

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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## CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"We shall soon have news," he said quietly. "For information that will lead to his arrest, I have offered the police, here and on the continent, a reward of five thousand pounds."

He spoke the truth. News came soon, indeed. We were lunched together in Graden's chambers on the fourth day after their departure, when the telegram arrived. My cousin opened it. As he read, I saw the line of his jaw set and harden. Then he handed it across the table. This was the message:

"Fear we are in great peril. Come at once. Weston."

The realization of those words must have come to me slowly, for it was Graden's name on my arm that woke me from the stupor into which I had fallen. Even then I could hardly understand. "There is a train at two-twenty," said he. "Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"But how can the man—how can Marnac have discovered where they are?" I stammered.

"In five minutes, I said," he barked out. "You have no time to waste."

We had still a quarter of an hour to spare when our cab rattled over the cobbles of the station-yard. While my cousin took the tickets, I stood at the bookstall, staring at the backs of the novels, with that call for help twisting in a dreary chant through my head. "In great peril. Come at once," so it ran, over and over again. Several passing strangers turned and regarded me curiously over their shoulders.

I do not think we spoke more than once before reaching Dover. I asked if he had telegraphed a reply. He had done so, he said, at Charing Cross.

There was a brisk sea running in the Channel, but I felt no sickness. Indeed the passage did me good; for I behaved quite sanely as we passed our bags through the Calais customs.

Into the train again, and on into the night that had fallen. I had a sleeping berth reserved in the wagon-lit, but I did not visit it. Sometimes a fury of impatience seized me, so that I paced the corridor, peering out into the moonlit country that went sliding by, in its never-varying sequence of plain and woodland and steeply-crowned village; but, for the most part, I sat huddled in my chair—thinking. Heaven help us! What torture an active mind inflicts upon poor humanity! Grant a man the imagination of an ox, and many are the woes he will be spared!

Dawn stole out on us at Basle, and we stood upon the platform, our faces showing pale in the tinted curtain of the sky that hung above the snow-clad ridges to the westward. The air was very cold, but not with the English bitterness in its breath.

We had half an hour to wait. Graden despatched a second telegram to Pontresina, marking the progress of our journey. He also wired to Thusis, ordering a carriage to meet our train.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The sun was up, very red and bold, as we passed through Zurich; and where it touched the great lake, the waters shone scarlet as blood under the slanting rays. Before us the Alps were heaving upward, growing mightier every hour, with the pinnacles of their strange frost kingdoms blushing in the early sunshine. By eleven o'clock we had left the open country, passing into a labyrinth of valleys, crowned with pines, waiting black and silent on their snow carpets, scored with torrents and patched with frozen tarns. Coire was reached by half-past one, and the narrow gauge of the Thusis line carried us through meadows and brushwood morasses until we crossed the upper Rhine and drew into the station which is set under the cliff bastions, outworks of the Alp citadels beyond.

It was then three of the clock. There were still forty miles left of our journey—a ten hours' drive over the passes to the distant Engadine.

A carriage with three horses was waiting for us at the station. We entered it at once, and the driver swung his team into the Tiefenkastell road. Fifty francs from Graden had impressed him with the necessity for haste. Yet our progress was insufferably tedious. Once across the bridge, we dropped into a walk, while our straining team tugged heavily up the pass of Schyn. To our left the ridge barred the view; but on the right, narrow valleys sliced deep into the glittering heights above gave us sight of the stately peaks that sentinelled the eastern sky. In an hour we had entered the forest of Versasca—for such, I have learned, is its name—and so climbed on through the dismal avenues of pines till we passed through galleries and tunnels, hewn deep in the cliff side, out into the barren snow fields once again.

The sun was setting as we rattled over the pavement of the hill village of Tiefenkastell, that crunched in the shadows of the Albulas Gorge. The dying rays struck fiercely on the distant peaks, until those pale ice maidens found rosy blushes for such reckless gallantry. It was a spectacle of infinite grandeur, and, despite my impatience, I leaned from the window watching the light fade and whiten into the opals of the after-glow.

"We can thank our luck that there's a moon," said my cousin, as I drew back into my corner. "These drivers know the road like a book, but I should like our fellow to see where he's going in the Berguner Stein."

"Is it dangerous?"

