

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

"That, maister—whom, it be Mark Pennyfold's Agnes Jane, 'er as was 'ired by the stranger from Lunnon, 'Erman by name."

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

## V.—THE AMMONIA CYLINDER.

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

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

"In the face of the storm?"

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

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

"Don't we waste time?" said I.  
"Perhaps. Ah! here she comes—just the thing for which I was hoping."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am afraid not, Miss Weston," broke in my cousin before I could reply. "We have been like over-zealous hounds, losing the scent by flashing forward too quickly. It must be sheer, dogged hunting now, and no more cutting off corners. By the way, there is a little fact which perhaps one of you can tell me," he said, turning to the little group that hung behind her skirts watching us with a bulle interest. "Did the Agnes Jane yonder carry provisions on board?"

"Surely, zur," said one who stood a little forward of the rest—a stout, bearded man with a face as brown and seamed as a withered elder apple. "Mark Pennyfold, as is owner, was telling about this furrin gent only last night down tu

the 'Plough Inn.' 'E allowed 'im to be a funny sort of toad, vur 'e 'ad 'is orders to keep a week's vittles on board, though the reason was passin' his understanding."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I du wish, miss, as I 'ad been nigh you when 'e tried it," he said at last. "I would 'ave set about the ugly toad proper, that I would. But, beggin' your pardon, and seein' he be got away, 'twould seem a matter for the perlice 'ere for us. Moreover, there be the fish contract, and the Pride is only waiting her crew to sail."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was never a good sailor, a fact which the long rollers soon recalled to my remembrance. The occasional bursts of spray which flew over us added greatly to my discomfort, for my clothes, though warm, were not waterproof. I have always been susceptible of chills, and the prospect of passing the night in dripping garments seriously alarmed me. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that I observed Isaac produce some oilskins, and boots happily lined with flannel.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

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

glancing frequently to the northwest, from which the wind blew strong and cold.

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

It was in one of the lulls I have mentioned that Isaac gave my cousin the helm and with his man's assistance lowered the sail on the smaller mast at the stern which, I believe, is known nautically as the jigger. They also reefed the larger canvas on the forecast. The Agnes Jane, which was now more than four hundred yards away, showed no sign of following our example.

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

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

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

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

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

## Just a Favor.

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

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

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

"Not 'tall."

"But why do you say 'Thanks?'"

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

## "Will Return Early."

Mr. Rounder (tenderly)—Do you remember, dear, during our courting days how I used to tell you the old, old story?

Mrs. Rounder—Yes, and you still tell me the "old, old story."

Mr. Rounder (in surprise)—When, dear?

Mrs. Rounder—When you start for the club.

## Called.

"William Henry?"

"Yes—yes, Maria."

"What are you doing?"

"Reading about the man with the muck rake."

"Well, you go right in that garden and let me see you be the man with the garden rake and be quick about it."

## Easily Convinced.

"It's the unexpected that usually happens, you know," said the slow boarder.

"I guess that's right," rejoined the landlady. "At least I know the money I expected from you last week hasn't materialized as yet."

## An Injustice.

Diggs—I understand that Higgins is quite a clever financier.

Biggs—Well, he isn't. Why, that man never beat anybody out of a cent in his life.

## At the Bargain Sale.

"See," said his wife, proudly, "I saved 30 cents by coming here to-day."

"Yes," growled her husband, "and I lost \$5 worth of time coming with you."



## For Ringing Hogs.

A ringing trap for hogs is a necessity on many farms, and the accompanying sketch shows a good form. The frame of trap is two inch by four inch pieces, D, D, and D, lapped and bolted at corners as shown, and a tight, smooth floor. Also side and top boards are solidly nailed to inner edge of the frame, as shown, making a strong grate from which boards cannot be crowded off. Rear end is fitted with slide door to raise up as indicated by dotted line V. Front end has a door, AA, made of two thick, strong boards on inside cross cleats at top and bottom. A, A, is joined at bottom by two strong hinges to frame D, and held up when in use by the iron clamp F, being placed down over top of door and frame, D. Door has a central opening B, below which are several bolt holes, for fastening an iron lever, C. The top of door also has wide cleat, E, bolted at one end with blocks behind to hold it out from door, so the other end will form a guide for lever C, which, when pulled forward, partially closes opening B, and firmly holds hog, with head through the opening. Lever C is fastened while in use by a spike nail inserted as shown, in one of several holes bored through side cleat and door at Z. Opening B is twelve inches long and



TRAP FOR RINGING HOGS.

nine and one-half inches wide at widest place near lower end, and lower end of opening is ten inches above floor. Crate is four feet two inches long, two feet four inches high, and one foot six inches wide, inside measure. Place trap squarely with rear end close up to hog house door, with lever C thrown back; raise slide door, drive in a hog and drop slide door behind him, and he will thrust his head through the hole B. Pull lever C tight against his neck and insert spike to hold it there, and you can ring with ease a hog weighing nearly 400 pounds.

