

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

He was an old man, and it was worth the effort. But as I sprang towards him, he whipped out a revolver from his pocket, and I shrank away from the black ring pointed at my chest.

"Such folly is not what I should have expected from Miss Weston," he continued. "Should you cause me to kill you, I shall certainly not spare your father. And why should two suffer for the fault of one?"

"How am I to know that even if I accept this that you offer, you will let him go unharmed?" I cried.

"On my word of honor, I will not hurt a hair of his head."

"Your word of honor?"

"Do you doubt me, mademoiselle?" he shouted, flaring up into another burst of passion. "I come of an honorable house, a house that served its kings in many wars before the Revolution destroyed us. I am no pig of a German; I am a Marnac of Toulouse, mademoiselle, and we hold to our word though we are torn in pieces."

"But how can you, a gentleman, drive an innocent girl to so frightful a death?" I pleaded with him.

"Innocent? Did you not write that article?" He spoke eagerly, with a glance of keen suspicion.

"Yes, I wrote it."

"Then go. Remember, I wait and I watch. If you fear to do this thing, yes, even if you hesitate too long over there upon the cliff edge, I shall kill your father."

Without another word I began to walk down the sloping moor towards the sea.

CHAPTER XV.

I have asked Miss Mary Weston to end her narrative at this point. I think it better that I should now take up the threads of the story.

After Marnac's escape from Poland, Sir Henry Graden and I traveled to Berlin. There we carefully examined the book of extracts which had come into our hands, and sent warning letters to those writers who from the marginal notes seemed to have especially roused this madman's anger against them. The extreme animosity which was evinced against "Cantab's" article in the University Review especially alarmed us for the author's safety. Finally we determined to proceed to London, discover his identity, and take the necessary steps for his safety. Distasteful as was this detective business to a man of my studious habit, I nevertheless felt that it was my duty to assist my cousin in hunting down the murderer.

It was on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 29, that we arrived at Charing Cross Station, from which we removed to the morose respectability of Jerrold's Hotel. At eleven on the following morning we were ushered by a butler boy into the editorial sanctum of the University Review.

Mr. Rolles—for such we had discovered was the name of the editor—remained seated before his American roller-top desk. He was a very large and sleek young man, with plump cheeks of a dingy color, and pince-nez glasses which he wore half way down his nose. His general appearance was suggestive of a capacity for plum-duff and sugar water, and he oozed self-appreciation from every pore.

"And what can I do for you?" he inquired, with a sedate patronage.

"In the month of August," said my cousin, declining the chair that Mr. Rolles suggested, "you published an article signed 'Cantab,' dealing with a book written by Prof. Marnac of Heidelberg."

"Most certainly. Pray proceed."

"For the most urgent private reasons I desire 'Cantab's' name and address."

"Which I cannot give you," said Mr. Rolles, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette.

My cousin walked up to the editorial desk and spoke down upon him.

"From my card, sir, which I perceive you have before you, you can judge that I am a respectable person."

"Perhaps, perhaps," smiled Mr. Rolles; "but nowadays even baronets, you know, are—well, not always worthy of such implicit confidence as you demand."

I saw the right hand of my cousin steal out towards the editorial collar, but he restrained himself.

"You reduce me, sir, to speak of myself with less good taste than modesty," he said. "Have you never heard of my name as an explorer or a scientist?"

"Very often, my dear Sir Henry; though even for so distinguished a light I cannot break my most sacred rule. If you choose to write to 'Cantab,' I will forward the letter. Further I cannot go."

I don't think that Mr. Rolles will ever realize how near he came to a thorough trouncing. For a moment my cousin, so to speak, hung in the wind. Then he drew up a chair and sat down at the corner of the desk.

"I will accept your offer, sir," said he. "Give me a blank sheet of paper."

The letter writer, it was handed over to Mr. Rolles, who gave us his word that it should go by the next post. Then we retired into the street.

