

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 XII.

We drew up swiftly—four hundred yards, three hundred yards, one hundred yards. And then, with a short, fierce bark of rage, the Pole dragged out his revolver and fired. As he did so, the sharp hum of a bullet, like the buzz of an angry bee, fled over us. I ducked my head at the sound; but I gave myself the credit of saying that I poked it up again the next moment.

"May the fiend grip him, but he has a Mauser pistol!" cried Reski, and I saw that the weapon in his own hand was of the common bulldog make. "At this range I can do nothing against him."

He lashed his horses, and they plunged gallantly forward. I could see that Marnac had stopped his sleigh and was crouching forward with a perfect coolness. Even at that distance I seemed to feel the goggling murder in his eyes.

Zipl! zipl! He had missed again!

Thung! I saw one of the galloping horses stagger, and then his head and shoulders seemed to fall away, as if he had dropped forward into a hole. There was a bumping and a twisting wrench, the snow by the roadside seemed to spring up at me, and the next instant I was struggling in cold, blinding darkness.

I wriggled out from the drift, gasping, with the flakes in my mouth and eyes. The sleigh was twisted across the road, half covering the dead horse. The other two had scrambled to their feet and now stood shivering, with drooping heads. The fall had knocked one heart clean out of them. Reski lay beside them, huddled where he had fallen. Eighty yards away Marnac had stopped and was watching us. He seemed satisfied with what he saw, for presently he turned and, lashing his team, trotted on down the road.

I don't suppose it was more than a couple of minutes before Reski came round, though it seemed long enough to me. He had got a nasty thump on the head, but as a matter of fact his wrist turned out to be the more serious business, being very badly sprained. Indeed, I made a sling out of a neck wrap and fixed him up as well as I was able. The man had a remarkable vitality, besides brute courage, for, the moment I had finished, he walked over and examined the sleigh.

It looked hopeless enough. One of the runners had been torn almost clean away, and the central part was badly cracked. The body of the poor lad Ivan lay on its back in the roadway, staring up at the sky. I threw a rag over it.

"Well, we can't go on, that's certain," I said.

"Not in the sleigh, mein Herr," he answered calmly.

"And how else?"

"There are the horses, one for each. When you have freed them of their harness, I will ask you to assist me to mount."

There was no good arguing with him, and I was ashamed to seem less eager than a man in his crippled condition. With his clasp knife I cut the twisted traces away and freed them of their collars. At his direction I dragged the body of Ivan into the sleigh and left him there decently covered.

Reski mounted from the stump of a tree, to which I led the stronger of the pair. I was a fairly good rider, but I was excessively stiff from my long drive, and not a little shaken by my fall. My beast seemed to have the sharpest knife-bone of a back that Nature ever gave to horseflesh. But, after all, there was nothing to be gained by grumbling. Perhaps I was growing wiser by painful experience.

A curious pair we must have looked that morning. Reski, with his arm in a sling, and the butt of his revolver peeping from his waist belt, would have made as good a stage brigand as need be. For myself, I was in too much of immediate pain from the jolting trot of the brute I rode to carry a formidable appearance. I could never have imagined that a horse lived with such adamantine fetlocks as mine seemed to possess.

I have no exact record of the time, but I should imagine that it was about half an hour later that we sighted Marnac again. He was then a good three-quarters of a mile ahead, but traveling leisurely. Also, I was very glad to notice that we were free of the waste lands, and that the spire of a church was poking out amongst some poplars ahead of him. He would never dare to use his revolver a second time when men were about. Also, we might procure another sleigh and team.

Reski sent his heels into his horse, and we quickened our pace, though the poor brutes were getting very done and drove heavily along with hanging heads. It was about then that I noticed a man behind us.

We were topping a slight rise when I looked round. He was then some distance in our rear, but coming up fast. As far as I could make out, he was in a sort of uniform and well mounted. The possibility of official help was very pleasant.

We were gaining on Marnac, who had not yet noticed us.

With kicks and curses from Reski, and the application of a hazel branch from myself, we had squeezed a lumbering gallop out of our horses. The sleigh was not more than one hundred yards away. Reski gripped his reins in his teeth and drew his revolver.

"Stop, there! Stop, I say, in the name of the law!"

It was the man from behind who hailed us, but we rode on.

"Stop, or I fire!"

I pulled up. I don't think it was very cowardly when you think of it. Besides, I was anxious to explain.

Reski rode on.

The man who had shouted flashed by me, traveling at an easy gallop. He was dressed in a neat green uniform and carried a drawn revolver.

Reski rode on.

It was all over in a moment. The stranger cried another warning, to which the Pole answered with a snarl over his shoulder. The next instant there was a sharp report, and Reski's horse pitched forward, throwing his rider clear. He was then scarcely thirty yards from Marnac's sleigh.