## The Selection of Seed Corn.

There is no time which is put in to better advantage or which fetches a larger return than that devoted to selecting the seed corn during the latter part of September and the first half of October. The advantage which securing the seed ears at this time has over the ordinary method of selecting at husking time lies in the fact that a choice of the earliest maturing ears can be made, a distinction that is impossible when all of the crop is ripe and ready to husk. For all the north half of the corn belt that type of corn is best which bears its ears low on the stalk. This means as a rule that such corn will mature early, and while the ears produced may not be quite so large as those which one has to reach above his head after they are much more likely to produce hard corn, which will keep after it is put in the crib. The shape and depth of kernel and form and type of ears—are of very trivial importance as compared with the main question as to whether the corn itself is of a variety which will mature a crop in the latitude in which it is planted.

## Good Yield of Fleeces.

Ten pounds to the fleece is regarded large when it is an average from yearling lambs. A correspondent of Indiana Farmer writes that from a flock of 1,000 yearling lambs of McCabe & Nelson flocks, of Putnam County, Indiana, 10,000 pounds of a very fine quality of wool has been sheared this season, and that the wool is very even in fiber and general condition, showing that the sheep were fed regularly, and cared for in a very excellent manner. This even condition of the wool is always a sure sign of regular feeding and care in management and such wool always brings the best price.

## Caps for Haycocks.

For the benefit of those who are unwilling to purchase caps for covering the cocks we wish to say that alfalfa, properly coked, will shed water just as well as clover—in fact, many farmers claim that it will shed water even better and that it is no more difficult to cure than clover in any season. While this may be true, we urge the use of caps for the reason that alfalfa is so much more valuable than clover, and a little extra expense in this line is money well invested.

## Horses from Royal Stables.

One of the most interesting studies in the Interstate live stock and horse show held at St. Joseph, Mo., was found in the exhibit of shire horses from the royal stables of King Edward and Lord Rothschild of Sandringham, England. St. Joseph was fortunate in securing this stable as it had not been the intention to exhibit the horses this side of the Atlantic except in the king's dominion, Canada. Louis F. Swift, of Swift & Co., was influential in prevailing upon Manager Beck, representing King Edward, to exhibit the horses, in two United States shows, viz., at the Interstate in St. Joseph and the American Royal at Kansas City. "Our object in bringing the horses to this side of the Atlantic was primarily to stimulate interest in the big shires with the Canadians," said Mr. Beck. "Until within a few years the shire has been too scarce and high priced for the general run of breeders. They are still high priced, but are coming within the range of general breeding and are a profitable animal to breed for the big draft trade." These horses are fine specimens of the thoroughbred shire and are attracting much attention and favor wherever they are being shown. They are all great, heavy boned, thick muscled animals whose very carriage and bearing and spring motion when in action announce them as something above the ordinary in horse flesh.

## Best Preparation for Wheat.

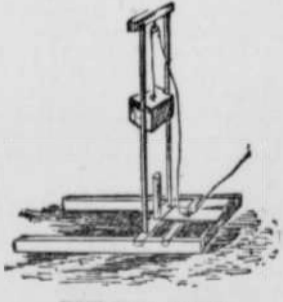
If I could have my choice of ground to sow on, says a Pennsylvania farmer, I would choose a field where a heavy clover sod, or where cowpeas had been plowed down and potatoes raised the present year, using at least 1,500 pounds high-grade fertilizer on the potatoes. The potatoes having been kept clean, and dug in good time, I would not plow for the wheat, but barrow at least four or five times, and then drill in the wheat, drilling with it 400 pounds of good fertilizer, with at least 3 per cent quickly available nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 6 per cent potash. Then in the spring, if it did not start to grow promptly, I would sow broadcast, 150 pounds nitrate of soda per acre. A heavy dressing of stable manure will make a large stand of straw which will make a large stand of straw which will not fill well unless one is sure the ground contains plenty of phosphoric acid and potash.

## The Pig Pen.

The pig sty is nearly always filled with materials for absorbing manure, but they are not cleaned as frequently as should be the case. In winter, if the yard contains absorbents, they become soaked during rains, and are disagreeable locations for pigs. The pig prefers a dry location, as it suffers severely on damp, cold days. The materials in the pig sties will be of more service if added to the manure heap and a plentiful supply of cut straw thrown into the yard in its place. The covered shed, or sleeping quarters, should be littered a foot deep with cut straw, which may be thrown into the yard after being used, but the yard should always be cleaned out after a rain and dry material then added.

## Homemade Post Driver.

The construction of this post driver can be easily taken from the illustration.



NEW POST DRIVER.

