

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 XIII.—(Continued.)

Friday, Nov. 27.—I have quite an important piece of news to-day, Mr. Diary. So no more grumbles, please, about your having sunk into a weather-report. Yes, sir, I have met a stranger—fancy that—a visitor, in the winter, at Polleven!

Mr. Hermann—for that is his name—has been a dabbler in science, he tells me, all his life. I shall spare him before long and lay my spool in triumph at father's feet. Since the weather has been so bad, it has been very lonely for him indoors, poor dear, with only ignorant me for company. I am certain Mr. Hermann will be just the man for him. A good stiff talk will brighten him up wonderfully.

I chanced upon him this afternoon. He was struggling along the cliff edge in the teeth of the wind. His age should be about sixty, but he is very well preserved. He is clean-shaven and close-cropped and is altogether very neat in his appearance. His eyes behind his glasses are absurdly young, if I can so describe them. They are so active and clear that if it were not for the wrinkles above them, I should have knocked ten years off his age. He asked me the way to Polleven, and as I was bound for the village, I took him in charge. On the way he told me that he had just taken a room at the inn there. He is writing a book, it seems, and wanted a quiet corner. He will find it at Polleven! He speaks with but a slight accent, having lived much in England, though his father was a German, as his name denotes. This was his first walk, and he seemed much impressed with the wildness of the scenery.

I told father about him at supper. He said he would be very pleased to meet him.

Saturday, Nov. 28.—I am filled with the triumph of success. Mr. Hermann and father are hard at it over their pipes in the study. They do not seem to be opposed on any big question, which is most lucky, for some very learned men get into dreadful tempers with each other when contradicted.

It is the butcher's day at Polleven, so I walked there this morning to give the orders. I met Mr. Hermann coming up from the quay. He is very fond of sailing, he said, and had engaged a small trawler and two men, so that he can have a good blow when the weather permits. He kept on rubbing his hands and beaming upon me, as if he had struck upon some new idea which pleased him. I told him I thought he had done a very sensible thing, and that in my opinion a great many clever men would write the better for a dose of fresh air taken daily. He laughed a good deal at this and complimented me on my wit. My wit! Think of that! As I knew there were plenty of chops in the house, I asked him to lunch, saying that my father, who was an invalid and could not go out much, would be delighted to make his acquaintance. He accepted at once and we walked back together.

Later—Father says that Mr. Hermann is unusually well read, and that he had had a most interesting talk with him. Yet he did not seem very enthusiastic about him. I hope they did not quarrel. I rather spoiled my triumph. Father did not seem to have anything definite against him—only a general impression that he was a queer fellow. I think this rather absurd.

Sunday, Nov. 29.—Mr. Hermann sat behind me at church this morning. He sang the hymns in a high voice that would have been amusing under ordinary circumstances. After church he walked with me some distance up the hill. He condescended to me on my lonely life, and that always annoys me. Indeed, I am afraid I was rather rude to him about it. To make amends, I invited him to tea on Tuesday.

Monday, Nov. 30.—Father is not so well to-day. He has had more trouble with his cough, I fear, though he tries to make light of it. I wish I had not asked Mr. Hermann. I must take care that he does not see father to-morrow. The doctors were most particular in their instructions that nothing should over-excite him; I fear that the two might get into some silly argument.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—Under this head my diary is a blank. I will try to set out the events of that day as calmly as I can. May God in His mercy help me, in His good time, to forget them!

My father seemed no worse in the morning, though by my persuasion he kept to his bed. His own room was on the ground floor—for he had been forbidden to climb stairs—and looked out upon the little garden at the back of the cottage.

Marjory had begged off for the afternoon, and I agreed, though this would leave me alone to serve my visitor. However, tea-making is no very difficult matter, and to pacify me Marjory had cooked one of her best cakes. She left shortly after two; Mr. Hermann arrived half an hour later.

I had not expected to see him so early, and was copying out some letters which my father had dictated, when he knocked at the door. As I showed him into the room, he chanced to pass the table on which they lay.

"What a beautiful hand your father writes!" he said politely.

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr.

Hermann," I answered. "My dear young lady, I am too old for riddles."

"The writing is mine."

"Is that really so?" he exclaimed, with a quick, startled look at me. "I could have guaranteed that it was a man's hand. Is there nothing private here—may I examine?"

"Oh, certainly," I said. "They are letters to tradesmen."

He picked up the sheets, and moving to the window examined them closely.

"You are sure this is your writing—there is no mistake?" he said presently.

