The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER XVIII .- (Continued.) I do not know how we lived through hension. Plainly his vocabulary was of that first furious hour. Isaac Treherne the smallest. made no second mistake, but crouched at the tiller, tricking the succession of great seas that swung upon us out of the ward. "I know their tongue. Allow throbbing blackness. Stung by passing hailstorms, drenched to the skin, and aching with cold, I toiled with a tin pannikin, baling, baling until my back creaked with stiffness and my hands could scarcely feel the handle. Graden and the sailor worked beside me, so that we managed to keep the water under. Now and again a slit in the rushing dark above us showed me Marnac lying by the steersman's side. Was he alive or dead? I did not know, nor did I stay my labor to make inquiry.

The daylight came at last, the Godgiven light for which all poor mariners must pray in their hours of danger. it came a lessening of the wind and a falling sea. Yet there had been an angry menace in the brilliant colors that lit the eastern sky, and I stared eagerly over the muddy green of the hurrying surges. Indeed, I was the first to see a steamer's smudge of smoke on western skyline.

"Her be making for we, gentlemen," remarked our steersman, after a long stare at the distant vessel. "Happen her would take 'e aboard, if you be so minded. The weather be blowing up again, and it's a long reach back to

"I don't like deserting the ship, Isaac," said Graden; "though, to tell the truth, 1 don't relish another day in the chops of the Channel."

"Bain't no desartion, sir. Me and Jake can take her whoam; and, to tell 'e the truth, her'll ride the lighter for

the want of him!" He pointed to where Marnac sat crouching under an oilskin coat. Save for occasional shivers, the old man seemed to be no worse for his handshake with Death. He received the sailor's remark with a benevolent smile. "Doan't 'e go grinning at me, you wicked-minded old toad!" cried Isaac. "Twas only through special mercies that Providence forgot you was on board. We'd ha' been sunk

for zarten, else." Within half an hour we could see the steamer clearly, an ancient tramp of the seas, bluff in the bows, square in the flank, with a coloring of soot and rusty She answered our signals with a melancholy toot and stood towards us. Graden, who had been watching her approach at my side, turned and walked

"I have already dropped your revolver overboard, Professor Marnac," he said but I must trouble you to hand me you: pocket-book. Money, you know, is often the most valuable of weapons.

The professor obeyed with a gentle cluck of amusement.

trust, Sir Henry, that the notes are not damaged," he said in the low, musical tones with which I was so familiar. "Indeed, I was assured that the case was waterproof."

low, your loose gold, if you please." "Here it is, Sir Henry, with my watch Observe that my pockets are now completely empty. Ah, Mr. Harland, forgive me if I did not notice you before. I fear that these nautical adventures will interrupt your course of studies. Did you hear whom the university have appointed in my stead? 1 should be sorry if my students, amongst whom I always held you to be the most studious, if not the most able, should be long without a lecturer-like sheep that have lost their shepherd, Mr. Harland.'

I turned from him with a feeling of nausea. Mad or sane, he had done such deeds as placed him beyond the intercourse of humanity.

The steamer was close upon us now. and as she came rolling down the heave of the swell we were hailed from the bridge in a tongue that was strange to Before we could reply, a seaman had sprung to the bulwarks and sent the coils of a line spinning over us. This Isaac made fast, allowing a fair space to Intervene between his little craft and the rusty metal fabric that towered above us.

"Good-bye, Isaac," said Graden, shaking the little Cornishman warmly by "I will see to your check the moment I get to London."

"Doan't 'e mention it, zur. I was right proud to take 'e. Nor do 'e trouble about we uns. Jake and I will be making Polleven by midnight at latest-

CHAPTER XIX.

It was an anxious scramble—they had to swing out a chair for Marnac-but the trawler was as handy as a row-boat, and at last the three of us stood on the deck of the stranger. A more ill-assorted trio of bedraggled voyagers never ranged in

But if we were strange to look upon, so were the group of men who confronted us. They were of the degenerate Latin breed, dark, small, uncertain in temper, and dirty by nature and training. Their senfaring dress seemed as Ill-suited to them as a sash and a colored cloak would be to a British shellback.

'Eengleshe?" asked one whom I took to be the mate. "Eengleshe? What collar.

