The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER VIII.

I was not favorably impressed with this breeder of pigs. He was an elderly man, full bodied, with white hair, that stuck out stiffly from under his fur cap, a red, bulbous nose, and shifty, suspicious eyes. He saluted us with a touch of his cap in military fashion.

"And what is your business, gentlemen?" he asked.

"It is less business than gratitude," said Graden courteously. "We have made this little pilgrimage to thank the producer of the Lemsdorf hams."

"You are not dealers, then?"

"No, but I——"

"Then take yourself off!"

"Herr Drobin!"

"Go! clear out! Do I not make myself plain?" he cried, his flushed face nodding in time to his violent gesticulations. "I will have no spies about the place!"

Graden sprang out of the sleigh and strode up to the angry farmer. For a moment I thought there would be a scrimmage; but the huge bulk of his antagonist was not without its effect upon the German. I have often noticed that great stature has a curiously soothing influence on the bad temper of an opponent.

"Why did you call me a spy?" demanded my cousin.

"The people about here gossip of some secret I hold," he answered sulkily. "Perhaps they speak true; perhaps false. Who can say? At least, I am no longer a fool; my eyes have been opened. 'You have a good thing here, Herr Drobin. There is a great future before you, if only you keep your knowledge to yourself,' said the Englishman to me. 'If strangers come asking questions, they will be spies; send them away.' It was fine advice he gave me; anyone can see that. So be off with you!"

"I am an Englishman myself, Herr Drobin. May I ask my compatriot's name?"

"I do not remember."

"What, then, was he like?"

"I cannot describe him."

"You are discreet, Herr Drobin. Come, now, let us strike a bargain. I will make a guess at your secret; if I am right, you will tell me what you know of this Englishman."

The German started back, staring at Graden with little, bloodshot eyes, in which surprise and fury were oddly mingled. Then, side by side, they stepped into the shadow of the pines, whispering together.

"They are all liars, these Germans," said our driver confidentially, turning to me. "For myself, I am a Pole."

"You heard what was said. Do you know anything of this English visitor to Herr Drobin?"

"Most certainly, mine Herr. He was of the name of Wakefield. He has stayed several nights at the 'Golden Adler.' For the rest, he has been the guest of him who lived out there," and he made a gesture down the road that we had come.

A nameless fear took me by the throat—a fear of unknown possibilities. I would have questioned the man more, but at that moment Graden and the farmer emerged from the shadow of the pines. The latter had abandoned his truculent manner. Indeed, he seemed oddly subservient. As Graden stepped into the sleigh, the man bowed low a curtsy, which my cousin answered with a curt nod of dismissal.

"Drive on!" he cried, and once more we were ploughing our way back to the Lemsdorf road.

"Did you ever study the properties of the root called madder, commonly known as a dye?" asked my cousin suddenly.

"No."

"Then I must explain from the beginning. It is right that you should hear."

He pulled the flaps of his deerstalker cap over his ears—indeed, it was bitter cold—and settled himself amongst the rugs. I caught the outline of his face—as jaws set, the cheeks drawn, the eye hard and keen, the whole purposeful and remorseless.

"When I was slicing the ham to-day," he continued, "an odd thing happened. My knife struck the bone and passed through it as if it had been putty. At a second glance I noticed that the interior of the section so divided was of a brownish red. It set me thinking. I began to remember certain facts. The talk of the old servant concerning a secret held by the owner of the pig farm at Gran concentrated my suspicions, the proximity of the dye-works confirmed them. I was almost certain of Herr Drobin's secret before he charged me with coming to steal it.

"Let me explain. Madder is a dye, as you know. But administered to man or beast, it has the curious effect of coloring and pulping the bones to a gristle. It is used sparingly on a few South German pig farms, that the hams may appear attractive when carved. Herr Drobin introduced it into German Poland. He obtained the root as he required it by arrangement with the dye works. Perhaps their presence suggested the idea to him.

