The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER I.

I.—THE HAIRY CATERPILLAR.

It is with no intention of delighting the curious that I put my pen to paper. Only at the urgent desire of many members of my own profession have I undertaken a task necessarily disagreeable, and do now recall the details of a case which I take to be without parallel in the records of criminology. In the mental state of the afflicted being there was, indeed, little that was abnormal. Manias that are similar to his fill our asylums. But that laborious studies in the byways of science, rather than in her more frequented paths, had placed at the will of his disordered brain weapons of a deadly potency, transformed a personal misfortune into a great and urgent public danger.

I spent four years at Cambride, where, though my degree was a high one, I found too many distractions to make such progress as I could have wished in my profession. Yet my interest in medicine grew steadily, and on leaving the university I determined, having both the means and the time at my disposal, to seek out a spot where I could throw myself into my work without the interruptions of old friends and old associations. The reputation of Heidelberg attracted me, and hither I migrated.

Sufficient for myself. The man who was to be associated with me in my strange quest I will describe with equal brevity. My cousin, Sir Henry Graden, Kt., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.G., was a man of remarkable personality—a surgeon of brilliant gifts that had made for him a European reputation, yet an eccentric—or so the world held him—who lacked the steady application necessary for complete success. He would throw himself into the solution of a problem, or the prosecution of a new experiment, with the utmost zeal; yet on achieving the desired result he would shake off the atmosphere of the hospital and laboratory and start on some wild-goose chase that might include the ascent of an unclimbable peak, the capture of a rare species of wild animal, or the study of a little-known tribe of savages. In person he was of great stature, and heavily, almost clumsily, built, with a rugged, weather-beaten face, keen yet kindly grey eyes, and brown hair, somewhat grizzled about the temples. In age he was well past the forties. In dress and deportment he might pardonably have been mistaken for a prosperous Yorkshire grazier. Indeed, he was wont to complain that he acted as a magnet to all the tricksters of London; though, from the shrewd smile with which he accompanied his protests, it was easy to see that he thoroughly enjoyed the diversion of turning the tables on his discreditable opponents.

It was towards the end of my second year at Heidelberg. An autumn sun had sunk to rest in a golden haze over the wooded hills, and the night, luminous under the harvest moon, lay upon the old town. I was sitting at my table, on which a shaded lamp threw its yellow circle, arranging the notes of the lectures I had that day attended, when there came a knock at the door behind me. I cried a sulky invitation, for I feared the appearance of one of my preposterous student friends, with his jargon of the duel apd the promenade. But the next moment an enormous hand had dragged me into the realization of my duties as a host by standing me on my feet amid the clatter of a falling chair.

"Why, Cousin Graden!" I cried, for indeed it was he who had thus treated me. "What cyclone has blown you here?"

"Egad! I believe it's the truth I've heard," said he, throwing himself on to a sofa that cracked again under his weight—he was a famed breaker of furniture was cousin Harry Graden. "They told me that you'd shut yourself up for nigh two years—work, work, work—as if there was no young blood in your veins, and no green world lying around you, with not a yard of it that isn't worth all the most learned dissertations ever written."

I knew his favorite doctrine. It would have been as foolish to argue with him as to attempt to uphold the necessity for the Union with an Irish Home Ruler.

"But what are you doing here?" I repeated.

"It's to Berlin that I'm bound, to read a paper before a society that is good enough to be interested in some notes I took recently on the Kaffir witch-doctors. I'd a few days in hand, so I thought I would take a peep at my dear Heidelberg and, incidentally, at my worthy cousin, Robert Harland."

He rose and stalked about the room, clucking to himself like a contented hen.

"Same old jugs and china pipes; same wainscot, a shade darker maybe; same old oak beams, a thought more smoky; same schlagers above the mantelpiece."

He took down one of the student's dueling-swords, and slipped his hand into the heavy hilt. Raising his long arm into the orthodox attitude, he swept the keen, thin blade in hissing circles.

"Do you ever tramp on the sawdust, and drum with the schlager, and bleed in the tank, Cousin Robert?"

"Not I. Though I have heard of your triumphs in the past, you man of blood!"

"And who has been gossiping?"

