

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 XIV.—(Continued.)

He was on old man, and it was worth the effort. But as I sprang towards him, he whipped out a revolver from his pocket, and I shrank away from the black ring pointed at my chest.

"Such folly is not what I should have expected from Miss Weston," he continued. "Should you cause me to kill you, I shall certainly spare your father. And why should two suffer for the fault of one?"

"How am I to know that even if I accept this that you offer, you will let him go unharmed?" I cried.

"On my word of honor, I will not hurt a hair of his head."

"Your word of honor?"

"Do you doubt me, mademoiselle?" he shouted, flaring up into another burst of passion. "I come of an honorable house, a house that served its kings in many wars before the Revolution destroyed us. I am no pig of a German; I am a Marnac of Toulouse, mademoiselle, and we hold to our word though we are torn in pieces."

"But how can you, a gentleman, drive an innocent girl to so frightful a death?" I pleaded with him.

"Innocent? Did you not write that article?" He spoke eagerly, with a glance of keen suspicion.

"Yes, I wrote it."

"Then go. Remember, I wait and I watch. If you fear to do this thing, yes, even if you hesitate too long over there upon the cliff edge, I shall kill your father."

Without another word I began to walk down the sloping meadow towards the sea.

CHAPTER XV.

I have asked Miss Mary Weston to read her narrative at this point. I think it better that I should now take up the threads of the story.

After Marnac's escape from Poland, Sir Henry Graden and I traveled to Berlin. There we carefully examined the book of extracts which had come into our hands, and sent warning letters to those writers who from the marginal notes seemed to have especially roused the madman's anger against them. The extreme animosity which was evinced against "Cantab's" article in the University Review especially alarmed us for the author's safety. Finally we determined to proceed to London, discover his identity, and take the necessary steps for his safety. Distasteful as was this detective business to a man of my studious habit, I nevertheless felt that it was my duty to assist my cousin in hunting down the murderer.

It was on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 29, that we arrived at Charing Cross Station, from which we removed to the moose respectability of Jerrold's Hotel. At eleven on the following morning we were ushered by a butler boy into the editorial sanctum of the University Review.

Mr. Rolles—for such we had discovered was the name of the editor—remained seated before his American roller-top desk. He was a very large and sleek young man, with plump cheeks of a dingy color, and pince-nez glasses which he wore half way down his nose. His general appearance was suggestive of a capacity for plum-duff and sugar water, and he oozed self-appreciation from every pore.

"And what can I do for you?" he inquired, with a sedate patronage.

"In the month of August," said my cousin, declining the chair that Mr. Rolles suggested, "you published an article signed 'Cantab,' dealing with a book written by Prof. Marnac of Heidelberg."

"Most certainly. Pray proceed."

"For the most urgent private reasons I desire 'Cantab's' name and address."

"Which I cannot give you," said Mr. Rolles, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette.

My cousin walked up to the editorial desk and spoke down upon him.

"From my card, sir, which I perceive you have before you, you can judge that I am a respectable person."

"Perhaps, perhaps," smiled Mr. Rolles; "but nowadays even baronets, you know, are well, not always worthy of such implicit confidence as you demand."

I saw the right hand of my cousin steal out towards the editorial collar, but he restrained himself.

"You reduce me, sir, to speak of myself with less good taste than modesty," he said. "Have you never heard of my name as an explorer or a scientist?"

"Very often, my dear Sir Henry; though even for so distinguished a light I cannot break my most sacred rule. If you choose to write to 'Cantab,' I will forward the letter. Further I cannot go."

"I don't think that Mr. Rolles will ever realize how near he came to a thorough trouncing. For a moment my cousin, so to speak, hung in the wind. Then he drew up a chair and sat down at the corner of the desk.

"I will accept your offer, sir," said he. "Give me a blank sheet of paper."

The letter written, it was handed over to Mr. Rolles, who gave us his word that it should go by the next post. Then we retired into the street.

My cousin was simply unbearable that day. He was always impatient of delay; but in all our wanderings together I have never suffered from him more acutely. He dragged me aimlessly about the streets, set me down to lunch at a comfortable restaurant, and then swept me

off before the coffee arrived. I endeavored to escape him, but the attempt was a hopeless failure. Five o'clock was striking when he turned his face eastward—he had been inquiring for letters at the Travelers', in Pall Mall—and, with his most unwilling companion trotting beside him, again advanced on Covent Garden, near which the office of the University was situated.

