

# 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 XVI.—(Continued.)  
And so, her story ended, the brave girl slipped into the house, while we dashed away in pursuit. My cousin stuck to his work most manfully; but age will tell, and I was a minute to the good when I stumbled into the parlor of the inn. They had not seen Mr. Hermann, they told me, since lunch-time; perhaps he was down at his boat.

"Boat—what boat?" I gasped.  
"Why, sur, said the landlord's wife, grinning at my eagerness, 'the guild gentleman be mighty woad o' sailing, an' he hath hired Mark Pennyfold's neo trawler, the Agnes Jane, for a matter o' two months. And now I comes to think on it, I did hear Mary say as how he an' his son were going out with Maister Hermann betwixt three an' your o'clock."

I ran down the narrow street towards the quay, between the quaint old cottages, with their fish stretched out to dry, and their nets, fishing-boats, and gear tumbled before the doorsills. As I reached the little breakwater the sun, low on the west horizon, was throwing great golden streamers through gaps in the purple clouds that were piled as high as if a cataclysm of Nature had set the Andes on the Himalayas. From their feet came gusts of wind, fierce and icy cold. Even to my shore-going eyes it threatened dirty weather.

But I had not time for cloud effects. There, fair in the glittering path that the sun had dashed upon the waters, a red-sailed fishing-boat was running close-hauled to the south-westward.

"What boat is that?" I asked a lad who lounged against a mooring-post at my elbow.

"That, maister—whol, it be Mark Pennyfold's Agnes Jane, 'er as was 'ired by the stranger from Lunnon, 'Ermann by name."

A hand fell on my shoulder. It was Graden's. He had heard and understood. And so we two stood together watching the red sails fade slowly into the glittering haze of the night and the storm.

V.—THE AMMONIA CYLINDER.

CHAPTER XVII.

The sail crept forward down the river of sunset gold that streamed in wild splendor from a crevasse in the ranges of cloudland. The light that burnished the sea glowed upon the Polverene cliffs, flaring with fire the breakers at their feet; it threw fierce shadows amongst the clustered cottages of the Cornish fisher-folk, and painted a richer scarlet on the sails of the trawlers huddled beneath the sheltering arm of the little quay. It was a scene that rises before me, as I write, with a curious detail, though, indeed, at the time I took no pains to observe it. For on that departing vessel were the whom we had chased across Europe, madman as we supposed, murderer as we knew him to be. We had saved an innocent girl from his vendetta, and in my heart I thanked Providence for that mercy; but Rudolf Marnac, the Heidelberg professor, was still free, free with fresh schemes of vengeance against his scientific opponents hatching in his twisted brain, and with all the wisdom of his great learning to help him in his deadly purposes.

"So this is the end of your clever plans?" I cried, turning savagely on my burly cousin. "The has escaped again, got clear away. What are you going to do? Shall we follow him?"

"In the face of the storm?"

"Why not—if that is the best you can suggest?"

"You have changed, my little cousin," said he, regarding me with a kindly look, though, indeed, my words had been un-mannerly. "The Fates have played the very deuce with the sedate student at Heidelberg just twelve days ago. How that youngster grumbled at prospective discomforts! How he shrank from the thought of being mixed up in a business that was 'better left to the police! Do you remember?"

"Don't we waste time?" said I.

"Perhaps. Ah! here she comes—just the thing for which I was hoping."

Running down the village street came Miss Weston, with three or four men behind her. We met her at the entrance to the quay.

"Well, have you caught him?" she panted.

"No; there he goes." My cousin pointed an arm at the distant sail.

"Oh, thank God!" she exclaimed earnestly. "I knew he was armed, and I was so afraid for the brave men who had saved my father and me."

She looked from one to the other of us with an honest gratitude in her eyes that to me seemed worth the risk of all the dangers in the world.

"And Dr. Weston?" asked my cousin.

"My father is no worse; but of course I did not tell him all. He imagines that I was annoyed by some tramp, and declares he will have a man about the cottage in the future. You and your friend must come back with me, Sir Henry. I want to introduce you to him."

"Some other time, I hope. At present this young firebrand here insists that we should follow Marnac by sea."

"That is quite impossible, sir," she said, turning upon me with an anxious look. "I have enough experience of the weather to know that a storm is coming, I am certain that Sir Henry Graden will help me to dissuade you."