"A ledge for a carriage way, and a precipice for a ditch on the near side, is not particularly pleasant for the nerves when you can't see your hand before you."

"You have been here before, then?"

"Oh, yes!" he said, and so we fell into silence.

It was past six o'clock when we left Filisur, a tiny group of deep-seated houses, and dropped down the hillside to

the stream. As we rose the further slope through a wood of scattered pines, the moon came peering out from behind two bare and lofty peaks that towered above us into the southern night, lighting their icy summits so that they glittered like blades of polished steel. It was a scene of such melancholy desolation that as our horses halted on the crest of the hill, I lowered the window, thrusting out my head for a better view.

In front of us the white road curled down into a gorge, an ink-black wedge of shadow that drove into the distance between silver cliffs bright with the moonlight.

"Is this the place you spoke of?" I asked.

"It's the Berguner Stein, if it's that you want to know," growled my cousin from amongst his wraps. "Also, I wish you would have the goodness to shut that window."

But the remembrance of what he had told me about the dangers of the place sent my eyes to the driver's box. As I was leaning from the left-hand window, I did not expect to see more than the fellow's hat; but, to my surprise, there he was well in view, his coat huddled about his ears. As we moved forward, the mystery explained itself. The man I saw was not driving.

"We've taken up a passenger, Cousin Graden," said I, pulling in my head.

"What's that?" he asked sharply, for my voice had been lost in the loud complaining of the brakes as we trotted down the decline.

"The driver's giving a friend a lift," I cried, leaning towards him. "I suppose he picked him up at the last village, where—"

I reached no further, for at that instant there rose from without a cry of such utter terror that I sank back into my place as if struck in the face by a crushing blow. I saw a falling body flash by the right-hand window; the outcry of the brakes ceased with a grating clang. And then, with a bound like that of a leaping horse, the great post-carriage rushed roaring down the hill.

I thrust out my head, clinging to the sills of the open window.

The man upon the box seat was lashing the horses so that they sprang forward in furious bounds. Even as I watched, he cast away his whip with a peal of wild laughter that sounded high above the turmoil of the flying hoofs and the heavy wheels. He turned his head, bending sideways, the reins held loosely in his right hand. It was the face of Marnac that stared down upon me.

His hat had gone, his white hair streamed backward in the wind. And he was mad—mad with an open insanity of which I had observed no trace before. He shrieked at me in triumph, waving his hand now to the horses, now to the chasm beyond the four-foot wall that guarded the road. He cursed me with furious gesticulations. Even as I write, I seem to see those eyes staring at me out of the white paper—eyes goggling with the lust of murder. Heaven send that time will wipe that remembrance from my brain!

I shrank back into the carriage, that rocked and swung and danced beneath me. Graden's huge shoulders almost blocked the other window; but I caught sight of the glint of his revolver in the moonlight. Was it to be man or horse? One or the other, if we were not to leap the precipice at the first sharp turn. Suddenly he shouted, and again I struggled to my post. In the darkness down the road was the glimmer of lights. Nearer and nearer they drew, and I, too, raised my voice in a scream of warning. The last fifty yards we took in one bound—or so it seemed. I saw a carriage grow out of the shadow that the cliffs above us drew across the road; I saw our leading horse swing to the left and leap blindly at the low wall that hid heaven knew what frightful depths below; and then, with a tottering slide that seemed to wrench the heart out of me, we curled, as a motor skids, into one thunderous crash that blotted out the world.

MRS. HARLAND'S NARRATIVE.

I have been asked by my dear husband to conclude the story of which he has placed the greater part before you. I should have preferred that he had not tried to recall details which I know he cannot remember without suffering; but having once yielded to the persuasion of his friends, I am ready to take every share of the burden that he will yield to me.

My father and I, with Reski, the man that Sir Henry had summoned from Poland, arrived in the Engadine without any incident that is worthy of description. We had engaged rooms in the principal hotel under the name of Jackson, as had been suggested. My father stood the journey very well. But this necessity for giving a false name annoyed him extremely. It was the first time in his life that he had done so, he said, and I had some difficulty in persuading him not to confess the whole circumstances to the manager on the day after our arrival.

It was on the fourth day of our visit, about five in the evening, that we received a telegram from London. It read: "We are coming at once.—Graden."

