

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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## CHAPTER VIII.

I was not favorably impressed with his breeder of pigs. He was an elderly man, full bodied, with white hair, that stuck out stiffly from under his fur cap, red, bulbous nose, and shifty, suspicious eyes. He saluted us with a touch of his cap in military fashion.

"And what is your business, gentlemen?" he asked.

"It is less business than gratitude," said Graden courteously. "We have made this little pilgrimage to thank the producer of the Lemsdorf ham."

"You are not dealers, then?"

"No, but I—"

"Then take yourself off!"

"Herr Drobin!"

"Go clear out! Do I not make myself plain?" he cried, his flushed face nodding in time to his violent gesticulations. "I will have no spies about the place!"

Graden sprang out of the sleigh and strode up to the angry farmer. For a moment I thought there would be a scuffle; but the huge bulk of his antagonist was not without its effect upon the German. I have often noticed that great stature has a curiously soothing influence on the bad temper of an opponent.

"Why did you call me a spy?" demanded my cousin.

"The people about here gossip of some secret I hold," he answered sulkily. "Perhaps they speak true; perhaps false. Who can say? At least, I am no longer a fool; my eyes have been opened. You have a good thing here, Herr Drobin. There is a great future before you, if only you keep your knowledge to yourself," said the Englishman to me. "If strangers come asking questions, they will be spies; send them away." It was fine advice he gave me; anyone can see that. So be off with you!"

"I am an Englishman myself, Herr Drobin. May I ask my compatriot's name?"

"I do not remember."

"What, then, was he like?"

"I cannot describe him."

"You are discreet, Herr Drobin. Come, now, let us strike a bargain. I will make a guess at your secret; if I am right, you will tell me what you know of this Englishman."

The German started back, staring at Graden with little, bloodshot eyes, in which surprise and fury were oddly mingled. Then, side by side, they stepped into the shadow of the pines, whispering together.

"They are all liars, these Germans," said our driver confidentially, turning to me. "For myself, I am a Pole."

"You heard what was said. Do you know anything of this English visitor to Herr Drobin?"

"Most certainly, mine Herr. He was of the name of Wakefield. He has stayed several nights at the 'Golden Adler.' For the rest, he has been the guest of him who lived out there," and he made a gesture down the road that we had come.

A nameless fear took me by the throat—a fear of unknown possibilities. I would have questioned the man more, but at that moment Graden and the farmer emerged from the shadow of the pines. The latter had abandoned his truculent manner. Indeed, he seemed oddly subservient. As Graden stepped into the sleigh, the man bowed low a curtsy, which my cousin answered with a curt nod of dismissal.

"Drive on," he cried, and once more we were ploughing our way back to the Lemsdorf road.

"Did you ever study the properties of the root called madder, commonly known as a dye?" asked my cousin suddenly.

"No."

"Then I must explain from the beginning. It is right that you should hear. He pulled the flaps of his deerstalker cap over his ears—indeed, it was bitter cold—and settled himself amongst the rugs. I caught the outline of his face—as jaws set, the cheeks drawn, the eye hard and keen, the whole purposeful and remorseless.

"When I was slicing the ham to-day," he continued, "an odd thing happened. My knife struck the bone and passed through it as if it had been putty. At a second glance I noticed that the interior of the section so divided was of a brownish red. It set me thinking. I began to remember certain facts. The talk of the old servant concerning a secret held by the owner of the pig farm at Gran concentrated my suspicions, the proximity of the dye-works confirmed them. I was almost certain of Herr Drobin's secret before he charged me with coming to steal it."

"Let me explain, madder is a dye, as you know. But administered to man or beast, it has the curious effect of coloring and pulping the bones to a gristle. It is used sparingly on a few South German pig farms, that the hams may appear attractive when carved. Herr Drobin introduced it into German Poland. He obtained the root as he required it by arrangement with the dye works. Perhaps their presence suggested the idea to him.

"Whether or no Marnac knew of the uses of madder before he came to Lemsdorf, I cannot tell. From my talk with Drobin it would seem that his visit to his farm was more or less of an accident. But, either way, the visit gave him the weapon by which he might make a toad of his enemy. That bitter criticism, you may be sure, was for ever running in his diseased brain. The practical details he learned at the farm would help him in what he had undertaken. His advice to that old German was a sound move, designed to cover his visits to the farm and the suspicions they might afterwards have excited.

