## The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER XXIII .- (Continued.) five thousand pounds."

He spoke the truth. News came soon,

indeed. We were lunching together in Graden's chambers on the fourth day after their departure, when the telegram arrived. My cousin opened it. As he read, I saw the line of his jaw set and harden. Then he handed it across the table. This was the message:

"Fear we are in great peril. Come at once. Weston.'

The realization of those words must have come to me slowly, for it was Graden's hand on my arm that woke me from the stupor into which I had fallen. Even then I could hardly understand. "There is a train at two-twenty," said "Can you be ready in five minutes?" But how can the man-how can Marnac have discovered where they

nre?" I stammered. "In five minutes, I said!" he barked "You have no time to waste,"

We had still a quarter of an hour to spare when our cab rattled over the cobbles of the station-yard. While my cousin took the tickets, I stood at the bookstall, staring at the backs of the novels, with that call for help twisting in a dreary chant through my head. "In great peril. Come at once," so it ran, over and over again. Several passing strangers turned and regarded me curiously over their shoulders.

I do not think we spoke more than once before reaching Dover. I asked if he had telegraphed a reply. He had done so, he said, at Charing Cross.

There was a brisk sea running in the Channel, but I felt no sickness. Indeed the passage did me good; for I behaved quite sanely as we passed our bags through the Calais customs.

night that had fallen. I had a sleeping berth reserved in the wagon-lit, but I did not visit it. Sometimes a fury of impatience seized me, so that I paced the corridor, peering out into the moonlit country that went sliding by, in its nevervarying sequence of plain and woodland and steeple-crowned village; but, for the most part, I sat huddled in my chairthinking. Heaven help us! What torture an active mind inflicts upon poor humanity! Grant a man the imagination of an ox, and many are the woes he will be spared!

Dawn stole out on us at Basle, and we stood upon the platform, our faces showing pale in the tinted curtain of the sky that hung above the snow-clad ridges to the westward. The air was very cold, but not with the English bitterness in its

We had half an hour to wait. Graden despatched a second telegram to Pontresina, marking the progress of our journey. He also wired to Thusis, ordering a carriage to meet our train.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The sun was up, very red and bold, as we passed through Zurich; and where it touched the great lake, the waters shone scarlet as blood under the slanting rays. Before us the Alps were heaving upward, growing mightier every hour, with the pinnacles of their strange frost kingdoms blushing in the early sunshine. By eleven o'cock we had left the open country, passing into a labyrinth of valleys. crowned with pines, waiting black and silent on their snow carpets, scored with torrents and patched with frozen tarns. Coire was reached by half-past one, and the narrow gauge of the Thusis line carried us through meadows and brushwood morasses until we crossed the upper Rhine and drew into the station which is set under the cliff bastions, outworks of the Alp citadels beyond. It was then three of the clock. There

were still forty miles left of our journey a ten hours' drive over the passes to the distant Engadine.

A carriage with three horses was waiting to our order without the station. We entered it at once, and the driver swung his team into the Tiefenkastell road. Fifty francs from Graden had impressed him with the necessity for haste. Yet our progress was insufferably tedious. Once across the bridge, we dropped into a walk, while our straining team tugged heavily up the pass of Schyn. To our left the ridge barred the view; but on the right, narrow valleys sliced deep into the glittering heights above gave us sight of the stately peaks that sentinelled the eastern sky. In an hour we had entered the forest of Versasca-for such, I have learned, is its name-and so climbed on through the dismal avenues of times till we passed through galleries and tunnels, hewn deep in the cliff tion. We had engaged rooms in the prinside, out into the barren snow fields once

The sun was setting as we rattled over the pavement of the hill village of Tiefenkastell, that crouched in the shadows of the Albula Gorge. The dying rays struck fiercely on the distant peaks, until those pale ice maidens found rosy blushes for such reckless gallantry. It was a spectacle of infinite grandeur, and, despite my impatience, I leaned from the window watching the light fade and whiten into the opals of the after-glow.