My cousin was simply unbearable that day. He was always impatient of delay; but in all our wanderings together I have never suffered from him more acutely. He dragged me aimlessly about the streets, set me down to lunch at a comfortable restaurant, and then swept me

off before the coffee arrived. I endeavored to escape him, but the attempt was a hopeless failure. Five o'clock was striking when he turned his face eastward—he had been inquiring for letters at the Travelers', in Pall Mall—and, with his most unwilling companion trotting beside him, again advanced on Covent Garden, near which the office of the University was situated.

"I'm hanged if I can stand this suspense!" he explained. "Marnac has had five or six days' start of us, and anything may be happening. If that idiot Rolles still refuses the address, I will thrash him till he gives it up, and take the consequences."

He meant what he said—he always did—and I followed him, with unpleasant visions of a summons at Bow street and caustic paragraphs in the evening papers.

But we were in luck. Mr. Rolles had retired to the Athenaeum for his tea, and in the assistant editor, who received us, I recognized an old acquaintance. He was a clever young Scot named Raeburn, who had lived on my staircase at Cambridge, and rowed bow to my two in the college eight. He appeared delighted to see me, and became duly impressed when I introduced him to my distinguished cousin.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked me, after a few minutes of the conversation usual in such circumstances.

Evidently he had no knowledge of our previous visit.

"Sir Henry here is anxious for the name and address of 'Cantab.' You will recollect the man I mean; he contributed an article to your August number."

"Well, it's against all the rules; but, of course, with you it doesn't matter. He is Dr. Weston, the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge. The old gentleman has been very seedy, I hear, and is down at Polleven, on the Cornish coast, for the winter. That article seems to have attracted a lot of attention. I had an old fellow here kicking up a fuss about it less than a week ago."

"What did he want to know?" broke in Graden sharply.

"It was a long rigamarole of a story, but it boiled down to this: that we were charged with hopelessly misprinting Dr. Weston's MSS. To get rid of the old boy, I sent up for the original copy of the article and showed it to him. He went away quite satisfied after that."

"Did he mention Dr. Weston's name?"

"No. That is—"

"Did you?"

"Yes, I believe I did. But I took it that he knew it already. Hallo! Anything wrong?"

Raeburn has since admitted his doubts as to our sanity; for without another word my cousin rushed from the room, and I followed at his heels.

CHAPTER XVI.

From the Review office to our hotel was not great distance, and this we ran, regardless of the indignation of jostled wayfarers. My cousin plunged into the smoking-room and seized a Bradshaw. I looked over his shoulder with an equal excitement. The next express from Paddington was at midnight, and it was timed to arrive at the nearest station to Polleven that the map showed us by twelve-thirty the following morning. But that village itself was distant by road a good fifteen miles from the station. With Cornish hills we should be lucky if we arrived there by three in the afternoon. The postal guide informed us that our letter of warning would be delivered about twelve o'clock next day. A telegram—for there was no wire to Polleven—would scarcely arrive earlier. There was nothing more to be done.

It was, indeed, shortly before three o'clock that our carriage groaned and screeched its way down the steep descent into Polleven village. At the inn we soon discovered the direction of Dr. Weston's cottage, and, taking the advice of the landlord as to the roughness of the track thither, we left our carriage and started off on foot. After a stiff climb of three-quarters of a mile between rugged cart ruts running with water from the winter springs, we emerged into a little glen, sparsely wooded. At the further end, built on the higher ground, we caught a momentary glimpse of a building which we took to be the place we sought. From our right, low, booming reverberations told of distant breakers on a rock-bound coast.

It was I who first saw her, a glimpse of white amongst the bare skeletons of the stunted trees. Then at the turn of the path we met her. Her face was pale as fine linen, her eyes fixed and glassy, her arms with her clenched hands rigid by her sides. She might have been the ghost of some great lady who had died by cruel wrong. So blindly did she walk that I believe she would have passed us if Graden had not sprung forward and barred her way.

She woke as a sleep-walker wakes, with a shuddering surprise. "Who are you?" she asked faintly. If she had not grasped the branch of a tree, I think she would have fallen.