"Professor Von Stockmar. He asked me to supper the second day I arrived, for the sole purpose, I believe, of impressing me with the fame of a certain dueling desperado of a student, one Henry Graden, who flourished in Heidelberg twenty years ago."

"What, Von Stockmar? Little Hermann? What a good fellow he was! Did you ever hear him sing a song about—but, of course, that's not possible. So little Hermann's a professor, is he? Are you under him?"

"No; I'm with Professor Marnac."

Graden walked across to the fireplace and slowly filled a huge china pipe that lay thereon. He lit it and, turning his back to the empty grate, sent forth such puffs of smoke that he spoke as from out a cloud, mistily.

"He has made himself a great name, this Marnac. How do you stand with him, Cousin Robert?"

"I don't quite know. I was a great favorite of his in my first year."

"And now? Have you quarreled?"

"Well, not exactly; it's a foolish story."

"The foolish stories are often of greater interest than the wise ones."

"Well, cousin Graden," said I, leaning back in my chair and lighting a fresh cigarette, "if you want to hear it, I'll tell it you, and as shortly as may be. It began by the publication some six months ago of Professor Marnac's celebrated book, 'Science and Religion.'

"Humph! a strong effort, full of suggestions," he granted; "but brutal, callous, and revolutionary. It had a mixed reception, I believe."

"It had; and nowhere more so than in this university. Von Stockmar followed it by a pamphlet of unsparing criticism, which split the students into two bodies—the Marnac men and the Stockmar men. It was a pretty quarrel, and gave an excuse for a score of the inevitable duels."

"Did Marnac attempt a reprisal?"

"He did, and in the unusual form of reading aloud Von Stockmar's attack upon his theories to the class, of which I am a member. He appealed to us for sympathy. His agitation was remarkable. I declare that he snarled over his opponent's name like a dog over a bone, and a most unpleasant scene ended in a fit, from which we aroused him with difficulty."

"But this does not tell me how you came to be involved," he cried sharply, striding over to the table and plumping himself into a chair facing me.

"Have patience, my impetuous cousin. From the first I had always found a friend in Von Stockmar. I liked him and we met frequently. The second day after the scene in the lecture-room I was walking with the cheery little man when we chanced upon Marnac. He gave me an ugly look, but said nothing. That night, however, he came to these rooms and abused me roundly. He reminded me of the interest he had shown in my work, called me a traitor to his party, and in other ways behaved with a childish absurdity. Naturally, I refused to give up a valued friend."

"You did right. But surely the affair has blown over?"

"To the contrary, the antagonism—on Marnac's side, at least—has grown still more bitter. Whenever I chance to be present, he misses no opportunity of attacking 'my dear friend,' as he calls Von Stockmar, in the most cruel and vindictive fashion. My position at his lectures is, I assure you, becoming most unendurable."

"You are too sensitive, Cousin Robert. The absurdities of a vain and jealous——"

Graden checked his unfinished sentence with his nose cocked in the air like a gigantic terrier. Surprise and suspicion were in his expression and attitude. Then he rose slowly, as with an effort, and leaned forward across the table, his knuckles resting on its edge.

"We neglect our visitor," said he gravely, and at his words I turned sharply in my chair.

CHAPTER II.

In the shadows about the door, yet outlined with sufficient clearness against the black oak of the wainscot, a face stared in upon us. Around the head, crowned with a black skull-cap, fell a thick growth of white hair that was saint-like in length and beauty; the beard was of the like venerable purity. In a man of his apparent age the cheeks were curiously rosy, while the hand that held open the door was small as a woman's and delicate as old ivory. For a moment I thought that the eyes, exaggerated by the convex pebbles of great gold glasses, turned upon me with an expression of malicious satisfaction. Yet this was but an impression, for the gloom hung heavily about him where he stood, and my sight had not been unaffected by nights of study.

"Will not the gentleman step in?" Graden continued, with a reproach at my unhospitality in his voice.

Professor Rudolf Marnac—for it was he who thus honored us—slid his diminutive figure through the door and advanced, with a courteous inclination, into the lamplight.