"We can thank our luck that there's a moon," said my cousin, as I drew back "These drivers know into my corner. the road like a book, but I should like

"Is it dangerous?"

"A ledge for a carriage way, and a precipice for a ditch on the near side, is not particularly pleasant for the nerves when you can't see your hand before which, fortunately, I can speak, though you."

"You have been here before, then?" "Oh, yes!" he said, and so we fell into

silence. It was past six o'clock when we left Filisur, a tiny group of deep-enved

the stream. As we rose the further slope "We shall soon have news," he said through a wood of scattered pines, the quietly. "For information that will lead moon came peering out from behind two to his arrest, I have offered the police, bare and lofty peaks that towered above here and on the continent, a reward of us into the southern night, lighting their ley summits so that they glittered like blades of polished steel. It was a scene of such melancholy desolation that as our horses halted on the crest of the hill, I lowered the window, thrusting out my

head for a better view. In front of us the white road curled down into a gorge, an ink-black wedge of shadow that drove into the distance between silver cliffs bright with the

"Is this the place you spoke of?" I asked.

"It's the Berguner Stein, if it's that you want to know," growled my cousin from amongst his wraps. "Also, I wish you would have the goodness to shut that window."

But the remembrance of what he had told me about the dangers of the place sent my eyes to the driver's box. 'As I was leaning from the left-hand window, did not expect to see more than the fellow's hat; but, to my surprise, there he was well in view, his coat huddled about his ears. As we moved forward, the mystery explained itself. The man saw was not driving.

"We've taken up a passenger, Cousin Graden," said I, pulling in my head. "What's that?" he asked sharply, for my voice had been lost in the loud complaining of the brakes as we trotted

down the decline. "The driver's giving a friend a lift," I cried, leaning towards him. "I suppose he picked him up at the last virlage,

I reached no further, for at that instant there rose from without a cry of such utter terror that I sank back into my place as if struck in the face by a crushing blow. I saw a falling body into the train again, and on into the flash by the right-hand window; the out cry of the brakes ceased with a grating clang. And then, with a bound like that of a leaping horse, the great post-carringe rushed roaring down the hill.

I thrust out my head, clinging to the sills of the open window.

The man upon the box seat was lash ing the horses so that they sprang forward in furious bounds. Even as I watched, he cast away his whip with a peal of wild laughter that sounded-high above the turmoil of the flying hoofs and the heavy wheels. He turned his head. bending sideways, the reins held loosely in his right hand. It was the face of Marnae that stared down upon me,

His hat had gone, his white hair streamed backward in the wind. And he was mad-mad with an open insanity of which I had observed no trace be-He shricked at me in triumph. waving his hand now to the horses, now to the chasm beyond the four-foot wall that guarded the road. He cursed me with furious gesticulations. Even as I write, I seem to see those eyes staring ground a camel has stood on. The very at me out of the white paper-eyes goggling with the lust of murder. Heaven a horse tremble and sweat. And this send that time will wipe that remembrance from my brain!

I shrank back into the carriage, that rocked and swung and danced beneath me. Graden's huge shoulders almost blocked the other window; but I caught sight of the glint of his revolver in the cats hate dogs so, too. Here, though, moonlight. Was it to be man or horse? we can account for the hatred. Dogs in One or the other, if we were not to leap primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, the precipice at the first sharp turn. Suddenly he shouted, and again I struggled kill and feed on kittens. to my post. In the darkness down the road was the glimmer of lights. Nearer and nearer they drew, and I, too, raised my voice in a scream of warning. The last fifty yards we took in one boundor so it seemed. I saw a carriage grow out of the shadow that the cliffs above us to the cage of a puma or a leopard and drew across the road; I saw our leading he will tremble and moan and slink horse swing to the left and leap blindly at the low wall that hid heaven knew what frightful depths below; and then, with a tottering slide that seemed to wrench the heart out of me, we curled, as a motor skids, into one thunderous crash that blotted out the world.