The Pole was not hurt apparently, for despite his injured arm he scrambled to his feet in an instant. But he had lost his revolver in his fall and was helpless. He began a furious explanation in his national tongue, dropping the hated language of his Teuton conquerors.

"Speak in German, you Polish dog!" growled his captor, and then turning on me as I rode up—

"Here, you," he said, "dismount and stand by your accomplice. If you resist, I shoot!"

I obeyed. From his manner he was without doubt a policeman. Also I respect the law.

"Now, you," he said, addressing me, "explain, if you can, who is that man you shot and left in the broken sleigh down yonder. Remember, it is against you that you have already tried to escape and refused to surrender."

"There is the murderer, mein Herr!" I cried, pointing to Marnac's sleigh, now rapidly vanishing. "We were chasing him. Go after him at once, or he will get away."

The policeman laughed long and loud. "A pretty tale!" said he. "This dog of a Pole here has been in mischief, without doubt; and you, who are—"

"An Englishman?" I said proudly.

"Aha! perhaps you thought you were once more murdering the helpless Boer. A Pole and an Englishman! Ah, me! it is no wonder that together they hatched some fiendish contrivance."

It was no use to make a further appeal. Reski had seen that already. Side by side we tramped through the snow, with our captor and his ready pistol behind us. In half an hour we had reached the village we had seen ahead, and were lodged in a cell infamously damp and cold. All communication with our friends was refused till the arrival of some local magistrate.

As eleven o'clock hammered from the steeple outside, Reski raised his head from his chest and glared across at me.

"He will have arrived at Knesen," he said. "There is a great choice of trains."

It was true enough. Marnac had escaped us once again.

IV.—THE ANONYMOUS ARTICLE.

In my narrative of the pursuit of Prof. Rudolf Marnac, it will have been observed that Fortune had been cold to us. In the incident which I now relate we were to some extent more favored; for though our supreme object was not achieved, we were yet enabled to save the life of her who is dearest to me in all the world.

I have told you of the homicidal mania which fell upon the professor, and of the series of events which caused my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the eminent scientist and explorer, to be associated with a Heidelberg student, as I then was, in an effort to contrive his capture. How we failed to bring about the murderer's arrest in Poland, through the stupidity of a forest guard, I have already explained. By the time I had obtained my release, Marnac had again disappeared. A linguist well provided with money, and on all points but one perfectly sane, had no difficulty in finding refuge in the cities of Europe.

I have been in some doubt as to the best means of briefly describing the present incident. Miss Mary Weston, with whom I discussed the matter, at once offered to place her diary at my disposal. Upon its perusal I suggested that she should herself extract the necessary items, adding such introduction and explanatory notes as seemed necessary. To this she has very kindly consented; and the first portion of this remarkable story I therefore leave in her hands.

MISS MARY WESTON'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the winter of 1899 that my father's health began to fail. In the May of the following year I returned from my school near Paris, and instead of entering at Girton, as my father had previously arranged, I became his secretary. I was then just eighteen. I did the very best I could, and in his dear, kind way, he made me forget my miseries at the endless blunders I committed. You see, there were only we two; for my mother died shortly after I was born, and I was their only child. We saw few people at our little house, which was on the Trumpington road, just outside Cambridge. Ladies I met would often pity me for the dull and lonely life I led, and that used to make me very angry. We were never dull or lonely, my dear father and I.

It may seem absurd that so distinguished a man as Dr. Weston, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S., the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, should have relied on the help of a half-educated school girl. But he was always pleased to say that my love and sympathy were worth far more to him in his work than if he had been served by the cleverest woman that ever headed an honor list.

I well remember the appearance of Prof. Marnac's book, "Science and Religion," which was published simultaneously in German and English at the beginning of the June of that year. My father was violently opposed to it, but I was far more concerned over the state into which it threw him than I was about the book, which, as a matter of fact, I never read. He dictated to me a most severe criticism, which, at his instructions I sent to the editor of the University Review at 102A, Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London. The article was signed "Cantab," a pseudonym that my father often used, as he had the greatest objection to publicity.

About ten days after the August University appeared—that being the number which contained his article—my father received an anonymous letter. It was my duty to open and sort his correspondence, and I was thus able to intercept it. It was addressed to "Cantab," and had been forwarded, unopened, by the editor of the review. The envelope bore a German stamp, but the post-mark had been smeared and was quite undistinguishable. The letter was neatly written in English. It consisted almost entirely of the most violent personal threats against my father. The writer declared that he would soon find out "Cantab's" real name, and would suitably repay him for his slanders against the greatest scientific work of the century. I was very frightened about it, but several friends to whom I showed the letter laughed away my fears, saying it was undoubtedly the work of some madman, and advising me to burn it. This I did. I never mentioned the affair to my father, whose health was giving me great anxiety at the time.