"Whether or no Marnac knew of the uses of madder before he came to Lemsdorf, I cannot tell. From my talk with Drobin it would seem that his visit to the farm was more or less of an accident. But, either way, the visit gave him the weapon by which he 'might make a toad' of this enemy. That bitter criticism, you may be sure, was for ever running in his diseased brain. The practical details he learned at the farm would help him in—what he had undertaken. His advice to that old German was a sound move, designed to cover his visits to the farm and the suspicions they might afterwards have excited.

"His method of getting into touch with his victim was simple. He introduced himself as an Englishman by a letter which he himself wrote in his capacity of Heidelberg professor, well knowing that the police had not made public their suspicions of him. He assumed the name of Wakefield—the first that suggested itself to him—and the nationality of an Englishman, for, as we know, he spoke the language to perfection. He administered madder in some form until Mechersky grew ill; after which, in his position of medical attendant, the rest was easy. He fled when he knew that the end of the tragedy was at hand, that every bone of his victim was fragile as thin glass. Probably he caught a momentary glimpse of us in the 'Goldner Adler', and his midnight visit was to assure himself of your identity. You were in great peril that night, Cousin Robert; I shudder to think how great.

"He has probably escaped to-day; there is a fast train to the west at 12 o'clock he could catch. But I vow before heaven, I vow before you as my witness, that I will pursue this fiend until I have run him down. Heaven knows I have no hatred towards him. I feel to him as a man might feel towards a mad dog which is a danger to the peaceful men, women and children of his village. It is the duty of the citizen to risk his life in its capture."

"Where do we go now?" I asked.

"To the railway. We must gather what news we can."

The winter night was falling drear and cold when our tired horses staggered up to the station door. I scrambled out, hungry, cramped, exhausted in body and mind, and followed my cousin within. The station was empty at the moment save for a distant corner where a man sat huddled on a traveling valise. We advanced at once upon him. When we were a dozen feet away, he started up and faced us.

It was Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police.

"Any luck, mein Herr?" said he to Graden.

"What in the world are you doing here?" was the astonished answer.

"Well, mein Herr, I thought you knew something, and followed you. When I arrived this morning, I said to myself: 'The great white English ferret will be at work to-day searching for the rat. I will wait at the station like a net into which Mr. Ferret may turn the rat.'"

Graden skipped up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Capital, Mossel, capital! And you—had the net any luck?"

"The net was sitting upon the rat's luggage when you arrived this moment. The net has been here for five hours, and is cold and hungry. The net is of opinion that the rat must have seen him and abandoned his luggage. He has not left by train."

"But he can escape in no other way. We have him, Mossel, we have him."

"So it would seem," said the lieutenant calmly.

CHAPTER IX.

III.—THE CHASE IN THE SNOW.

I have endeavored to give the facts of my strange story without omission or exaggeration. If I have failed, it is not from forgetfulness; for I do not think there is a single detail that is not permanently fixed in my memory. Even now I have but to shut my eyes to see the face of Marnac peer into my old rooms at Heidelberg, to stand once more trembling with terror in the desolate court yard of Castle Oster, to drive through the blinding snow to where the body—But enough. I do not forget.

I have already told you of the murder of Prof. von Stockmar by his rival, Prof. Marnac of Heidelberg, and of the discovery of the crime by my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the well-known scientist and explorer, who was then my guest at that university. I have described the steps that led to our following the murderer to Lemsdorf, in German Poland, and the means by which he compassed the death of the unfortunate Mechersky. I have, moreover, laid before you the evidence that led my cousin to believe that Marnac was suffering from delusions, and that his extraordinary crimes were in revenge for certain harsh criticisms of a book on which he had spent many years of labor. In my last statement I traced the pursuit down to the station of Lemsdorf, where the murderer, flying from the scene of his revenge upon the Russian professor, had been turned back from the railway by Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police, who had followed us to render assistance. Mossel, indeed, had waited by Marnac's luggage for six hours, but the man himself had failed to appear.

