

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE HAIRY CATERPILLAR.

It was with no intention of delighting the ears that I put my pen to paper, at the urgent desire of many members of my own profession have I undertaken a task necessarily disagreeable, and now recall the details of a case which will be without parallel in the records of criminology. In the mental state of the afflicted being there was, indeed, that which was abnormal. Manias that are alien to his ill our asylums. But that serious studies in the byways of science, rather than in her more frequented paths, had placed at the will of his disordered brain weapons of a deadly potency transformed a personal misfortune into a great and urgent public danger. I spent four years at Cambridge, where, though my degree was a high one, I had too many distractions to make progress as I could have wished in my profession. Yet my interest in medicine grew steadily, and on leaving the university I determined, having both the means and the time at my disposal, to look out a spot where I could throw myself into my work without the interruptions of old friends and old associations. A reputation of Heidelberg attracted me, and thither I migrated. The man who was to be associated with me in my quest I will describe with equal brevity. My cousin, Sir Henry Graden, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.G., was a man of remarkable personality—a surgeon of brilliant gifts that had made for him a reputation, yet an eccentric—so the world held him—who lacked steady application necessary for complete success. He would throw himself into the solution of a problem, or the execution of a new experiment, with the utmost zeal; yet on achieving the desired result he would shake off the atmosphere of the hospital and laboratory and start on some wild-goose chase that might include the ascent of an unclimbed peak, the capture of a rare species of wild animal, or the study of a little-known tribe of savages. In person he was of great stature, and heavily, almost clumsily, built, with a rugged, rather-beaten face, keen yet kindly eyes, and brown hair, somewhat grizzled about the temples. In age he was well past the forties. In dress and deportment he might pardonably have been mistaken for a prosperous Yorkshire squire. Indeed, he was wont to complain that he acted as a magnet to all the tricksters of London; though, from a shrewd smile with which he accompanied his protests, it was easy to see that he thoroughly enjoyed the diversion turning the tables on his discreditable opponents.

It was towards the end of my second year at Heidelberg. An autumn sun had sunk to rest in a golden haze over the wooded hills, and the night, luminous under the harvest moon, lay upon a shaded lamp threw its yellow circle, arranging the notes of the lecture I had that day attended, when there came a knock at the door behind me. I cried a sulky invitation, for I feared the appearance of one of my pretentious student friends, with his jargon of the duel and the promenade. But the next moment an enormous hand had dragged me into the realization of my titles as a host by standing me on my feet amid the clatter of a falling chair. "Why, Cousin Graden?" I cried, for indeed it was he who had thus treated me. "What cyclone has blown you here?"

"Egad! I believe it's the truth I've heard," said he, throwing himself on to a sofa that cracked again under his weight—he was a famed breaker of furniture was Cousin Harry Graden. They told me that you'd shut yourself up for nine years—work, work, work—as if there was no young blood in your veins, and no green world lying around you, with not a yard of it that isn't worth all the most learned dissertations ever written."

I knew his favorite doctrine. It would have been as foolish to argue with him as to attempt to uphold the necessity of the Union with an Irish Home Ruler. "But what are you doing here?" I repeated.

"It's to Berlin that I'm bound, to read paper before a society that is good enough to be interested in some notes I took recently on the Kaffir witch-doctors. I'd a few days in hand, so I thought I would take a peep at my dear Heidelberg and, incidentally, at my worthy cousin, Robert Harland."

He rose and stalked about the room, ducking to himself like a contented hen. "Same old jugs and china pipes; same waincoat, a shade darker maybe; same old oak beams, a thought more smoky; same schlagers above the mantelpiece." He took down one of the student's snelling-swords, and slipped his hand into the heavy hilt. Raising his long arm into the orthodox attitude, he swept the keen, thin blade in hissing circles.

"Do you ever tramp on the sawdust, and drum with the schlager, and bleed in the tank, Cousin Robert?"

"Not I. Though I have heard of your triumphs in the past, you man of blood!—but, of course, that's not possible. So little Hermann's a professor, is he? Are you under him?"

"No; I'm with Professor Marnac." Graden walked across to the fireplace and slowly filled a huge china pipe that lay thereon. He lit it and, turning his back to the empty grate, sent forth such puffs of smoke that he spoke as from such a cloud, mistily.