"His method of getting into touch with his victim was simple. He introduced himself as an Englishman by a letter which he himself wrote in his capacity of Heidelberg professor, well knowing that the police had not made public their suspicions of him. He assumed the name of Wakefield—the first that suggested

himself to him—and the nationality of an Englishman, for, as we know, he spoke the language to perfection. He administered madder in some form until Mechersky grew ill; after which, in his position of medical attendant, the rest was easy. He died when he knew that the end of the tragedy was at hand, that every bone of his victim was fragile as thin glass. Probably he caught a momentary glimpse of us in the 'Goldner Adler'; and his midnight visit was to assure himself of your identity. You were in great peril that night, Cousin Robert; I shudder to think how great.

"He has probably escaped to-day; there is a fast train to the west at 12 o'clock he could catch. But I vow before heaven, I vow before you as my witness, that I will pursue this fiend until I have run him down. Heaven knows I have no hatred towards him. I feel to him as a man might feel towards a mad dog which is a danger to the peaceful men, women and children of his village. It is the duty of the citizen to risk his life in its capture."

"Where do we go now?" I asked.

"To the railway. We must gather what news we can."

The winter night was falling drear and cold when our tired horses staggered up to the station door. I scrambled out, hungry, cramped, exhausted in body and mind, and followed my cousin within. The station was empty at the moment save for a distant corner where a man sat huddled on a traveling valise. We advanced at once upon him. When we were a dozen feet away, he started up and faced us.

It was Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police.

"Any luck, mein Herr?" said he to Graden.

"What in the world are you doing here?" was the astonished answer.

"Well, mein Herr, I thought you knew something, and followed you. When I arrived this morning, I said to myself: 'The great white English ferret will be at work to-day searching for the rat. I will wait at the station like a net into which Mr. Ferret may turn the rat.'"

Graden skipped up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Capital, Mossel, capital! And you—had the net any luck?"

"The net was sitting upon the rat's luggage when you arrived this moment. The net has been here for five hours, and is cold and hungry. The net is of opinion that the rat must have seen him and abandoned his luggage. He has not left by train."

"But he can escape in no other way. We have him, Mossel, we have him."

"So it would seem," said the lieutenant calmly.

## CHAPTER IX.

III.—THE CHASE IN THE SNOW.

I have endeavored to give the facts of my strange story without omission or exaggeration. If I have failed, it is not from forgetfulness; for I do not think there is a single detail that is not permanently fixed in my memory. Even now I have but to shut my eyes to see the face of Marnac peer into my old rooms at Heidelberg, to stand once more trembling with terror in the desolate courtyard of Castle Oster, to drive through the blinding snow to where the body—

But enough, I do not forget.

I have already told you of the murder of Prof. von Stockmar by his rival, Prof. Marnac of Heidelberg, and of the discovery of the crime by my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the well-known scientist and explorer, who was then my guest at that university. I have described the steps that led to our following the murderer to Lemsdorf, in German Poland, and the means by which he compassed the death of the unfortunate Mechersky. I have, moreover, laid before you the evidence that led my cousin to believe that Marnac was suffering from delusions, and that his extraordinary crimes were in revenge for certain harsh criticisms of a book on which he had spent many years of labor. In my last statement I traced the pursuit down to the station of Lemsdorf, where the murderer, flying from the scene of his revenge upon the Russian professor, had been turned back from the railway by Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police, who had followed us to render assistance. Mossel indeed, had waited by Marnac's luggage for six hours, but the man himself had failed to appear.

The winter's sun, chilled to a dusky ball, was dipping behind the snow-clad ridges to the eastward when we scrambled back into the sleigh. As our tired horses stumbled through the outskirts of the straggling wooden town, the shadows rushed across the sky as if flying the pursuit of the gale that shrieked amongst the houses. Night had fallen.

Surely we had him in our hands.