During September my father had taken a cottage on the Cornish coast, and when the end of the Long Vacation came, the doctors forbade his return to Cambridge. I had hard work to persuade him that it was best to obey their orders; but at last he gave in, and we settled down for the winter.

The cottage was built at the foot of a low hill strewn with boulders and torn by the autumn rains. Upon its summit the chimney of an abandoned tin mine rose against the sky like a vast flagpole, with roofless buildings grouped around it in melancholy decay. It was always a depressing spot to me, and I rarely visited it, though the view was splendid. About half a mile before the cottage the moorland ended abruptly in a line of glorious cliffs, two hundred and fifty feet of granite and shining porphyry from brow to breaker. This was my favorite walk. I loved to crawl to the edge, that I might peer over at the reefs that sprang out from the tumbled rocks at the cliff foot like the bones of a giant's hand. I have lain thus for hours watching the great rollers advancing in that stately, inexorable march of theirs, rank following rank, until they burst in thunderous green fountains of foam. Sometimes, when a fierce wind blew from the southwest, the spray they hurled into the air would wet my face, even where I lay so infinitely far above them.

Between the cottage and the cliff the ground dipped into a little glen, or ghyll, as the country folks called it, choked with storm-twisted trees and deep with gorse and ferns. Through it ran our cart track, winding down to the fishing village of Polleven, where the tiny, stone-roofed houses clung to a gap in the cliff wall like barnacles on a rock.

Besides my father and myself, Marjory, our cook-housekeeper, who had been with us ever since I could remember, was the only other inhabitant of the cottage. On Tuesdays and Thursdays a red-cheeked maiden, who had quite remarkable powers of breaking crockery, came to help from Polleven.

So were we living on Nov. 27. From that date I will chiefly rely upon my diary for the details of my terrible experience. Please do not laugh at the form in which I wrote it. Mr. Harland has asked me to make no alterations, and so here it is.

(To be continued.)

Not to Be Trusted.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored two Irishmen decided to fight it out. It was agreed that when either said "I've enough" the fight should cease.

After they had been at it for about ten minutes one of them fell and immediately yelled: "Enough! I've enough!"

But his opponent kept on pounding him until a man who was watching said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough."

"I know he says so," said the victor, between punches, "but he's such a liar you can't believe a word he says."—Washington Post.

Rival News Interest.

Towne—So Greathead is dying, eh? Is he resigned?

Browne—Yes, he is now, but the excitement over the San Francisco disaster had him worried for a time.

Towne—Why, how?

Browne—It occupied so much space in the newspapers he was afraid his obituary would be slighted.—Philadelphia Press.

No Pretence.

"So you want to work?"
"Please don't misunderstand me. I don't want to work, but I've got to."—Philadelphia Ledger.



Liver and Bacon Pie.

Take an equal number of pieces of liver and of fat bacon, free the latter from rind, etc., and place the bacon in a clean pan. Fry till cooked. Then dish up on a hot plate and reserve. Add the slices of liver to the fat remaining in the pan. Fry till cooked and of a nice golden-brown hue. Take out and add to the bacon. Thicken the fat with a little flour and water and a tiny bit of butter mixed together, and stir till quite creamy and of a good brown color. Place the liver and bacon in a deep pie dish in layers. Add salt and pepper, if thought necessary. Fill up the chinks with forcemeat balls, pour the gravy over the whole. Cover with a plain crust. Brush the top with beaten egg, and bake in a moderately hot oven until the crust is done; then serve at once.

Steamed Chicken.

Rub the chicken on the inside with pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt; place in a steamer in a kettle that will keep it as near the water as possible, cover and steam an hour and a half; when done, keep hot while dressing is prepared; then cut up, arrange on the platter and serve with the dressing over them. The dressing is made as follows: Boil one pint of gravy from the kettle without the fat, add cayenne pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir a tablespoonful of flour into a quarter of a pint of cream until smooth, and add to the gravy. Corn starch may be used instead of the flour, and some cooks add nutmeg or celery salt.

The Art of Baking.

The housekeeper who knows how to regulate the heat of her oven and also its peculiarities will save much discomfort to her family. If when baking a cake it browns too quickly on the top, wet a piece of strong brown paper with water and lay it over the cake. A quick oven will burn a gingerbread in a very short time and is sometimes the cause of heavy pastry, and will often cause a hollow in a very light cake. When baking any kind of food the best attention should be given to looking after the fire until the work is done. It does not pay to be careless in this matter.

Rice Pudding.

Wash a teacupful of rice and boil it in two teacupfuls of water; then add, while the rice is hot, three tablespoonfuls of butter, five tablespoonfuls sugar, 5 well-beaten eggs, one tablespoon of powdered nutmeg, a little salt, one-fourth pound of raisins (stoned and cut in halves), one-fourth pound of Zante currants, one-fourth pound of citron, cut in slips, and one quart of cream; mix well, pour into a buttered dish and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Custards.