"He has made himself a great name, for the professor had stooped and was examining the carpet minutely. "I thank you, I thank you." "Pray do not mention it. Cousin Robert, if you and the professor will excuse me, I will step across and take a last look at poor little Hermann. Where are his rooms?"

Before I could answer, the professor was on his feet. "Pray accept me as your guide," said he, moving towards the door. Graden bowed his thanks like a polite elephant. I followed the pair down the stairs. It was growing late, and the narrow streets of the students' quarter were well nigh deserted. A moon, like a polished shield, hung over the old castle above us, picking out each turret and parapet in silver grey against the sleeping woods that swept upward to the sky-line. Across our path the gabled house cast broad, fantastic pools of shadow. A wind had risen with the moon, and sighed and quivered in the roofs and archways. Once, from a distant tavern, came the faint mutter of a rousing chorus, but soon it was swallowed and carried away by the midnight breezes.

We had not far to walk, and in five minutes the professor was tapping discreetly with an ugly devil-face of a knocker on Von Stockmar's door. Presently the bolt was drawn, and Hans, the grey-bearded servant of the dead man, stood in the doorway, a lamp held high above his head. He blinked upon us moodily, with eyes dimmed by old age and recent tears, till, catching sight of Graden's huge bulk, he stepped forward with a snort of surprise, flashing the light in his face as he did so.

"Ah! Goodness! but it is Heinrich der Grosse!" he stammered. "Ach! Herr Heinrich, but have you forgotten Hans of the Schlegers, servant of the honorable corps of the Saxo Borusens?"

"No, no," said Graden, shaking the veteran by the hand. "So our little Hermann took you for his servant, as he promised? This is a sad day for both, old friend. Tell me, how did it happen?"

"Do not ask me, Herr Heinrich. My mind wanders—I, who served him nigh on twenty years and was as a father and mother to him. The worthy fellow put down the lamp in the little hall into which he had led us, and mopped his eyes with a hand that trembled with emotion. But Graden persisted in his quiet way and soon extracted the details. It seemed that it was the custom of the dead professor to take a nap after his midday meal. That afternoon, however, his sleep was unduly prolonged, and at four Hans, who knew he had an engagement about that hour, slipped in to wake him. His master was lying on the couch in his bedroom, where he was wont to take his siesta. But he was in a curious, huddled position and breathing stertorously. Hans failed to rouse him, became alarmed, and hurried off for a neighboring doctor. That gentleman diagnosed the case as a sudden and severe chill which had settled on the lungs, causing violent inflammation. Everything possible was done, but by eight he was dead. Beyond the remarkable violence of the seizure, the doctor had said, there was nothing in the symptoms. Overwork had doubtless undermined the constitution and rendered it vulnerable to a sudden attack.

"And while he was asleep—had he visitors?" asked Graden.

"The street door is never locked during the day."

"But would you not have heard the steps?"

"It was my custom to sleep too. Herr professor allowed it."

"So, I should like to take a last look at your poor master, friend Hans. By the way, Cousin Robert, where is our guide, the learned Marnac? I did not see him leave the house."

"Perhaps the Professor Marnac has already gone to my master's room, the second to the right on the first floor," suggested the old servant.

(To be continued.)

**Fresh Air for the Hen.**  
Hens kept in cold quarters and fed heavily produced eggs with strong germs which hatched well, says Country Life in America. On the other hand, poultry kept in artificially warmed houses laid eggs with weak germs which hatched weak chickens. The "results were considered in favor of fresh air and plenty of it, even if it was cold."

In a study of the duration of fertilization after the removal of the male birds, records were kept of the number of eggs which hatched or which were shown to be fertile. The last trace of fertility was noticed eleven days after separation. The unfertilized eggs had superior keeping qualities, so the author recommends that as a rule male birds should not be kept with hens depended upon for market eggs. Experience showed that where there is variety in rations and care in feeding them, and sufficient floor space, there is little likelihood of egg eating or feather picking. Steamed lawn slippings were fed to the station poultry three or four times a week and eaten with evident relish. Clover leaves treated in the same way were also much liked.