The winter's sun, chilled to a dusky ball, was dipping behind the snow-clad ridges to the eastward when we scrambled back into the sleigh. As our tired horses stumbled through the outskirts of the straggling wooden town, the shadows rushed across the sky as if flying the pursuit of the gale that shrieked amongst the houses. Night had fallen.

Surely we had him in our hands. He had not fled by rail. Somewhere in the town he must be lurking, this grey-haired figure with the heart of a hunted wolf. The thought of it drove away the aches and cramps of exhaustion, and I sat bolt upright in my seat, staring into the gloom ahead, half expecting to see him move across the snow before us like a slinking beast of prey. We had decided to drive straight to our own inn, the "Goldner Adler," where, as we had discovered, Marnac, under the name of Wakefield, an English traveler, had also passed the previous evening. Little had we thought that the being we pursued, fresh from the murder of the man we had come to save, was sharing the same roof-tree. Perhaps there might be news of him at the "Goldner Adler." Ressa, the tall, handsome Pole, who had about him more of the feudal knight than a country inn-keeper, met us in the porch, bowing a stately welcome.

"You have had a bad drive, gentlemen," said he. "The wind has been fierce, and the snow, I fear, was heavy. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

"I believe a Mr. George Wakefield slept here last night," said Graden, dusting the clinging flakes from his outer wraps. "It is always pleasant to meet a compatriot. If he is still in the house, perhaps he will join us at our meal."

"Herr Wakefield! No, mein Herr, he has not yet returned."

"So, he has gone out?"

The innkeeper hesitated, glancing uneasily at his questioner. He was evidently in some uncertainty of mind.

"He is a strange man, the Herr Wakefield; though, perhaps, for an Englishman——"

"He is not more mad than usual, eh, Mr. Landlord?" laughed Graden.

"Mein Herr, it was not my intention to speak thus of your great people," apologized the man. "If he has surprised us, it is doubtless because we, being ignorant countryfolk, do not understand his customs."

"Why, what has he been about?"

"Well, mein Herr, it is this way. After you had started for your drive to the house of the Prof. Mechersky, Herr Wakefield came running down from his room with many questions concerning you. He seemed sorry that you had gone without seeing him. He then paid his bill with the liberality of the English, who are indeed a great and generous nation, and commanded that his luggage should be carried to the station for the midday train. At 11 he himself set out for the station upon foot. We were sorry to lose so good a guest. What, then, mein Herr, was our surprise when a little after 12 he reappeared, having ridden back upon the sleigh that had taken his baggage to the station! The man who drove it told me that Herr Wakefield had left his baggage upon the platform unregistered, and that he had seen a stranger standing by it as if in charge."

Graden glanced at Mossel, who grinned luminously.

"Proceed, Mr. Landlord," he said.

"He had only peeped into the station and left at once, the man said. He demanded of me a sleigh and good horses, but the best I had were with you, and it was necessary to send for others from a neighbor. He was very impatient of delay, using angry words. At last he drove away, and he has not returned."

"Who went with him?"

"Ivan, my eldest son."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, mein Herr; only I heard him cry to Ivan to follow the eastern road which is towards the Russian frontier."

"And while he waited for the horses, what did he do?"

"As I have said, at first he abused me roundly for the delay. Indeed, mein Herr, I was surprised at his knowledge of German, for before he had spoken it very badly. For the rest, he sat by himself, reading, in the best room."

"Please to show us there."

We tramped in single file after the landlord through the ill-lit passages to the "best room," a parlor set aside for important guests. It seemed a peculiarly inartistic apartment, with green wall paper and angular chairs covered with purple antimacassars. On the central table stood a lamp, and beside it lay a number of those dingy books that seem common to inns of all nations. Graden made for them at once, and as he sorted through the pile of time tables, catalogues and trade papers, we stood watching him in surprise. Suddenly he stopped in his search with a little grunt of satisfaction, and drawing a chair to the table, sat down. I looked over his shoulder. He was actually reading a German Baedeker.