It can be made to work by man or horse power. If man power only, use one pulley. This can be made during the winter months and be ready for spring fencing.

## Cheese-Making Gardening.

Cheese-making has been shown by recent bacterial research to be a sort of gardening—an inverted gardening, in which the plants are grown for the sake of modifying the soil. The peculiar qualities and flavors of the different cheeses have been proved to be due to the growth of various species of bacteria and molds in them. And it has been found possible to produce the flavor of the required cheese from the milk of any locality by introducing the appropriate plants. In a recent paper, for example, C. Gorini shows that the familiar red and green patches which characterize Gorgonzola cheese are the combined work of a special mold, and a species of bacillus. These organisms are introduced as the result of artificial punctures, made in the process of manufacture.

## Price and Value.

The price of the cow does not indicate her value as a producer. Glittered butter is something that depends on how it is made. The cow gives the milk, but upon the management of the milk, cream and butter depends the quality.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1332—John Balliol crowned King of Scotland.
- 1555—Famous peace of religion established at Augsburg.
- 1565—Massacre of Fort Caroline, St. John's river, Florida.
- 1643—New England colonies declared war against Niantick Indians.
- 1664—Fort Orange (Albany, N. Y.) rendered to the English.
- 1737—Gottingen university opened.
- 1777—Col. Ethan Allen captured British near Montreal.
- 1792—Allied armies of Prussia and Austria defeated by the French at battle of Valmy. . . First French Republic proclaimed.
- 1796—English frigate Amphion blown up at Plymouth; 200 lives lost.
- 1797—United States frigate Constitution ("Old Ironsides") launched Boston.
- 1803—Robert Emmet put on trial.
- 1811—Dutch surrendered island of Java to the British.
- 1814—British, under Gen. Drummond, raised siege of Fort Erie.
- 1839—Feargus O'Connor arrested.
- 1841—London and Brighton railways opened to traffic.
- 1846—American forces under Gen. Taylor commenced siege of Monterrey, Mexico.
- 1850—Congress abolished slave trade District of Columbia.
- 1851—Louis Kossuth and other Hungarian revolutionists sentenced to death.
- 1854—Many lives lost in the wreck of the Queen Charlotte. . . . Battle Alma.
- 1857—Delhi captured by the British. Relief of Lucknow.
- 1861—Maryland Legislature closed; provost marshal; secession members sent to Fort McHenry.
- 1862—Confederates recrossed Potomac into Virginia, having been in Maryland two weeks. . . . Habeas Corpus suspended by United States Government. . . . Gen. Rosecrans began attack on the Confederate forces Iuka, Miss. . . . The revolving top patented by Timby. . . . Gen. McClellan recaptured Munfordsville, Ky.
- 1864—Confederates defeated at battle of Fisher's Hill.
- 1867—Fenians attacked a prison van Manchester.
- 1868—Gen. Hindman assassinated Helena, Ark.
- 1869—Black Friday.
- 1870—Siege of Paris began.
- 1871—Disastrous fire in Virginia City, Nevada. . . . Lincoln statue unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. . . . Disastrous fire in San Francisco.
- 1876—Hell Gate, Hallett's Point, blown up.
- 1881—Chester A. Arthur took oath of office as President.
- 1898—Revision of Dreyfus case ordered by French cabinet. . . . United States troops began the evacuation of Puerto Rico.
- 1901—Czolgoz, assassin of President McKinley, convicted of murder first degree.
- 1904—Collision on Southern Railway near Knoxville, Tenn.; 70 killed, 60 injured. . . . Russia protested against the Anglo-Tibetan treaty. . . . Peter of Serbia crowned at Belgrade.
- 1905—Czar proposed a second Peace conference at The Hague.

# SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Cambridge, Mass., provides for the colleges of study and travel one year seven for the public school teachers, teacher draws a part salary and has equal position upon return.

There is a revival of interest in Kansas in consolidation of rural schools. The number has increased from six in 1892 to twenty in 1906. A large number of communities are now considering the question.

New Jersey has a new teachers' pension bill. It provides for retirement one-half the average annual salary of thirty-five years of service, twenty-five which must be in the district where retirement takes place.

Claude E. Palmer, an employe of western railroad at Osawatimie, Mo., who has been working his way through the university of that State, has been named to a scholarship in the New York School of Applied Sciences through influence of Miss Helen Gould.

An Illinois decision is that critics in the practice department of a normal school may not be paid out of local funds. The court held that the work of the teacher is to teach pedagogy, and pedagogy "has no lawful or proper place in the curriculum of the common school."

From the first year of the Illinois Normal school there has been a steady loan fund and fully 10 per cent of graduates have made use of it. It is interesting to note that those same graduates have been among the most successful. Principal Baldwin appeals for a law to put it on a permanent basis.