**Yellow Peril.**  
"More startling news from Shanghai," exclaimed the man with the paper, excitedly. "I tell you it is only a matter of time when the Chinese will try to do us up."

"Well," said the peaceful man in the scorched shirt, "at present we will be satisfied if they only do up our shirts and collars. I can't even get them to do that right."

**In a Bad Way.**  
"Yes, poor papa's been shut up in the house so long. The doctor says if he could only get out to take a little exercise he would be very much better."

"Is he too weak to go out?"

"Oh, no, but there's process servers all around the house even down to the back gate."—Baltimore American.

**An OR Year for Travel.**  
"My husband won't go to Europe this year."

"What's his excuse?"

"He says all the newspapers would wonder why."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## The Disk Cultivator.

Disks as farm tools are growing more popular all the time. They are used at all stages of farm work, from plowing to final cultivation. A man of long experience says of them:

The main points in favor of the disk are that it will work closer to young corn without covering it, will work ground without injury that is too wet to be plowed with a shovel plow, will not throw up clods, but leaves the ground always in a fine tilth, can be set to run varying depths, shallow next to the corn and deeper in the middle of the row, which is the proper way when making the last two cultivations. However, the disk will not plow deep in very hard ground or turn the soil in such a way as to kill large weeds, yet if the weeds are taken in hand before they become too large the disk is satisfactory in this as well.

When corn is checked it is not practicable to plow across the field with the disk. If the disk is run across the rows, it will be very inconvenient, as the gangs are more nearly rigid and cannot be so easily adapted to the inequality of the ground.

For barring away the young corn, cutting the dirt away from it, and for giving the last cultivation, laying by, I consider the disk vastly superior to the shovel, but where land has been severely packed, as by hard rains, nothing, in my opinion, will take the place of a four-shovel cultivator of the twisted pattern, and they should not be less than five inches wide.

## Fattening Coop for Poultry.

In the fattening of poultry for market it is always a good plan to confine the birds to quite small quarters in order that the food given them may accomplish the best possible result. The fattening coop should be where it is light and dry and the birds must be kept comfortable at all times. More than all, the coop or coops must be kept clean, else the fowls are likely to become sick and will not in such condition take on flesh. Where there are a number of fowls to fatten coops are arranged on a wide shelf which forms the bottom, then when it is to be cleaned simply lift it up and set in another place, leaving the shelf free to clean thoroughly. Any box of light material will do for the fattening coop with wire netting to within six inches of the bottom. Across this space a bar may be placed with just enough space between it and the wire netting so that the hen can get her head out to feed. A narrow trough should be kept in front of the coop and be filled with the variety of grain in mixture so that the fowl may help itself when it desires. These coops are very inexpensive, easy

to make and will prove very economical. The illustration shows the idea very plainly.—Indianapolis News.

**Value of a Butter Cow.**  
The value of a cow considered as an investment was lately figured out by H. P. Guerier, the Illinois expert. Starting with a poor cow, one that produced 200 pounds of butter a year, he reckons the food cost at \$39 and the labor at \$12.50, while the butter is worth only \$35, or less than the market value of the food consumed. The fancy butter cow produces 400 pounds of butter per year, and on the same basis of reckoning nets her owner interest on \$400, besides paying for the food and labor. The price of butter in both cases is reckoned at 20 cents. The fancy cow consumed somewhat more food than the other, but the difference was more than offset by the increased amount of skim milk. According to Mr. Guerier, the fancy cow is better worth \$400 than the ordinary cow taken as a fact.

**Cost of Making Butter.**  
In a recent report published by the Iowa state dairy commissioner, the average cost of producing one pound of butter is given as follows:

In the creamery that makes 40,000 pounds of butter a year, it costs 4 cents to make one pound of butter, and in a creamery producing 50,000 pounds it costs 3.4 cents to make one pound; while in creameries making 150,000 pounds per year it costs only 1.85 cents. In some of the very large central plants, that are producing over 200,000 pounds of butter per year, it costs 1.4 cents per pound. These figures clearly show that the larger the creamery the cheaper butter can be manufactured, and they also show that it takes about 400 cows, tributary to one factory, before a profitable creamery business can be established.