"We are Englishmen who were driven out to sea by last night's storm. If I may see the captain, I will explain," said my cousin.

The man grinned his lack of compre-

"These men are Portugese, Sir Henry," said Marnac, stepping quickly for-

me to explain the situation." But he got no further. My cousin's long arm shot out, gripping his collar firmly from behind. With a gentle heave, he swung the professor from his feet and dropped him behind us.

"Please to keep silence, Professor Marnac. Your explanations might be somewhat biased," said he, with a grim smile. And then turning to the sailors, who had been watching the little scene with evident surprise-

"Do none of you speak English?" he asked.

They seemed to understand the question, for some talk, eked out by much gesticulation, ended in one of their number trotting up the ladder to the bridge, where he disappeared into the wheelhouse. An instant later a long, red-headed man emerged and came running to-

"And shure wud Oi not have greeted yer honors before now," he exclaimed in the most strenuous of brogues; "but 'twas me trick at the wheel, and niver a wan of these spalpeens wud relieve me. An' what can Oi do fer ye now at all?" "What boat is this?"

"The Portugaise ship, San Joseph, fr'm Buenos Ayres to Hamburg, wid a mixed cargo, and a very mixed crew, sorr. If it hadn't been fer a back answer whin the wine was in me, faith! it's not in this greasy flat-ir-ron that Tim

Blake wud be after serving."
"Do you speak the language, my man?"

"Indade an' Oi do, soor; an' good raion, seeing that 'tis fower years come Christmas that Oi've been steward on th' yacht iv wan iv tha' Portugaise nobility."

"That's good news. And now where is the captain?"

"Faith! but 'twas a jool iv a time we were after havin' in the Bay last night, sorr, an' the old man's turned in. The second mate has gone aft, gatherin' his ourage in both hands fer to wake him. Indade, sorr, 'tis a r-resolution that wud put the fear iv the Lord into a better man than hin."

'Rather a Tartar, eh?"

"A strong man, sorr, an' a good seaman fer a greaser, though his temper is nost pro-digious. But see, here he comes, ike a dook out iv a theater."

He was indeed a fine figure of a man, fully six feet in height and proportiontely broad. His skin was very dark, nd his eyes of the deep blackness that have since observed in Indian races, but very soft and glowing. His hair, which ie wore at a greater length than is cusomary amongst sailors, showed under his cap in glossy curls; and his mustache was twisted back almost to his

He bowed to us with a deliberate courtongue. He spoke no English, and it was through the medium of Tim Blake that he offered us hospitality. It was no time for explanations, so, guarding Marnac between us, we hurried down to a large cabin where warm garments and steaming cups of hot coffee and sugar were brought by the worthy Irishwater were brought by the worthy Irianman, to whose care we had been assigned. As far as could be judged, I had not contracted so much as a cold in the head, despite my long exposure. When we had completed our change of clothes, my cousin beckoned me outside the cabin, closing the door on our pris-

"I have asked Blake to take me to the captain, for it is right that he should know the true position of affairs," whispered. "While I am gone, you must sit with Marnac. Remember, do not let him out of your sight for a moment."
"Very well," I said, and he strode off

down the dark alley of the passageway. When I re-entered the cabin I found Marnac muffled to the chin, under the blankets of a bunk. He gave me one of his quick, evil glances, that was unpleasantly reminiscent of an aged rat surprised in an iron gin. I had so great a horror and detestation of the man that his mere presence was a source of physical discomfort to me; and when, sitting up amongst his wraps, he commenced to pester me with questions. I could endure it no longer. I retired outside the cabin, seating myself with my back to the door. I was as well there, I argued, as in the interior, and in a position infinitely more satisfactory to myself.

The garments they had lent me were thick and warm; the dose of brandy had been considerable. I was weary from the toll of a sleepless night. Those are my excuses for the fact that in the course of the next five minutes I fell soundly asleep.

It was Graden who woke me, a very angry and exasperated Graden who shook my senses into with with unnecessary violence. I started up, protest-

ing against his treatment. "I thought better of you than this," he said, with his hand still fixed in my

"My back was against the door. could not pass without waking me. What does it matter?" I grumbled, with every sign of irritation.

