

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 XXII.

In my narrative, now drawing to its conclusion, I have endeavored to avoid emotion or exaggeration. Yet as I glance over its pages, I cannot proclaim myself as satisfied. On such an evening as this, with the summer woodlands beneath the cottage basking in the tender glory of the sun's farewell, with the silence of the day that is ending holding the quiet fields—on such an evening, I say, my story, even to myself, appears impossible, a nightmare born in the land of evil dreams. Yet I have but to turn my eyes to where my dearest wife sits at her work, to know that it is true; for it was in that time of danger that Providence gave me the most generous of the gifts that can be bestowed upon man.

Two days after Marnac escaped from our pursuit at Southampton, a little council was gathered in the parlor of Dr. Weston's cottage at Cornish Polleven. In his great arm-chair by the fire sat the old scholar, with the lamplight exposing the delicate fragility of a face whereon consumption had set its warning. In odd contrast was my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, who confronted him. Great-statured, stern, keen-eyed, he was of that type that can fearlessly execute, as well as intelligently conceive, a plan. Mary Weston was on a cushion at her father's knee, his hand in hers; and it was more often to that noble girl that my glance wandered than to my cousin, though, indeed it was he who now set before us the position of affairs.

It was right, he said, that Dr. Weston should know, even as his daughter knew, the danger that hung over us. And so, from its commencement, he told that terrible story; how Marnac, the celebrated Heidelberg professor, had been seized with a partial mania born of heredity, nurtured by overwork, brought suddenly to the light of the violent attacks delivered against a book on which he had spent half his life; how he had planned to destroy his more bitter adversaries, and how, by his insane cunning, he had brought about the deaths of Von Stockmar and Mechersky; how, in his desperate flight from our pursuit, he had killed the son of Reski, the Polish innkeeper; how he had come to England to end his vengeance upon Dr. Weston; and how he had been led to believe that Mary was the writer of the attack which had incensed him. All this he explained; and while he spoke, the shadow of the terror seemed to creep over our very souls, so that we drew together like sheep that hear the cry of wolves in the snow-clad hills.

It was Dr. Weston who first broke the silence that followed Graden's conclusion.

"You have referred to a certain book or diary belonging to this Marnac," said he, for indeed my cousin had mentioned that discovery at Heidelberg. "And I gather that from it you first learned the names of the scientific enemies against whom an attack might be directed. Did this madman include in his butcher's list any persons besides Von Stockmar, Mechersky, and myself?"

"There were several other names," replied my cousin; "but I do not think their criticisms were sufficiently severe to place them in serious danger. I have, however communicated with them all. On the least suspicion they will inform the police and also telegraph to me at my London house. My servant there is kept informed of my address from day to day."

"And the police?"

"In international matters they move slowly. It has been a chase across Europe, remember. Months have often elapsed before very ordinary criminals have been arrested. But this man is a remarkable linguist; he has some five hundred pounds yet in his possession, and he has the cunning common to the partially insane. The English police have full information, but by this time he may be in France or Belgium."

"What, then, do you propose, Sir Henry?"

"For the moment we have no definite objective. It would be useless for us to start for the continent without further information. Until it reaches us, we shall stay in this country."

"I quite understand. I trust that for the ten days that we still have at Polleven, you will consider yourselves my guests—though I fear that the size of my cottage forbids me asking you to leave your quarters at the inn."

"Are you, then, returning to Cambridge, Dr. Weston? I thought you had settled here for the winter?" asked my cousin.

"It was so intended, but my doctors have ordered me to the Engadine. They say—it is my only chance, Sir Henry."

Mary Weston's eyes rose to her father's face in one brief, pitiful glance, and then her head dropped forward. Poor girl! she knew that he had spoken truly.

"The Engadine?"

Graden rose in his ponderous fashion and stood with his back to the fire. I could see that the intelligence concerned him—concerned him, indeed, too nearly for immediate comment. It was some moments before he spoke again.

"Forgive me, Dr. Weston," he said, "but is this a sudden resolution?"

"We decided yesterday."

"Is it common property? Do the villagers know?"

"Really, Sir Henry, I have no idea. I should not think they know."

"I will be quite plain with you, Dr.

Weston, for that is always the best. Until this madman is secured, you and your daughter go in some danger. You should be safe enough in Switzerland, if you keep your address a secret. But even then we must arrange that you have a traveling companion that can be trusted."