"Are you a relation of Dr. Weston's?" asked Graden very softly and kindly.

"His daughter."

"And you go?"

"To kill myself. Oh, no!" she burst out as she sprang forward. "It is no good! You cannot help me. The villain sits in the porch, waiting and watching.

If I delay, he will kill—my father—my poor old father, who is so ill! Let me go—to the cliff—let me go, I say!" Graden slipped his arm round her waist, and from his great height looked down at her with those honest blue eyes of his that made every child his friend at once.

"I am old enough to be your father, dear," he said. "You can trust me, can't you? Yes, yes, I know it. Now tell me—what have you to do?"

"He is waiting in the porch," she answered him. "If he doesn't see me throw myself over the cliffs, he will kill father."

"Could he see us coming by the path which brought you here?"

"Oh, yes; above this glen it is open moor right up to the cottage."

"Is there a way to the back of the house?"

"Yes; but there is no time."

"That is foolish talk. Come, tell me."

"About two hundred yards back on the track you followed here there is a little spring amongst the rushes. There is a path, a short cut which the boys from the village sometimes take that leads into the clump of firs by the garden wall. The wall is quite low—and then—oh! then—you could get straight into father's room. It is on the ground floor; the room on the left as you open the back door. You could lock the door and defy the other man."

"Now listen to me, dear," said Graden. "You must walk on very, very slowly. Take all the time you can. At the cliff top make several starts as if you would jump, but feared. Mind that you do not go too near the edge. And so in ten minutes come home. We will meet you, and all will be well—at least for your father," he added grimly.

"I understand," she answered simply, and walked on.

It was a wild rush that we made. We found the spring, and turning to our right, crashed into the thicket—for the "path" was a courtesy title. The hanging scrub brushed our faces, in the open patches the dead gorse dug its spines into our knees. We quickened our pace in the more open fir-wood, vaulted the four-foot wall of the little garden, and, panting like exhausted hounds, ran furiously upon the house. There was no time for dodging and crawling. It was a forlorn hope we led.

And Dr. Weston was alive.

He sat amongst his pillows, a great book upon his knees, gazing over his spectacles with the most profound amazement on his kindly old face at the two disheveled strangers who burst in upon him. Leaving me to grieve and quiet him—for, indeed, the shock might prove most dangerous—Graden dashed out on his errand of vengeance. Two minutes later I heard him call, and, breaking off the excuses that I was inventing, I ran through the house to join him.

Miss Weston and he were standing before the porch—alone. She was leaning on his arm, panting from great exertion.

"Think of it, Robert!" cried my cousin. "He chased her—the villain followed and chased her!"

"How is my father?" she faltered.

"Is he—as this gentleman says—quite unharmed?"

"Quite safe, I assure you," I answered.

"I must go to him."

"One moment, Miss Weston," said my cousin. "We have yet a duty to the public safety. Which way did this man run?"

She told her story quickly. After she had left us and gained the cliff turf above the glen, she glanced back. To her surprise, she caught a glimpse of him standing amongst the trees on the opposite slope. Her delay had aroused his suspicions, and he had followed her. She walked slowly forward and, as we had directed, moved uneasily about on the verge of the precipice. Presently she again glanced over her shoulder. He had now crossed the glen and was standing in the open watching her. The distance between them was about two hundred yards. She knew that we must have nearly reached the cottage, and that if he had not already attacked her father, there was no further danger. So she started to run along the coast. He shouted and drew his revolver; but either he thought the distance too great, or he feared the noise of the report, for he did not fire. But her action evidently puzzled him, seeing that it left her father completely at his mercy. He did not pursue her far, but instead turned and gazed intently at the cottage. On her part, she also stopped running to watch him. From where they stood the garden was fully exposed, and at that moment our forms appeared as we vaulted the low wall. At which sight, Miss Weston said, he gave a most horrible scream, shaking his fist towards us and filling the air with imprecations. Then, without further noticing her, he set off towards the town. For herself, she came back as fast as she could run, meeting Graden before the door. She added some useful particulars as to his alias and his residence at the inn.

