

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

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## CHAPTER XXII.

In my narrative, now drawing to its conclusion, I have endeavored to avoid emotion or exaggeration. Yet as I glance over its pages, I cannot proclaim myself as satisfied. On such an evening as this, with the summer woodlands beneath the cottage basking in the tender glory of the sun's farewell, with the silence of the day that is ending holding the quiet fields—on such an evening, I say, my story, even to myself, appears impossible, a nightmare born in the land of evil dreams. Yet I have but to turn my eyes to where my dearest wife sits at her work, to know that it is true; for it was in that time of danger that Providence gave me the most generous of the gifts that can be bestowed upon man.

Two days after Marnac escaped from our pursuit at Southampton, a little council was gathered in the parlor of Dr. Weston's cottage at Cornish Polleven. In his great arm-chair by the fire sat the old scholar, with the lamp-light exposing the delicate fragility of a face whereon consumption had set its warning. In odd contrast was my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, who confronted him. Great-statured, stern, keen-eyed, he was of that type that can fearlessly execute, as well as intelligently conceive, a plan. Mary Weston was on a cushion at her father's knee, his hand in hers; and it was more often to that noble girl that my glance wandered than to my cousin, though, indeed it was he who now set before us the position of affairs.

It was right, he said, that Dr. Weston should know, even as his daughter knew, the danger that hung over us. And so, from its commencement, he told that terrible story: how Marnac, the celebrated Heidelberg professor, had been seized with a partial mania born of heredity, nurtured by overwork, brought suddenly to the light of the violent attacks delivered against a book on which he had spent half his life; how he had planned to destroy his more bitter adversaries, and how, by his insane cunning, he had brought about the deaths of Von Stockmar and Mechersky; how, in his desperate flight from our pursuit, he had killed the son of Reski, the Polish innkeeper; how he had come to England to end his vengeance upon Dr. Weston; and how he had been led to believe that Mary was the writer of the attack which had incensed him. All this he explained; and while he spoke, the shadow of the terror seemed to creep over our very souls, so that we drew together like sheep that hear the cry of wolves in the snow-clad hills.

It was Dr. Weston who first broke the silence that followed Graden's conclusion.

"You have referred to a certain book or diary belonging to this Marnac," said he, for indeed my cousin had mentioned that discovery at Heidelberg. "And I gather that from it you first learned the names of the scientific enemies against whom an attack might be directed. Did this madman include in his butcher's list any persons besides Von Stockmar, Mechersky, and myself?"

"There were several other names," replied my cousin; "but I do not think their criticisms were sufficiently severe to place them in serious danger. I have, however, communicated with them all. On the least suspicion they will inform the police and also telegraph to me at my London house. My servant there is kept informed of my address from day to day."

"And the police?"

"In international matters they move slowly. It has been a chase across Europe, remember. Months have often elapsed before very ordinary criminals have been arrested. But this man is a remarkable linguist; he has some five hundred pounds yet in his possession, and he has the cunning common to the partially insane. The English police have full information, but by this time he may be in France or Belgium."

"What, then, do you propose, Sir Henry?"

"For the moment we have no definite objective. It would be useless for us to start for the continent without further information. Until it reaches us, we shall stay in this country."

"I quite understand. I trust that for the ten days that we still have at Polleven, you will consider yourselves my guests—though I fear that the size of my cottage forbids me asking you to leave your quarters at the inn."

"Are you, then, returning to Cambridge, Dr. Weston? I thought you had settled here for the winter?" asked my cousin.

"It was so intended, but my doctors have ordered me to the Engadine. They say—it is my only chance, Sir Henry."

Mary Weston's eyes rose to her father's face in one brief, pitiful glance, and then her head dropped forward. Poor girl! she knew that he had spoken truly.

"The Engadine?"

Graden rose in his ponderous fashion and stood with his back to the fire. I could see that the intelligence concerned him—concerned him, indeed, too nearly for immediate comment. It was some moments before he spoke again.

"Forgive me, Dr. Weston," he said, "but is this a sudden resolution?"

"We decided yesterday."

"Is it common property? Do the villagers know?"

"Really, Sir Henry, I have no idea. I should not think they know."

"I will be quite plain with you, Dr. Weston, for that is always the best. Until this madman is secured, you and your daughter go in some danger. You should be safe enough in Switzerland, if you keep your address a secret. But even then we must arrange that you have a traveling companion that can be trusted."