"I shall be very glad to go," I interjected.

"No, Robert, that will never do," he said. "To divide our forces would be the worst generalship. Our duty is plain. We must be prepared to strike at the enemy wherever he may be found. Otherwise, there will be weeks of anxiety for us all, and heaven knows what devilish work going forward! Whom can we send? That we must first decide."

"There is Mossel," I suggested, recalling the aid that stubborn German policeman had already rendered us.

"He would come gladly enough. But I do not think the Heidelberg authorities would sanction his departure on so vague a journey. No! I am afraid Mossel is out of the question."

"What of Reski? I saw him find the body of his son; he would travel to the world's end if it brought a chance to meet the murderer."

"The very man. I thank you, Cousin Robert."

And so it was settled. We were to send a telegram to the Polish innkeeper next morning. If he agreed to our request, money could be forwarded in time for him to meet us in London, where he would take up his duty as escort to Dr. Weston and his daughter.

"Remember, please, that your destination is a secret," said Graden, as we made our adieu. "There must be no leaving of indiscreet addresses, Dr. Weston; no explanatory letters to old friends, Miss Mary."

"My father and I—we understand," she said, looking him gravely in the eyes. And so we passed out into the starlight.

They were pleasant days that followed—days that seemed to me the happiest in my life. Was it the contrast with the events of that terrible pursuit which gave them their perfection? So I argued at the time. Yet each hour I knew more clearly that it was Mary's bright eyes that warmed the winter sunshine, and Mary's presence that gave the beauty to that wild, inhospitable coast. Of mornings we walked together on the cliffs; and as night drew in, blotting out the grey wastes of the Channel seas, we joined Graden and her father in the little parlor, listening to the talk of those two great-hearted, simple men. On the second day Reski's answer came, accepting the trust we offered. Then for a week there was no news from the outside world to trouble us, and no incident at Polleven to remind us of our danger save one, which, insignificant though it seemed, I do right to set it before you.

As I have mentioned, a narrow dell or "gorge," as the West-country folk would have it, ran between the cottage and the sea. It was a ruinous place in the winter-time, sprinkled with trees knotted and bent under years of conflict with the winds, and floored with dead bracken and patches of gorse. In the summer it was, doubtless, pleasing enough; but in that December weather it seemed shriveled and forbidding. Indeed, it was not a spot we greatly favored.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was about four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, the fifth day of our visit, that Miss Weston and I entered it from the seaward side. We had taken a sharp walk to the Bredairs Strand, where the famous caves are situated, and were returning to tea. We came upon them at an angle of the thicket—a man and a woman seated on a fallen log in eager conversation. Miss Weston held up a warning hand to me, with amusement twinkling in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Harland!" she whispered, "and at her age, too!"

"Why, who was it?" I asked, for their backs were turned towards us.

"Don't you see? It is Martha, our housekeeper. She is five and forty if she is a day. Fancy Martha with a young man of her own! I wonder who it can be?"

Whereupon she fairly gave way to her merriment in a low ripple of laughter. It was loud enough to reach the ears of the pair before us, for they started to their feet, the woman facing round boldly with flaming cheeks, while the man, after one swift glance, dropped back a step and stood shamefacedly, with downcast eyes. Miss Weston nodded to Martha and we passed on up the track.

"Oh! I am very, very sorry!" she cried to me when we were out of earshot. "I am certain that wretched man is only after her savings. What a silly old dear she is!"

"He seemed about the average in bashful rusticity," I answered her.

"He is one of the worst men in the village—a drunken loafer, who never leaves the inn bar until he is almost starving. I wonder at Martha, for, besides his reputation, she knows—"

"What?" I asked, for she had stopped with a little shiver.

"They say in the village that Penru-

"Was Penruan courting Martha then?"

"I don't know, Mr. Harland; but this is the first time I've seen them together. Please don't say anything more about it. I will have a talk to Martha privately, and see if I can put some sense into her silly head."

As I was walking back to the inn before dinner I caught sight of Penruan coming out of the village postoffice. He slouched away up a side street at sight of me. You may think me dull, but I had no suspicion of the truth.

If I had only known.