I was rather annoyed at his persistence, and, telling him curtly enough that the writing was mine, went out to get the tea. At the kitchen door was the small boy who brought us our letters and papers from Polleven. There was only one letter that afternoon, which I placed amongst the telegrams on the tray which I was carrying to the sitting room. As I entered Mr. Hermann stepped forward to help me.

"I fear I am giving you a great deal of trouble," said he.

"Please don't apologize," I answered, laughing. "I always do it when our servant is out."

"As she is now?"

"Yes."

"Then you have no one in the house?"

"No one—save my father."

"Indeed! Is that so?"

He dropped into a chair by the fire and sat staring into the coals, his chin resting on his hand. Certainly his behavior was extremely odd that afternoon. As he did not speak, I opened the envelope, which was addressed to my father. It contained a second letter, and a short note from the editor of the University, stating that a person of the name of Sir Henry Graden had called for "Cantab's" address, and inquiring whether he might have permission to disclose it. He forwarded, he added, a letter from Sir Henry, which, as he believed, contained an explanation of this request.

I have the original letter before me now. This is how it runs:

"Jerrald's Hotel,
"Strand, London, W. C.

"To 'Cantab.'"

"My Dear Sir—As Mr. Rolles, the editor of the University Review, has not seen fit to inform me of your name and present address, I have written this letter on the understanding that it will be forwarded to you immediately. I should much have preferred to explain the matter personally, but as I may not receive your answer for several days, I dare not delay. It is my duty to inform you that Prof. Rudolf Marnac, of the University of Heidelberg, is now a fugitive from the police. The charge against him is one of murder. I know that the man is guilty; I believe him to be the victim of a homicidal mania.

"His mania is of an unusual type, being directed solely against his scientific opponents. In the University Review of August last you criticized his book with extreme severity. He saw that number, for I have in my possession a copy of the article covered with the most dangerous threats against you in his own handwriting. Two distinguished scientists, Von Stockmar of Heidelberg and Mechersky of St. Petersburg, who similarly attacked him in the papers, have already fallen victims to his extraordinary cunning. You will observe, sir, the logical conclusion. Until he is captured you will be in danger.

"For your personal information I may tell you that he is a man of over sixty years of age. When last seen he had a long beard which was of a silky white. He wears glasses, but his eyes are unusually keen and intelligent. His hands are small and beautifully made, his finger nails being apparently manicured. In whatever disguise he may assume, he will probably continue to keep them in good condition. He may change his appearance in many ways; but if you are in doubt of any pleasant stranger, I beg you to note his hands.

"On receipt of your answer I am prepared to come to you at once. I shall then be able to give you further particulars.

"I beg you not to disregard this warning, and until you see me to be most careful in your movements. Of course, if your pseudonym is an absolute secret, you will be safe enough. But there are always chances.

"Sincerely yours,
"HENRY GRADEN (Bart.)"

I glanced up cautiously. Mr. Hermann still sat huddled in his seat by the fire. One of his hands I could see clearly, for it lay upon the arm of his chair. It was small as a woman's, and the nails had received so fine a polish that they shone pinkly in the firelight!

A wild terror clutched at my throat, so that for a space I sat dumb and motionless, gasping for breath. But then there came to me the realization of the purpose for which this man had come, and at the thought of it my blood came surging back into alert activity. There may be many an English girl who loves her father as dearly as I do mine, but there is never one of them that loves him more. I can say honestly that after that first great shock of fear my mind was swept clean of my own danger. For my father I was ready to meet death on his own ground, at his own terms, and try the issue.

And yet my first act was one of such

folly that I can hardly bring myself to set it down. Perhaps it was that the words of the letter were ringing in my head; perhaps that my whole will was centered in an effort to control the tones of my voice.

"Do you take sugar in your tea, Prof. Marnac?"

That was what I said to him.

It was out, and I could not recall it. As he rose, I sprang back, placing the table between us. A cup, caught by my skirt, smashed loudly on the floor. So we stood watching each other.

He showed no sign of anger. Only the expression of his eyes had changed to a cold, sneering insolence that was a most dreadful thing to see in so old a man.

"I observe, dear lady, that you hold a letter in your hand," said he, without a harsh note in his musical voice. "May I suggest that it contained the discovery which you so very incautiously have announced?"

"I shall answer no questions."

"If you will consider, dear lady, you will perceive that you merely waste time. Tell me—do you know the object of my visit?"

I hesitated a moment. Was there anything to be gained by pretending ignorance? None, so far as I could see.

"So I imagine," I replied.