"I am afraid not, Miss Weston," broke in my cousin before I could reply. "We

have been like over-eager hounds, losing the scent by flashing forward too quickly. It must be sheer, dogged hunting now, and no more cutting off corners. By the way, there is a little fact which perhaps one of you can tell me," he said, turning to the little group that hung behind her skirts watching us with a bucolic interest. "Did the Agnes Jane yonder carry provisions on board?"

"Surely, sur," said one who stood a little forward of the rest—a stout, bearded man with a face as brown and seamed as a withered elder apple. "Mark Pennyfold, as is owner, was telling about this furrin gent only last night down to the 'Plough Inn.' 'E allowed 'im to be a funny sort of toad, var 'e 'ad 'is orders to keep a week's vittles on board, though the reason was passin' his understandin'."

"Would Pennyfold take a trip to France if he were asked?"

"Surely, sur, ef 'e be paid accordin'." "E be most mazed on the color of a bit of gold is Mark."

"That settles it, Miss Weston," continued Graden in his short, businesslike way. "Now please to remember my instructions. You have the facts concerning Professor Marnac in my letter. Lay an information against him for an attempt on your life, and see that the county authorities circulate his description along the coast. I don't think there is the slightest chance that he will return to trouble you, but be on your guard, and have a man to sleep in the house. Now, my lads, who has the swiftest boat in the harbor?"

"Now you be askin' a question," said their spokesman gloomily. "You see, it be their wise. At the regatta, as my 'Pride o' Cornwall' was reaching for the west buoy, there comes, all of a sudden like, a girl wind from over the eastern beacon which—"

"He means, Sir Henry, that his boat is reckoned the fastest, but at the regatta she was disabled in a squall," broke in Miss Weston, interrupting a story which was evidently familiar in its length and detail. "This is Sir Henry Graden, Isaac Treherne, and he is trying to capture the wicked man in the Agnes Jane yonder, the man who, as I told you, tried to kill me. Will you take him in the 'Pride of Cornwall'?"

Isaac was a study of indecision. He twisted up his mouth, scratched his head, regarded the sunset attentively, and kicked a pebble over the edge of the quay.

"I do wish, miss, as I 'ad been nigh you when 'e tried it," he said at last. "I would 'ave set about the buggy toad proper, that I would. But, beggin' your pardon, and seein' he be got away, 't would seem a matter for the police morn' for us. Moreover, there be the fish contract, and the 'Pride is only waiting her crew to sail."

"It means a hundred pounds in your pocket, my man," snapped Graden.

"A hundred pounds is a hundred pounds," insisted Isaac with a sententious inconsequence.

"But, Isaac," broke in Miss Weston, "when the story gets round to Mark Pennyfold, he will say that you refused because you knew that the 'Pride could never catch the Agnes Jane."

"Zo be well—the hard!" cried Isaac, with a sudden burst of indignation. "I never thought on that, miss. A pretty tale he will be telling in every public from Bude to Penzance! Come along, gentlemen, come along. I'll show 'e a thing, and Mark, tu, the hard!"

We ran to where the little trawler lay moored to the quay, and tumbled on board. One man was sitting in her stern mending some tackle, and Isaac apparently considered his services sufficient, for he cast off the ropes at once. Miss Weston was waiting on the head of the quay as our boat crept by. I shall always remember that picture of my darling as she stood on those old grey stones, with their seaweed beard drooping to the swirl of the tide below. The fire of the sunset lit her tall, graceful figure leaning to the breeze. One hand was to her hair, the other waving adieu. No falser figure of encouragement could men desire who started on a perilous adventure.

"Good-bye! God keep you both!" So she cried to us.

We shouted a reply, but I doubt if she heard it, for at that moment the wind caught the great red sail on our foremast, swinging it across with a thunderous flapping that shook the little vessel from stem to stern. In another moment we were rushing forward in pursuit, with the spray from the bows in our faces and a white trail of foam marking our path from the land.

I do not think that more than ten minutes had passed from the moment of our arrival on the quay, though by my writing it may seem that I have over-estimated the time. The Agnes Jane was, as far as I could judge, about a mile away to the southward, a distance which we decreased to barely a thousand yards before the full strength of the growing wind we brought had reached her. After that, however, we gained very slowly, if at all.