We all traveled to London together, taking rooms for the night at the Charing Cross Hotel; for though Graden had chambers in the Albany, he preferred that we should not be separated. It was here that Reski joined us. Sorrow had burnt its mark upon the Polish innkeeper. His thin, handsome features were yet more drawn; and though his courtly manner was unchanged, an allie ferocity lurked in his dark, reflective eyes. It would not go well with the murderer of his only son if he should meet him face to face. So I thought as he stood before us, his hat raised, bowing us a welcome.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, we were gathered in a little group on the departure platform. Graden, who had talked with Reski far into the night, repeated his orders. To preserve the secret of Dr. Weston's residence was of first importance. He would register himself and his daughter in the name of Jackson. All letters, whether from or to the travelers, were to be forwarded under cover to Graden's chambers, where a servant in whom he had absolute trust would dispatch them to their respective addresses. On the slightest suspicion of danger, a telegram would bring our assistance from whatever spot our quest had drawn us. Neither Dr. Weston nor his daughter were to leave their hotel at Pontresina, even for a walk, without the escort of the Pole.

"I do not wish to alarm you with absurd tales, Miss Mary," concluded my cousin; "but it is well to be cautious. Besides, it should be only for a few days. I have found means of awakening the continental police to interest in his capture, and we may hear of his arrest at any moment. Ah! there goes the whistle. Good-bye, Dr. Weston. Good-bye, my dear girl. God keep you!"

He was old enough to be her father; yet I did not consider his age was sufficient excuse for the kiss that he touched on her forehead.

We saw her handkerchief flutter from the carriage window as the train drew out of the station. I watched it fade into the mazy grey of the morning; and as it disappeared, the love I had hidden from myself rushed over me, so that I stood with staring eyes, perhaps as foolish and woo-begone a figure as humanity has ever succumbed to. And for this I shall always thank my cousin, Harry Graden, that he slipped his arm in mine, leading me down the platform as if he had noticed nothing out of the ordinary in my manner.

(To be continued.)

LINCOLN'S FAIRNESS.

It Was One of His Strongest Traits, Governing Every Action of His Life.

General Taylor was triumphantly elected, and it then became Lincoln's duty, as Whig member of Congress from Illinois, to recommend certain persons to fill government offices in that State. He did this after he returned to Springfield, for his term in Congress ended on March 4, 1849, the day that General Taylor became President. The letters that he sent to Washington when forwarding the papers and applications of people who wished appointment were both characteristic and amusing; for in his desire not to mislead or to do injustice to any man, they were very apt to say more in favor of the men he did not wish to see appointed than in recommendation of his own particular candidates.

This absolute and impartial fairness to friend and foe alike was one of his strongest traits, governing every action of his life. If it had not been for this, he might possibly have enjoyed another term in Congress, for there had been talk of re-electing him. In spite of his confession to Speed that "being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected," this must have been flattering. But there were many able young men in Springfield who coveted the honor, and they had entered into an agreement among themselves that each would be content with a single term. Lincoln of course remained faithful to his promise. His strict keeping of promises caused him also to lose an appointment from President Taylor as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which might easily have been his, but for which he had agreed to recommend some other Illinois man. A few weeks later the President offered to make him Governor of the new Territory of Oregon. This attracted him much more than the other office, but he declined because his wife was unwilling to live in a place so far away.

His career in Congress proved of great advantage to him in after life, having given him a close knowledge of the workings of the Federal Government, and brought him into contact with political leaders from all parts of the Union.—St. Nicholas.

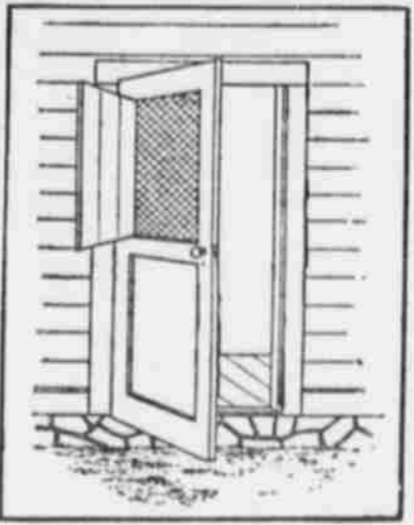
Sufficient Reason.

Blow—What is your reason for thinking Hawker isn't a gentleman?
Knox—His persistency in declaring that he is.



Convenient Hen House Door.