MRS. HARLAND'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER XXV.

I have been asked by my dear husband to conclude the story of which he has placed the greater part before you. should have preferred that he had not tried to recall details which I know he cannot remember without suffering; but having once yielded to the persuasion of his friends, I am ready to take every share of the burden that he will yield

My father and I, with Reski, the man that Sir Henry had summoned from Poland, arrived in the Engadine without any incident that is worthy of descripcipal hotel under the name of Jackson, as had been suggested. My father stood the journey very well. But this necessity for giving a false name annoyed him extremely. It was the first time in his life that he had done so, he said, and I had some difficulty in persuading him not to confess the whole circumstances to the manager on the day after our arrival.

It was on the fourth day of our visit, about five in the evening, that we received a telegram from London. It read:

"We are coming at once,-Graden." As can be imagined, we were very puzzled about it. We had sent no message, and we could not think what was the reason for their sudden determinaour fellow to see where he's going in the reason for their sadden determina-tion. Reski behaved in a most curious fashion when I told him. It might have been the news of some great good fortune that had reached him,

"It is very well, very well," he kept on repeating in German-a language not very correctly.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "Ach, Fraulein! if the two Englishmen are coming, does it not mean that Marnac is here?"

I suppose I turned rather pale, for the houses, and dropped down the hillside to fear of that dreadful man was always marriages."-Philadelphia Press.

in my heart, though, indeed, I pretended to father that I had forgotten he existed. But the next instant Reski had dropped down on one knee, taking my hand and kissing it.

"I am a dog, Fraulein!" he said sim-"I did not taink of what I spoke, But it is the thing for which I forget all else-to meet this man who killed my son. For your father and yourself, have no fear. It is I that will ever

watch. You trust me, Fraulein?"
"Indeed, Reski, I do," I answered him; and so we parted.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKES OF RUSSIAN POLICE. Canr's Law Officers Declared to Be

Extremely Stupid. years been so thoroughly detested by when they are first beginning to know all classes of Russians that now it is men and their ways they are very apt mainly filled by the least intelligent of to be carried away by good looks and the population. And of these the police good clothes. I do not by any means are the worst, says Ernest Poole in the intend to insinuate that some of the World To-Day. I myself was arrested best men in the world have not been several times, as so many correspond- both well dressed and handsome, but ents are, and I found the police in ev- only that very often girls do not look been elected to succeed Lady Somerset ery instance the most dense of mortals, beyond the surface-good looks and as world's president of the Woman's From my newspaper friends I heard good clothes are enough to satisfy scores of stories about this stupidity, them. If a man is plain of face and These two are typical:

Some time ago a man threw a bomb worth cultivating. at a governor, killed him and escaped. You never can tell, girls, what the The government sent all over the em- development of the gawky, shy youth pire a placard and two photographs of may bring. Lincoln was plain, awkthe assassin, his front view and his ward and badly dressed, and yet the

am bringing them to Petersburg."

of the Neva. He was thinking of a rival her. professor who had a new theory about gravitation.

'is the dullest idlot in Russia."

out a word began dragging him off. The Go to work and bring all your influpoor old professor shook with terror.

"What is my crime?"

"But why? Why?"

his imperial majesty an idiot!"

fessor, the spectacles falling from his he can't amount to anything.

speaking of the Czar?" down, puzzled.

slowly, searching his memory. "Who If he is also good looking, why all the else could you have meant?"

## All Horses Hate Camels.

sat in the winter training quarters. the making of a good husband.-Caro-Under his supervision a thin boy was line, in Chicago American. learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates,

"A horse won't go near a piece of smell of a camel in the air will make fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and and even to-day, here and there, they

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a llon's or a tiger's cage and he will show no fear, but take him up away out of sight.

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"-Philadelphia Bulletin.