He had not fled by rail. Somewhere in the town he must be lurking, this grey-haired figure with the heart of a hunted wolf. The thought of it drove away the aches and cramps of exhaustion, and I sat bolt upright in my seat, staring into the gloom ahead, half expecting to see him move across the snow before us like a slinking beast of prey. We had decided to drive straight to our own inn, the "Goldner Adler," where, as we had discovered, Marnac, under the name of Wakefield, an English traveler, had also passed the previous evening. Little had we thought that the being we pursued, fresh from the murder of the man we had come to save, was sharing the same roof-tree. Perhaps there might be news of him at the "Goldner Adler." Rezi, the tall, handsome Pole, who had abided him more of the feudal knight than a country inn-keeper, met us in the porch, bowing a stately welcome.

"You have had a bad drive, gentlemen," said he. "The wind has been fierce, and the snow, I fear, was heavy. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

"I believe a Mr. Graden Wakefield slept here last night," said Graden, dusting the clinging flakes from his outer wraps. "It is always pleasant to meet

a compatriot. If he is still in the house, perhaps he will join us at our meal."

"Herr Wakefield! No, mein Herr, he has not yet returned."

"So, he has gone out?"

The innkeeper hesitated, glancing uneasily at his questioner. He was evidently in some uncertainty of mind.

"He is a strange man, the Herr Wakefield; though, perhaps, for an Englishman—"

"He is not more mad than usual, eh, Mr. Landlord?" laughed Graden.

"Mein Herr, it was not my intention to speak thus of your great people," apologized the man. "If he has surprised us, it is doubtless because we, being ignorant countryfolk, do not understand his customs."

"Why, what has he been about?"

"Well, mein Herr, it is this way. After you had started for your drive to the house of the Prof. Mechersky, Herr Wakefield came running down from his room with many questions concerning you. He seemed sorry that you had gone without seeing him. He then paid his bill with the liberality of the English, who are indeed a great and generous nation, and commanded that his luggage should be carried to the station for the midday train. At 11 he himself set out for the station upon foot. We were sorry to lose so good a guest. What, then, mein Herr, was our surprise when a little after 12 he reappeared, having ridden back upon the sleigh that had taken his baggage to the station! The man who drove it told me that Herr Wakefield had left his baggage upon the platform unregistered, and that he had seen a stranger standing by it as if in charge."

Graden glanced at Mossel, who grinned luminously.

"Proceed, Mr. Landlord," he said.

"He had only peeped into the station and left at once, the man said. He demanded of me a sleigh and good horses, but the best I had were with you, and it was necessary to send for others from a neighbor. He was very impatient of delay, using angry words. At last he drove away, and he has not returned."

"Who went with him?"

"Ivan, my eldest son."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, mein Herr; only I heard him cry to Ivan to follow the eastern road which is towards the Russian frontier."

"And while he waited for the horses, what did he do?"

"As I have said, at first he abused me roundly for the delay. Indeed, mein Herr, I was surprised at his knowledge of German, for before he had spoken it very badly. For the rest, he sat by himself, reading, in the best room."

"Please to show us there."

We tramped in single file after the landlord through the ill-lit passages to the "best room," a parlor set aside for important guests. It seemed a peculiarly inartistic apartment, with green wall paper and angular chairs covered with purple antimacassars. On the central table stood a lamp, and beside it lay a number of those dingy books that seem common to inns of all nations. Graden made for them at once, and as he sorted through the pile of time tables, catalogues, and trade papers, we stood watching him in surprise. Suddenly he stopped in his search with the light grunt of satisfaction, and drawing a chair to the table, sat down. I looked over his shoulder. He was actually reading a German Baedeker!

"Doubtless you are planning a picnic party?" I suggested, with as much sarcasm as I could put into the question.

"I know you are tired and hungry, my good Robert," he answered; "but please keep quiet."

He had reached "Lemsdorf"—I could see the name at the top of the page—and now was turning the leaves very slowly. Suddenly he held up the Baedeker to me.

"Do you see that?" he asked sharply.

A jagged line of paper ran along the inner crease of the guide book. The map of the district had been torn away! Mossel thrust me gently aside and, bending over, examined the under page thus left exposed. He took the book from Graden's hands and, carrying it to the lamp, continued his scrutiny.

"You are quite right, Mossel," said my cousin. "His pencil had a sharp point."

"You have a keen eye, Herr Graden," grinned the policeman. "In our business you would have made some reputation."

"This is a new edition. How long have you had it?"

"But a few days, mein Herr."

"And have you been visited by any tourists in that time?"

"No, mein Herr."

"Then this should make it a certainty, for I have a Baedeker of my own upstairs. One moment, while I fetch it."