"Doubtless you are planning a picnic party?" I suggested, with as much sarcasm as I could put into the question.

"I know you are tired and hungry, my good Robert," he answered; "but please keep quiet."

He had reached "Lemsdorf"—I could see the name at the top of the page—and now was turning the leaves very slowly. Suddenly he held up the Baedeker to me.

"Do you see that?" he asked sharply.

A jagged line of paper ran along the inner crease of the guide book. The map of the district had been torn away!

Mossel thrust me gently aside and, bending over, examined the under page thus left exposed. He took the book from Graden's hands and, carrying it to the lamp, continued his scrutiny.

"You are quite right, Mossel," said my cousin. "His pencil had a sharp point."

"You have a keen eye, Herr Graden," grinned the policeman. "In our business you would make some reputation."

"This is a new edition. How long have you had it?"

"But a few days, mein Herr."

"And have you been visited by any tourists in that time?"

"No, mein Herr."

"Then this should make it a certainty, for I have a Baedeker of my own upstairs. One moment, while I fetch it."

(To be continued.)

THE POPULAR PULPIT

THE TEST OF THE HERO.

By Rev. William A. Kirkwood.

Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two. Matthew v:41.

What a strange precept! Is it possible? What would happen if we tried to practice it? Let's see.

The word translated "compel" is of Persian origin. It is equivalent to "impress" and suggests the ancient Persian custom of seizing a man and compelling him to serve the king, however inconvenient it might have been to the man. The man seized may have personal business or pleasure in the East, but now, without his choosing to do so, he must go West. He must obey or suffer if he refuse.

We are not living in ancient Persia, but who does not know what it is to be compelled to go out of his way? Is it not a fact that every human is subject to many various and burdensome compulsions? Who is free to do always exactly as he pleases? What man has not been held back from his own chosen way and been compelled to go in other directions? Who knows that to-morrow may not call upon him to change absolutely his own carefully chosen course and to go many a mile out of his way—perhaps never again to regain it?

The schoolboy would rather play, but the bell rings and he is under compulsion to leave his pleasure and his compulsion is a heavy one. For what boy would not prefer to go fishing or to play ball rather than to pore over ancient history or the spelling book or mathematics? And when the boy becomes a man full often would he go elsewhere than to the field or the shop or the office or the study to go on his daily round of professional life. But compulsion is upon him. His necessities or his honor compel him to go many a mile away from where he thinks his pleasure lies.

We choose to be well and strong, but sickness seizes us and marches us off to the hospital. We plan to live for many a year, but the king of terrors claims us for his realm. Evermore are we all subject to be compelled to go the mile against our will.

Admitting this fact of compulsion in our lives, let us also look at the other fact implied in our text, which, the Master would have us know, has power to extract the bitterness from the former—"go with him two." We may be compelled to go one mile; we may volunteer to go that mile and still another.

We are under compulsion to do many things, but we are free to choose to go the way in which we must go. In short, because we are men and not puppets we are not victims of adverse circumstances unless we choose to be such and thereby entail upon ourselves the misery that ever awaits the sullen and rebellious captive.

We can all understand that if a man is willing to do or to suffer, the sting thereby is drawn from the duty or the loss imposed. But who would volunteer to encounter hardship or pain or loss of life? We answer the hero. For love of God or for love of country, the martyr and the patriot often have gone willingly and glad that second mile.

And, in doing so, they have crowned themselves with everlasting joy and immortal glory. In humbler spheres of duty whenever, like heroes, we shall volunteer to do the hard, distasteful thing, the hardness and the bitterness will often disappear. Nay, a new and higher joy will be found to lie in the very path that threatened to despoil us of delight.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

By Henry F. Cope.