A physician, partisan of the cure by suggestion, met the son of a friend and asked how his father was.

"Not at all well," said the child. "He says he is very Ill."

"What nonsense! Tell him from me that he only thinks he is ill!"

Some days after the doctor met the same boy. "Well, how is your father?" "Oh, doctor, he thinks he is dead."-Il Mondo Umoristico.

## Had the Curves.

you used to advertise as the 'boneless The women, being more conscientious, wonder'?" queried the reporter.

a week doing a female impersonation popular with all of them. act and posing for the illustrations in a fashion magazine."

Disappointed.

turn down the gas?

I wanted to see if he would try to kiss that would affect their husbands or

kissed me once.

Invisible to Some.

laid aside the paper, "I don't see the a man being henpecked."

plied Mr. Meeker; "neither does the man."

The Shorter the Mure.

"Tell me," said the Boston matron, "do you believe in long engagements?" "Really." replied the Chicago matron, "I never gave that much thought, but I can't say that I believe in long



Choosing a Husband.

the finest coat or the handsomest face. The Czar's whole bureaucracy has for Girls learn that after a while, but badly dressed, they do not think him

profile. And three weeks later a po- woman who married him would not liceman in western Siberia telegraphed: have exchanged him for the most per-"Have captured both criminals and fect Adonis. Take the trouble to find out what there is in a man before you At midnight in Petersburg an inno-condemn him for his badly fitting countries castists for years conspicucent peace-loving professor stood on a clothes and plain face. Any girl can ous in temperance work, and in 1903 bridge staring into the sluggish waters work wonders with the man who loves

Supposing you fall in love with a man who has no regard for the little "That man," said the professor aloud, niceties of dress. It will worry you. of course, for every girl wants to be Instantly a big policeman pounced proud of the appearance of her sweetupon him out of the darkness and with heart. But don't be unhappy over it. ence to bear in persuading him to "Why am I arrested?" he cried take more pains with his appearance. You will have to work on his vanity, "High treason!" growled the police- but you will win out in the long run, No girl of sense will keep herself from loving a man simply because he is plain "Oh, don't try to fool me! You called of face. As long as he looks clean and manly and henest any man is good "Heavens!" cried the horrified pro- looking. If he is not all of those three,

nose. "Why should you think I was | Don't waste your time and affection on a dressed-up dummy. Remember The big policeman stopped and looked that it takes more than good looks to make a good husband. What you want "The dullest idiot in Russia," he said is a good, honest man, a good provider. better, but that is the least important of any quality in a husband. Don't spoil your whole life by placing it Smoking a clay pipe, the circus actor above the other qualities necessary in



Why Woman Doctor Prospers. The New York Herald says that men physicians in a certain manufacturing district of Greater New York are complaining about petticont practitioners. At first the masculine doctor tolerated the lady who appeared upon the scene, but he has now come to think her a serious evil. The young doctors, treating the men hurt in the factories, and knowing that the fee was conditioned on the financial status of the patient, preferred in many cases amputating the limb rather than giving for next "What became of that contortionist to nothing a long course of treatment. have in every case tried the treatment "Oh, he got another job," replied the first to save the limb. The men are museum manager. "He's getting \$500 grateful and the "woman doctor" is

A Woman Can Keep a Secret. Miss Mary S. Anthony, sister of the noted Susan B. Anthony, says that It Mayme-Why did you allow him to is not true that women tell secrets; at least, they only tell trivial things that Edyth-Oh, merely out of curiosity, harm no one. They do not tell secrets children-that is, very few women do Mayme-And was your curiosity sat. and when such a thing does happen, women are the first to condemn the Edyth-I should say not. He only tattling woman. She related a story of a woman whose husband refused to tell her about a business transaction, saying, sneeringly, that no woman "Henry." said Mrs. Meeker, as she could keep a secret. "John," said the wife, "did I ever tell the secret about point to these everlasting jokes about the engagement ring you gave me about eighteen years ago? Did I ever "No. I suppose not, my dear," re- let any one know it was only paste?"