As could be imagined, we were very puzzled about it. We had sent no message, and we could not think what was the reason for their sudden determination. Reski behaved in a most curious fashion when I told him. It might have been the news of some great good fortune that had reached him.

"It is very well, very well," he kept on repeating in German—a language which, fortunately, I can speak, though not very correctly.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Ach, Fraulein! if the two Englishmen are coming, does it not mean that Marnac is here?"

I suppose I turned rather pale, for the fear of that dreadful man was always

in my heart, though, indeed, I pretended to father that I had forgotten he existed. But the next instant Reski had dropped down on one knee, taking my hand and kissing it.

"I am a dog, Fraulein!" he said simply. "I did not think of what I spoke. But it is the thing for which I forget all else—to meet this man who killed my son. For your father and yourself, have no fear. It is I that will ever watch. You trust me, Fraulein?"

"Indeed, Reski, I do," I answered him; and so we parted.

(To be continued.)

## MISTAKES OF RUSSIAN POLICE.

Czar's Law Officers Declared to Be Extremely Stupid.

The Czar's whole bureaucracy has for years been so thoroughly detested by all classes of Russians that now it is mainly filled by the least intelligent of the population. And of these the police are the worst, says Ernest Poole in the World To-Day. I myself was arrested several times, as so many correspondents are, and I found the police in every instance the most dense of mortals. From my newspaper friends I heard scores of stories about this stupidity. These two are typical:

Some time ago a man threw a bomb at a governor, killed him and escaped. The government sent all over the empire a placard and two photographs of the assassin, his front view and his profile. And three weeks later a policeman in western Siberia telegraphed: "Have captured two criminals and am bringing them to Petersburg."

At midnight in Petersburg an innocent peace-loving professor stood on a bridge staring into the sluggish waters of the Neva. He was thinking of a rival professor who had a new theory about gravitation.

"That man," said the professor aloud, "is the dullest idiot in Russia."

Instantly a big policeman pounced upon him out of the darkness and without a word began dragging him off. The poor old professor shook with terror.

"Why am I arrested?" he cried. "What is my crime?"

"High treason!" growled the policeman.

"But why? Why?"

"Oh, don't try to fool me! You called his imperial majesty an idiot!"

"Heavens!" cried the horrified professor, the spectacles falling from his nose. "Why should you think I was speaking of the Czar?"

The big policeman stopped and looked down, puzzled.

"The dullest idiot in Russia," he said slowly, searching his memory. "Who else could you have meant?"

All Horses Hate Camels.

Smoking a clay pipe, the circus actor sat in the winter training quarters. Under his supervision a thin boy was learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates."

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even to-day, here and there, they kill and feed on kittens."

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage and he will show no fear, but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight."

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A physician, partisan of the cure by suggestion, met the son of a friend and asked how his father was.

"Not at all well," said the child. "He says he is very ill."

"What nonsense! Tell him from me that he only thinks he is ill!"

Some days after the doctor met the same boy. "Well, how is your father?"

"Oh, doctor, he thinks he is dead."—Il Mondo Umoristico.

Had the Curves.

"What became of that contortionist you used to advertise as the 'boneless wonder'?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, he got another job," replied the museum manager. "He's getting \$500 a week doing a female impersonation act and posing for the illustrations in a fashion magazine."

Disappointed.

Mayme—Why did you allow him to turn down the gas?

Edyth—Oh, merely out of curiosity. I wanted to see if he would try to kiss me.

Mayme—And was your curiosity satisfied?

Edyth—I should say not. He only kissed me once.

Invisible to Some.

"Henry," said Mrs. Meeker, as she laid aside the paper, "I don't see the point to these everlasting jokes about a man being hepecked."

"No, I suppose not, my dear," replied Mr. Meeker; "neither does the man."

The Shorter the More.

"Tell me," said the Boston matron, "do you believe in long engagements?"

"Really," replied the Chicago matron, "I never gave that much thought, but I can't say that I believe in long marriages."—Philadelphia Press.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Destroying Weeds.