"I shall be very glad to go," I interjected.

"No, Robert, that will never do," he said. "To divide our forces would be the worst generalship. Our duty is plain. We must be prepared to strike at the enemy wherever he may be found. Otherwise, there will be weeks of anxiety for

us all, and heaven knows what devilish work going forward! Whom can we send? That we must first decide."

"There is Mossel," I suggested, recalling the aid that stubborn German policeman had already rendered us.

"He would come gladly enough. But I do not think the Heidelberg authorities would sanction his departure on so vague a journey. No! I am afraid Mossel is out of the question."

"What of Reski? I saw him find the body of his son; he would travel to the world's end if it brought a chance to meet the murderer."

"The very man. I thank you, Cousin Robert."

And so it was settled. We were to send a telegram to the Polish innkeeper next morning. If he agreed to our request, money could be forwarded in time for him to meet us in London, where he would take up his duty as escort to Dr. Weston and his daughter.

"Remember, please, that your destination is a secret," said Graden, as we made our adieu. "There must be no leaving of indiscreet addresses, Dr. Weston; no explanatory letters to old friends, Miss Mary."

"My father and I—we understand," she said, looking him gravely in the eyes. And so we passed out into the starlight.

They were pleasant days that followed—days that seemed to me the happiest in my life. Was it the contrast with the events of that terrible pursuit which gave them their perfection? So I argued at the time. Yet each hour I knew more clearly that it was Mary's bright eyes and Mary's presence that gave the beauty to that wild, inhospitable coast. Of mornings we walked together on the cliffs; and as night drew in, blotting out the grey wastes of the Channel seas, we joined Graden and her father in the little parlor, listening to the talk of those two great-hearted, simple men. On the second day Reski's answer came, accepting the trust we offered. Then for a week there was no news from the outside world to trouble us, and no incident at Polleven to remind us of our danger save one, which, insignificant though it seemed, I do right to set it before you.

As I have mentioned, a narrow dell or "goyle," as the West-country folk would have it, ran between the cottage and the sea. It was a ruinous place in the winter-time, sprinkled with trees knotted and bent under years of conflict with the winds, and floored with dead bracken and patches of gorse. In the summer it was, doubtless, pleasing enough; but in that December weather it seemed shrivelled and forlorn. Indeed, it was not a spot we greatly favored.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

It was about four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, the fifth day of our visit, that Miss Weston and I entered it from the seaward side. We had taken a sharp walk to the Bredains Strand, where the famous caves are situated, and were returning to tea. We came upon them at an angle of the thicket—a man and a woman seated on a fallen log in eager conversation. Miss Weston held up a warning hand to me, with amusement twinkling in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Harland!" she whispered, "and at her age, too!"

"Why, who was it?" I asked, for their backs were turned towards us.

"Don't you see? It is Martha, our housekeeper. She is five and forty if she is a day. Fancy Martha with a young man of her own! I wonder who it can be?"

Whereupon she fairly gave way to her merriment in a low ripple of laughter. It was loud enough to reach the ears of the pair before us, for they started to their feet, the woman facing round boldly with flaming cheeks, while the man, after one swift glance, dropped back a step and stood shamefacedly, with downcast eyes. Miss Weston nodded to Martha and we passed on up the track.

"Oh! I am very, very sorry!" she cried to me when we were out of earshot. "I am certain that wretched man is only after her savings. What a silly old dear she is!"

"He seemed about the average in bashful rusticity," I answered her.

"He is one of the worst men in the village—a drunkard, loafer, who never leaves the inn bar until he is almost starving. I wonder at Martha, for, besides his reputation, she knows—"

"What?" I asked, for she had stopped with a little shiver.

"They say in the village that Penman—for that is his name—acted as a sort of servant to Professor Marnac while he was at Polleven. At least I know that Penman brought us messages from him twice, and once he came with a book that had been lent to father."

"Was Penman courting Martha then?"

"I don't know, Mr. Harland; but this is the first time I've seen them together. Please don't say anything more about it. I will have a talk to Martha privately, and see if I can put some sense into her silly head."

As I was walking back to the inn before dinner I caught sight of Penman coming out of the village postoffice. He slouched away up a side street at sight of me. You may think me dull, but I had no suspicion of the truth.