He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold. Job xxiii:10.

Job was too well learned in the school of pain to adopt the modern shallow philosophy of Providence which says the Almighty loves men so much that he will feed them all through life with a spoon, and carry them in his arms lest they stumble in its rough way. He did not even stop to consider the possibility of God putting the brakes on nature in order to avoid running over some one in the road.

He sees in the world an order so wise and beneficent it does not have to be changed in order to secure the greatest good of any. The wisdom that sets the stars in their courses planned all for the production of the best in man. Providence is not an interference with nature; it is the plan of nature itself. Man is not in this world fighting against the order of things. If he is wise he is learning their laws and fitting into them.

Providence is seen not in the exceptional, but in the normal; not in a hand that intervenes, but in the mighty love that ordered all things from the beginning, so that they are working, mightily, mysteriously, together for good. The tears, losses, great sorrows, incomprehensible catastrophies, all prove the wisdom and love that lies back of all.

Nor is this attitude a mere blind submission to unreasoning force. The infinite program for the perfection of spirits was born of an infinite spirit. Over all is the life in which we alone find rest, the life to which our inner life answer so that we say, Father. Not a God who can come from without into this world and interefere on our behalf, but he who knows the way we have to take because it is part of his being.

In this a man can rest, living his life, seeking the best, learning his lesson, suffering the fire and the blast for the sake of the product at the end. Faith is this confidence in the love that is over all rather than some special effort to provoke the intervention of a love that only is intermittent. Prayer is not petition to a king; it is coming to a Father of whose life our lives are put part. Such a Father often hides his hand that the heart of his children may be strengthened by meeting advertisities and sorrows. His opportunity does not appear until our extremity is reached. It may be that he is least indifferent when he most inexcusably seems absent. It takes greater love and courage to leave the child to fight his own battles than it does to rush weakly to his aid.

Faith in God helps a man to fight as though he were alone; he never worries as to whether he will receive divine aid nor allows his own arm to weaken in dependence on it. God helps us most by not helping us at all. He shows his heart of love by withholding the hand of help. The child grows by the lessons in self-reliance. The hand always is nearer than he knows.

The workman is greater than his tools, and of more value than his work. We weep because our tools are broken, or our products lost or shattered. But the Master Workman is watching; he sees what we do not, the growing skill, the steadiness of nerve, the judgment, the likeness to himself growing in the worker; he knows that many tools must be outworn ere the master be developed, that the fruits of our crude efforts which we now esteem as masterpieces must be shattered lest we remain content with incompetency.

In the nature of the case it forever must remain impossible to demonstrate the guidance of a divine hand. If we were sure of that always all initiative would be destroyed. But one may have confidence that he who sitteth in the heavens is an ally and not an enemy, that a heart rules there as here, and between the Lord of all and the least of us all there may be growing confidence and love, and all life may rejoice in the thought that love rules the universe.

MUST ALL BE AS CHRIST.

By Rev. William Phillips.

Are ye able to drink the cup that I shall drink of and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?

Jesus lived for a purpose. He lived to give men a larger and a truer conception of God and of life and of human destiny. But in order to do that he had to pay a price. He had a cup to drink of and a baptism to be baptized with. In other words, Jesus, in order to accomplish his task, poured out his life's blood in service for the world. He gave himself up to a life of toil for men in spite of the shame and the agony and the disappointments which he met.

As Jesus lived his life of service and self-sacrifice so all Christians if they would make this world a better place to live in likewise must like a life of service and self-sacrifice. They must in a measure become Christs. The principle of self-sacrifice is not confined to one event in the history of the world.

Whether or not we are able to meet that claim depends upon the measure of our love. Do you remember the story of Ulysses? When it was told Ulysses that if he would reach his home and meet his wife and child he must go through the dark regions of the underworld his reply was: "I'll go through hell if hell leads home."