"I'm hanged if I can stand this suspense!" he explained. "Marnac has had five or six days' start of us, and anything may be happening. If that idiot Rolles still refuses the address, I will thrash him till he gives it up, and take the consequences."

He meant what he said—he always did—and I followed him, with unpleasant visions of a summons at Bow street and caustic paragraphs in the evening papers.

But we were in luck. Mr. Rolles had retired to the Athenaeum for his tea, and in the assistant editor, who received us, I recognized an old acquaintance. He was a clever young Scot named Raeburn, who had lived on my staircase at Cambridge, and rowed bow to my two in the college eight. He appeared delighted to see me, and became duly impressed when I introduced him to my distinguished cousin.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked me, after a few minutes of the conversation usual in such circumstances.

Evidently he had no knowledge of our previous visit.

"Sir Henry here is anxious for the name and address of 'Cantab.' You will recollect the man I mean; he contributed an article to your August number."

"Well, it's against all the rules; but, of course, with you it doesn't matter. He is Dr. Weston, the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge. The old gentleman has been very seedy, I hear, and is down at Polleven, on the Cornish coast, for the winter. That article seems to have attracted a lot of attention. I had an old fellow here kicking up a fuss about it less than a week ago."

"What did he want to know?" broke in Graden sharply.

"It was a long zigzag of a story, but it boiled down to this; that we were charged with hopelessly misprinting Dr. Weston's MSS. To get rid of the old boy, I sent up for the original copy of the article and showed it to him. He went away quite satisfied after that."

"Did he mention Dr. Weston's name?"

"No. That's all."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I believe I did. But I took it that he knew it already. Hallo! Anything wrong?"

Raeburn has since admitted his doubts as to our sanity; for without another word my cousin rushed from the room, and I followed at his heels.

CHAPTER XVI.

From the Review office to our hotel was not great distance, and this we ran, regardless of the indignation of jostled wayfarers. My cousin plunged into the smoking-room and seized a Bradshaw. I looked over his shoulder with an equal excitement. The next express from Paddington was at midnight, and it was timed to arrive at the nearest station to Polleven the following morning. But that village itself was distant by road a good fifteen miles from the station. With Cornish hills we should be lucky if we arrived there by three in the afternoon. The postal guide informed us that our letter of warning would be delivered about twelve o'clock next day. A telegram—for there was no wire to Polleven—would scarcely arrive earlier. There was nothing more to be done.

It was, indeed, shortly before three o'clock that our carriage groaned and screeched its way down the steep descent into Polleven village. At the inn we soon discovered the direction of Dr. Weston's cottage, and, taking the advice of the landlord as to the roughness of the track thither, we left our carriage and started off on foot. After a stiff climb of three-quarters of a mile between rugged cart ruts running with water from the winter springs, we emerged into a little glen, sparsely wooded. At the further end, built on the higher ground, we caught a momentary glimpse of a building which we took to be the place we sought. From our right, low, booming reverberations told of distant breakers on a rock-bound coast.

It was I who first saw her, a glimpse of white amongst the bare skeletons of the stunted trees. Then at the turn of the path we met her. Her face was pale as the fine linen, her eyes fixed and glassy, her arms with her clenched hands rigid by her sides. She might have been the ghost of some great lady who had died by cruel wrong. So blindly did she walk that I believe she would have passed us if Graden had not sprung forward and barred her way.

She woke as a sleep-walker wakes, with a shuddering surprise. "Who are you?" she asked faintly. If she had not grasped the branch of a tree, I think she would have fallen.

"Are you a relation of Dr. Weston's?" asked Graden very softly and kindly.

"His daughter."

"And you go?"

"To kill myself. Oh, no! she burst out as she sprang forward. "It is no good! You cannot help me. The villain sits in the porch, waiting and watching.

If I delay, he will kill—my father—my poor old father, who is so ill! Let me go—to the cliff—let me go, I say!"

Graden slipped his arm round her waist, and from his great height looked down at her with those honest blue eyes of his that made every child his friend at once.

"I am old enough to be your father, dear," he said. "You can trust me, can't you? Yes, yes, I know it. Now tell me—what have you to do?"

"He is waiting in the porch," she answered him. "If he doesn't see me throw myself over the cliffs, he will kill father."

