, Mich., U. S. A.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL The surest and safest remedy for all skin diseases, Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, old Sores, Burns, Cuts. Wonderful remedy for PILES. Price, 25 cts. at Druggists or by mail prepaid. Address as above. BALM

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Complexion Preserved

DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver-Moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. Send for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin purifying Soap, unequaled for the toilet, and without a rival for the nursery. Absolutely pure and delicately medicated. At druggists. Price 25 Cents.

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Every Woman

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

Dr. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine Dr. Peal's never disappoint. Sent anywhere $1.00. Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.

Sold by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, corner Wyoming avenue and Spruce street, Scranton, Pa.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants, who will accept THE TRIBUNE FLOUR COUPON of 25 on each one hundred pounds of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

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Hyde Park—Carson & Davis, Washburn St. Gold Medal Brand; Joseph A. Mears, Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
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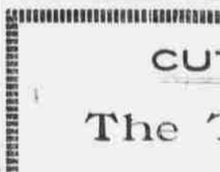
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Providence—Fenner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Keiser, Superlative Brand.
Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co. Superlative Brand.
Carbondale—R. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—J. N. Foster & Co. Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—W. P. Schenck, Superlative Brand.
Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.



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Send or bring 3 Coupons of different dates, together with 10 Cents, and receive each part of Magnificent Photographs. No delay; no waiting, as each part is now ready.

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