Love will dare and endure all things. It was love that was back of Jesus' life of service and self-sacrifice. It was love that sent Florence Nightingale from her home of refinement to nurse the wounded soldiers of the Crimean war and John Howard to work for prison reform.

ORIGIN OF SOME SEA TERMS.

Some Are Far Fetched and Most of Them Are Ancient.

There is hardly a language which has not been called upon to provide at least one of the curious sea terms which are in constant use and whose origin is so obscure.

For instance, the word "admiral" is not of English origin, but is from the Arabic "emil el bagh," or lord of the sea. Captain comes from the Latin caput, but mate is from Icelandic and means a companion or equal. Coxswain is a word whose derivation would never be guessed. The coxswain was originally the man who pulled the after oar in the captain's boat, which was known as the cockboat. This in turn is a corruption of the word coracle, a small round boat used on the Wye and Usk rivers. So coxswain comes to us from the Welsh.

Commodore is not so difficult to trace to its beginning. It is simply the Italian commandatore, meaning commander. No such person as Davy Jones ever existed, though we often hear of him and his locker. One should speak of "Duffy Jonah's locker," for that was the original. Duffy is the West Indian name for spirit or ghost, while Jonah refers, of course, to the prophet.

Another curious case of a term gradually corrupted out of its original form is the dog watch. It was originally the "dodge watch," because it lasted only two hours instead of four and thus makes it possible that the same men shall not be on duty every day during the same hours.

Then there is the "sheet anchor," the name given to the largest anchor carried by a vessel. It is really "shote anchor" and is so called because of its great weight, which makes it easy to shoot out in case of emergency.

Instead of the terms "port" and "starboard," which are used nowadays, they used to talk of 'larboard" and "starboard." Starboard has nothing in common with stars, but is really the Anglo-Saxon "steer board" for "steer side," because in all galleys which were steered by an oar the oar was fixed somewhat to the right-hand side of the stern and the helmsman held the inboard portion in his right hand. "Larboard" was probably a corruption of lower board, the larboard side being inferior to the other.

The "jury mast" has nothing in common with a jury except its derivation from the same word, "jour," the French word meaning day.

BELASCO BAITED BABY.

With Stick of Candy Manager Scored Triumph.

In his early years, when David Belasco was stage manager and playwright of a theater in San Francisco, he was as eager for realism in his effects as he is to-day. He was explaining the other night to some friends how he once managed the "baby act."

A child in arms was needed for a play, and this being obtained, Belasco supplied himself with a stock of peppermint candy. Before it was time for the infant to be carried on he held up a stick of the sweetmeat before its eyes, let it suck on it for an instant, so as to get the taste, and then withdrew the dainty.

His next move was to pass the candy to the man who had most to do with the child in the piece. The moment of entrance arrived, the baby was carried on, the man, according to instructions, held up the stick of candy, and the infant, its lips smeared with the stuff, instantly stretched out its arms for more.

"What a clever baby!" the women in the audience would whisper to one another. "It actually knows candy by sight."

And a round of appause was the stage manager's reward for his trick.

It was during this same California period that one of the players in the company handed Belasco, as he supposed, a "hot one," to use the vernacular of the Rialto. During rehearsals of a new piece this actor had to speak a line containing Biblical phraseology. He had trouble with it, and began to kick at the author.

"Who wrote this thing anyhow?" he demanded.

"Why, David, of course," he was told. "Don't you know——"

"That explains, then," he burst out. "I always said Dave Belasco was a punk author."

Conversational Niceties.

The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle the student of the English language, says the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," but one who has a governess will soon acquire them all.

Thus a young Frenchwoman who was learning English while on tour with an Anglican attendant exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!"

"Miss Moreau!" exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horses sweat. Men perspire. Ladies merely glow."

Any misguided man who lives for himself alone has our permission to crawl off and die—and the quicker the sooner.

Every man knows a lot of fool things he would do if he had the money.