

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr.

Hermann," I answered.

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

"The writing is mine."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"As she is now?"

"Yes."

"Then you have no one in the house?"

"No one—save my father."

"Indeed! Is that so?"

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

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

"Jerrold's Hotel,

"Strand, London, W. C.

"To 'Cantab.'"

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

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

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

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

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

"Sincerely yours,

"HENRY GRADEN (Bart)."

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

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

And yet my first act was one of such

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

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

That was what I said to him.

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

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

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

"I shall answer no questions."

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

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

"So I imagine," I replied.

"You relieve me of a load of explanations. There is, however, one point on which I myself desire information.

Through the courtesy of the editor—or assistant editor—of that admirable periodical, the University Review, I was allowed a glimpse of the manuscript of an article signed 'Cantab.' It was a scurrilous effort, dictated by the meanest jealousy. It was designed to destroy my book—my book which is my life's work—do you understand?—my whole life's work."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Will you swear this to me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And leave your father as a hostage."

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

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

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

"Then take me," I said to him.

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

So Homelike!

Some one said to Brother Williams: "They have a balloon fad now, and you can go up and cool off in the clouds."

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



Blackberry Vinegar.

Put the blackberries into a stone vessel and mash them to a pulp. Add elder vinegar enough to cover it well, stand in the sun twelve hours and all night in the cellar, stir well occasionally during this time, strain and put as many fresh berries in the jar as you took out; pour the strained vinegar over them; wash and set in the sun all day. To each quart of this juice, allow one pint of water and five and one-half pounds of sugar to three pints of the mingled juice and water. Place over a gentle fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Heat slowly to boiling, skimming off the scum, and as it fairly boils take off the strain. Bottle while warm and seal the corks with sealing wax, or beeswax and rosin.

Gooseberry Marmalade.

Four pounds of gooseberries, four oranges, juice of all and rind of two—four pounds of sugar, two pounds of seeded raisins. Stem gooseberries, squeeze juice of oranges and cook skin of two (or the skin of four if flavor of orange is liked) in water until tender. Drain and scrape out the white part. Put the gooseberries into a granite kettle, heat slowly to boiling and cook twenty minutes (add a little water if necessary to keep from sticking). Then add the sugar, orange juice and rind cut fine, and raisins; cook slowly until thick. Seal while hot.

Banana Fritters.

Cut peeled bananas into halves lengthwise, then across, and dip in fritter batter. Fry in deep hot fat and serve with a lemon sauce. The sauce for fritters should always be clear, and generally no thickening is used, or else a little arrowroot is taken, which makes transparent thickening. Make a syrup by cooking one cup of sugar with five tablespoons of water for eight minutes, and be sure not to cook it longer, for ten or twelve minutes will make it thread. Add one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice and a rounding teaspoon of butter.

Scotch Bread.

This sort of bread, or, more correctly speaking, cake, is rich, and must be kept several days or a week to be at its best. Work one cup of butter and one-half cup of soft light brown sugar together, then knead or mix in one-half pound of bread flour, which will be about two cups. Set in the ice box to chill, and roll one-third of an inch thick. Cut in squares, scatter some caraway seeds over the top and press in lightly, then bake in a slow oven. If preferred, the caraway seeds can be scattered through the dough, or they may be omitted.

Rice and Peas.

To take the place of meat there is nothing more satisfactory than rice and peas. Both are boiled separately and then the two are put together and cooked with a bit of pork, butter and pepper. An entire dinner may be made of curried chicken if it is served after the West and East Indian mode. A little grated fresh coconut, a bit of thinly sliced smoked salmon, gherkins, chutney and pickled beet root give a distinct flavor and relish to it and take the place of vegetables and salad.

Sponge Layer Cake.

Beat the yolks and whites of five eggs separately, stirring into the yolk a cupful of powdered sugar and a small teaspoonful of prepared flour. Beat for twenty minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and the stiffened whites, stirring these last in very lightly. Turn into greased layer-cake tins and bake in a steady oven.

Sponge Cake.

One scant cup of sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; a half cup of boiling water. Beat the yolks for fifteen minutes with the sugar; then add the whites, the flour, and, last of all, the water. Bake in a loaf tin.

Spiced Peaches.

Peel and slice peaches and weigh them. To five pounds of fruit allow two pounds of granulated sugar and a small cup of vinegar, with two ounces each of whole cloves and broken stick cinnamon. Put over the fire and boil until very thick. Put into heated jelly glasses and seal.

Grape Pie.

Wash and stem ripe, acid grapes. To two cups of the fruit add a cup of granulated sugar, mix well and put into a pie plate lined with puff paste. Fill on an upper crust and bake. Serve cold with sugar strewn over the top of the pie.

Apple Taffy.

Boil together a pound of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of cold water until a little dropped into cold water is brittle. Wipe each apple, run a skewer through it, dip in the scalding sirup and lay on waxed paper to dry.

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 Pye 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 Rapture.

Ardent Lover—Blanche, you are the loveliest girl in the world!

His Intellectual Sweetheart—While I realize that such a remark as that Gerold, 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 not remain at home during vacation period, but seek some secluded glade and rest my weary brain where the woodland twineth."

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

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nervous Remedy, which for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise, Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Necessarily.

Dinglebats—The oculist charged you \$5 for taking a grain of sand out of your eye? That's pretty steep, isn't it?

Himpsley—I thought so, till I looked over his bill. It was for 'removing a foreign substance from the corner,' 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 shouldn't 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 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. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. 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 spec 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 everything 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.