(To be continued.)

## Too Much Darkness.

The advance agent rolled up to the village hall in his red automobile.

"Good morning," he greeted briskly, as he stepped out with a big roll of posters under his arm. "I want to hang up announcements that our big show is coming to town."

"What's it called?" drawled the manager of the hall, as he rubbed the yellow freckles on his wrist.

"Why, 'Knights of Old.' Greatest production of the year."

"I'm afraid it won't take in this town, mister."

"Why not?"

"Well, first we had the 'Arabian Nights' by a bunch of amateurs, who rehearsed for a year over a livery stable; then we had 'The Twelfth Night' by a troupe of hungry barnstormers who lived on prunes and crackers and then Carrie Nation came around in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and almost caused the town to go dry at the next election. You'll have to bring around some 'day' plays if you want to make a hit."

## Rather Hard.

"You have come back after another piece of pie?" interrogated the stern woman in the wayside cottage.

"Yes, mam," replied the tall tramp.

"I wouldn't have come, but you see, I have been offered a job down the road."

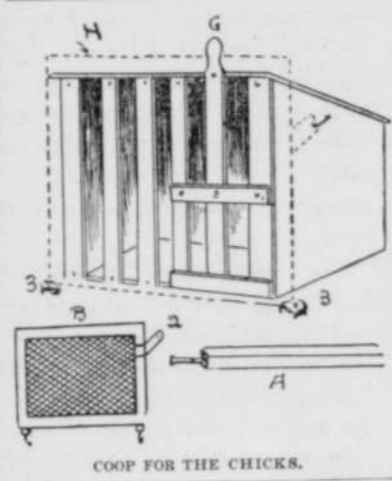
"A job? What kind of a job is it?"

"Why, spittin' rails, an' I want the piece of pie as a wedge."



### Comfort for Hen and Chicks.

It is a cruel plan which shuts off the air almost entirely from the hen with a brood of chicks by placing a board in front of the coop at night; nor is such a plan necessary if one will take the trouble to build a coop or coops after the following plan. Build the coop after the usual plan, sloping the roof to the rear and covering the front with slats except at one lower corner, where a door should be arranged, so that the hen can be easily let out when desired. To solve the problem of plenty of fresh air and at the same time freedom from prowling small animals, construct a screen; make the frame large enough completely to cover the front of the coop and cover it with wire netting; at either side fasten a strap with a hole in the end, and on the sides of the coop



place a screw, over which the straps are placed to hold the screen in place. To make the screen still more secure when placed have the side pieces large enough so that a long wire nail may be driven in them about one-quarter the length of the nail, at the end; then sink in the ground at either end of the coop two pieces of wood, each having a hole in the end, into which the nail in the end pieces of the screen will fit when the latter is in position. In this way it will be impossible for the screen to get loose. In the illustration, H, at dotted line, shows where the screen will come when in position; A, the side piece of the screen, with the long wire nail in position; 3, 3, the stakes in the ground to receive the nails; B, the screen complete; G, the swinging lath by which the door for the use of the hen is kept in place, and 2, the manner of attaching the small strap to the side of the screen.—Indianapolis News.

### What Makes Quality in Eggs.

The grocer soon learns that he must send good eggs to his customers or he will not have them long, and the farmer who is progressive will soon learn that he must do the same. The word "fresh," when applied to eggs, may mean a great deal, or it may not. The egg grower who wishes to create a regular demand for his eggs at high prices must market his stock promptly, for there is nothing that so disgusts the experienced handler of eggs as to find that the eggs that he bought for fresh had been held in the country for two or three weeks. Storage eggs, that are put into the refrigerator immediately after they are laid, come out better, after four or five months have elapsed, than the eggs that are allowed to remain in the farmer's pantry for a month after they are laid before they are marketed.

### Plant Injury from Spraying.

As many still complain about the injury done to the leaves of trees, raspberry bushes, etc., by spraying, it may be repeated that there should be enough alkali, whether lime or soda, used to neutralize the acid of the copper sulphate, says F. Grenier, who is an accomplished gardener. The formula for soda Bordeaux calls for six pounds of copper sulphate to seven and one-half pounds of soda, and even then it might be safer to add a pound of lime. For the ordinary (lime) Bordeaux mixture I would use at least as much lime as copper sulphate, pound for pound, unless I rely (as I usually do) on the ferro-cyanide of potassium test. As long as the mixture has an acid reaction, danger of injury to the foliage, and possibly to the fruit, such as apples, pears, etc., exists.