There are two ways of completely destroying weeds. One is to let them have the opportunity to grow, and by frequently cultivating them, turn them under as fast as they make their appearance; the other being to crowd them out by growing some crop that will not give the weeds a chance to grow. No system of cultivation will kill all the weeds if a crop is desired—such as corn—for the grass and weeds will only be kept down so long as cultivation lasts, especially as corn is usually "laid by" at a time when the weeds are producing seeds, thus establishing themselves for the succeeding year. As a test of what supposed clean culture of corn may be, simply cut down a row of stalks and a row of weeds will remain. As a single weed produces thousands of seed, the labor of destroying the weeds must be repeated next season.

## Grind the Hay and Stover.

Alfalfa meal is a standard commodity on the feed market, yet I see but little in print as to the results of feeding it, but the few dairymen, says L. W. Lighty in National Stockman, I heard speaking about the experience they had with it seemed very favorable. A prominent Pennsylvania dairyman a few days ago told me he is about putting in grinding machinery that will handle the timothy and mixed hay and reduce them to a fine ground, crushed condition. Who ever tried this practically? Is there any available information in the experiment station reports? I would not like to commit myself, but it seems to me theoretically that we could do the rougher part of the chewing cheaper with gasoline or alcohol power than with cow power. It has been amply demonstrated that feeding the cow easily digested feed saves feed.

## Wonders of Concrete.

Here are some concrete possibilities. You can build concrete foundations, sidewalks, fences, water troughs, cisterns, water tanks, shelves, cesspools, gutters, floors of all kinds in the cellar, barn and stable, steps and stairs, well curbs, horse blocks, stalls, hog pens, troughs, chicken houses, corn cribs, ice houses, incubator cellars, mushroom cellars, bolted frames, bridge abutments, chimneys, ventilators, rams, windmill foundations, fence posts, clothes posts and hitching posts. There is one farm where the post and rail fences and the feed bins are concrete, and in another even the lattice under the house piazza and the laundry stove are made of it. Cases of this kind are extreme and impractical, however.—Farming.

## Value of Weight in Horses.

Every hundred pounds additional weight in the case of a heavy draft horse is worth from 25 to 50 cents more per hundredweight when making a sale. A farmer is in position to feed as cheaply as any professional feeder. To sell well on the market horses must be fat, sleek and well groomed. The buyers demand fat. If one has time to give proper exercise and light work, something may be added to the value of the horse, and it will be ready to go right into the heavy work of a city buyer. A little additional grooming, together with blanketing, for a month will also add a good bit to the selling price.

## Packing and Storing Apples.

The apples that are to be kept over winter must be carefully picked from the trees by hand, as every apple that falls to the ground will be bruised and rendered unfit for the barrel, any injury hastening decay. Should decay begin with one apple all the others in the barrel are also liable to become diseased. Apples must be stored in a cool place, but should not freeze. It is the alternate changing of temperature that damages them in storage. Clean barrels should be used, the apples should be as uniform as possible, and sent to the market in an attractive form.

## Profit in Small Fruit.

Ten acres of small fruits will often make a man more truly prosperous than ten times as much land in wheat or corn. He may not be worth as much in actual capital invested, but he will be getting a larger net income, and doing it with less severe toil. The small farm well tilled, whether it be in fruits, dairy, vegetables, etc., is almost always the most satisfactory. The principal capital needed to start such a farm is a level head and knowledge of the business.

## Pasturing Clover.

Clover is injured when cattle are permitted on the field when the land is very wet. There is a temptation to allow cows to use the clover fields, some, but any gain by so doing is always at the expense of loss in some other manner. Cattle do much harm by tramping; for which reason not even the pasture should be used until the grass has made considerable growth. Close grazing should never be allowed.

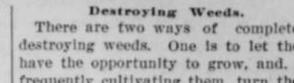
## Oats for Cattle.

Ten for ten, many farmers are finding out that unthreshed oats, cut when the grain is in the rather soft dough (milky) state, and cut fine with a stalk cutter, are better than meadow hay—cut equally fine—to feed cattle, especially milk cows. As a rule, good farmers raise far more weight of oats to the acre than of hay.

