

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

And so, her story ended, the brave girl passed into the house, while we dashed away in pursuit. My cousin stuck to his work most manfully; but age will tell, and I was a minute to the good when I stumbled into the parlor of the inn. They had not seen Mr. Hermann, they told me, since lunch-time; perhaps he was down at his boat.

"Boat—what boat?" I gasped.
"Why, zur, said the landlord's wife, grinning at my eagerness, 'the guid gentleman be mighty vood o' zailing, an' he hath hired Mark Pennyfold's noo trawler, the Agnes Jane, for a matter o' two months. And now I comes to think on it, I did hear Mary zay as how he an' his zun were going out with Maister Hermann betwixt dree an' your o'clock.'"

I ran down the narrow street towards the quay, between the quaint old cottages, with their fish stretched out to dry, and their nets, fishing-boats, and gear tumbled before the doorsills. As I reached the little breakwater the sun, low on the west horizon, was throwing great golden streamers through gaps in the purple clouds that were piled as high as if a cataclysm of Nature had set the Andes on the Himalayas. From their feet came gusts of wind, fierce and icy cold. Even to my shore-going eyes it threatened dirty weather.

But I had not time for cloud effects. There, fair in the glittering path that the sun had daubed upon the waters, a red-sailed fishing-boat was running close-hauled to the south-westward.

"What boat is that?" I asked a lad who lounged against a mooring-post at my elbow.

"That, maister—whoi, it be Mark Pennyfold's Agnes Jane, 'er as was 'ired by the stranger from Lunnun, 'Ermann by name."

A hand fell on my shoulder. It was Graden's. He had heard and understood. And so we two stood together watching the red sails fade slowly into the glittering haze of the night and the storm.

V.—THE AMMONIA CYLINDER.

CHAPTER XVII.

The sail crept forward down the river of sunset gold that streamed in wild splendor from a crevasse in the ranges of cloudland. The light that burnished the sea glowed upon the Polleven cliffs, tingling with fire the breakers at their feet; it threw fierce shadows amongst the clustered cottages of the Cornish fisher-folk, and painted a richer scarlet on the sails of the trawlers huddled beneath the sheltering arm of the little quay. It was a scene that rises before me, as I write, with a curious detail, though, indeed, at the time I took no pains to observe it. For on that departing vessel was he whom we had chased across Europe, madman as we supposed, murderer as we knew him to be. We had saved an innocent girl from his vendetta, and in my heart I thanked Providence for that mercy; but Rudolf Marnac, the Heidelberg professor, was still free, free with fresh schemes of vengeance against his scientific opponents hatching in his twisted brain, and with all the wisdom of his great learning to help him in his deadly purposes.

"So this is the end of your clever plans!" I cried, turning savagely on my burly cousin. "He has escaped again, got clear away. What are you going to do? Shall we follow him?"

"In the face of the storm?"

"Why not—if that is the best you can suggest?"

"You have changed, my little cousin," said he, regarding me with a kindly look, though, indeed, my words had been unmannerly. "The Fates have played the very deuce with the sedate student at Heidelberg just twelve days ago. How that youngster grumbled at prospective discomforts! How he shrank from the thought of being mixed up in a business that was 'better left to the police! Do you remember?"

"Don't we waste time?" said I.

"Perhaps. Ah! here she comes—just the thing for which I was hoping."

Running down the village street came Miss Weston, with three or four men behind her. We met her at the entrance to the quay.

"Well! have you caught him?" she panted.

"No; there he goes." My cousin pointed an arm at the distant sail.

"Oh, thank God!" she exclaimed earnestly. "I knew he was armed, and I was so afraid for the brave men who had saved my father and me."

She looked from one to the other of us with an honest gratitude in her eyes that to me seemed worth the risk of all the dangers in the world.

"And Dr. Weston?" asked my cousin.

"My father is no worse; but of course I did not tell him all. He imagines that I was annoyed by some tramp, and declares he will have a man about the cottage in the future. You and your friend must come back with me, Sir Henry. I want to introduce you to him."

"Some other time, I hope. At present this young firebrand here insists that we should follow Marnac by sea."

"That is quite impossible, sir," she said, turning upon me with an anxious look. "I have enough experience of the weather to know that a storm is coming. I am certain that Sir Henry Graden will help me to dissuade you."