"You relieve me of a load of explanations. There is, however, one point on which I myself desire information. Through the courtesy of the editor—or assistant editor—of that admirable periodical, the University Review, I was allowed a glimpse of the manuscript of an article signed 'Cantab.' It was a scurrilous effort, dictated by the meanest jealousy. It was designed to destroy my book—my book which is my life's work—do you understand?—my whole life's work."

His voice rose to his last words till it ended in a shriek of passion.

"Well, and what of that article?" I answered boldly.

My question calmed him in an instant. There was a crafty leer in his eyes as he spoke again.

"Of course, it was your father's. No sentence it contained was unworthy of an scholarly pen. But why, dear lady, why was the original MSS. in your hand?"

"My father had nothing whatever to do with it," I said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "I wrote it myself."

"You?" he cried, staring at me. "You wrote it?"

"Certainly. Do you think me incapable? If so, I direct your attention to the record of the honors that I took at Cambridge."

If ever a lie be pardoned, may I not claim mercy for this of mine?

"Will you swear this to me?"

"Why not? I am not ashamed of my work."

He stood staring at the table in front of him for some moments, his hands pressed to his head.

"She must suffer, then," he muttered. "But if I had known! A girl—it was hardly worth the trouble."

"Don't you think you had better go back to your inn?" I suggested.

"Not until we have settled our little account together, dear lady. You are young, yet young vipers can sting. Is it not better at once to put an end to their powers of mischief?"

"Yet the young can run where the old cannot follow. I am nearer the door than you. At your first movement I shall be clear of the house."

"And leave your father as a hostage," he words struck me like a blow. I swayed forward, gripping the table with both hands. He could have seized me then if he had wished; but he knew I was in his power, and held away.

"Do not forget that, dear lady," he continued; "it must be either you or him. There is no way of escape for both, I am afraid."

I am writing down the facts as they occurred. I desire no credit for following my duty. What I did then, many thousands of girls would do to-day. For there remained no way out of the pit into which we had fallen—my father and I—save one, and that I accepted gladly, readily.

"Then take me," I said to him.

"You have sadly upset my little arrangements. I had not thought of so fair an offender. Let me see." He paused, softly rubbing his chin.

There was a cat-like gratification about the creature as he stood gazing at me from time to time, with a smile flickering on his thin lips; and all the while my soul was searching, searching for the way of escape that I could not find.

"On the whole, it is the happiest plan," he said suddenly, with a little sigh of relief. "Let us make a move to the front door."

The sun was dropping to the western sea in angry banks of cloud. His rays shone so strongly in our faces that I had to shade my eyes as he pointed out the manner in which death should come to me.

"You are a strong, brave girl," he said with a little bow, "or I would not suggest so novel a scheme. I shall sit here in the porch and watch you as you walk over the moor, down into the little valley, up again, and so to the cliff edge. After a time for suitable meditation—let us say two minutes—you will step off into eternity. Do not fear, it is an easy method of putting an end to an infinity of troubles. * * * Keep back! keep back, I say!"

(To be continued.)

So Homelike!

Some one said to Brother Williams:

"They have a balloon fad now, and you can go up and cool off in the clouds."

"Yes, sir," he replied. "En dar's so much thunder en lightning up dar, I reckon lots er 'am will feel lak' dey wuz right at home—specially de married folks!"—Atlanta Constitution.



Permanent Trellis of Wires.

The scarcity of bean poles forces me to resort to other means of giving support to my lima beans, says a gardener in Farm and Fireside. At one time I thought we could get around the difficulty by planting the newer bush limas. The latter however have never given me more than a fraction of the crop that I can and do get from my "pole" limas, and now I plant the latter exclusively. They are trained to a post, wire and string trellis.

Posts should be set firmly, and not too far apart. I use galvanized wire of fair strength and find it good for a number of years. It has to stand quite a strain, as the load of thrifty vines is very heavy, and I, therefore, give as much support, by supplementary stakes



LIMA BEAN TRELLIS.

(between the posts), as is convenient. The wires are made to rest in a crotch at the upper end of the pole or stake.

To make the trellis still stronger, I now put several rows side by side, and connect the posts and stakes across the rows by cross strips fastened high enough to allow the horse in cultivating to pass under it.

For each row I stretch two wires, one about six inches above the ground surface, the other about five feet from the ground. Common binder twine is wound zigzag around the two wires. It makes a useful and quite ornamental support for the limas, and the vines take readily, particularly and remarkably so, to the strings, even without much assistance or coaxing on the part of the grower.

Value of a Silo.

