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By T. L. DUGGER

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The Trail of the Dead:
THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND
By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph H. Rowles)

CHAPTER III.
In two strides my cousin was on the steep and narrow stairs. For a man of his age and size he mounted them with a surprising activity. Indeed, when I gained the landing he was already standing at the door of the room. He held up his hand with a warning gesture. I stepped up to him softly and peered over his shoulder.
By the side of an old sofa placed against the wall of a room, half bedroom, half study, Professor Marzac crouched on his hands and knees. A lamp stood on the floor at his elbow. He was working with feverish haste, yet with a certain method, moving his lamp toward as his examination of the section lit by its immediate rays was completed. It was an odd sight, this silver-haired figure that crouched about, peering and peering, like some species of elderly ape. No absorbed was he that it was with a minute before, with a swift sideways turn of the head, he caught sight of our faces in the doorway and rose to his feet.
"I can find no trace of it," said he, something back his hair with a sigh. "It is extremely annoying."
"Of what may I ask, sir?" I queried.
"Of my signet ring," he said. "A valued possession which I would not lose for fifty pounds."
"Pray let me assist you," said I, stepping forward and raising the lamp which the professor had replaced on the table.
"No, no, Mr. Harland. Enough has been done in the presence of death we must forget such trifles. Besides, although it was on my finger when I entered the house, it might have been dropped in the hall or on the stairs. I do not doubt that Hans will find it."
The professor spoke in an exultant fashion that belied his not doing so. I should have passed behind a great screen of stamped leather that cut off the bed from the rest of the apartment. Marzac had stepped after him, and I thought at a slower pace, followed them. To be honest, the evening had been disturbed not a little. I had grown suspicious, uneasy, and this annoyed me in that I was without reason. He had been so sure of himself, and I had granted that the professor had displayed oddities of demeanor, yet he was not a man to be trifled with. And if my cousin had become taciturn, if his lips were drawn in a smile, the death of his old friend—
"Stand back, Herr professor! stand back, I say!"
It was Graden's voice, stern and decisive. I sprang to the corner of the room and peered into the darkened alcove beyond.
Upon his death-bed pillows the calm and simple face of poor Von Stockmar glowed like a mask cast in white marble. But neither of the two men who confronted each other across the body looked upon it. Graden, a grim and resolute figure, stood looking at the wooden match-box in his huge hands. He had opened it carelessly, for cheap sulphur matches were scattered on the sheet before him. Marzac's face I could not see, but in the pose of his back and shoulders there was something feline—something suggestive of an animal about to spring.
For a second or two the three of us stood in silence. My cousin was the first to break it.
"Pray do not let us detain you, Professor Marzac," said he. "Should we chance upon your ring, believe me, it will be safe."
The professor straightened himself with a little gesture of submission and stepped back into the lamplight. His hands were on the latch and he turned upon us—for we had followed him—with a face deformed with the most malignant fury.
"As to your friends," he cried. "I wish you a pleasant evening!"
And then a fit of laughter took him—another, diabolical merriment that broke out in sily chuckles like water gurgling from a bottle. The door closed upon it. We stood listening as it grew fainter, fainter, until it died away in silence on the lower stairs.
"Turn the key, Cousin Robert. But no, after him, lad, and bolt him out of the house. He'll be burning it down, else."
Graden was inexorable; but I ran to obey. As I reached the hall, I heard the clanging of the street door and the squeaking of the bolts as Hans shot them behind the departing visitor.
When I re-entered the room I found the screen pushed back against the wall and my cousin, in his shirt-sleeves, leaning over the bed. He looked at me over his shoulder to sit down and keep quiet, and I humbly obeyed him. Once or twice he turned to the lamp which he had at his elbow, and I caught a glimpse of a magnifying glass. Presently he rose and, carrying the lamp in his hand, commenced a circuit of the room, lingering now and again to examine some object. At the dressing-table he paused for several minutes, using the magnifying glass repeatedly. But shortly afterwards he threw himself down and made me with the air of a man whose work is done.
"It's no use except to our little Hermann that I mean," said he, pulling out a big briar, "but smoke I must."
He sat there puffing for a minute or two, his head sunk forward, his eyes on the floor. I watched him expectantly.
"It's a great gift, is observation," he began. "It makes just the difference between medicine and success in game-birds and novel-writers, in painters and explorers of the unknown lands, where a man has never a map to help him. And this same gift, observation has given me some very remarkable results this evening; and you will see when I set them out in proper order. You'll see the logical head, Cousin Robert, and I want you to give me your fullest attention. Confront me if I overstate the case."