"My dear young sir," said he, in the soft musical English with which it was his custom to address me, "I should not have intruded myself at this late hour but that I am the bearer of painful news which I felt it right to communicate to you. Your friend, Hermann Von Stockmar, died this evening of acute inflammation of the lungs."

"Died?" I cried in bewilderment. "Why, I passed him in the street at midday looking well and hearty."

"Yes, it is even so, Mr. Harland. One moment a steady flame illuminating this university with its light; the next, a sigh from the conqueror Death and it is extinguished. The active brain is still; the pen, trenchant, incisive, destructive, is laid aside for ever."

It was an impressive homily; but from so open and vindictive a foe it seemed singularly inappropriate.

"You seem surprised," he continued. "I fear that encounters in the cause of science may have led the public to believe that poor Von Stockmar and I cherished personal animosities. If that is so, I trust you will use your influence to contradict it. My sorrow is already heavy enough—without that unwarrantable suspicion."

The professor seemed deeply affected. Removing his spectacles, he pulled from his side pocket a large silk pocket-handkerchief. As he did so, a tinkle caught my ear. A square box of some white metal had fallen to the floor. It rolled into the lamplight, where the lid flew open. The professor hastily clapped on his glasses; but already Graden had retrieved the box and was presenting it to him.

"There was nothing in it, sir," said he, for the professor had stooped and was examining the carpet minutely.

"I thank you, I thank you."

"Pray do not mention it. Cousin Robert, if you and the professor will excuse me, I will step across and take a last look at poor little Hermann. Where are his rooms?"

Before I could answer, the professor was on his feet.

"Pray accept me as your guide," said he, moving towards the door. Graden bowed his thanks like a polite elephant. I followed the pair down the stairs.

It was growing late, and the narrow streets of the students' quarter were well nigh deserted. A moon, like a polished shield, hung over the old castle above us, picking out each turret and parapet in silver grey against the sleeping woods that swept upward to the sky-line. Across our path the gabled house cast broad, fantastic pools of shadow. A wind had risen with the moon, and sighed and quivered in the roofs and archways. Once, from a distant tavern, came the faint mutter of a rousing chorus, but soon it was swallowed and carried away by the midnight breezes.

We had not far to walk, and in five minutes the professor was tapping discreetly with an ugly devil-face of a knocker on Von Stockmar's door. Presently the bolt was drawn, and Hans, the grey-bearded servant of the dead man, stood in the doorway, a lamp held high above his head. He blinked upon us moodily, with eyes dimmed by old age and recent tears, till, catching sight of Graden's huge bulk, he stepped forward with a snort of surprise, flashing the light in his face as he did so.

"Ah! Goodness! but it is Heinrich der Grosse!" he stammered. "Ach! Herr Heinrich, but have you forgotten Hans of the Schlagers, servant of the honorable corps of the Saxo Borussen?"

"No, no," said Graden, shaking the veteran by the hand. "So our little Hermann took you for his servant, as he promised? This is a sad day for us both, old friend. Tell me, how did it happen?"

"Do not ask me, Herr Heinrich. My mind wanders—I, who served him nigh on twenty years and was as a father and mother to him.

The worthy fellow put down the lamp in the little hall into which he had led us, and mopped his eyes with a hand that trembled with emotion.

But Graden persisted in his quiet way and soon extracted the details. It seemed that it was the custom of the dead professor to take a nap after his midday meal. That afternoon, however, his sleep was unduly prolonged, and at four Hans, who knew he had an engagement about that hour, slipped in to wake him. His master was lying on the couch in his bedroom, where he was wont to take his siesta. But he was in a curious, huddled position and breathing stertorously. Hans failed to rouse him, became alarmed, and hurried off for a neighboring doctor. That gentleman diagnosed the case as a sudden and severe chill which had settled on the lungs, causing violent inflammation. Everything possible was done, but by eight he was dead. Beyond the remarkable violence of the seizure, the doctor had said, there was nothing in the symptoms. Overwork had doubtless undermined the constitution and rendered it vulnerable to a sudden attack.

"And while he was asleep—had he visitors?" asked Graden.

"The street door is never locked during the day."

"But would you not have heard the steps?"

"It was my custom to sleep too. Herr professor allowed it."