It is frequently desired to allow ventilation through the henhouse without opening the doors so that the fowls may get out. An arrangement which makes this possible is shown in the cut, consisting of an opening in the upper half of the door, inside of which a screen is placed. This allows ventilation in the henhouse without draft upon the birds. Ordinary poultry netting may be used in the opening, with a tight boarded shutter to be closed in stormy weather and at night. Thorough ventilation of the henhouse is very essential, since hens need fresh air quite as badly as they need fresh water, and modern henhouses are being



A VENTILATING DOOR.

built tight, so that sufficient ventilation must be provided for through ventilating flues or openings in the windows and doors.—Farm and Home.

Care of the Cow's Teats.

The care of the teats should always be observed by the milker, and when they get hard and rough should be anointed with vasoline, as cracked teats are an annoyance to the milker, hurtful to the cow and have a tendency to lessen the flow of milk. Long fingernails are also a discomfure to the cow, and the milker should keep them well pared to avoid trouble.

Some cows will not give down their milk for some milkers as readily as to others, and it is often necessary to change milkers and try to find one whom the cow takes a liking to and for whom she will give it down. The holding up of the milk has a tendency to lessen the secretion and consequently the flow.

Essential of a Silo.

The proper construction of the silo is of the greatest importance. If the sides of the silo are not airtight, too much air is admitted and the silage will spoil. If the walls are not perfectly rigid the presence of the silage will cause them to spring out, thus allowing air to enter between the silage and the wall, and, again, the result is decayed silage.

Before building a silo the most careful attention should be given to location, size, form and method of construction. These will differ somewhat according to locality and individual needs.—Farming.

To Stretch Fence Wire.

Go to the woods and cut a wide spreading fork, three inches in diameter at butt end, and three feet to each



FOR STRETCHING WIRE.

crotch. Cut off fork branches so as to have three feet spread at wire. Use both as lever and windlass, as shown in diagram. Staple wire on top and drive large nail in post beneath to hold in place. Now wind up and staple. Can stretch eighty rods at one time.

Improving Live Stock.

Improvement by selection has made the live stock of this country more valuable. It was once supposed that a three-minute gait in trotting was very fast, and the four-mile running horses barely accomplished the distance in eight minutes. A 60-pound sheep was large, and the razor-back hog was on every farm. To-day we have trotting horses that have gotten close to a mile in two minutes, the runner has nearly reached a minute and a half, while sheep that weigh 400 pounds alive are not rare.

Use and Value of the Silo.

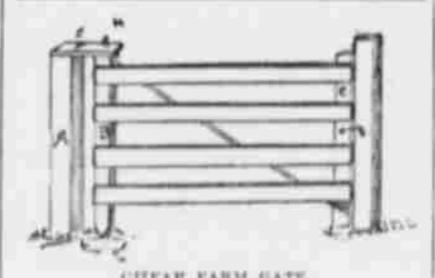
The use and value of the silo has made phenomenal progress throughout the country during recent years. In 1888 the United States Agricultural Department reported only ninety silos in the country. The recent report finds approximately 500,000. Formerly the benefits of the silo were almost wholly unknown to the average farmer; now it is found to be a necessity on thousands of farms. This is especially true in the corn belt, where the silo is almost a necessity in economical dairying. Recent experiments prove conclusively that the use of silage is quite as much of a necessity in beef production. It not only provides a palatable, succulent, healthy food, but enables the farmer to keep about twice the number of live stock as before the advent of the silo. It not only produces nearly double the quantity of dairy products and beef, but augments the fertility of the soil. The silo is here to stay, and every farmer should plan to have one. With all its other advantages, there is no other way that roughage can be so cheaply stored.

Fall Plowing.

It sometimes happens that one has to plow sod whenever the opportunity presents itself for doing the work, without reference to whether the time chosen is the best or not. Some arguments might be advanced in favor of early fall plowing, while late fall plowing also has its advantageous features. If plowing is done early in the fall, say, in September or October, it is usually necessary to do a little disking before the ground freezes up, otherwise the grass may make considerable growth, and this in turn prevents the sod from decaying. If one has the available horse power and also the time to do the work, bluestem sod may be brought into fine condition by plowing it early and afterwards disking it. The ordinary method is to plow late in the fall. If the sod is turned over completely with but little backing, the grass will make but little headway, and consequently a saving of labor will be effected, as compared with early plowing.—Farm and Home.

Gate for the Farm.

This gate can be made from the farmer's wood pile. A is main post. B is a post 4 inches in diameter, setting on a stone, D, about 10 inches thick, half in the ground, with a depression in center, post B made to fit it. Bore 1 1/2-inch holes, put hardwood in and wedge the same at post S. E is a piece of 2-inch plank with hole to hold post R. F is



CHEAP FARM GATE.

a brace from B to C. This gate will last for many years and will swing either way.