**Farm Notes.**  
A man makes a mistake when he depends on a scrub bull to head his herd of cows.

Federal and Utah state sheep inspection officials have decided to make dipping compulsory in the state in order to eradicate the scab.

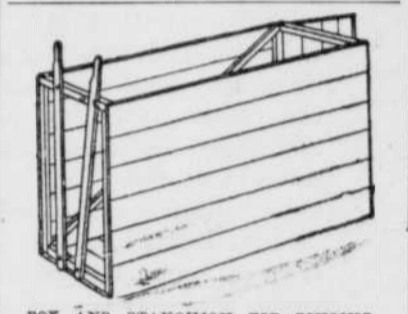
A man is quite liable to make a mistake when he attempts to grow three crops of corn in rotation. This is taking a stop backward.

There is more clean corn ground this year than usual. The cultivator cannot do its best work when rains are plentiful and abundant.

With the hay loader and the horse hay fork hay ought to be cured in the barn rapidly. When hay is gored it cannot be put away too fast.

## For Ringing Hogs.

Make a box 6 feet long, 4½ feet high, 18 inches wide and put a floor in it. Put a door in one end and a stanchion in the other end with loose bolts, so you can adjust it easily to suit the size of the hog. The stanchion is the same as for cows, except the one you move should not have a bolt through it, but a notch cut in lower end to catch over bolt. When you are through ringing,



BOX AND STANCHION FOR RINGING.

loosen stanchion. The hog will always step back, then lift out the loose stanchion so he can go through. Simply catch the hog in stanchion to hold him and then use the tongue. Have a narrow shoot at rear end of box so you can drive hogs into it easily.—Farm and Home.

## Sheep on the Farm.

A knowledge of the habits of feeding is of value in selecting breeds of sheep for the farm. Merinos feed in a bunch, while the large, openwool breeds scatter like cattle. For herding with cattle, the larger breeds are preferable, as they do not spoil the grass, unless in large numbers. For fence pastures, used for sheep alone, the habits of the merino favor close feeding. For weedy ground sheep should be kept on scant pasture. If there is plenty of sweet grass they will not touch the weeds. If grass is scarce the weeds are cropped low.

It is a good policy to change the feed of a sheep frequently. Especially is this necessary for fattening sheep; they become tired of one variety of food. The hay may be varied with corn-fodder, or even straw occasionally. The grain should by all means be varied with roots, oil cake, bran, etc. This method of feeding stimulates their appetite and keeps sheep from "getting off their feed." Sheep often go a long time without drinking, especially if in good pasture, and when the dew is so heavy that they can fill up with wet grass in the morning. But when they do want to drink, water is as necessary to their health and comfort as to that of other animals.

## Tomatoes and Nitrate.

One hundred pounds to the acre of nitrate of soda applied to the tomato crop when the fruit is beginning to set will largely increase the yield and hasten the time of ripening. Spread the nitrate broadcast or between the rows just before a shower, and then cultivate it into the soil. One quarter of an ounce to a plant is about right in small gardens. Experiments at the New Jersey station have shown that nitrate applied about the middle of June had a much greater effect on the crop than the same amount applied earlier in the season. A dressing of 100 pounds per acre increased the crop one-third above that of a plot not so treated. Nitrate of soda is a very quick working fertilizer. It produces rank, dark green foliage, which obstinately resists the attacks of insects and of mildew. We have found nitrate excellent also to produce early asparagus, but care must be taken not to apply too much.

## Method for Testing Eggs.

A simple method for testing eggs, which comes from Germany, is based upon the fact that the air chamber in the flat end of an egg increases with age. If the egg is placed in a solution of common salt it will show an increasing inclination to float with the long axis vertical. By watching this tendency the age of the egg can be determined almost to a day. A fresh egg lies in a horizontal position at the bottom of the vessel; an egg from three to five days old shows an elevation at the flat end, so that its long axis forms an angle of 30 degrees, and an egg a month old floats vertically upon the pointed end.

