

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles)

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

"Your word of honor!"

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

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

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

"Yes, I wrote it."

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

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

## CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Most certainly. Pray proceed."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My cousin was simply unbearable that day. He was always impatient of delay; but in all our wanderings together I have never suffered from him more acutely. He dragged me aimlessly about the streets, set me down to lunch at a comfortable restaurant, and then swept me off before the coffee arrived. I endeavored to escape him, but the attempt was a hopeless failure. Five o'clock was striking when he turned his face eastward—he had been inquiring for letters at the Travelers', in Pall Mall—and, with his most unwilling companion trotting beside him, again advanced on Covent Garden, near which the office of the University was situated.

"I'm hanged if I can stand this suspense!" he explained. "Marne has had five or six days' start of us, and anything may be happening. If that idiot Rolles still refuses the address, I will

thrash him till he gives it up, and take the consequences."

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

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

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

Evidently he had no knowledge of our previous visit.

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

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

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

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

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

"No. That's all."

"Did you?"

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

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

"His daughter."

"And you go?"

"To kill myself. Oh, no!" she burst out as she sprang forward. "It is no good! I cannot help me. The villain sits in the porch, waiting and watching. If I delay, he will kill—my father—my poor old father, who is so ill! Let me go—to the cliff—let me go, I say!"

Graden slipped his arm round her waist, and from his great height looked down at her with those honest blue eyes of his that made every child his friend at once.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes; but there is no time."

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

"About two hundred yards back on the track you followed here there is a little spring amongst the rushes. There is a path, a short cut which the boys from the village sometimes take that leads into the clump of firs by the garden wall. The wall is quite low—and then—oh! then—you could get straight into

father's room. It is on the ground floor; the room on the left as you open the back door. You could lock the door and defy the other man."

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

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

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

And Dr. Weston was alive.

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

Miss Weston and he were standing before the porch—alone. She was leaning on his arm, panting from great exertion. "Think of it, Robert!" cried my cousin. "He chased her—the villain followed and chased her!"

"How is my father?" she faltered.

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

"Quite safe, I assure you," I answered. "I must go to him."

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

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

(To be continued.)

## Those Magazine Knockers.

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

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

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

"What words?"

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

## Surprising Information.

A wealthy Parisian, tired of supporting his nephew, determined to get him married off and settled. He called upon a matrimonial agent and looked over his album of candidates for husbands. To his horror he found the picture of his own pretty young wife. He reproached her and demanded an explanation. "I do not deny it," she said, "but it was last year, when, as you know, dearest, you had been given up by all the doctors."

## The Thunder People.

"Some folks in dis world is des lak' de thunder," said Brother Williams. "Hit makes a mighty niration up in de elements, en you'd think hit wuz a gwine ter loose de roun' worl' fum its foundations! But it turns out ter be all soun'—a sorter hollerin' an' whoopin' some time after de lightning done got dar en 'tended ter business!"

## Overheard at the Garage.

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

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

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

## Worth the Money.

"So you bought this rug at an auction sale," said Mrs. Brown. "Don't you think you paid full price for it?"

"Yes," answered Miss Dollars, "but the auctioneer was the loveliest man, and he'd been snuffing at me all the afternoon!"

## How He Got Square.

Homer—My wife presented me with a box of cigars on my birthday, but I got even.

Neighbors—How did you manage it? Home—I smoked them in the parlor where she had just put up new curtains.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Turbine Windmill.

In parts of the country subject to high winds there is risk of mills on high towers being overthrown, especially if the diameter of the wheel is increased above ten or twelve feet. To overcome this difficulty it is expedient to build a mill inside of its tower rather than upon it. The turbine shown in the illustration has a diameter of twenty feet and is used to drive a feed grinder and other machinery. Its chief office, however, is to operate two pumps which irrigate



THE TURBINE WINDMILL.

sixteen acres of land. The expense of erecting this mill was about one hundred dollars. There is no particular difficulty about its construction and a considerable part of the work could be done with ordinary tools and a little mechanical knowledge.

## Lack of Mechanical Knowledge.

The full benefits of farm machinery are not realized because the average farmer has not the mechanical training or the requisite skill to get the best results out of these complex implements. We are the greatest makers and users of farm machinery in the world, and it is owing to this fact more than any other single cause that we have been able to maintain our agricultural supremacy in the markets of the world. The cost of this machinery to the farmers is greater to-day than ever before. The character of this machinery every year becomes more complicated, requiring increased knowledge of engineering principles on the part of users. The traction engine, the steam plow, the combined harvester and thresher operated by steam power, the automobile, the growing use of electricity as a motive power on the farm, the machinery now required in dairies, in the growing of sugar beets and manufacture of beet sugar, are all illustrations of the momentous changes in the character of farm machines which have taken place in the last fifty years. The increase in skill and mechanical knowledge required by farmers to operate these complex and costly machines compared to what was needed to operate the primitive tools of half a century ago cannot be given in percentages.—Elwood Mead, in Field and Farm.