"I am afraid not, Miss Weston," broke in my cousin before I could reply. "We

have been like over-eager hounds, losing the scent by flashing forward too quickly. It must be sheer, dogged hunting now, and no more cutting off corners. By the way, there is a little fact which perhaps one of you can tell me," he said, turning to the little group that hung behind her skirts watching us with a bucolic interest. "Did the Agnes Jane yonder carry provisions on board?"

"Surely, zur," said one who stood a little forward of the rest—a stout, bearded man with a face as brown and seamed as a withered cider apple. "Mark Pennyfold, as is owner, was telling about this furrin gent only last night down to the 'Plough Inn.' 'E allowed 'im to be a funny sort of toad, vur 'e 'ad 'is orders to keep a week's vittles on board, though the reason was passin' his understanding."

"Would Pennyfold take a trip to France if he were asked?"

"Surely, zur, ef 'e be paid accordin'." "E be most mazed on the color of a bit of gold is Mark."

"That settles it, Miss Weston," continued Graden in his short, businesslike way. "Now please to remember my instructions. You have the facts concerning Professor Marnac in my letter. Lay an information against him for an attempt on your life, and see that the county authorities circulate his description along the coast. I don't think there is the slightest chance that he will return to trouble you, but be on your guard, and have a man to sleep in the house. Now, my lads, who has the swiftest boat in the harbor?"

"Now you be askin' a question," said their spokesman gloomily. "You zee, it be this wise. At the regatta, as my Pride o' Cornwall was reaching for the west buoy, there comes, all of a sudden like, a girl wind from over the eastern beacon which—"

"He means, Sir Henry, that his boat is reckoned the fastest, but at the regatta she was disabled in a squall," broke in Miss Weston, interrupting a story which was evidently familiar in its length and detail. "This is Sir Henry Graden, Isaac Treherne, and he is trying to capture the wicked man in the Agnes Jane yonder, the man who, as I told you, tried to kill me. Will you take him in the Pride of Cornwall?"

Isaac was a study of indecision. He twisted up his mouth, scratched his head, regarded the sunset attentively, and kicked a pebble over the edge of the quay.

"I du wish, miss, as I 'ad been nigh you when 'e tried it," he said at last. "I would 'ave set about the huggy toad proper, that I would. But, beggin' your pardon, and seein' he be got away, 't would seem a matter for the perlice more'n for we uns. Moreover, there be the fish contract, and the Pride is only waiting her crew to sail."

"It means a hundred pounds in your pocket, my man," snapped Graden.

"A 'undred pounds is a 'undred pounds," replied Isaac with a sententious inconsequence.

"But, Isaac," broke in Miss Weston, "when the story gets round to Mark Pennyfold, he will say that you refused because you knew that the Pride could never catch the Agnes Jane."

"Zo he wull—the liard!" cried Isaac, with a sudden burst of indignation. "I never thought on that, miss. A pretty tale he will be telling in every public from Bude to Penzance! Come along, gentlemen, come along. I'll show 'e a thing, and Mark, tu, the liard!"

We ran to where the little trawler lay moored to the quay, and tumbled on board. One man was sitting in her stern mending some tackle, and Isaac apparently considered his services sufficient, for he cast off the ropes at once. Miss Weston was waiting on the head of the quay as our boat crept by. I shall always remember that picture of my darling as she stood on those old grey stones, with their seaweed beard drooping to the swirl of the tide below. The fire of the sunset lit her tall, graceful figure leaning to the breeze. One hand was to her hair, the other waving adieu. No fairer figure of encouragement could men desire who started on a perilous adventure.

"Good-bye! God keep you both!" So she cried to us.

We shouted a reply, but I doubt if she heard it, for at that moment the wind caught the great red sail on our foremast, swinging it across with a thunderous flapping that shook the little vessel from stem to stern. In another moment we were rushing forward in pursuit, with the spray from the bows in our faces and a white trail of foam marking our path from the land.

I do not think that more than ten minutes had passed from the moment of our arrival on the quay, though by my writing it may seem that I have underestimated the time. The Agnes Jane was, as far as I could judge, about a mile away to the southward, a distance which we decreased to barely a thousand yards before the full strength of the growing wind we brought had reached her. After that, however, we gained very slowly, if at all.

I was never a good sailor, a fact which the long rollers soon recalled to my remembrance. The occasional bursts of spray which flew over us added greatly to my discomfort, for my clothes, though warm, were not waterproof. I have always been susceptible of chills, and the prospect of passing the night in dripping

garments seriously alarmed me. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that I observed Isaac produce some oilskins, and boots happily lined with flannel.