It is very important to provide some means by which the dairy cow can be supplied with good food at all seasons of the year in order that she may yield milk most economically. Such medium may be found in the silo which furnishes a place for the storing of food in the form of silage. It is a well-known fact that the nearest an ideal food that can be obtained for the dairy cow is good pasture; but for several months in the year green pasture is not available. At such times the best substitute are corn silage and such roots as mangels and turnips. Corn yields an average of twice as much dry matter per acre as root crops; and since the latter involve much more labor, and greater expense, silage is far more economical.

Home-Made Corn Sheller.

This is a cheap way to make a good corn sheller. Get a poplar plank six inches wide, one inch thick and three



THE HOME-MADE CORN SHELLER.

feet long. Dress the plank smooth; drive some 8-penny nails into the plank to within one inch of the heads; put them one-half inch apart in rows in a square six inches each way.

Anthrax and Earth Worms.

From recent experiments it is certain that earth worms are responsible for conveying the spores and anthrax from various buried carcasses to the surface of the earth and thus bringing about a reinfection. This process of reinfection was urged by M. Louis Pasteur, but without success.

Spreading Manure.

When the manure is not decomposed in the heap it must be decomposed in the soil before the plants can utilize it as a food, and the sooner the manure is spread the better it will be for the crop. As it is difficult to spread manure on plowed ground, owing to the labor of hauling over the rough, soft ground, the method practiced by those who plow twice is to spread the manure on the unplowed ground in the rough (not harrowing), and when the land is cross-plowed later on the manure is more intimately mixed with the soil.

Winter Wheat.

The importance of the winter wheat crop becomes more apparent when we consider that the annual production of the country is from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels greater than the annual yield of spring wheat, and that about twenty-four states and territories grow winter wheat exclusively, while only eleven grow spring wheat, and eight produce both crops together. Some of the advantages in growing winter wheat over raising spring wheat are a more convenient distribution of farm work; the conservation of soil fertility by the growing crop during the time the land would otherwise be bare; a better development of the crop, as it generally matures before the dry and hot weather of summer, and the production usually of heavier yields. The average yields per acre in the states growing winter wheat only are not generally as large as in the states producing spring wheat exclusively, but the better yields, as a rule, in the regions where both crops are grown are obtained from winter wheat.—American Cultivator.

Bees and Smoking.

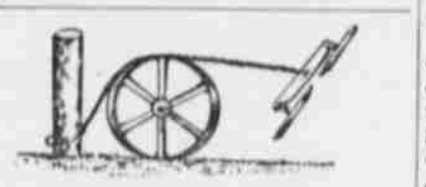
Many times bees are smoked more than is necessary; perhaps, because not every one knows that during a nectar flow some honey is lost every time a hive is opened, says Farming. When bees are smoked they fill themselves with honey and if so much smoke is used that most of the bees in the hive at that time take honey, it will be more than an hour before it is redeposited into the cells and the regular work resumed. Bees sometimes gather nectar enough to make a pound of honey an hour, so one can see that it would be quite a loss if every colony in a fair sized apiary were smoked enough to interrupt the work for one hour.

Setting Fence Posts.

Some farmers argue that it is best to set posts early in the fall, when the ground is solid. Of course, a post carefully set at any time will remain in its place, but the fall season is really a much worse time than in the spring. Digging the hole makes the soil loose, and if done in the fall it has not time to become compact again. Water filters down through the loose soil, which will raise the post a little every year until it throws it out altogether. If the soil has time to settle it absorbs less moisture, and after the first year, if the heating out has not already begun, it will rarely begin.

Rolling Old Fence Posts.

Fasten chain to post close to the ground, pass it over the wheel of an



POST-ROLLING DEVICE.

ordinary corn planter, hitch team to chain and go ahead. It doesn't damage the wheel and the broad tire keeps it from sinking into the ground.

To Ripen Cream.

Cream left to itself will become sour spontaneously. This is the result of the growth of lactic acid bacteria, which feed upon the milk sugar, and as a final process convert it into a lactic acid. Other forms of bacteria are always present in cream; some have little or no effect in the ripening process, while others, if allowed to develop, produce undesirable and often obnoxious flavors. To cultivate and develop these "wild" germs is called "spontaneous" ripening, and is often attended with uncertainty. Good butter making demands the use of a "starter," either home-made or a pure culture. The former should be made of selected skim milk.

Keeping Hogs Clean.