## Good Hog Trough Feeder.

The best hog trough I ever saw is made as shown in cut. A is a fence between man and pigs, 3 feet high; B, back board, 18 inches; C, bottom width to suit size of pigs; D, sticks to keep them from crowding; E, front to suit size of pigs also. You see, the pigs can't crowd each other or you as you feed them. They can't get their feet in the mush and must stand up and eat like horses in the stalls. A nice sight



HOG FEEDER.

to see thirty or forty side by side, eating quietly and cleanly.—Farm Progress.

## Cutting Silo Corn.

It is of primary importance to know at what stage corn should be cut to secure the best results. It is also necessary, it is pointed out in Farming, that a careful study be made as to how rapidly nutriment is stored up in the corn plant and when the maximum amount is reached. When corn is fully tasseled it contains but eight-tenths of a ton of dry matter an acre, or one-fifth of what it contains when fully ripe. When in milk it contains nearly three times as much dry matter as when fully tasseled. Only seventeen days were occupied in passing from the milk to the glazing stage, yet in this time there was an increase in the dry matter of 1.3 tons an acre. This shows the great advantage of letting the corn stand until the kernels are glazed. After this period the increase in dry matter is but slight.

## Melons in the Corn Shock.

If when cutting corn you will place in one of your largest shocks about a dozen of your choicest watermelons, at Christmas, when the snow is on the ground and the frost is on the pane, you can sit by the roaring fire and eat one of your melons, which has kept all that time in the shock of corn.—Farm Journal.

## Harvesting Potatoes.

More or less judgment is required in doing any kind of work, and the digging of potatoes is no exception to the rule. In the first place, so many should not be dug out at one time that they cannot be handled readily. A good way is to dig during the fore part of each half day and then gather the tubers before quitting. As soon as dry they should always be picked up, and if the weather is reasonably dry the length of time necessary for drying depends almost entirely upon the nature of the soil. If sandy, an hour may be long enough, but if a moist clay it may take several hours. Potatoes, once dug, should certainly not be left out on the ground over night. If they are, the frost has every chance to get at them, and only a little freezing is required to spoil a good many bushels for market. It is a poor practice, too, to pick up potatoes without any regard to grading. Two classes, anyway, should be made of them; all those of good marketable size should be gathered first and the undersized ones left till later. It also pays to have crates or bushel measures in which to pick them up. Easy to distribute about the field, these, after being filled, can readily be placed on a wagon and drawn off. Furthermore, they prevent the tubers from being jammed and marred. Thirty or forty of them, or even a less number, may profitably be owned by every farmer who makes a business of raising potatoes and similar crops.—Fred O. Sibley, in Agricultural Epitomist.

## India's Largest Wheat Crop.

The wheat crop of India this year is a large one. The area sown amounts to 26,226,200 acres, and the yield is estimated at 8,560,000 tons, as against 7,582,000 tons last year, the increase being 13 per cent. The Indian Trade Journal, which makes this statement, says that the government is taking a deep interest in the complaint of the admixture of dirt in the wheat exported. The government has consulted the chambers of commerce, some of whom, however, indicate a reluctance to depart from the present customs of the trade; but the chamber of commerce at Karachi, from which 70 per cent of Indian wheat exports are now shipped, strongly supports the government's proposal for 98 per cent pure wheat.

## Pulling Stumps.

A writer in Home and Farm gives this description of an implement for pulling stumps: Cut a good, strong pole about twenty feet long, of white ash; trim and peel it nicely, hitch a strong rope to the top—a chain will do, but it is heavier to handle. Set the



FOR PULLING THE STUMPS.

pole against the stump to be pulled, letting the lower end rest between two roots. Then put a strong chain around the top of the stump, passing it around the pole. A team hitched to the rope will pull out most any stump. Place the pole close to the stump and cut the roots opposite the pole. Two men can best do the work—one to tend the horse, the other to cut roots as the stump is being turned out.

## Selecting Seed Corn.

The proper time in which to select seeds is late in the fall or winter. The reason for requiring this portion of the year for so doing is because there is then no hurry, and the work can be done better. The common practice of laying the seed corn aside to remain until spring has done great damage to the corn crop, as very often the excess of imperfect germination is such as to cause a failure of germination over the whole field. Every ear of corn should be examined and the inferior grain shelled off. Vegetable seeds also require examination, for insects, dampness and other causes interfere with their safe-keeping. Of course, every farmer is supposed to be careful with his seeds, but very few farmers know the condition of their seeds until the time comes when they are required for planting, and then the farmers are too much hurried to do anything with them.