The seafaring appearance which I assumed did not, however, allay my internal sufferings, which soon became acute. Huddled on the leeward side of the boat, I watched the chase with an appearance of interest which was mere hypocrisy. To be sincere, I regarded my cousin, who was enjoying a pipe of strong-smelling tobacco on the windward side of me, with a more immediate enmity than I felt towards Marnac himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The sun sank amidst a cloud conflagration of sullen and thunderous magnificence. The coastline behind us darkened and faded until the crests of the breaking waves rose ghastly white against the gloom of the shrouded land. But fortunately the sky above us was still clear; and a silver crescent of the moon, swinging at an angle as if the wind had tilted her, showed us the chase heading southward. It was evidently some port in France for which she pointed. My cousin had joined Isaac, who was at the tiller, and the pair conversed in low tones, glancing frequently to the northwest, from which the wind blew strong and cold.

It was, according to my remembrance, past nine o'clock that the steady pressure of the wind failed. In its place came gusts, fierce and uncertain, spaced with lulls of restless calm. Ignorant as I was of sea weather, I began to grow uneasy. There seemed a menace in the dark, mysterious wall of cloud to windward, a rampart edged with silver from the moon. Motionless it hung like a heavy curtain that at its rising would reveal some monstrous spectacle. For the first time I realized the insignificance of our boat, its loneliness amidst the hurrying wastes of the sea, and my anxiety passed into alarm. It was about this time that my nausea suddenly left me. This was a great relief to me, for I was well aware that an excess of sea-sickness may result in a serious prostration.

It was in one of the lulls I have mentioned that Isaac gave my cousin the helm and with his man's assistance lowered the sail on the smaller mast at the stern which, I believe, is known nautically as the jigger. They also reefed the larger canvas on the foremast. The Agnes Jane, which was now not more than four hundred yards away, showed no sign of following our example.

"Mark Pennyfold must be mazed," said Isaac on his return aft. "E must have zeen us were chasin' 'e, yet 'e gives we no chance o' speakin' 'im; and now 'e be chancin' his boat by carryin' on with that press o' sail. Plaze to keep thy hand on the tiller, zur."

The little Cornishman rolled forward to where I sat, and stood, making a hollow of his hands. A great stillness held the sea and air, save for the whisper of the gliding waves.

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

He drove the words over the black waters like the blast of a trumpet.

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

Again he called, and this time there came an answering voice.

"Help!" it cried—the one word—and was silent. We waited, but that was all.

"It is no good, Treherne," said my cousin. "They have an ugly customer on board who does not mean to be taken. He has his pistol at their heads as like as not. They must take their chance of it."

His words were lost in a stirring note like the throbbing of a giant harp-string, a note that rose to a shriek and then melted into a rattling, drumming roar, the uttermost diapason of the storm-wind. For some seconds we heeled over, so that I could have dipped my face in the bubbling waters; and then, slowly gathering way, we shot forward through the flying spray, with Treherne yelling to his man in tones that even outsonded the squall itself.

We were upon her almost before I realized the disaster that had befallen her. I caught a glimpse of the level line of timbers about the keel, the red sails awash in streaks of hissing foam; and then I saw my cousin lean out and grip a something in the water. For a moment I thought he would be dragged from the boat, but Isaac, letting go the tiller, circled his legs with a pair of muscular arms and held on like the little bulldog he was. With three great heaves Graden lugged the dripping thing he held to the boat's edge; with a fourth he landed it fairly on board. The Agnes Jane had gone, and with her the unfortunate men she carried—save Marnac only.

Thus Fate in its own strange manner had given him to us at last!

Shouting like a madman, I started towards the stern, where my cousin was bending over the huddled body he had saved. But even as I did so I saw a black mass, crested and streaked with hissing white, rush up from the obscurity to windward. For a space it seemed to hang above us, while Isaac yelled as he tugged wildly at the tiller. Then, with a wild roar that drummed in my ears like the explosion of a mine, it threw itself upon us, hurling me into the bottom of the boat, choked, deafened, and blinded.

(To be continued.)

Just a Favor.

The old farmer was deaf and did not hear the steam whistle on the big touring car. It struck him. The chauffeur paled and the woman shrieked.

"Thanks, mister," chuckled the old man as he picked himself up out of the dust. "Come around again sometime."

"But aren't you hurt?" gasped the chauffeur.

"Not 'tall."

"But why do you say 'Thanks'?"