"So. I should like to take a last look at your poor master, friend Hans. By the way, Cousin Robert, where is our guide, the learned Marnac? I did not see him leave the house."

"Perhaps the Professor Marnac has already gone to my master's room, the second to the right on the first floor," suggested the old servant.

(To be continued.)

Yellow Peril.

"More startling news from Shanghai," exclaimed the man with the paper, excitedly. "I tell you it is only a matter of time when the Chinese will try to do us up."

"Well," said the peaceful man in the scorched shirt, "at present we will be satisfied if they only do up our shirts and collars. I can't even get them to do that right."

An Off Year for Travel.

"My husband won't go to Europe this year."

"What's his excuse?"

"He says all the newspapers would wonder why."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RUSSIA.

They may kill the man, but they cannot destroy the spirit of liberty.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

RUSSELL SAGE.

Like Midas, Everything the Financier Touched Became Gold.

Lacking but a few days of 90 years of age, Russell Sage passed away at his summer home at Lawrence, Long Island. For two or three years his health had been failing, owing to his extreme age, and for half a year he had not been in his office but he confidently expected a summer in the country would restore him to vigor. So long as he retained consciousness he thought he was gaining in health and he planned on celebrating his birthday anniversary as usual. Death came quietly after a period of coma and was solely due to his accumulated years.

With the death of "Uncle Russell" Sage there passed away the greatest private money lender in the world, a man who for many years has had from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 in cold cash constantly lent out at good interest, most of it on call loans. No other man in the world possessed as much cash capital as did he, but he also had great invested wealth, principally in railroads. It had been thought that his death would create a panic on Wall street, owing to the money he had loaned, but he considerately had made provision that in case of his death there should be no sudden call for the loans.

RUSSELL SAGE.

Russell Sage started out as a poor boy controlled by a dread of the poverty which he saw all about him and determined that he would become a rich man. Debt was a thing he abhorred, a weakness which he knew was the curse of men who otherwise would have been successful and happy. He early resolved to live well within his income, to save his money in times of prosperity so as to be always ready for those periods of sudden stress and adversity which come to all men. From the first he was successful. He saved the first dollar he ever earned and early learned how to make his money work for him. He started when a boy on the hunt for gold and as long as life lasted he never gave up the chase. He never took a vacation because he felt that he could enjoy nothing so well as the constant accumulation of wealth. It was not the enjoyment of wealth and what it would procure for him, but the accumulation of the money, which kept him continually in the harness. He was as joyous over saving 5 cents at a lunch counter or in getting two years' wear out of a ready-made suit of clothes as other men would be over an European trip.

Russell Sage was born in the township of Verona, Oneida County, N. Y., on August 4, 1816, his father having come to central New York in an ox wagon. When Russell was an infant the family moved to Durhamville, at the head of Oneida Lake. Like his brothers, Russell left the farm at a very early age.

He began trading in horses. Before he was 19 he had accumulated nearly $2,000, then he left his brother's employ and opened a store for himself. This he sold at a profit and engaged in the shipping business. At the age of 22 he was worth $25,000. At 28 he was sole proprietor of a wholesale grocery and commission business in Troy and was rated at $300,000. He was elected alderman and was sent to Congress for one term.

In 1857, when 41 years old, he went to New York, seeking a wider field for his trading activities. He bought the La Crosse road, part of the Milwaukee & St. Paul system, for $25,000, kept it six months and sold it for $1,000,000. From that time forward he was a factor in Wall street, always looking for a sure thing and always getting it. For a time he and Jay Gould were closely associated. He never speculated, as that term is generally understood. He preferred to buy stocks outright, after studying them carefully; but he made most of his enormous fortune by loaning money. At his death his fortune was estimated at $100,000,000.

Russell Sage had no hobbies. He cared nothing for the things that wealth could buy. Things that other millionaires are wont to spend their money on had no charms for him. He cared nothing for art, music, pictures, steam yachts, social entertainments or books of travel.

As wealthy as Croesus, his tastes to the last remained as simple as those of a $20 a week clerk who strives to live within his income. His business apparently absorbed his whole life. According to the popular estimate of him he represented the most perfect development of the money making machine in human form.