> Devoted to Powder Puff. The Cuban woman, octogenarian as

well as "sweet seventeen," considers powder a more necessary article of the toilet than soap and water, and utterly indispensable to her attractiveness which it is her absolute duty to preserve. All classes of the community are devoted to the powder puff, from

the little 6-year-old orphan in the asy- can be made up over any had The best man does not always wear lum to the lady of high degree. In any though the gown can be light Cuban school, teachers and pupils are alike unsparingly powdered, and a powder box is to be found in every desk, and, as likely as not, keeping company with the chalk used for the blackboard.

Lady Somerset's Successor.

The Countess of Carlisle, who has



ance Union, is the wife of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, and was before her marriage in 1864 the Hon. Rosalind Frances Stanley. youngest daughter of the second Lady Stanley of Adderley. She has been

was chosen president of the British Women's Temperance Association. She also has been an earnest worker in the woman suffrage movement in England, and founded the Woman's Liberal Federation and became its president. Countess Carlisle likewise has been energetic in procuring higher education for women. She has a warm, impulsive nature, great strength of character and a charming personality.



Irish lace blouses will continue in favor for wear with handsome suits.

A silvery gray voile, with a shadow check over it, makes a charming gown for a bride.

A good many all-red and all-blue hats will be worn with the new mixed cloth suitings.

A blue corduroy suit has a waistcoat of tan suede with a rather long-skirted jacket of the corduroy.

A deep wine color, neither red nor purple, is a rich, warm shade for winter, and will be much seen on the street the coming season. A black velvet hat with a crushed

crown, somewhat like a man's soft felt.

is faced with white silk under the brim and is trimmed with a single long white feather, held in place by a cutsteel buckle. Felt, trimmed with velvet-an old combination, and velvet with felt-a new one-nine out of ten hats show the

combination, often the two materials matching exactly; but some wonderfully interesting effects are obtained by almost daring contrasts. The girdles which were deeply pointed back and front are now curved convexly in front and arched in the back, and if properly made-which means being wellboned-go far toward giving

the much desired vanishing curve to the figure. For plump women, however, they are quite the reverse of admirable. The black and white striped material to aid in preserving sifes, should be made up over white silk or the weakness that wards of the

pale gray. Black would not be at all ened war of words. Smelles attractive. In the colors also white is the man who does the nagrant best, although a pale blue of the shade wife should then bring then itself is often effective. Silk, of course, climax.

rendered darker in tone, according the shade of the undersity

A jacket that has all the of the original biazer is male narrow, rounded revers below a over collar, trimmed with wide narrow braid put on in fancing ton. It opens over a rest of great vet two shades darker than the of the suit material. Four bras tons adorn either side of this reg little coat, and three others serve finish to the bins bands which for



year for a permit to wear mile Six licenses have been issued. A prominent eye specialist is

land Dr. Maitland Ramsay, his re ly married a practicing physicing Elizabeth Pace. Lady Ada Mary Milbanks, grandaughter of the poet, Bran comes a peeress in her own ner

the death of her father, Lord Love Queen Maud of Norway has ean album containing newspaper tings relating to herself and King! kon. There has recently been opened

Dessau, Germany, a school for w chemists. Graduates can ear that to \$48 per month. It has been decreed by the board of Wabash, Ind., that phis ing must be taught in the public a

there and that boys sew as well Miss Grace M. Varcoe has m the Atlantic twenty-one time it agent of an English diament of and on each trip she has carried

her gems valued at \$150,000 to B Beaded Evening Slipper



The Nagging Woman The most despicable would face of the earth is the won constantly nags. The basest permits his wife to mag all the is just a shade more despl even the woman does not repet Nagging grows into a habit, as wise man puts a stop to it in ly, a good row being much not

PHASES OF PARISIAN MILLINERY.