"Could he see us coming by the path which brought you here?"

"Oh, yes; above this glen it is open moor right up to the cottage."

"Is there a way to the back of the house?"

"Yes; but there is no time."

"That is foolish talk. Come, tell me."

"About two hundred yards back on the track you followed here there is a little spring amongst the rushes. There is a path, a short cut which bears to the village sometimes take that leads into the clump of firs by the garden wall. The wall is quite low—and then—oh! then—you could get straight into father's room. It is on the ground floor; the room on the left as you open the back door. You could lock the door and defy the other man."

"Now listen to me, dear," said Graden. "You must walk on very, very slowly. Take all the time you can. At the cliff top make several starts as if you would jump, but feared. Mind that you do not go too near the edge. And so in ten minutes come home. We will meet you, and all will be well—at least for your father," he added grimly.

"I understand," she answered simply, and walked on.

It was a wild rush that we made. We found the spring, and turning to our right, crashed into the thicket—for the "path" was a courtesy title. The hanging scrub brushed our faces, in the open patches the dead gorse dug its spines into our knees. We quickened our pace in the more open fir-wood, vaulted the four-foot wall of the little garden, and, panting like exhausted hounds, ran furiously upon the house. There was no time for dodging and crawling. It was a forlorn hope we led.

And Dr. Weston was alive.

He sat amongst his pillows, a great book upon his knees, gazing over his spectacles with the most profound amazement on his kindly old face at the two disheveled strangers who burst in upon him. Leaving me to guard and quiet him—for, indeed, the shock might prove most dangerous—Graden dashed out on his errand of vengeance. Two minutes later I heard him call, and, breaking off the excuses that I was inventing, I ran through the house to join him.

Miss Weston and he were standing before the porch—alone. She was leaning on his arm, panting from great exertion.

"Thank it, Robert!" cried my cousin. "He chased her—the villain followed and chased her!"

"How is my father?" she faltered.

"Is he—as this gentleman says—quite unharmed?"

"Quite safe, I assure you," I answered. "I must go to him."

"One moment, Miss Weston," said my cousin. "We have yet a duty to the public safety. Which way did this man run?"

She told her story quickly. After she had left us and gained the cliff turf above the glen, she glanced back. To her surprise, she caught a glimpse of him standing amongst the trees on the opposite slope. Her delay had aroused his suspicions, and he had followed her. She walked slowly forward and, as we had directed, moved unobtrusively about on the verge of the precipice. Presently she again glanced over her shoulder. He had now crossed the glen and was standing in the open watching her. The distance between them was about two hundred yards. She knew that we must have nearly reached the cottage, and that if he had not already attacked her father, there was no further danger. So she started to run along the coast. He shouted and drew his revolver; but either he thought the distance too great, or he feared the noise of the report, for he did not fire. But her action evidently puzzled him, seeing that it left her father completely at his mercy. He did not pursue her far, but instead turned and gazed intently at the cottage. On her part, she also stopped running to watch him. From where they stood the garden was fully exposed, and at that moment our forms appeared as we vaulted the low wall. At which sight, Miss Weston said, he gave a most horrible scream, shaking his fist towards us and filling the air with imprecations. Then, without further noticing her, he set off towards the town. For herself, she came back as fast as she could run, meeting Graden before the door. She added some useful particulars as to his alias and his residence at the inn.

(To be continued.)

Those Magazine Knockers.

"A modern dictionary, indeed," said the smooth-tongued agent. "Just the one for you."

"I don't see why," replied the editor of the Jubilee All Magazine. "We have a dozen dictionaries scattered around here."

"Yes, but this one has certain words arranged so nicely."

"What words?"

"Why, take 'honesty,' for instance. It is marked 'obsolete.'"

Overheard at the Garage.

"Yes," said the polite demonstrator, "here is an automobile intended for long tours. Why, here is even a place for knives and forks."

"Ah, indeed," said the caller. "And what would you call that little machine over there just built for two?"

"Oh, that's a place for spoons."

CUBA—AN ISLE OF UNREST



Thirty years of Revolution ended by the Spanish American War removed after three years of independence

CUBANS of the present day were born to revolution. Men now in the prime of life, as infants heard the clash of arms. Their first recollections are of swords that flashed, homes that blazed and women who fled from the savage soldiery of Spain.