I was never a good sailor, a fact which the long rollers soon recalled to my remembrance. The occasional bursts of spray which flew over us added greatly to my discomfort, for my clothes, though warm, were not waterproof. I have always been susceptible of chills, and the prospect of passing the night in dripping

garments seriously alarmed me. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that I observed Isaac produce some oilskins, and boots happily lined with flannel.

The seafaring appearance which I assumed did not, however, allay my internal sufferings, which soon became acute. Huddled on the leeward side of the boat, I watched the chase with an appearance of interest which was mere hypocrisy. To be sincere, I regarded my cousin, who was enjoying a pipe of strong-smelling tobacco on the windward side of me, with a more immediate enmity than I felt towards Marnac himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
The sun sank amidst a cloud conflagration of sullen and thunderous magnificence. The coastline behind us darkened and faded until the crests of the breaking waves rose ghastly white against the gloom of the shrouded land. But fortunately the sky above us was still clear, and a silver crescent of the moon, swinging in at an angle as if the wind had tilted her, showed us the chase heading southward. It was evidently some port in France for which she pointed. My cousin had joined Isaac, who was at the tiller, and the pair conversed in low tones, glancing frequently to the northward, from which the wind blew strong and cold.

It was, according to my remembrance, past nine o'clock that the steady pressure of the wind failed. In its place came gusts, fierce and uncertain, spaced with lulls of restless calm. Ignorant as I was of sea weather, I began to grow uneasy. There seemed a menace in the dark, mysterious wall of cloud to windward, a rampart edged with silver from the moon. Motionless it hung like a heavy curtain that at its rising would reveal some monstrous spectacle. For the first time I realized the insignificance of our boat, its loneliness amidst the hurrying wastes of the sea, and my anxiety passed into alarm. It was about this time that my nausea suddenly left me. This was a great relief to me, for I was well aware that an excess of sea-sickness may result in a serious prostration.

It was in one of the lulls I have mentioned that Isaac gave my cousin the helm and with his man's assistance lowered the sail on the smaller mast at the stern which, I believe, is known nautically as the jigger. They also reefed the larger canvas on the foremast. The Agnes Jane, which was now not more than four hundred yards away, showed no sign of following our example.

"Mark Pennyfold must be mazed," said Isaac on his return aft. "'E must have seen us were chased 'e, yet 'e gives me no chance o' speakin' 'im; and now 'e be changing his boat by carryin' on with that press o' sail. 'P lease to keep thy hand on the tiller, sur."

The little Cornishman rolled forward to where I sat, and stood, making a hollow of his hands. A great stiffness held the sea and air, save for the whisper of the gliding waves.

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

He drove the words over the black waters like the blast of a trumpet.

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!"

Again he called, and this time there came an answering voice.

"'Help! it cried—the one word—and was silent. We waited, but that was all. "It is no good, Treherne," said my cousin. "They have an ugly customer on board who does not mean to be taken. He has his pistol at their heads as like as not. They must take their chance of it."

His words were lost in a stirring note like the throbbing of a giant harp-string, a note that rose to a shriek and then melted into a rattling, drumming roar, the uttermost diapason of the storm-wind. For some seconds we heeled over, so that I could have dipped my face in the bubbling waters; and then, slowly gathering way, we shot forward through the flying spray, with Treherne yelling to his man in tones that even outsoared the squall itself.

We were upon her almost before I realized the disaster that had befallen her. I caught a glimpse of the level line of timbers about the keel, the red sails awash in streaks of hissing foam; and then I saw my cousin lean out and grip something in the water. For a moment I thought he would be dragged from the boat, but Isaac, letting go the tiller, circled his legs with a pair of muscular arms and held on like the little bulldog he was. With three great heaves Graden lunged the dripping thing he held to the boat's edge; with a fourth he landed it fairly on board. The Agnes Jane had gone, and with her the unfortunate men she carried—save Marnac only.

Thus Fate in its own strange manner had given him to us at last!

Shouting like a madman, I started towards the stern, where my cousin was bending over the huddled body he had saved. But even as I did so I saw a black mass, crested and streaked with hissing white, rush up from the obscurity to windward. For a space it seemed to hang above us, while Isaac yelled as he tugged wildly at the tiller. Then, with a wild roar that drummed in my ears like the explosion of a mine, it threw itself upon us, hurling me into the bottom of the boat, choked, deafened, and blinded.

(To be continued.)

Just a Favor.  
The old farmer was deaf and did not hear the steam whistle on the big touring car. It struck him. The chauffeur paled and the woman shrieked.