## When to Dock Lambs.

The docking of lambs should take place when they are 2 or 3 days old. Of course, it may be done later, but the injury resulting is less at the age named than later. When docking is deferred until the lambs are several weeks old bleeding is usually profuse. In some instances it will cause the death of the lambs unless it is stayed. The flow of blood may be checked by tying a cord tightly around the adhering portion of the tail, and better still by searing the wound with a hot iron.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1000—Kingdom of Jerusalem formed; Godfrey de Bouillon king.
- 1203—Fall of Constantinople to the Venetian crusaders.
- 1333—Edward III. defeated the Scots at battle of Halidon Hill.
- 1533—Lady Jane Grey's nine days' usurpation ended.
- 1567—Mary, Queen of Scots, resigned her crown to her son, James VI.
- 1629—Quebec capitulated to the English; 130 years before its final conquest by Wolfe.
- 1636—John Oldham killed by Indians at Block Island.
- 1675—Narragansett Indians defeated by the Colonists.
- 1704—Gibraltar taken by the Dutch.
- 1734—Surrender of Phillipsburg to the French.
- 1759—English defeated French and Indians at battle of Niagara.
- 1760—British sloop Liberty scuttled and sunk by the people of Newport.
- 1779—American force defeated British at battle of Paulus Hook.
- 1794—Vicomte Alex de Beauharnais, first husband of Empress Josephine, guillotined.
- 1797—Battle of the Pyramids in Egypt.
- 1803—Arthur Wolfe, Lord Colwarde, murdered by the populace of Dublin.
- 1806—Fortress of Gaeta surrendered to France.
- 1812—United States brig Nautilus captured by squadron of British frigates.
- 1814—Inquisition re-established in Spain. . . . Gen. Scott victorious at the battle of Lundy's Lane.
- 1821—George IV. crowned King of England.
- 1831—Leopold, King of Belgium, entered Brussels and took oath of constitution.
- 1840—Great fire in New York City; 302 buildings destroyed.
- 1842—Bunker Hill monument completed.
- 1847—Brigham Young arrived at Salt Lake City, Utah.
- 1851—Mrs. Amelia Bloomer first wore bloomer costume at ball in Lowell, Mass.
- 1853—Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, from Portland to Montreal, opened.
- 1861—Confederate capital changed to Richmond, Va.
- 1862—Siege of Vicksburg abandoned by Farragut.
- 1864—President Lincoln called for 500,000 volunteers.
- 1866—Rustrians defeated Italians at Lissa.
- 1870—M. Prevost Paradol, French minister at Washington, committed suicide. . . . Napoleon III. declared war on Prussia.
- 1872—Ballot act passed by English Parliament.
- 1874—Charges of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher made public.
- 1881—Sitting Bull, famous Indian chief, surrendered at Fort Buford.
- 1883—Capt. Webb, noted English swimmer, drowned while attempting to swim Niagara rapids.
- 1886—Steve Brodie said to have jumped from Brooklyn bridge into East river.
- 1889—Kate Maxwell, notorious cattle queen, lynched by cowboys in Wyoming.
- 1892—Henry C. Frick of Carnegie Steel Company assaulted by Anarchist Berkman.
- 1893—Boycotting decided to be legal by Supreme Court of Minnesota.
- 1894—Japanese cruiser sank Chinese transport Kou-Shing; 1,950 lives lost.
- 1897—Dingley tariff law went into effect.
- 1898—President McKinley issued proclamation regarding government of Santiago.
- 1899—Secretary of War Alger resigned.
- 1902—Sinking of Elbe river steamer Primas at Hamburg; 100 persons drowned.
- 1903—Great building trade strike in New York City ended.
- 1904—Japanese victorious over the Russians at Motien Pass.
- 1905—Explosion on N. S. S. Bennington in San Diego harbor; twenty-eight men killed. . . . Chinese declared boycott against American goods.

## His Limit.

"Tightfish says he can afford to belong to only one club. I wonder what it is?"

"It's the Anti-Treating Society."—Detroit Free Press.

## Real Woe.

"What are you so gloomy about?"

"I am unable to keep out of debt."

"My boy, you don't know what trouble is. I can't get anybody to trust me."

## Inseparable.

"How long do you think a person can live on love?" asked the youth seriously.

"Just as long as his money lasts," was the older man's reply.