### To Get Rid of Rats.

Dissolve five pounds copperas in ten gallons of water and add enough fresh slacked lime to make a moderately thick whitewash. Apply to all places where the rats congregate and they will desert the place at once. Put some of the wash into and around their holes and along their runways wherever possible to do so. They will change to other places, but you must follow them up with the wash, and eventually they will leave your place altogether and will not return while the wash remains.

### The Truck Garden Insect.

Insects infesting truck gardens very often affect field crops as well, but it should be borne in mind that pest exterminating methods that are of no use in large areas are often the best in a small patch where there is more intensive cultivation, and where the price the output brings will warrant more outlay.

### Cost of Raising a Calf.

A good deal of discussion has often been provoked as to the cost of bringing up a heifer calf. Mr. Clark, of the Alabama experiment station, has recorded data. The record covered the period from birth to maturity—approximately two years.

One of the calves, which weighed at birth fifty-six pounds, consumed during the first year of her life 159 pounds of home milk, 273 pounds of skim milk, 66 pounds of bran, 224 pounds of hay and was pastured for 161 days. When she was 1 year old she had cost \$12.86 and she weighed 435 pounds.

During the second year her rations were made up of sorghum hay, silage, oat straw, corn stover and a little cotton seed and bran. The pasturage period covered 224 days. The cost of the feed was \$9.09 for the second year and she weighed at the end 965 pounds. Thus the total cost of feed up to the time of maturity was \$21.95.

### No All-Round Poultry Food.

A correspondent asks for some poultry food which will answer for general purposes—that is, a food which will make hens lay, which is also good for little chicks and which may be used for fattening later if desired. Novices in poultry raising are quite likely to be more or less disturbed by the amount of detail required to carry on the work successfully and are generally seeking for some short cut, especially in the line of feeding. The same food which will make hens lay without fattening them will not do to fatten them on. Of course, corn is usually a part of the variety fed hens and will of itself fatten them, but it is not used by itself as a regular diet for laying hens. It would be as absurd to feed hens cracked corn entirely as it would be to feed little chicks the whole kernel.

### Hog Catcher.

Chasing hogs is exceedingly amusing when the chaser is bent on pleasure only. When it becomes an everyday duty the funny feature disappears, and instead the air is generally laden with epithets not suitable to polite society. The hog is an elusive beast. Being round and fat—and also slippery—the chaser is not afforded any point of vantage to obtain a firm hold. This is true with but one exception, and that is his tail. But here again the chaser is handicapped. Hogs' tails are so little and at the same time so frail that not infrequently the hog emerges from the chase minus his tail. A more sensible method



is the use of the implement illustrated herewith. The inventor, an Iowa man, claims that no difficulty is experienced in getting the noose in position. When once it is securely clamped on the hog's nose it is an easy matter to lead the animal to any place desired.

### Water Before Feeding.

This question of watering before or after feeding has never been settled. A leading English authority states that horses should never be watered until after feeding, but always before, especially if the feed is grain. If a horse is very thirsty give him water and then wait a short time before feeding. If possible, horses should always have access to water. They will drink less and there is much less danger of indigestion or cholera. If a horse is exhausted from overexercise, the supply of cold water should be limited. If water is tepid, a much larger amount may be allowed.

### Late Weeds.

The late weeds in the garden—those that come in August and September—are the ones that produce seed before the fact is noticed, and thus stock the ground with weeds the next year. The garden is often neglected late in the summer, but it should be kept clear of weeds until frost, and the result will be a great saving of labor in the growing of small fruits and vegetables, as most of the work required is due to the weeds and grass which spring up at all times.