"Thanks, mister," chuckled the old man as he picked himself up out of the dust. "Come around again sometime."

"But aren't you hurt?" gasped the chauffeur.

"Not 'till."

"But why do you say 'Thanks?'"

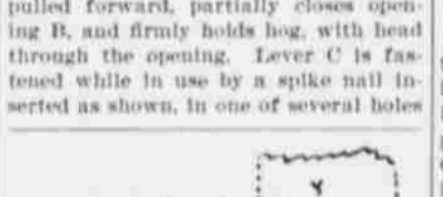
"Because, mister, that thar jolt unloosened a mustard plaster on my shoulder that I have been trying to get off for the last week."

# AGRICULTURAL



For Ringing Hogs.

A ringing trap for hogs is a necessity on many farms, and the accompanying sketch shows a good form. The frame of trap is two inch by four inch pieces, D, D, and D, lapped and bolted at corners as shown, and a tight, smooth floor. Also side and top boards are solidly nailed to inner edge of the frame, as shown, making a strong crate from which boards cannot be crowded off. Rear end is fitted with slide door to raise up as indicated by dotted line V. Front end has a door, AA, made of two thick, strong boards on inside cross cleats at top and bottom. A, A, is joined at bottom by two strong hinges to frame D, and held up when in use by the iron clamp F, being placed down over top of door and frame. D, Door has a central opening B, below which are several bolt holes, for fastening an iron lever, C. The top of door also has wide cleat, E, bolted at one end with blocks behind to hold it out from door, so the other end will form a guide for lever C, which, when pulled forward, partially closes opening B, and firmly holds hog, with head through the opening. Lever C is fastened while in use by a spike nail inserted as shown, in one of several holes



TRAP FOR RINGING HOGS.

bored through side cleat and door at Z. Opening B is twelve inches long and nine and one-half inches wide at widest place near lower end, and lower end of opening is ten inches above floor. Crate is four feet two inches long, two feet four inches high, and one foot six inches wide, inside measure. Place trap squarely with rear end close up to hog house door, with lever C thrown back; raise slide door, drive in a hog and drop slide door behind him, and he will thrust his head through the hole B. Pull lever C tight against his neck and insert spike to hold it there, and you can ring with ease a hog weighing nearly 400 pounds.

**Pack Fruit to Look Well.**  
Says Professor Hutt of Maryland: The appearance of fruit often sells it. A package where the fruits are all of a size looks better than one where they are of different sizes and on that account sells better. A properly graded package should contain the same size of fruit from the top to the bottom, the face being an index to the whole package. There are many good machine graders that will sort accurately to size and will not bruise the fruit. This greatly reduces the labor and cost of grading. Defective specimens are removed from the graded fruit as it is put into the packages.

**Caps for Haycocks.**  
For the benefit of those who are unwilling to purchase caps for covering the cocks we wish to say that alfalfa, properly coated, will shed water just as well as clover—in fact, many farmers claim that it will shed water even better and that it is no more difficult to cure than clover in any season. While this may be true, we urge the use of caps for the reason that alfalfa is so much more valuable than clover, and a little extra expense in this line is money well invested.

**To Have Wormless Apples.**  
A small tree with a fair scattering of Maiden Blue apples was sprayed once after blossoms had fallen with Bordeaux mixture with Paris green added, and again with the same mixture when the apples were as large as half-grown crab apples. The barrel was left under the tree when through spraying the orchard the first time, and upon showing visitors how the sprayer worked the tree was "doused" several times. Not one wormy apple can be found on the tree, thus showing the necessity of very thorough spraying.

Horses from Royal Stables.

One of the most interesting studies in the Interstate live stock and horse show held at St. Joseph, Mo., was found in the exhibit of shire horses from the royal stables of King Edward and Lord Rothschild of Sandringham, England. St. Joseph was fortunate in securing this stable as it had not been the intention to exhibit the horses this side of the Atlantic except in the king's dominion, Canada. Louis F. Swift, of Swift & Co., was influential in prevailing upon Manager Beck, representing King Edward, to exhibit the horses, in two United States shows, viz., at the Interstate in St. Joseph and the American Royal at Kansas City. "Our object in bringing the horses to this side of the Atlantic was primarily to stimulate interest in the big shires with the Canadians," said Mr. Beck. "Until within a few years the shire has been too scarce and high priced for the general run of breeders. They are still high priced, but are coming within the range of general breeding and are a profitable animal to breed for the big draft trade." These horses are fine specimens of the thoroughbred shire and are attracting much attention and favor wherever they are being shown. They are all great, heavy boned, thick muscled animals whose very carriage and bearing and spring motion when in action announce them as something above the ordinary in horse flesh.