Steamed custards are delicious, but must be steamed slowly and carefully. Adding cold water will undoubtedly cause a steamed pudding to fail. A very hot oven will scorch any pudding in which whipped white of egg is spread on the top, while the inner part will be quite uncooked. When boiling a pudding such as ralphy, or a suet dumpling, it often sticks at the bottom of the saucepan when dropped in. A plate in the pan will prevent this.

Mince Toast.

Mince any cold meat at hand (if there is a variety so much the better), season highly with pepper, salt and chutney or herbs, and moisten the meat with gravy or cream. Make all thoroughly hot in a stewpan, but do not let it reach boiling point. Have ready some squares of buttered toast, place the mince on these, and garnish with parsley. Serve very hot.

Apple Cream.

Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon one-half pound sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together it becomes very stiff and quite white. Serve it heaped upon a glass dish.

Washington Pudding.

Beat one-third cup of butter and one cup of sugar together until light, and one and a half cups of flour, sifted with two and a half teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in two large layer tins and spread while warm with jelly or jam and serve with a hot liquid pudding sauce.

Makes Nice Dessert.

A very nice dessert for this time of year is to scoop out cantaloupes, fill with ice cream, and over the top place slices of peaches. Or the melons may be filled with whipped cream in which pieces of peaches have been stirred, the cream flavored with bitter almond.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intends. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
HAIR VIGOR,
AGUE CURE,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Doubled the Number.

In criticizing some proposed changes in a bill before the Senate, changes which seemed to him to be alterations in phrasing rather than in meaning, Senator Tillman told a story which the Milwaukee Sentinel reports, of a lady who was looking at a house for rent.

"The house suits me very well," she said to the landlord, "but there is one thing I object to."

"Well, madam, any reasonable alteration," the landlord murmured, suavely, "would, provided you took a three years' lease—"

"I'd take a three years' lease," she said, "if the house had more closets."

"The number of closets shall be doubled," said the landlord.

"Very well," said the woman, and she signed the lease.

After she had gone the landlord said to his clerk, "John, take a carpenter over to number thirty-seven and have him divide each of the closets in two."

A Cautious Sentinel.

It was the small brother of pretty Margaret who opened the front door in response to Mr. Goodyear's ring, and his face took on a singularly alert expression as he surveyed the caller.

"No, she isn't in," said Margaret's brother. "Are—are you Mr. Hamlin?"

"No," said the young man, "I am Mr. Goodyear. Does that make any difference about her being at home?" and he looked searchingly at the boy.

"Course not!" said Bobby, indignantly. "I don't tell stories, nor Margaret doesn't. But if you'd been Mr. Hamlin, I was to tell something about her coming home, and get ten cents if I did it right and didn't tell the wrong one. I need that money, and so, you see, I didn't want to make any mistake. Good-by!"

A Late Edition.

Julius Kahn, representative from San Francisco, was in Washington when the earthquake came and was nearly frantic, because his wife and children, including a baby a few days old, were directly in the path of the fire.

Kahn spent two days trying to telegraph and then took a train and went out, and finding his family safe, stayed a week or so in the ruined city.

On his return he found a letter from a constituent, written eight days after the shock, which began:

"Dear Julius: 'No doubt you will be surprised to learn from me that we have had a terrible earthquake out here.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Justified.

First Ranchman—What'd they do t' Broncho Bill f'r shootin' up t'ier tenderfoot?

Second Ranchman—The Jedge let him go.

First Ranchman—How's that?

Second Ranchman—Ut seems th' tenderfoot says: 'Bill, what's th' difference between a cowpuncher an' a sail-or' an' Bill sez: 'I d'no, an' th' tenderfoot sez: 'One ships th' steers an' th' other steers th' ships.' Jedge sez ut iz justifiable, er sumpin' like that.'—Toledo Blade.

Just What He Wanted.

"These eggs aren't fresh, are they?" queried the stranger.

"Well," replied the grocer, cautiously, "these eggs will make a ham—"

"Oh, I don't want 'em for ham omelet or any kind of eating. I've been in at that show at the opera house, and what I want—"

"As I was saying, sir, these eggs will make a ham actor feel like a last year's bird's nest."—Philadelphia Press.

Nature's Endowment.

Caller—Miss Millicent plays wonderfully on the piano.

Grandfather Greevius—Yes; it sort o' runs in the family. By jucks, you'd ort to 'ave heerd me play "Ole Dan Tucker" an' "Ole Bob Ridley" on a jewsharpen when I was a boy!

Giving It Away.

The Young Man—Dicky, you think a good deal of your sister, don't you?

Dicky (entertaining him)—You bet! So does ma and pa. She's been in the fam'ly mighty near forty years.