"Because, mister, that thar folt loosened a mustard plaster on my shoulder that I have been trying to get off for the last week."

DANCE BY THE WAKIKUYU IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

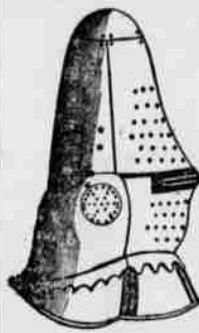


The Wakikuyu are known as the Kikuyu and Akikuyu, and they inhabit the Kikuyu hills, one of the most beautiful, fertile and economically important parts of the British East Africa Protectorate not far from Nairobi. Sir Charles Elliot says that they are intelligent and fairly industrious, and live a semi-settled agricultural life; that is to say, they burn a clearing in the forest, build a village and cultivate for a few years. As soon as the soil shows any sign of exhaustion they move on, burn another clearing, and repeat the same process. Sir Charles says that the Kikuyu are almost a comparative recent hybrid between the Masai and a Bantu stock, and there is no reason why such hybrids should not continue to be formed in the future, to the great advantage of the country. It is estimated that the natives of the Kikuyu country number some 300,000. Kikuyu is said to be derived from Kuyu, which means a fig, fig trees of various kinds being abundant in the country.

Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Helmet of Crosby.

We here present our readers with a sketch of the helmet of Sir John Crosby, as it originally appeared when suspended over his tomb in St. Helen's Church, Bishops-gate. He was an eminent merchant of London; but is represented upon his tomb in a full suit of armor. He died in 1475. The extreme height of the crown of the helmet resembles that on the tomb of the Earl of Warwick, in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick; and was intended to support the crest of the wearer, the holes for affixing it being still visible.



CROSBY'S HELMET.

Arch of Trajan.

Triumphal arches were among the most peculiar forms of art which the Romans borrowed from those around them, and used with that strange mixture of splendor and bad taste which characterizes all their works.

These were in the first instance no doubt borrowed from the Etruscans, as was also the ceremony of the triumph with which they were ultimately associated. At first they seem rather to have been used as festal entrances to the great public roads, whose construction was considered as one of the most



ARCH OF TRAJAN.

Important benefits a ruler could confer on his country. There was one erected at Rimini in honor of an important restoration of the Flaminian Way by Augustus; another at Susa in Piedmont, to commemorate a similar act of the same Emperor. Trajan built one on the pier at Ancona, when he restored that harbor, and another at Beneventum, when he repaired the Via

Appia, represented in the woodcut here given. It is one of the best preserved as well as most graceful of its class in Italy. The arch of the Sergii at Pola in Istria seems also to have been erected for a like purpose. That of Hadrian at Athens, and another built by him at Antioch in Egypt, were monuments merely commemorative of the benefits which he had conferred on those cities by the architectural works he had erected within their walls. By far the most important application of these gateways, in Rome at least, was to commemorate a triumph which may have passed along the road over which the arch was erected beforehand, for the triumphal procession to pass through, of which it would remain a memorial.

PIETY HAS COST HIM \$500,000.

But Wilcox Still Refuses to Run His Railroad on Sunday.

Denver is the home of a man the courage of whose convictions has been tested to the extent of \$500,000. And he still holds

steadfastly to his principles. In spite of the fact that his friends have warned him that the pursuance of his policy will injure him financially.

The man is Edward J. Wilcox, builder and sole owner of the Argentine Central Railway, in Colorado, and he has displayed his courage by not permitting a train to run over his road on Sunday. Neither will he permit the insertion of a line of advertising concerning his railroad or other business interests in the Sunday issue newspaper, although a great believer in advertising and spending a liberal allowance with the dailies of Denver every other day in the week.

The Argentine Central Railway cost Mr. Wilcox more than \$450,000, and he built it entirely with his own money. Yet he believes that no man should do business on Sunday, and he insists that his road will pay expenses and be a winner in due time if he strictly observes the Sabbath.

Strict adherence to religious and business principles has marked the career of Mr. Wilcox, who went to Colorado penniless and is now reckoned a multi-millionaire, his fortune being estimated at about \$5,000,000. He was born in Creedmore, Ont., Canada, and when 21 years of age went to Colorado, with no advantages to place him at the top rung of the ladder of financial success beyond the possession of good health and a strong pair of arms. He became a mining engineer and saving as much of his salary as possible, invested it wisely.

A woman's idea of something particularly good to eat is any old thing served on a tray.