If I had only known.

We all traveled to London together, taking rooms for the night at the Charing Cross Hotel; for though Graden had chambers in the Albany, he preferred that we should not be separated. It was here that Reski joined us. Sorrow had burnt its mark upon the Polish innkeeper. His thin, handsome features were yet more drawn; and though his courtly manner was unchanged, an alien ferocity lurked in his dark, reflective eyes. It would not go well with the murderer of his only son if he should meet him face to face. So I thought as he stood before us, his hat raised, bowing us a welcome.

At nine-forty on the following morning, we were gathered in a little group on the departure platform. Graden, who had talked with Reski far into the night, repeated his orders. To preserve the secret of Dr. Weston's residence was of first importance. He would register himself and his daughter in the name of Jackson. All letters, whether from or to the travelers, were to be forwarded under cover to Graden's chambers, where a servant in whom he had absolute trust would despatch them to their respective addresses. On the slightest suspicion of danger, a telegram would bring our quest had drawn us. Neither Dr. Weston nor his daughter were to leave their hotel at Prontreelin, even for a walk, without the escort of the Pole.

"I do not wish to alarm you with absurd rules, Miss Mary," concluded my cousin; "but it is well to be cautious. Besides, it should be only for a few days. I have found means of awakening the continental police to interest in his capture, and we may hear of his arrest at any moment. Ah! there goes the whistle. Good-bye, Dr. Weston. Good-bye, my dear girl. God keep you!"

He was old enough to be her father; yet I did not consider his age was sufficient excuse for the kiss that he touched on her forehead.

We saw her handkerchief fluttering from the carriage window as the train drew out of the station. I watched it fade into the muddy grey of the morning; and as it disappeared, the love I had hidden from myself rushed over me, so that I stood with staring eyes, perhaps as foolish and woe-begone a figure as humanity has ever smiled to witness. And for this I shall always thank my cousin, Harry Graden, that he slipped his arm in mine, leading me down the platform as if he had noticed nothing out of the ordinary in my manner.

(To be continued.)

## LINCOLN'S FAIRNESS.

It Was One of His Strongest Traits, Governing Every Action of His Life.

General Taylor was triumphantly elected, and it then became Lincoln's duty, as Whig member of Congress from Illinois, to recommend certain persons to fill government offices in that State. He did this after he returned to Springfield, for his term in Congress ended on March 4, 1849, the day that General Taylor became President. The letters that he sent to Washington when forwarding the papers and applications of people who wished appointment were both characteristic and amusing; for in his desire not to mislead or to do injustice to any man, they were very apt to say more in favor of the men he did not wish to see appointed than in recommendation of his own particular candidates.

This absolute and impartial fairness to friend and foe alike was one of his strongest traits, governing every action of his life. If it had not been for this, he might possibly have enjoyed another term in Congress, for there had been talk of re-electing him. In spite of his confession to Speed that "being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected," this must have been flattering. But there were many able young men in Springfield who coveted the honor, and they had entered into an agreement among themselves that each would be content with a single term. Lincoln of course remained faithful to his promise. His strict keeping of promises caused him also to lose an appointment from President Taylor as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which might easily have been his, but for which he had agreed to recommend some other Illinois man. A few weeks later the President offered to make him Governor of the new Territory of Oregon. This attracted him much more than the other office, but he declined because his wife was unwilling to live in a place so far away.

His career in Congress proved of great advantage to him in after life, having given him a close knowledge of the workings of the Federal Government, and brought him into contact with political leaders from all parts of the Union.—St. Nicholas.

## That Finished It.

Friend—Was that bullet-proof shirt you invented adopted by the government?

Inventor—No. They required too severe a test.

Friend—Did some of the bullets go through it?

Inventor—No. It resisted all bullets and sword thrusts. But they made me send it to a steam laundry.—Cleveland Leader.

## Usual Kind.

Mrs. Homer—Did your husband make any good resolutions the first of the year?

Mrs. Rounder—No; but he made a lot of bad ones.

Mrs. Homer—Indeed!

Mrs. Rounder—Yes; at least they didn't keep.

## Greatly Encouraged.

Dr. Kallowell—Like your new location, do you, notwithstanding its general healthfulness?