When at the close of the last century the reconquero lifted to heaven the arms withered by famine and implored the great nation that had won peace to save him and his from destruction and despair, there was an answer at last in the boom of cannon. Brave ships crossed the water. The strong had taken under the shelter of his might the weak and downtrodden. The Cuban flag was given the right to fly over a free Cuban people. Out of conditions little better than anarchy came the stable form of order, and they who had struggled for many a decade found their efforts crowned with the freedom of their desire. Then the benefactor withdrew, leaving to an emancipated people the problem of their own destiny. That the new republic should not have remained quiet is not surprising.

Many Americans know little of the Cuba of fifty years ago. To them the Gem of the Antilles has been but a spot in the map, made vivid for the first time when the United States, horrified at continued cruelty, drove forth the tyrant. The cruelty was nothing new in Cuban history; it had made Cuban history. Before the climax that lowered the Spanish pride and the Spanish banner in the West, for decades the prayer for recognition as belligerents went unheeded.

In Just Revolt.

Cuba in revolt displayed a conception of justice that would have been an honor to any people. An early move was the freeing of the slaves held under Spanish rule directly in violation of treaty. Spain's pretense of emancipation had been nothing more. By royal decree the slave was freed when he had reached his 60th year, or just when he would have been helpless to care for himself. At one time out of 600,000 negroes in Cuba 308,000 were slaves, many of these being natives of Africa. When the revolutionists freed them a large number became soldiers, and some won their way to important command.

In 1825, but for the veto of the United States, Bolivar, valiant and full of might, might have won the cause of Cuba. But the cause was not killed. The South American possessions of the Spanish were permitted to break their allegiance, but Cuba, suffering, oppressed, crying out with a great voice and with its blood sealing the sincerity of its aspirations, was permitted to languish in thrall.

In 1848 the struggle for independence took definite form again. At that time Cuba was recognized as a republic by Peru, and there was promise of co-operation from neighboring governments, but that of the United States could not be won, and the promise was not fulfilled. Yet with failure, and in the face of opposition from those who might have been neutral, and of indifference from those whose impulses should have been friendly, the faith of the Cubans never faltered.

While Thousands Perished.

When 50,000 Cuban lives had been sacrificed to the fury of a falling despotism nearly 200,000 Spanish had perished on the same altar. At one time the Cubans overran the island from the eastern extremity to Colon on the west. The enemy was shut in its strongholds, but the enemy held the sea. The Cuban armies were made of tried fighters. The Spanish were raw levies, constantly renewed. Production of sugar began to lessen, and agriculture generally was on the wane. Spanish reforms took the shape of more onerous taxes, until the Cuban paid \$54 yearly, while the Spanish in their own land paid \$7.

In 1871 the Cubans had issued an appeal to civilization, showing the conditions that had grown from the declaration of independence at Manzanillo in 1808. It was an appeal to touch the heart of humanity, and perhaps it did, but to no practical effect. The Manzanillo declaration but embodied the sentiment sought to be put into practice by Lopez in 1848. In that year Lopez had landed with a small expedition and met defeat. In 1850 he made a second essay, and was again defeated. His third attempt resulted in his capture,

and he was executed. Vain also were the efforts of Gen. Quitman in 1855, but the seed such men sowed was ripening for the harvest.

A Real Leader Arises.

It was in October, 1895, that Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, a lawyer, raised the standard of revolt. He had but a few hundred followers, and they but partly armed. A month later his army consisted of 12,000 men. They won victory after victory. Man for man the Spanish were no match for them, and so the regiments were poured in to perish of battle and disease. When Cespedes captured a town, and found that he could not hold it, with the full consent of the inhabitants, it was his wont to destroy it before abandonment, so that into the hands of the enemy there fell naught but ruins. Don Domingo Dulce, the Spanish commander, made overtures of reconciliation. Messengers sent to confer with him were assassinated, and negotiations fell through. The war degenerated into a guerrilla strife, as was unavoidable, and for long years the Spanish were harassed by a foe they could not subdue and never did submit. For decades, with intermittent periods of a peace that but presaged fresh outbreak, the contest went on. Then opposition to Spanish rule became implacable. The time for the final struggle had arrived.

The War of Yesterday.