hastily into his pocket. He never realized what had occurred until, upon accidentally pulling it out with his handkerchief in your lodgings, he found it empty. It was for that reason he searched so anxiously. What became of it did not matter so long as it was not found in this room; though, as a matter of fact, there was very small danger even then of its affording a clue.
"And now we come to a stroke of abominable luck, of which Marzac has every right to complain. I found the caterpillar on the sheet of the bed, but that was not the worst of it, for it happened to be the one man in all Heidelberg who knew of its peculiar properties; who knew that its hairs are slightly poisonous, sufficient indeed to raise a nasty rash on the face. Marzac employed it for removing their enemies by blowing the hairs into their lungs. I took out a match-box, emptied it, and collected the caterpillar. I was closing the box when I looked up and saw Marzac watching me with a shocking expression, which would hardly have distorted the face of a perfectly sane man, however provoked. Nearly every murderer has a screw loose somewhere, but, in my opinion, Marzac is in an unusually bad way. It may turn out more of an asylum than a gallows business, after all."
"But the details of the scene you picture, how did you obtain them?"
"I am a quick thinker, and the events of the evening began to arrange themselves as a sort of sequence crowded by the discovery of the caterpillar. The inference to be gathered from them was obvious. I examined the contents of the dead man, and found four of the caterpillar hairs caught therein. On the dressing-table lay an ordinary pair of nail scissors. Two hairs were jammed where the blades met. On the creased sheet of paper, which I found behind the couch, there was no sign, but the use to which I had been put was plain. From Hans I knew the custom of the house; the sleep after the midday meal, the open door, the opportunity. In the matter plain to you."
"What are you going to do?" It was all that I could say.
"Nothing to do. To appear at a German police-station at this hour with an extraordinary story would be for two foreigners, at least—the height of absurdity. Besides, there is no hurry; Marzac won't budge. He'll sit it out, never fear."
One o'clock changed out from the window as I bade good-night to Graden at the door of my lodgings. He had already secured a room in a neighboring hotel.
"Have you a lock on your bedroom door?" said he.
"I believe so."
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CHAPTER IV.
I stared at him in the most profound amazement.
"Yes, murder, Cousin Robert; as deliberate as a dagger in the back of an innocent man as has ever befouled a corner of God's fair world."
He rose from a chair and plowed heavily up the room. The veins started in his forehead; his huge hands knotted themselves tensely.
"Listen. This afternoon a man lay snoring on that couch in the corner. How far is a criminal, how far a lunatic? Is this act premeditated, or the sudden tempting of opportunity? Who can say? It is enough that in his sleep the casual imagination he has come to regard the sleeper as an enemy who maliciously set himself to destroy his theories and his habits, and to laborious work of years. His desire for revenge is concentrated on the man before him."
"The present case is a case of this kind, I cannot guess, though that should be a point easily discovered. He himself may have obtained it from Africa, or it may have come into his hands by chance, as the chief of the Entomological Museum. But he has it safe enough shut up in the tin box which fell from his pocket in your rooms. The spring of the lid was defective, you may remember; it is that same defective spring that will hang him."
"He stands over there, listening and watching. There is no sound; the sleeper will not wake. He opens the case upon the dressing-table and lifts the 'thing' which he has hidden in the corner. How far is a criminal, how far a lunatic? Is this act premeditated, or the sudden tempting of opportunity? Who can say? It is enough that in his sleep the casual imagination he has come to regard the sleeper as an enemy who maliciously set himself to destroy his theories and his habits, and to laborious work of years. His desire for revenge is concentrated on the man before him."
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Thoughts the Much Harmed.
"I never do drink coffee," interrupted the patient.
"Er, don't interrupt me. As I was saying, you must drink no coffee but pure Mocha. You must drink a little of that every morning."—Philadelphia Press.
Narrow Escape.
"I can cure you, I believe," said the young doctor, "but you must drink no coffee."
"I never do drink coffee," interrupted the patient.
"Er, don't interrupt me. As I was saying, you must drink no coffee but pure Mocha. You must drink a little of that every morning."—Philadelphia Press.
A Deep One.
"Senator Sise advise all young men to be honest."
"Well?"
"But let's an old grafter."
"Just so. And he wants to reduce competition in his line."—Philadelphia Bulletin.
Ample Cause.
"But then, he had good grounds for divorcing his wife."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, indeed. Her complexion didn't match the color of his new auto."—Judge.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