Dr. Sawbones—Splendidly. I've already had six of the loveliest cases of appendicitis you ever laid your eyes on.—Chicago Tribune.

## Not if They Know It.

Barker—I wonder why most married women are afraid of their husbands?

Parker—I guess it's because men never propose to the other kind.

## Sufficient Reason.

Blox—What is your reason for thinking Hawker isn't a gentleman?

Knox—His persistency in declaring that he is.

## Revised to Date.

You may break up the auto, or do as you will; But the scent of its power will cling to it still.

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## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

The Irishman vanished and again came the murmur of voices. Then he reappeared, unlocking the grating and descending the ladder. At the edge of the sole I could see the faces of several members of the crew and caught the gleam of drawn knives. Evidently they did not trust us.

When it was over, we followed Blake up the ladder and waited quietly while he laid out Graden's revolver and our few belongings on the flap of a central table behind which the captain was standing. A short speech by the worthy, and the Irishman began again:

"The skipper wud have ye know," he said, addressing Graden with a growing dignity that would have been comic enough at a less unfortunate moment. "That ye stand accused iv carrying off the ould gint yonder and committin' burglary on his person. Fwath do ye say to that, sorr?"

"It is absolutely untrue."

"Wan for him, this. But O!m to ask ye how ye account fer th' possession iv that pocket-book the skipper is holding so loving in his hand. He says that there's close on five hundred pounds in it. Is it yours?"

"No—it belongs to the old gentleman."

"The mischief it does! Then how did ye come by it?"

I feel certain that if my cousin could have told his story directly to the captain, the honesty of his manner and the simplicity of his narration would have had effect. But this pleading at second-hand was a sorry business. From his long pauses and facial contortions I soon gathered that Blake was not the linguist that he claimed to be. Indeed, the version which the captain received from him must have been something astounding. The tale was scarcely concluded when the captain raised his hand, and the foundering of the interpreter ceased abruptly.

Thus was his decision translated. He would touch at Southampton, where the case could be fought out in the English courts. In the meanwhile, as the evidence was overwhelmingly against us, we should be placed in irons and confined in the cabin where we then were.

He was a just man. Angry though I was at the time, I have come to think he did the right thing. The harmless appearance of Marnac, his ability to plead his cause, our obvious endeavor to keep him from communicating with the crew, our possession of so valuable a pocket-book belonging to him—no, we cannot blame the captain if he decided in his favor.

To attempt resistance would have been absurd. The men about us carried knives, and the butt of a heavy revolver showed warningly from the captain's pocket. For the first time in either of our lives the handcuffs snapped at our wrists. They moved out one by one; the door was closed and barred upon us. In another three minutes we were both asleep. Our ill-fortune, the doings of our worst enemy, the Irons at our wrists—we forgot them all in the dead, still sleep that Nature grants to the very weary.

It was Blake who woke us with our midday meal. He was in his most talkative mood. Guilty or innocent, it made small difference to him, after he had decided upon the fact of our gentility. He was agog with the manner of Marnac's escape from us. The lad who was servant to the captain had been down in the lazarette, and from pure curiosity had poked up the trap in the cabin floor. With promises of money, Marnac had persuaded the youngster to guide him to the captain. In their haste they had forgotten to close the trap and grating behind them, though they had secured those at the head of the second ladder. Marnac had waited in the captain's room while the lad went forward to find his master. It was doubtless his interview that Graden had observed from the bridge. When the supposed victim of our plot had told his story, they had armed themselves and come to arrest us, calling the Irishman and two more of the crew in case of resistance. They had found us below—a source of delight to the Portuguese sailors, who had a healthy terror of Englishmen; and the rest we knew.

"Come, my man," said my cousin after he had concluded, "for yourself, now—do you believe us guilty?"

"Faith, sorr, 'tis a queer business entirely," he answered, scratching his red pole indecisively. "For whether 'tis you or the ould gintleman that they'll lay by the heels in Southampton Water, it's not fer me to be after saying. Sure 'tis wan of the two—which is all O! knows."

"Now, listen to me, Tim Blake," said my cousin. "My name is, as I told you, Sir Henry Graden, and I am a rich man. I am not asking you to neglect your duty, which is to keep us in; but if you will have an eye to the door so as to keep that old gentleman out, there'll be five and twenty pounds in your pocket."