**The Selection of Seed Corn.**

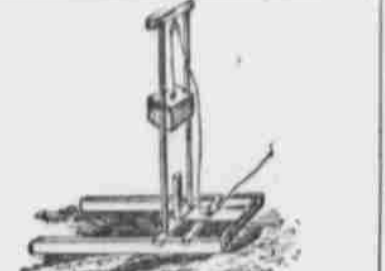
There is no time which is put in to better advantage or which fetches a larger return than that devoted to selecting the seed corn during the latter part of September and the first half of October. The advantage which securing the seed ears at this time has over the ordinary method of selecting at husking time lies in the fact that a choice of the earliest maturing ears can be made, a distinction that is impossible when all of the crop is ripe and ready to husk. For all the north half of the corn belt that type of corn is best which bears its ears low on the stalk. This means as a rule that such corn will mature early, and while the ears produced may not be quite so large as those which one has to reach above his head after they are much more likely to produce hard corn, which will keep after it is put in the crib. The shape and depth of kernel and form and type of ears are of very trivial importance as compared with the main question as to whether the corn itself is of a variety which will mature a crop in the latitude in which it is planted.

**The Pig Pen.**

The pig sty is nearly always filled with materials for absorbing manure, but they are not cleaned as frequently as should be the case. In winter, if the yard contains absorbents, they become soaked during rains, and are disagreeable locations for pigs. The pig prefers a dry location, as it suffers severely on damp, cold days. The materials in the pig sties will be of more service if added to the manure heap and a plentiful supply of cut straw thrown into the yard in its place. The covered shed, or sleeping quarters, should be littered a foot deep with cut straw, which may be thrown into the yard after being used, but the yard should always be cleaned out after a rain and dry material then added.

**Homemade Post Driver.**

The construction of this post driver can be easily taken from the illustration.



NEW POST DRIVER.

It can be made to work by man or horse power. If man power only, use one pulley. This can be made during the winter months and be ready for spring fencing.

About 2,500 acres of pop corn are annually planted at North Loup, Neb., the growers using four pounds of seed to the acre. The crop is sold by the pound, and the average acre yields 2,000 pounds, though double that amount has been recorded in a few instances. The average price for the last ten years has been a little more than \$1 a 100 pounds, giving a gross return of upward of \$20 an acre. During the same period the average price of field corn has been 25 cents, and the average yield thirty bushels, giving a gross return of \$7.50 per acre.

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You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of these bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetables. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
HAIR VIGOR,  
AGEE CURE,  
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**Rough on Raggy.**  
Tommy—What is the "height of folly," pa?  
Pa—Your sister's beau, my son. He is six feet two.

**Probably Went All Right.**  
"J. Smith, Famed Geologist Structure, Ill."  
This was the address on the letter postmarked "Boston, Aug. 27, 1891."  
"Try Starred Rock," wrote the educated railway postal clerk just below the address.—Chicago Tribune.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful 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 is taken 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.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Next Summer.**

A million or two of people who have spent this summer at the seashore are strongly disposed to spend next summer in the back country or the mountains. If they persevere in this determination their places will be filled by persons who have spent this summer in the mountains and the back country and don't want to go back. It has been a very trying summer, muggy, foggy, sneaky, damp, moist, hot and miscellaneous pluvial, but it has been about as bad in one place as in another.—Harper's Weekly.

**FITS** Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer, send for FREE 221-page Book and Testimonies, Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 801 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

**Would Suit Him Better.**

The Judge—Mr. Twiggles, do you wish to poll the jury?  
The lawyer (who had lost his case)—No, your honor; but it would afford me infinite satisfaction if I could cuff the jury.

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

**One of His Gloomy Moods.**  
"Honesty is the best policy, to be sure," moralized the professor, "but in the case of too many men it is a policy that has a surrender value."

**To Break in New Shoes.**  
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Uncle Allen.**  
"Many a man," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "dates all his other reverses from the evening when his best girl turned him down."

**A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.**

**How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.**

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills."

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