"I told you to watch him, to stay in-

side the cabin, and I find you snoring here. No more excuses, please. You know the ability of the man. Let us hope he has not taken advantage of any chances you gave him."

He opened the door cautiously, peeped in, and then flung it wide with a great

oath. The cabin was empty! Yet there was no doubt as to his manner of escape. In the middle of the flooring there gaped a little hole, with a heavy square of wood lying beside it. On examination we found that this entrance had also been barred by a grating, which now swung downwards on its hinges, disclosing a wooden ladder, the foot of which was indistinguishable in the gloom below.

"He is in the hold!" I cried. "He is hiding somewhere amongst the cargo! We shall never find him without the help of the crew."

Amongst the excellent points in my cousin's character was that of perfect self-control. There was no anger in his voice to remind me of my blunder

when he spoke again.
"It's not the hold, Cousin Robert,"
he said. "This is the ship's lazarette, where the food is stored. There are usually two entrances, each similar to this. If he has escaped by the second, it's a bad business. It will mean he has found a friend, for these gratings should be secured. But it may be that he is lurking amongst the pork and biscuits. If so, we ought to find him easily enough. I don't want to bring the crew into this affair if I can help it. It will be enough if the captain knows."

"That's the blackest part of the luck. The ship caught it pretty badly last night; they were right in the thick of it. I found the captain on deck superintending three or four sailors who were clearing away the wreckage of one of the He was in an amazing temper and Blake advised me that if I had a favor to ask him, I had best let him cool off a bit. So I dismissed the Irishman and climbed up to the bridge. I should think I'd been there about twenty minutes watching the work, when I saw a sharp-looking lad pop out from the companion and go over to where the captain was standing. They had a fine pow-wow together, looking up at me from time to time. It rather puzzled me, and presently I dropped down the stairs and walked over to where they were. The captain seemed decidedly chilly, and I soon saw by his manner that he was not wanting a talk just then. Whereupon I came below. So kindly light the lamp I see in the bracket yonder, Cousin Rob ert, and we'll go hunting again."

CHAPTER XX.

We descended the ladder, Graden going first, and I following with the lamp, the light of which I endeavored to throw

over his shoulder. It seems a cowardly thing to confess, writing as I am in the broad daylight, with the bees amongst the flower-beds singing their song through the open window, but though we were two to one, and our quarry an old man, my cousin had twice to rate me for the deliberation of my movements. We peered about amongst the lurking shadows, with the thunder of the seas hammering on the iron sides without. Now and again a heave of the ship would send us staggering apart, to bring up amongst unexpected barrels. Perhaps it was the want of sleep that had jangled my nerves, but I knew in my heart that if I were suddenly to catch a sight of those wicked eyes staring out from the gloom before us, I should shrick and run like

a hysterical schoolgirl. But Marnac was not there. The grate of the second stairway was closed and tesy, muttering a greeting in his own locked, and yet he had disappeared. Luther) and Margaret Lindenen, was born in the little town of Islebern, in enough. We stood disconsolate amongst

the details of the ship's larder. "Well, he's gone right enough," said my cousin. "Hallo! what the deuce is

He took the light from my hand and stooped to examine something at his feet. It was a steel cylinder, about eight feet in length; a second lay beside it. "Ammonia! So they run a cold stor-

age on board." "How do you know that?" I asked. "My dear cousin, if you can't remember the part that ammonia plays in the

manufacture of ice, I shall not attempt to—hallo! stop that—stop that, I say!" He sprang forward, caught his foot in an empty sack, and fell heavily, extinguishing the lamp. As he did so, I saw an arm reach down and draw up the grating through which we had descended. A key clicked in the padlock. Graden

was on his feet in an instant, and together we rushed to the foot of the lad-In the patch of grey daylight above us we could see the face of the captain looking through the bars, and peeping down beside him, with the sweetest dimple of an old man's smile upon his lips,

was Professor Marnac! There was a pause, filled with much whispered talk from above. Then the red head of our friend Tim Blake came thrusting into the picture. He seemed much distressed at the situation.

"Faith; but 'tis not Oi that knows fwhat to belaive," said he; "but the skepper here will have it that yer're a pair iv desprite and revolting characters. Oi am also to tell ye, gintlemen, that ye've the very mischief's own choice of ut. Eyther ye will let me r-run through yere pockuts wid me practiced hand, upon which ye may come up an' make us acquainted wid yere gineral defence, or, if ye refuse, be jabbers! but they'll clap on the hatches an' lave ye in the dark."