Whatever the Irishman may have thought of our characters, there was no doubt as to his belief in the genuine nature of the offer. He beamed upon us with a childlike jubilation that was quite comic in its enthusiasm.

"Indade, sorr, indade, and I will!" he cried.

"Have you the key?"

"I have, sorr. Wud your honor like to kape it? You can turn the lock whin I knock fower times."

"That will hardly do," said my cousin, laughing. "We might have the captain visiting us, which would mean a change of jailers. Now, as to the trap door—is that also secured?"

"The lad we spoke of—he has the key, sorr. May the mischief seize him!"

"We can't leave it like that. See if you can fix it up to better advantage."

Blake raised the outer block of wood which fitted level with the flooring, and inspected the grating below. It was secured by a padlock—a precaution necessary enough, for honesty is not the prevailing characteristic of a Portuguese

crew. After a moment's thought, he drew his pocket a handful of rubbish from which he extracted a large nail. Graden's boot served as a hammer, and with this he drove it into the keyhole.

"'Twill hold it foiner!" cried he, regarding his work with exultation.

And so, with fresh assurances of watchfulness, he left us.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The wind rose again that afternoon, and by four o'clock it was blowing very hard. The seas drove against the sides of the old ship in thunderous murmurs; now and again they sprang the bulwarks, crashing down upon the deck above us and shaking the iron fabric in convulsive tremors. In the confined cabin my nausea visited me again. Enough that I was supremely miserable.

At six, Blake had brought us a supper. His presence irritated me; and when he pressed food upon me, I spoke my mind strongly on the lamentable want of tact general amongst sailors. He gave us the comfortable news, however, that we were expected to reach Southampton by three next morning.

The night crawled on. Blake had helped us into bunks and covered us with rugs. I found the handcuffs of small inconvenience. I could hear Graden snoring. For myself, I could not go to sleep, but lay in the lowest misery, staring at the opposite partition, that rose and fell at the ship's rollings with a sickening regularity. Just before midnight, the lamp—that had probably been injured when Graden fell in the lazarette—smoked, flared, and expired. I was too unwell to care, except for the smell.

Yet it was the darkness which saved our lives.

It was about half an hour later that I first noticed it—a faint ray of illumination twinkling in the center of the cabin floor. At first I imagined that the nausea had affected my eyes, and so peered into the black of the night, rubbing them impatiently. But the rays steadied and, if anything, increased in volume. It was a ghostly thing to witness, this white knife-edge of light stabbing up from the solid planking without cause or explanation. I was about to shout to Graden when I remembered the lazarette!

For some moments I remained staring at the crevice through which the rays passed up to me. After all, it might be some member of the crew; but if not—if it were old Marnac! What then? He was an old man; he could not force the grating, even if he had obtained the key. We had seen to that.

I do not pretend to say that I was unafraid. There were devilish possibilities in a hatred such as that in which the mad professor held us. Yet after a while my curiosity overcame my fear, just as my fear had put aside my sickness. I rolled from my bunk—noisy enough, I dare say, but all sound was dulled by the turmoil without. The pitchings of the vessel made it impossible for me to stand, so I crawled forward to where the edge of the trap was outlined. I felt for and found the ring; gripped it with my teeth, and slowly, for the Irons hampered my balance, raised the edge. Then with my hands I thrust the edge of the boot, which I had removed for that purpose, into the crack. Flat on my face, I peeped below.

It was indeed Marnac. The light of a ship's lantern, jammed between two barrels, drew streaks of silver from his white hair as he bent to his labor. Seated astride one of the steel cylinders that we had noticed, he was unscrewing the last of the nuts which secured its iron cap. What he intended I had no idea.

He was fingering the nut which the spanner had loosened, when I saw a face creep out of the shadow behind him. It was the captain's boy. With infinite caution he moved forward, with a blending of alarm and curiosity in his manner and showed he was no party to what was proceeding. Probably the key to the lazarette had been purloined from him, and he had discovered its loss. When scarcely two yards from Marnac, the hunch of the ship threw him from his balance. As he stumbled forward, Marnac spun round with a scream of the most violent passion. Swinging the heavy hammer, he brought it down upon the bent head with a scorching blow. The lad had dropped upon the floor face downwards; nor did he try to rise again.