(To be continued.)

Those Magazine Knockers.

"A modern dictionary, indeed," said the smooth-tongued agent. "Just the one for you."

"I don't see why," replied the editor of the Jabem All Magazine. "We have a dozen dictionaries scattered around here."

"Yes, but this one has certain words arranged so nicely."

"What words?"

"Why, take 'honesty,' for instance. It is marked 'obsolete.'"

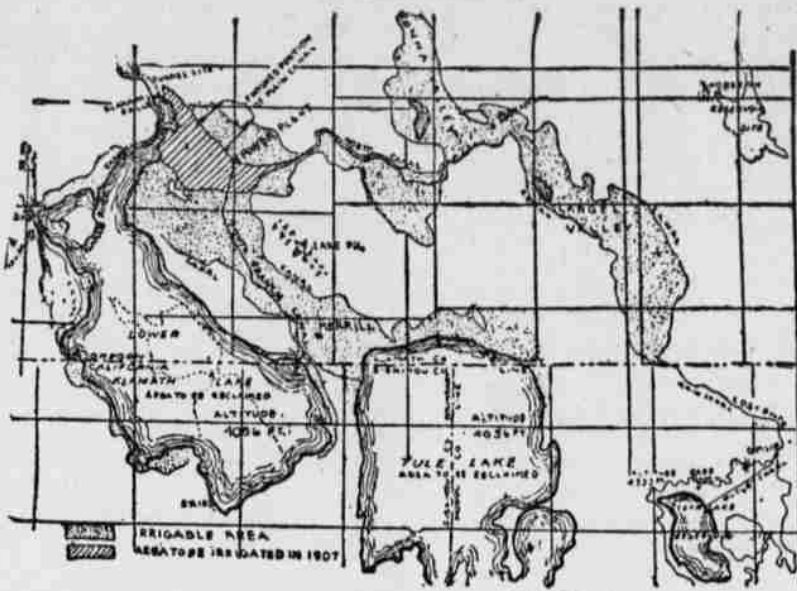
Overheard at the Garage.

"Yes," said the polite demonstrator, "here is an automobile intended for long tours. Why, here is even a place for knives and forks."

"Ah, indeed," said the caller. "And what would you call that little machine over there just built for two?"

"Oh, that's a place for spoons."

VAST IRRIGATION PROJECT WELL UNDER WAY



Work is being pushed on the vast Klamath, Ore., reclamation scheme, well under way, to make productive 230,000 acres of land now useless. Of that area there will be 15,000 acres ready for the plow of the irrigator next spring, says C. M. Hystell in the Portland Journal.

The main canal, which leads from the lower end of the upper Klamath lake to a point in the desert nine miles east of the town of Klamath Falls, is being rapidly constructed. The water is carried from the upper lake through a tunnel under a hill just north of the town. This tunnel is being rapidly constructed. It is being driven from both ends, and also by drifting from shafts sunk along the right of way. The tunnel will be completed during the coming winter. It will be 3,300 feet long, 13½ feet wide on the bottom and 14 feet 4 inches high, with an arched roof. Through it will flow a volume of water 11 feet high.

The nine mile section of the main canal to be completed in next February

will cover about 13,000 acres of first-class agricultural land that is now semiarid, excepting for one-third of this area that is already susceptible of irrigation from an old project, known as the Ankeny canal, now owned by the government. A large part of the remainder is covered with sage-brush and still held in private ownership, although subscribed by the present owners to the government project and subject to sale under the formula prescribed by the irrigation law. Each private owner is allowed to retain 100 acres. He must sell the rest of his holding or ultimately submit to having the Water Users' Association sell it at public sale. Ultimately there will be hundreds of miles of canals and ditches.

Through this whole project and extending from Klamath Falls to Tule lake, will run the channel of the Klamath river, providing perpetually water transportation for the farmers. While the lakes will be lowered nearly 15 feet by the irrigation plan, the present river channel will be dredged and deepened, forming a canal for navigation uses.

Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Styles of Long Ago.