PAY OF TEACHERS.

Receiving Highest Salaries Now in History of State.
Salem—Salaries of public school teachers in Oregon are higher than ever before in the history of the state. Thirty years ago the average monthly salaries were \$45.68 for males and \$33.64 for females. During the '90s when times were good, salaries increased and those of male teachers reached the highest point just before the panic of 1893. The average salary paid to men in the public schools was then \$51.11.
The salaries of female teachers touched the highest point in 1891 when the reports showed an average of \$24.43. The compensation of instructors in the public schools then started on a decline and so continued until 1897, when men were receiving an average of \$41.75 and women \$33.97. For the last ten years salaries have been steadily advancing and have now reached an average of \$60.02 for men and \$44.95 for women.
Multnomah county pays the highest salaries, but of the outside counties Lake pays the highest to men and Harney the highest to women.

OREGON RANGE FREE.

Grazing Tax Law is Declared to Be Unconstitutional.
Salem—The Oregon Supreme court has declared the grazing tax law of 1905 unconstitutional. The decision will likely be of advantage in some respects to the legislature of 1907, which will give particular attention to the enactment of tax laws.
Briefly stated, the 1905 statute was declared void because it is a revenue tax law and not a license law. It possessed the language and elements of a tax law and not of a license law. The act provided that a tax of 20 cents a head shall be paid upon all sheep owned by non-residents and brought into this state for pasturage.

Schools Show Good Advance.

Salem—Material advancement is shown in the conditions of the schools of the state by the figures contained in the summary of Superintendent Ackerman's annual report, which he has just given out for publication. Briefly this statement, it is shown that the school population has increased by at least 5,000 during the past year, and the total daily attendance has been increased to at least a million. Notwithstanding the latter increase, however, the average daily attendance has fallen off by over 100,000, but the average monthly school taught during the year has advanced from 6.05 to 6.19.

Will Add Two Grades.

Lebanon—At a recent meeting of the voters of the local school district it was decided to lease the Santiam Academy building and grounds and add the 11th and 12th grades to the present high school course. The change will become effective October 1. The following corps of instructors has been selected for the ensuing year: Principal, E. N. Barnes; vice principal, Frank McInnis; of Dallas assistants, Mrs. C. F. Higbee, Miss Harriet Alexander, of Gresham; Miss Mary McCormick, Miss Margaret Cotton, Miss Tress Moffitt, of Salem.

Hood River Prepares for Fair.

Hood River—Hon. E. L. Smith, president, and G. J. Giesling, secretary, of the Hood River Biennial Fruit fair, have issued a call for a mass meeting of the residents of the town and valley for the purpose of making arrangements for this event, important to fruit growers. The meeting will take place September 1 in the Commercial club rooms, when plans will also be perfected for entertaining the Oregon State Irrigation association.

Pay Hop Pickers by Weight.

Woodburn—At a meeting in this city recently of the Willamette Hop-growers' association, 85 hopmen were present. It was decided that all growers should endorse the system of picking by weight, but at the same time it was left to the discretion of growers whether to pick by weight or to use measuring baskets of nine bushels each. The general opinion was expressed that the price of picking should be 50 cents per box or \$1 per 100 pounds.

More Power is Needed.

La Grande—Owing to the increase in demand for electric power, the electric company has been unable to get along with the energy developed at the Cone power house and it was found necessary this week to use some of the power from Morgan lake. In all the company is now using 700 horse power, and this amount will be gradually increased.

Postoffice for Myrick.