### Growing Cauliflower.

Cauliflowers will not thrive except under the very best conditions. They are grown in the same manner as cabbage, only the soil must be exceedingly rich. Many growers have found it necessary to occasionally water this crop, which is a hindrance to field culture, although the prices usually obtained require the care. If the leaves are drawn together over the heads blanching will be greatly facilitated.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1457—Book of Psalms, first book printed, by Faust and Schoffer.
  - 1510—Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley executed on Tower Hill.
  - 1521—Mexico surrendered to Cortez.
  - 1534—Order of Jesuits founded at Paris by Ignatius Loyola.
  - 1587—Virginia Dare, first white child in America, born.
  - 1642—Gates of Coventry shut against King Charles of England.
  - 1756—Forts Ontario and Oswego destroyed by Montcalm.
  - 1759—Eugene Aram hanged at Tyburn.
  - 1760—Napoleon Bonaparte born. Died May 4, 1821.
  - 1776—Fight in Hudson river between American fire-ships and British men-of-war.
  - 1780—Engagement at Fishing Creek, S. C. . . . Battle of Camden, S. C. De Kalb killed.
  - 1806—First stone laid for the Arc de Triomphe, celebrating the success of the Grand Army of Austerlitz.
  - 1812—Detroit surrendered to the British.
  - 1813—British sloop Pelican captured United States sloop Argus in English channel.
  - 1831—Steamer Rothsay Castle lost; 100 persons perished.
  - 1842—President proclaimed Florida war at an end.
  - 1847—Battle of Churubusco, Mexico.
  - 1848—Oregon territory formed by act of Congress.
  - 1850—Denmark ceded possessions on west coast of Africa to Great Britain.
  - 1851—Lopez captured and garroted at Havana.
  - 1852—Steamer Atlanta lost on Lake Erie; 250 perished.
  - 1855—Russians defeated at battle of Tchernaya, Crimea.
  - 1859—Tuscany declared in favor of united kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel.
  - 1862—First issue of postal currency.
  - 1863—Kagoshima, Japan, destroyed by the British fleet. . . . Mississippi river declared open for trade.
  - 1865—Final proclamation of cessation of hostilities in the Civil War.
  - 1867—Dexter made the fastest time on record, 2:17 1/4, at Buffalo.
  - 1871—Steamship Lodona lost off the Florida coast, with 21 lives.
  - 1880—Cathedral at Cologne completed; 632 years building.
  - 1883—Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga., burned.
  - 1885—The Caroline islands seized by Germany. . . . German corvette Augusta lost in the Red Sea with 285 officers and men.
  - 1886—Eight Chicago anarchists sentenced to death.
  - 1888—Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York, destroyed by fire.
  - 1890—Davis Dalton swam across the English Channel on his back.
  - 1891—Earthquake in Martinique; 340 persons killed.
  - 1892—Queen Victoria's carriage stopped by an insane man, who threatened to kill her.
  - 1893—Receivers appointed for the North Pacific railroad.
  - 1894—Steamship Campania established new record between Queenstown and New York; time, 5 days 9 hours and 27 minutes.
  - 1903—Jeffries defeated Corbett in fight for the pugilistic championship.
  - 1904—Naval battle off Vladivostok.
- Now Walking on the Water.**
- Two inventors are claiming attention of the scientific world just now in connection with a kind of aquatic shoes. Jose Antonio, a Mexican student in the department of mechanical engineering at Cornell, gave a successful test of his device by walking a mile and a half on the surface of Cayuga lake. The shoes, which closely resemble small boats, are constructed of tin, 5 feet 3 inches long, 14 inches wide and 9 1/2 inches deep. Each contains four separate air chambers, besides the compartment for the foot. The shoes are equipped with collapsible fans, which close as the wearer steps forward and then open to prevent the shoes from slipping backward.
- A somewhat similar footgear for water walking is described in the Technical World Magazine for August, and credited to Lieut. Arthur T. Sadler of the United States volunteer life-saving crew at Charlesbank, Mass. Sadler claims to have made a two-mile trip on his shoes. He says he got his idea from watching the way a duck uses its feet. His shoes are 4 feet 3 inches long, 9 inches wide and 8 1/2 inches deep, being the smallest that would carry his weight, 135 pounds.
- American Laborer Better Off.**
- The bureau of labor has issued statistics for 1905, and estimates that the laborer man is better off as to wages and hours of labor. In 1905 the purchasing power of wages was 1 per cent higher than in 1904 and the retail prices of food were slightly higher. This advantage was more than offset, however, by the increase in the purchasing power of his wages. The average wages per hour in 1905 were 18.9 per cent higher than the average period from 1895 to 1899, and the number of employees were 36 per cent greater.