That which followed is remembered as but of yesterday. The women and children of the patriots were herded in camps, there to die of famine. Want stalked through the fertile island because there was none to do the work. The plow rusted and the hoe was idle. The mill turned no more. But the patriots would not yield, though the whole fair island be desolated and the last Cuban give his life for liberty.

What would have been the outcome had not the United States ordered Spain back to her own continent and driven her hence no man can say. That there would have been practical extermination is hardly to be doubted. In the conduct of the Spanish there was no hint of mercy or compromise. Weyler, placed in supreme control, was a man with soul untouched of pity, a hardened, brutal nature dominating his every move. He claimed the right to make war in his own fashion, and the United States arbitrarily took the right from him. For this Cuba had been imploring for weary, almost hopeless, years.

When liberty was first an accomplished fact the Cubans chafed under the benign rule of the liberators. They could not understand that there should be restraint upon them. Had they not devoted their lives to securing freedom, and where was the freedom? The Cuban, whatever his precise lineage, recoils now from anything that seems in the least to curtail his prerogative as a freeman. He does not understand politics as older peoples accept this, and the quiet opposition of speech and ballot is alien to his promptings. To fight has been the basic part of his education, and with no foreign hosts to meet, he readily turns his prowess against the neighbor who may have failed to agree with him.

Cuba's career has been a series of tragedies. The struggles of the Cubans would form the subject for a glorious epic. They have emerged triumphant, and if so be the consciousness of victory has turned the heads of a few of them, what is the marvel?

Popular Dog.

Jack, a dog at the Palace theater, London, known to theater people all over the world, died the other day and his death was announced with an official eulogium. He watched the stage door when the doorkeeper was away and ran and got him if the bell rang, and had been trained to fall on and extinguish any burning substance he saw, such as a piece of paper. He was choked to death by a piece of money he was taking to a restaurant to buy his dinner with.

Damp There.

Travelers by steamer returning from the east say that Cherrapoonji, in Assam, had 100½ inches of rain between July 19 and 25, an average of over 15 inches a day. Cherrapoonji is the wettest place in the world. Its annual average for twenty-five years is 480 inches, and in 1861 it had 805 inches of rain.—Boston Herald.

You will notice that the lady sitting ahead of you has an awful time to keep her hair up if she has a pretty hand; and if there is a diamond on it, her hair just won't stay up.

General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions. In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Advertisements.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in Great Britain in 1642. In Greece advertising was done by public criers. The first printed advertisement in England was got up by the celebrated printer Caxton. It announced the completion of a book called "The Pyre of Salisbury."

The ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans were the first to use bill-posters, some of which were found on the walls of buildings in Pompeii. It was not until the eighteenth century that magazine and newspaper advertising became the recognized medium between manufacturer and buyer.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Curbing His Raptures.

Ardent Lover—Blanche, you are the loveliest girl in the world! His Intellectual Sweetheart—While I realize that such a remark as that 'Graden' is based on inadequate knowledge, I am disposed to regard it as indicating the full measure and scope of your acquaintance with the world thus far, and as such I accept it and hasten to express my grateful appreciation.

Father and Son.

"Father," said the college man, on his return to the farm. "I believe I'll remain at home during vacation period, but seek some secluded glade and rest my weary brain where the woodbine twines."

"Son," returned the prosaic father, "ye'll stay right here an' git all th' seclusion 'at's necessary, an' y' c'n rest them tired brains outen th' harvest field, where the good twine bind-eth."—Toledo Blade.

FITS Dr. V. M. Drake and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 22 pages book and treatise. Dr. H. H. Drake, Ltd., 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Necessarily.

Dingbats—This ouzel charged you \$3 for taking a grain of sand out of your eye? That's pretty steep, isn't it? Himplesy—I thought so, till I looked over his bill. It was for "removing a foreign substance from the cornea," and of course that costs more.

Unsolicited Testimonial.

"Stella engaged herself to five or six young men at that summer resort," said the girl with the blue earrings. "I don't think that was right, do you?" "Maybe not," answered the girl with the ready made complexion. "But poor dear Stella was determined they should all of them escape her this time."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As the Boy Views It.

"My son," said the strict mother at the end of a moral lecture, "I want you to be exceedingly careful about your conduct. Never, under any circumstances, do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you do."

The small boy turned a handspring with a whoop of delight.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded the mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm jes' so glad that you don't see me to take no baths never any more."

TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Me., says: "Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered every-

thing from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, an almost continuous in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.