Russell Sage was twice married, but he had no children. His first wife was Miss Maria Winne, daughter of Moses I. Winne, of Troy. She died in New York in 1867. Two years later he married Miss Margaret Olivia Slocum, daughter of Joseph Slocum, a merchant of Syracuse.

His friends declared that of all the good bargains he had made in his life his marriage to this estimable woman was by long odds the best. What he lacked she possessed. Her charitable deeds were many. With her Mr. Sage's home life was a very happy one.

How He Knew.

In a Kansas City court recently, a negro on the witness-stand was being questioned about a sick horse.

"What was the matter with the horse?" asked the lawyer.

"He was ailin'," replied the witness.

"Yes, I know," said the questioner, "but what was the matter?"

"He was jes ailin'."

"But what was wrong? With what disease was he suffering?"

"Jes ailin'," persisted the negro.

The lawyer was quiet a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He would try to get at the horse's symptoms.

"Well, how do you know he was ailing?" he asked.

"'Cause he died," replied the witness.—Kansas City Times.

Clown.

Clown was at first a tattooed person. In Britain and France the country people retained the habit of tattooing or of painting the faces in imitation of tattooing long after it had been abandoned in the cities.

THE LATE LADY CURZON.

American Girl Who Was the First Lady of India.

The death recently at her beautiful home in England of Lady Curzon, of Kedleston, brought grief to three nations. England, where she had endeared herself by her charming simplicity and womanly sweetness, and India, where for so many years she reigned as the wife of the viceroy, unite with the United States in mourning the demise of an American girl whose elevation to British aristocratic and official circles had not caused her to forget the republic in which she was born and for which she retained the deepest affection.

Lady Curzon's health failed while in India, but it was supposed that her return to England would speedily restore her strength and activity. The extreme heat, however, increased the general debility from which she suffered and death resulted from heart failure.

Mary Victoria Leiter was born in Chicago, daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, a millionaire business man. Some years ago the family moved to Washington

LADY CURZON.

and resided in a magnificent home, entertaining largely and with a lavishness such as only great wealth permits. While on a visit to England Miss Leiter met Lord George Nathaniel Curzon, since made Baron Kedleston, and his lordship followed her to Washington. The wedding took place in April, 1895, one of the guests being Mrs. Cleveland, of whom the bride was a close personal friend.

The beautiful American girl was welcomed to the most exclusive inner circles of English society and at once set herself the task of mastering British politics in order to be an aid to her able and ambitious husband. In 1898 Lord Curzon was made viceroy of India, retaining the office until August 10 of last year. His success and popularity as viceroy was largely attributed to the good judgment, graciousness and womanly worth of his American wife. Her court at Bombay, Calcutta, and Simla was among the most magnificent in the world and the Indian potentates accepted her social sway as they would that of the Empress of the empire. It is no exaggeration to say that no English-speaking woman ever equaled her in the influence she wielded in India or in the affection which the millions of that continental peninsula showered upon her.

At one time there was talk that Lord Curzon would be made governor general of Canada, in which case an American girl would have been the lady of Rideau Hall.

Lady Curzon was left $3,000,000 in her own right on the death of her father. An equally liberal provision was made for her sister, the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire. She leaves three children, the youngest but a few months old.

Words Used but Rarely.

A philologist was talking about words. "There are over 225,000 words in the English language," he said, "but we only use a few thousand of them. The extra ones are no use to us. Any man could sit down with a dictionary and write in good English a story that no one in the world would understand. Here, for instance; can you make head or tail of this?"

And the philologist pattered off glibly:

"I will againbuy the atabai. You are aswayed. Yet this is no blushet's bobance nor am I a cudden, either. Though the atabai is dern, still will I againbuy it."

Then he translated:

"I will recover the drum. You are amazed? Yet this is no young girl's boasting nor am I a fool, either. Though the drum is hidden, still will I recover it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Strong Line.

Judge—With what instrument or article did your wife inflict those wounds on your face and head?

Micky—Wid a motty, yer honor.

Judge—A what?

Micky—A motty—wan av thim frames wid "God Bliss Our Home" in it.—Judge.

When a boy likes to go swimming and hunting, his mother's season for worry lasts all the year 'round.