Secrecy of Quail.

Quail starved to death by thousands in the winter of 1904-05, but last winter they had an easy time except in February and March. From Massachusetts to Indiana the quail are so scarce that restocking has become necessary. The birds for this purpose are hard to find. More than 100,000 have been captured in Alabama and the southwest, where they still occur in abundance, and have been shipped north for breeding. Even this supply is inadequate, and may not last long. The quail is perhaps our most popular game bird, and a market will be found for all that can be procured. Complete success has been had in raising them on a small scale. Why should not some one go into the business on such a scale that he could turn out 100,000 quail per year?—Country Life in America.

World's Sheep Supply.

This country is beginning to gain slowly in its number of sheep and yield of wool. But here the lamb and mutton demand has developed so rapidly that from this cause the increase is slower than in some other countries. Argentina seems to stand at the head now in numbers, having 74,379,562 head, and Australia 72,322,918. Russia is third, with about 53,000,000, and the United States next, with 45,170,423. The United Kingdom claims 29,076,777. France has 17,800,985 sheep, against Germany's 7,907,173. Cape Colony has 11,318,829 sheep and Natal 729,752.

An estimate of the cost of growing potatoes in Michigan recently made points the figure at 14 cents, which sounds very low, says American Cultivator, but at the same time a grower in Waldo County, Maine, reaches exactly the same conclusion, having grown 216 bushels for \$30.24, which would be 14 cents per bushel. Some of his items, however, sound rather underestimated. He figures for plowing and harrowing \$3, planting, \$3.50, seed \$3, fertilizer, 800 pounds, \$11.75, harrowing \$2, Paris green applied \$1, digging and storing \$0.

Bad Blood

In the cause of all humors, eruptions, boils, pimples, scrofulous sores, eczema or salt rheum, as well as of rheumatism, catarrh and other troubles. The greatest blood remedy for all these troubles, proved by its unequalled record of cures, is

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In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

As Others See Us.

Wedderly—Miss Oldham is certainly a self-possessed woman, isn't she?
Singleton—Yes; and I'm glad of it.
Wedderly—Glad of it!
Singleton—Yes; at least I'm glad that she isn't one of my possessions.



Thousands of women suffer daily headache, dizziness, nervousness and a dozen other symptoms of kidney trouble, but lay it to other causes.
Keep the kidneys well, and these aches and troubles will disappear.
Mrs. Anthony Cadrette, 77 Mechanic St., Leominster, Mass., says: "My sight failed, I had sharp pain in my back and bearing-down pains through the hips. I was nervous, fretful and miserable. The urine was greatly disordered and I began to have the swellings of dropsy. I was running down fast when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. A wonderful change came and after using them faithfully for a short time I was well."

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Anything to Oblige.

Miss Jarner—Papa says I mustn't see you any more.
Young Spoonall—Well, we mustn't dis-obey papa. I'll turn the light a little lower still.

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Appropriate.

"Deflater hasn't been very successful with his new paper, has he?"
"No, I think he ought to change the name of it; ought to call it 'Advice.'"
"Advice? Why?"
"Well, nobody takes it."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Record.

Out of all the external remedies on the market we doubt if there is one that has the record of that world-renowned plaster—Alcock's. It has now been in use for sixty years, and still continues to be as popular as ever in doing its great work of relieving our pains and aches. It is the remedy we all need when suffering from any form of ache or pain resulting from taking cold or over-exertion.
Alcock's Plaster is a solidly Druggists in every part of the civil and world.

Would Seem So.

Customer (at book store)—Have you a work on the art of letter writing?
New Salesman—No, sir, I would think you could learn that at any correspondence school.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County of Lucas and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1905.
A. W. GLEASON,
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hasty Conclusion.

Tommy paused a moment in the work of demolition.
"This is angel cake, all right," he said.
"How do you know?" asked Johnny.
"I've found a feather in it."—Chicago Tribune.

FITS Dr. V. H. Jones and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd. 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

His Count.

"Why, I thought you told me you had nine fascals in here," said the visitor, "I see only two."
"You don't see correctly," answered the turnkey. "The one with the ragged beard is a horse thief. The one with the smooth face is a bank wrecker, who robbed poor people. He's the other eight."

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