## Cows in Winter.

If cows begin to fall off in milk during the winter, after being given an abundance of grain and hay, it is an indication that the quarters are cold or that they require some kind of succulent food. Where ensilage is used, it serves as green food, but on farms where no silo is filled the food may be varied by allowing sliced carrots or turnips, though the best results can be secured by first cooking the turnips and thickening the mess with bran. When fed warm the cow will relish the mess highly, and the change of food will improve the appetite.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1529—Siege of Vienna abandoned by the Turks.

1610—First Duke of Ormonde, chief supporter of the Stuart cause in Ireland, born. Died July 21, 1688.

1622—Peace of Montpellier, ending the Huguenot wars.

1728—City of Copenhagen, Denmark, nearly destroyed by fire.

1775—Continental Congress adopted the Pine Tree Flag.

1777—Gen. Gates defeated Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga.

1779—End of siege at Savannah, Ga.

1781—Americans and British opened battle at Yorktown, Va.

1783—American Congress voted to disband the Revolutionary army on Nov. 2.

1797—Bonaparte and Austrian Emperor concluded treaty of Campo Formio.

1806—Battle of Halle.

1812—Second battle of Poltusk... French military forces abandoned Moscow.

1813—Bonaparte defeated at Leipzig.

1815—Island of Jamaica devastated by a hurricane.

1826—Last lottery sanctioned by the English government held.

1834—Old Houses of Parliament, London, burned.

1842—Grace Darling died.

1848—Mormon temple at Nauvoo, Ill., destroyed.

1856—Fatal panic at the Surrey Gardens music hall in London.

1862—The Confederate, Gen. Morgan, occupied Lexington, Ky.

1863—Departments of the Cumberland and Mississippi consolidated and placed under command of Gen. Grant.

1864—Gen. Sheridan victor at battle of Cedar Creek, Va.

1871—President Grant suspended writ of habeas corpus in nine counties of South Carolina.

1874—Marriage of Gen. Frederick D. Grant and Miss Ida M. Honore.

1898—Spanish evacuation of Porto Rico officially completed.

1899—Arthur T. Hadley assumed the presidency of Yale University... Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce installed as president of Brown University... Boers defeated by the British at battle of Dundee Hill.

1901—Bi-centennial of Yale University celebrated.

1902—Lord Kitchener appointed to command the British forces in India... Typhoon on coast of Japan; 50,000 houses destroyed... Total eclipse of the moon.

1903—Crescent trotted mile in 1:59... Alaskan boundary fixed.

1904—President Roosevelt invited power to second peace conference at The Hague... President directed Secretary Taft to go to Panama to reassure people of the Pacific intention of the United States.

1905—President Roosevelt departed from Washington on a tour of the Southern States.

## RANCHES BECOME CITIES.

Fortunes Being Made in Transforming Texas Panhandle.

The western land fever which some years ago attacked Oklahoma and shifted to Texas, is now raging virulently in Texas. In the last two years practically all the big ranches in the Texas Panhandle have been bought by land companies. These have arranged with the railroads to run excursion trains from far east as Indianapolis at half fare. Their eastern agents gather up the ranches at Kansas City, Wichita or Reno, and there westerners who know the land thoroughly and can talk a mutiny into a purchase take charge.

Amarillo, Texas, is the center of the big land boom. Two years ago it was a cattle shipping point, the center of the gigantic LX ranch, with several hundred inhabitants. To-day it has 8,000 and nightly people have to sleep on the streets for lack of accommodations. The old ranch was 27 miles wide and 69 long and was all under fence. There were 1,200 sections, or nearly 770,000 acres. The company bought the land originally for 29 cents an acre.

The land boom in the Panhandle began when the company that owned the ranch divided it up into sections and began offering it at from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a section. A fourth of the land is yet unsold, but the company has gathered in \$4 millions for the land disposed of. Its sale value is now from \$10 to \$20 an acre. There are other big ranches in the Panhandle, out in the Big Pasture, they call it. These are all being cut up and offered to the hungry land seekers.

There'll be a lot of dead towns in the Panhandle when the bottom drops out of this boom, as it will; but while it lasts the folks are having a good time. Men who had nothing a few years ago are rich now. Two-thirds of the business block are occupied by land agents.

Boston's Novel Fire Wagon.

The city of Boston has just installed its fire-fighting service a motor-driven chemical wagon. This has the advantage of being started instantly with a simple turn of a crank, and its speed will be double that of horse-drawn wagons.