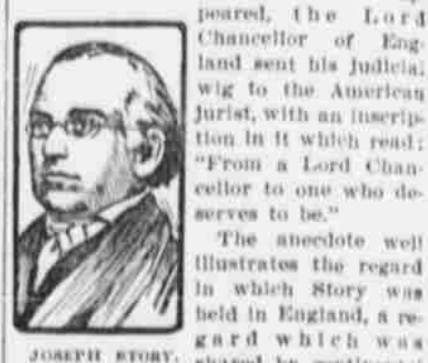
To give the pigs a thorough scrubbing may appear to be labor thrown away, but if two lots of pigs are treated alike in every respect, except that one lot receives a thorough scrubbing with soapuds once in a while, there will be a marked difference in favor of the hogs that are washed when the time for slaughter arrives. A clean hog is naturally a cleanly animal and enjoys a bath. If considered a filthy animal, that devours filthy food, it is because of the treatment given. Hogs will select clean and wholesome food if given the opportunity to do so.

Arabian Mares.

For the first time the Sultan of Turkey has granted permission for the exportation of Arabian mares to the United States. About twenty years ago he permitted the sale of some stallions, but at that time he would not allow any mares to be sent. The present importation, which includes about twenty mares and nearly as many stallions, is regarded as of considerable importance from the horse-breeder's point of view, and as likely to lead to marked improvement in certain directions in American horses.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

It is related upon good authority that when the masterly work of Joseph Story on "The Conflict of Laws" ap-



peared, the Lord Chancellor of England sent his Judicial wig to the American Jurist, with an inscription in it which read: "From a Lord Chancellor to one who deserves to be."

The anecdote well illustrates the regard in which Story was held in England, a regard which was shared by continental Europe as well. With John Marshall, he shared the honor of being one of the greatest exponents of human justice and human reason this country ever has produced. Among American Jurists Story stands in the front rank of those who have been distinguished for their profound and sagacious interpretation of the law. Always a student, he added to his scholarly attainments a profound desire to use the truths he discovered for the benefit of his country. He permitted no prejudice to come between his judgment and his decision.

He was only 32 years of age when he was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1811, an office he continued to hold until his death, in 1845. It is difficult to understand to-day the situation with which Story had to deal. The law was in a state of chaos, and it is due to his efforts that a major part of it has been placed in the form in which it is to-day. He was one of the men who acted for the interests of his country instead of self-interest, and whom, in consequence, she honors as one of her great sons.

MAN DRESSMAKER OF PARIS.

His Method of Work—How He Gets an Inspiration.

Paris has a man dressmaker, and he is no ordinary creature, according to the Woman's Home Companion. He is a slim young man with a long nose and big, winsome eyes. Wearing a gray frock coat and patent leather shoes—corseted and powdered and perfumed—he is more than a man; he is a dressmaker. He is saturated with dandyism. It is not of an offensive kind.

His manners are a strange mixture of humility and insolence, for he is at once a salesman and an artist. And he talks, talks, talks—bending his slim body into polite curves—gesticulating with his thin white hands—rolling his eyes in his painted orbits, the while he fumbles silks and velvets and satins and lace and wool.

The mere man who comes into a dressmaker's shop of an afternoon—in Paris no one goes to the dressmaker's save only in the afternoon—begins by sneering at this fantastic creature. That mood does not last long. Contempt gives way to admiration. There is something marvelous in the way this lord of lace and ribbon dominates the women—the royal highness as well as the spoilt actress.

He is charming; he is frivolous. Then of a sudden his face darkens; he becomes serious; he stares at her royal highness, studying her form from head to foot; he smiles his brow, and cries despairingly: "No, no! I can't see you in that gown to-day; I can't see you in any gown—I will study—an inspiration will come—your must wait." And royalty goes away flattered, she knows not why.

And He Was.

The other day a man and a boy came into a shop to buy a hat. After a time the man was fitted to one. Looking in the glass, he said to the youngster, "How do I look in this hat?"

"Like a thief," promptly responded the boy.

The man angrily darted toward him, but the boy fled from the shop, pursued by the man. The shopkeeper laughed and thought it all very funny until their long absence made him realize that he had been robbed. Then he stopped laughing.—London Telegraph.

Ineffective Serum.

At the annual meeting of the Cancer Hospital, London, the chairman of the medical committee stated that as a result of a visit to Paris by members of the surgical and pathological staffs, on invitation of Dr. Doyen, it could be stated that his serum was ineffective for the cure of cancer.

They Deserve the Fare.

The absurdity of the assertion that Americans generally eat too much is apparent when you stop to consider how many Americans there are who board.—Somerville Journal.

It is a great art to know when you must grant a disagreeable request.