The monstrous appearance of the ladies' hoops, when viewed behind, may be seen from the following cut, copied from one of Rigaud's views. The exceedingly small cap, at this time fashionable, and the close upturned hair beneath it, give an extraordinary meanness to the head, particularly when the liberality of gown and petticoat is taken into consideration; the lady to

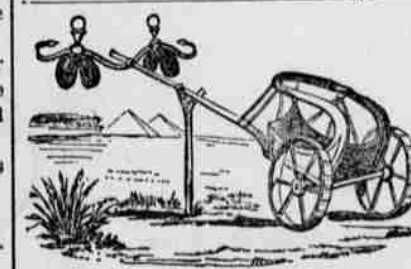


the left wears a black hood with an ample fringed cape, which envelops her shoulders, and reposes on the summit of the hoop. The gentleman wears a small wig; the skirts of his coat are turned back, and were sometimes of a color different from the rest of the stuff of which it was made, as were the cuffs and lapels.

Egyptian War Chariot.

This chariot, which is mentioned in various parts of scripture, and more especially in the description of the pursuit of the Israelites by Pharaoh, and of his overthrow in the Red Sea, was a very light structure, consisting of a wooden framework strengthened and adorned with metal, and leather binding, answering to the descriptions which Homer has given of those engaged in the Trojan war.

The sides were partly, and the back wholly, open; and it was so low that a man could easily step into it from behind; for there was no seat, the rider always standing in war or hunting, though when wearied he might



occasionally sit on the sides, or squat, in eastern fashion, on his heels. The body of the car was not hung on the axle in equilibrio, but considerably forward, so that the weight was thrown more upon the horses. Its lightness, however, would prevent this from being very fatiguing to them, and

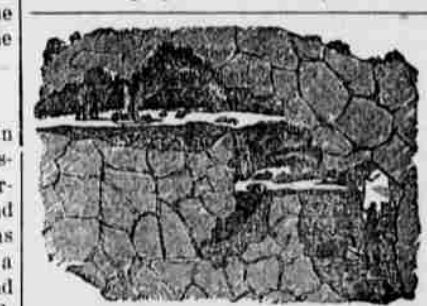
this mode of placing it had the advantage of rendering the motion more easy to the driver. To contribute further to this end, the bottom or floor consisted of a network of interlaced thongs, the elasticity of which in some measure answered the purpose of modern springs.

The Egyptian chariots were invariably drawn by two horses abreast, which were richly caparisoned. The chariot of Egypt ordinarily carried two persons, one of whom acted as the warrior, the other as the charioteer. Occasionally we find three persons in a chariot, as when two princes of the blood, each bearing the royal scepter, or flabelum, accompanying the king in a state procession, requiring a charioteer to manage the reins.

Pre-Adamite Bone Cave.

Among the wonders of the world, the bone caves of the pre-Adamite period deserve a prominent place. It is to this period that the extensive remains of Mammifera found in the strata of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and in the caverns which are scattered in such vast numbers over the continents of Europe and America, and even in Australia, are to be ascribed. Of these caverns, a most extensive one, and among the first which attracted attention, is situated at Baylenreuth, in Franconia, and the engraving which we here give represents a section of it.

The entrance of this cave, about seven feet in height, is placed on the face of a perpendicular rock, and leads



to a series of chambers from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and several hundred feet in extent, in a deep chasm. The cavern is perfectly dark, and the icicles and pillars of stalactite reflected by the torches present a highly picturesque effect. The floor is literally paved with bones and fossil teeth, and the pillars and corbels of stalactite also contain osseous remains. Cuvier showed that three-fourths of the remains in this and like caverns were those of bears, the remainder consisting of bones of hyenas, tigers, wolves, foxes, gluttons, weasels, and other Carnivora.

Church Town.

The town of Willis has 183 inhabitants, and 176 of them belong to the church. Four of the seven who do not belong are town loafers and the other three are infants, who will be taken in as soon as the weather warms up and they can be baptized.—Kansas City Journal.

Probably you have no call to talk about ugly people