## Shelter for Stock.

The piles of stalks and straw which go to waste can be made to do good service in providing shelter if it is not considered fit for feeding. With a few posts and poles the stalks and straw will furnish a warm place of refuge for animals that cannot be accommodated in the barn or stable. With plenty of straw on the ground under the covering so formed, no better place could be arranged for sheep, and with care in making the roof only a heavy storm will cause it to leak.

## Sowing Wheat.

One bushel and a half of wheat is ample to sow an acre, and five pecks will answer if sown early and given time before cold weather stops growth, says Farm Journal. As soon as the wheat is sown, if the land is not underdrained, it is advisable to plow some furrows where they will carry off any water that might collect in depressions. Wheat cannot grow in water.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



- 1499—Vasco de Gama returned to Lisbon from his voyage of discovery.
- 1515—French victorious at battle of Marignano, Italy.
- 1600—Henry Hudson began his voyage up the river which bears his name.
- 1615—Lady Arabella Stuart, victim of the jealousy of James I, died in the Tower.
- 1683—Turkish army routed the Viennese by allies under command of John Sobieski and Duke of Lorraine.
- 1753—First playhouse opened in New York City, located in Nassau Street.
- 1750—Gen. Wolfe killed in assault on Quebec.
- 1770—New York City captured by British... Washington and his army entered Philadelphia after the battle at Brandywine.
- 1777—Stars and Stripes first carried into battle at battle of the Brandywine. Burgoyne crossed the Hudson and camped on Saratoga heights.
- 1795—Capt. Vancouver returned to England after his four years' voyage of discovery.
- 1804—Aaron Burr and his second wife, Miss Biddis, were executed by Gen. Butler... Troops ordered to quell riot among oyster strikers at Amboy, N. E.
- 1812—Gen. Harrison compelled the Indians to raise the siege of Wayne.
- 1814—Americans and British engaged in battle of Plattsburg and Lake Champlain... British repulsed in an attempt on Fort Mifflin, entrance to the bay... Successful sortie made by Fort Erie. Gen. Drummond ordered to Fort George.
- 1820—Gold fever which had struck Carolina extended to Georgia. Spanish army surrendered to Mexicans under Santa Ana at Pico.
- 1831—Albany and Schenectady raised first in State of New York, open traffic.
- 1847—American army, in command of Gen. Scott, entered City of Mexico.
- 1850—Fugitive Slave bill passed House of Representatives.
- 1854—English and French forces fought in the Crimea.
- 1861—President Lincoln modified Fremont's emancipation proclamation.
- 1862—Union forces under McClellan defeated Confederates at South Mountain, Md... Union and Confederate forces engaged in fight at Middleburg, Md. Confederates opened fire on Harper's Ferry... Battle of Antietam, Md... Surrender of Harper's Ferry, after two days' fighting.
- 1863—President Lincoln suspended habeas corpus act.
- 1872—Geneva tribunal of arbitrators awarded Alabama \$10,200,000 to the United States.
- 1873—Gen. E. S. McCook assassinated by P. P. Wintermute at Yankton, S. D.
- 1874—Fatal riots in New Orleans demanded for abolition of Governor.
- 1875—Perry's flagship Lawrence raised at Erie harbor and removed to Philadelphia for exhibition at the Centennial.
- 1878—Cleopatra's Needle set up on Thames Embankment.
- 1884—Antagonism between clerical liberals in Belgium threatened to result in civil war.
- 1885—Jumbo, famous show elephant, killed in railway collision at Thomas, Ontario.
- 1888—Parnell commission first met.
- 1894—Japanese defeated Chinese at the Yalu river.
- 1897—Owing to strike riots martial law declared at Hazelton, Pa.
- 1901—McKinley state funeral at Canton, Ohio.
- 1902—United States warships entered Panama.
- 1903—United States cruiser Matagorda launched at Newport News, Va. Colombian Senate voted to negotiate new canal treaty with United States.
- 1905—Car fell from New York elevated railroad into street; 12 killed, 100 injured... Admiral Togo's flagship destroyed by explosion; 569 lives lost.

Prof. Garner in the Jungle. A letter has been received from Prof. Garner, who is now living in his barred cabin in the African jungle, the purpose of studying the comparative intelligence of animals. He says that an hour passes during the day that he does not hear the monkeys and apes talking in the forest, and that he replies to their calls.

Steam Plowing by Night. Out on the big prairie ranches of eastern Kansas and Nebraska farmers now in such haste to get their fall plowing finished that they are running steam plows at night, with headlights and motor engines. Thus they are turning over sixty acres of land in four hours with only two men, working in shifts. Two men working in the way could only plow about six acres a day. Within the past year 250,000 plows have been sold.