"Murderer!" I cried down upon him, in horror at so fearful a spectacle.

Marnac dropped his weapon and started back, his fingers twitching, his eyes searching wildly round for a sight of his accuser. Yet when, at last, he saw my face above him, he drew himself together without a sign of trepidation—save that the hand with which he gripped the stairs still shook slightly.

"Ach! but it is you," he whispered up.

"For a moment I thought—but it was the folly of a child. And so, Mr. Harland, you come again to trouble me. Well, it is for the last time—mark you that—for the very last time."

He sat himself across the cylinder. As he did so I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and knew that Graden was awake.

"You might have spared the lad," he said very quietly.

Marnac looked up with one of the beast-like glances that showed the disordered brain.

"It was a necessity," he said. "He would have prevented my act of justice upon you—upon you who have tried so hard to hinder me in my revenge upon my enemies who are also the enemies of science. Do you understand what I am about?"

"Perhaps," answered my cousin grimly, and at the word he jerked away my boot, letting the trap fall into its place.

"To the door, Robert," he whispered.

"To the door and shout for help, or it is all over with us. He must have noticed the ammonia cylinder this afternoon. If he turns the tap, that stuff will choke the life out of us. The gas

is under immense pressure and will up into this den like water from a hose. Run, man, run!"

I staggered across the heaving to the door and dropped upon my knees for aid. It seemed to me that the doors of the storm redoubled in violence as if Nature was conspiring to me down. Once I looked round and that the light about the trap had Graden had smothered the spot blankets. Presently he came groggy, raising his voice in hoarse sobs.

And then it happened.

There came an acid, piercing gas my nostrils, that grew and grew my lungs seemed to contract, as I fought for very breath. My head raised like a bird shot through lungs. Brilliant lights flashed in my eyes; there were hollow drumming in my ears. And then it seemed that air left me in a vacuum. I forgot it all.

It was daylight when I came to again. The motion of the ship ceased, and there was an English sailor by my side. My chest felt sore and battered, and my eyes felt sore. I was very weak and "My cousin?" I faltered.

"We have got your friend round the doctor—for so I felt that he was 'also the other man.'"

"What man?"

"The man who pulled you out of the cylinder exploded. A red-headed fellow—Blake, I think his name is—owe your lives to him. You had fainted when he opened the door."

"Then he heard us, after all? What became of Marnac?"

"I really don't know about him, don't think he was injured. Oh! please, you mean the old gentleman who was?"

"Bolted?"

"Yes, of course there was great excitement over the accident. The captain was dreadfully cut up over the death of his servant. He could not imagine it came about. When the ship was here, Mr. Marnac, or whatever his name was, slipped away by a shore-boat, and everyone was fussing over you. Your friend has gone to inquire about him, fancy. The old man had some against you both, hadn't he? Or was you against him?"

"Both, doctor, both," I whispered, shutting my eyes.

(To be continued.)

## HOW IT WORKED.

Wife's Scheme to Cure Her Husband of Excessive Smoking.

She read about it in the back of a magazine. The advertisement said it was tasteless, that it could be administered in the breakfast coffee, that it would cure the most confirmed smoker of the tobacco habit without his knowledge.

To be sure, Elmer smoked only four cigars a day. Still, why should he smoke at all? She didn't.

So she wrote for the cure, and the time it arrived, in a plain, sealed age, with full instructions inside.

Unfortunately it arrived before he was up. Elmer opened it, snatched himself, sealed it up again and nothing.

The next morning she gave him his first dose.

"This coffee has a bitter taste, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Your stomach must be out of order," she answered. "It tastes all to me."

"Strange."

That night he brought home a new box of cigars. Usually after he smoked once. But that he smoked all the evening. The atmosphere was thick.

The second morning he complained again about the coffee's bitterness.

"Well, no wonder your taste is out of order," she said reproachfully, "sighing how you smoked last night."

"I've had the most remarkable feeling for tobacco lately," he muttered.

And at dusk he brought home a new meerschaum pipe and a pound of Cavendish, and shutting himself to the library, smoked like a forest until bed time.

"Hadden't we better change the coffee? Surely you must have noticed its taste," he said on the third morning.

"No, I haven't noticed it," she answered faintly.

He brought home from the city the evening a huge box of Egyptian cigarettes, a hookah, and a jar of fish tobacco.

"