"Tell the skipper, Blake," said my "that he has been grossly ceived, for we are law-abiding English gentlemen. Nevertheless, if he will keep to his terms and hear our case out, we consent to being searched."

(To be continued.) All good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good WELL, HERE IS "EXHIBIT A."

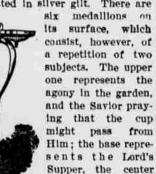


"Five hundred English school teachers will come to America to inspect the higher branches of Yankee schools."-News Item.

99566666666693333333333399 Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Martin Luther's Tankard.

This interesting relic of the great Reormer is of ivory, very richly carved, and mounted in silver gilt. There are



dish being the incarnation of the bread. On the lid, in old characters, is the following inscription: 'C. M. L., MDXXIIII." This drinking vessel, which, independent of its artistic merit, was no doubt highly valued as a mere household possession, brings to mind many recollections of the life of him who raised himself from a very lowly position to one of great power

and usefulness. Martin Luther, who was the son of John Lotter or Lauther (which name Saxony, on November 10th, 1483. His father was a miner. Luther died in 1546, and princes, earls, nobles, and students without number, attended the funeral of the miner's son in the church of Islebern. On this occasion, Malancthon delivered the funeral oration.

Tomb of Caccilla Metella.

Of the tombs of Consular Rome nothing remains except perhaps the sarcophagus of Sciplo; and it is only on the eve of the Empire that we meet with the well-known one of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, which is not only the best specimen of a Roman tomb now remaining to us, but the oldest building of the imperial cty of which we have an authentic date. It consists of a bold square basement about



TOMB OF CAECILIA METELLA.

100 feet square, which was originally ornamented in some manner not now intelligible. From this rose a circular tower about 94 feet in diameter, of very bold masonry, surmounted by a brace of ox-skulls with wreaths joining them, and a well-profiled cornice; two or three courses of masonry above this seem to have belonged to the original work; and above this, almost certainly, in the original design rose a conical roof, which has perished. The tower having been used as a fortress in the middle ages, battlements have been issed with the next best thing.

added to supply the place of the roof. and it has been otherwise disfigured, so as to detract much from its beauty as now seen. Still we have no tomb of the same importance so perfect, nor one which enables us to connect the Roman tombs so nearly with the Etruscan. The only addition in this instance is that of the square basement or podium, though even this was not unknown at a much earlier period, as for instance in the tomb of Aruns. The exaggerated height of the circular base is also remarkable. Here it rises to be a tower instead of a mere circular base of stones for the earthen cone of the original sepulchre. The stone roof which probably surmounted the tower was a mere reproduction of the original earthen cone.

A POCAHONTAS MEMORIAL.

Monument to Be Erected Soon to First Great American Woman. The first great American woman is soon to have a handsome monument erected in her honor. Pocahontas.

daughter of the mighty Indian chief-



POCAHONTAS.

tain, Powhattan, she who saved the life of John Smith, surely deserves the title of first of the new world's women to achieve for the good of humanity and to take a place in history as the earliest example of the aborigine who mastered the ways of civilization. The story of early Virgin a is one of the world's classics. Artists have pictured that dramatic scene when the 12-yearold daughter of Powhattan placed her own body between that of Smith and the war club that hung over him ready to deal the death blow. That was only a little short of 300 years ago, and Pocahontas, who did much for the settlers of the new world, has walted long for her memorial of stone, but justice will finally be done her in a superb art work.

The Pocahontas Memorial Association, of Washington, has the movement in charge, and the distinguished American sculptor, William Ordway Partridge who has to his credit a number of superb pleces, has been selected to

make the monument. Most of the women who are prominent in the movement are descendants of Pocahontas, for the Indian princess became the ancestor of some of the best families in the South. But Pocahontas' descendants are not confined to Virginia. Pennsylvania has one in the person of Miss Harriette de Benneville Kelm, of Reading. She is on of the vice presidents for the Pennsylvania division of the Pocahontas Society, and is lending effective aid toward the

If you can't have your way, be sat-

memorial.