Pendleton—The postoffice at Myrick station has been re-established, after having been discontinued for several months. It is a fourth class office, and the postmaster is William Love. Myrick is a small station on the line of the W. & C. R. R., 12 miles northeast of Pendleton. It is in the midst of the rich wheat growing section.

FARMERS ARE INDEPENDENT.

Can Hold Their Wheat Until the Price Suits Them.
Salem—That the farmers of the Willamette valley are less under the control of warehousemen and millers than ever before is asserted by W. A. Taylor, a prominent Waddo Hills farmer, who has taken the lead in the task of breaking the hold of the buyers of wheat.
"Farmers are this year buying their sacks to a greater extent than ever before," he says, "and they are under no obligations to any buyer. They are entirely free to sell when they can get the highest price. Then many farmers are planning to store their grain on their farms until they get ready to sell, instead of hauling to a warehouse immediately. They will make a sale first and haul the grain afterwards, and get better terms."
"I have noticed," continued Mr. Taylor, "that millers and warehousemen are pretty anxious to get possession of wheat and have been offering inducements to get farmers to store grain in their warehouses. Notwithstanding the declaration that no more sacks would be lent, sacks have been offered in the hope that thereby the intending buyer would secure an advantage. Not many of the farmers are yielding themselves up, however."
Files on Big Power Site.
Eugene—S. W. Curtis, of San Francisco, said to represent the Pittsburg Reduction company, of Niagara Falls, an aluminum manufacturing concern, has filed notice of location of a power site on Horse creek, a tributary of the McKenzie river, in the vicinity of Valley Springs, 60 miles east of Eugene. He files on 20,000 miners' inches under a six-inch pressure, and it is estimated that 30,000 horse power can be generated. Mr. Curtis declines to make any statement regarding the intentions of his employers, but it is presumed that they may, some time in the future, establish a manufacturing plant in Eugene or vicinity.

City Water for Ashland Normal.

Ashland—The Ashland public schools will open for the fall term Monday, September 3. The State Normal at Ashland will not begin work this year until September 25, the opening date being fixed later than usual so as to give time to get a number of important improvements at the building and grounds further under way. A contract was let last week for a new heating plant, which will cover the principal buildings on the campus.

Lack of Cars Closes Plant.

Eugene—The Royce & Peterson excelsior plant has closed down here on account of the failure of the Southern Pacific to furnish cars. All warehouse space has been exhausted, and there was no recourse but to stop manufacturing. The company's plant at Junction City can run about two weeks longer, and then it will have to shut down if cars are not available.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 67¢@68¢; binestem, 70¢@71¢; valley, 71¢; red, 64¢@65¢; oats—No. 1 white, 42¢@43¢; gray, 42¢@43¢.
Barley—Feed, 32¢ per ton; brewing, 42¢@43¢; rolled, 42¢@43¢.
Corn—Whole, 28¢; cracked, 32¢ per ton.
Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, 11¢@12.50 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, 11¢; clover, 47¢@50¢; alfalfa, 45¢; grain hay, 47¢; alfalfa, 41¢; vetch hay, 47¢@50¢.
Fruits—Apples, common, 50¢@75¢ per box; fancy, 41¢@52¢; apricots, 41¢@51¢; grapes, 41¢@75¢ per crate; peaches, 41¢@1.10; pears, 41¢@75¢; plums, fancy, 50¢@75¢ per box; common 50¢@75¢; blackberries, 5¢@6¢ per pound; crab apples, 7¢ per box.
Melons—Cantaloupes, 11¢@12¢ per pound; watermelons, 1.00¢ per pound.
Vegetables—Beans, 5¢@7¢; cabbage, 1 1/2¢@2¢ per pound; celery, 8¢@11¢ per pound; corn, 15¢@20¢ per dozen; cucumbers, 40¢@50¢ per box; egg plants, 10¢ per pound; lettuce, head, 25¢ per dozen; onions, 10¢@12¢ per dozen; peas, 4¢@5¢; bell peppers, 12¢@15¢; radishes, 10¢@15¢; per dozen; rhubarb, 2¢@2 1/2¢ per pound; spinach, 2¢@3¢ per pound; tomatoes, 60¢@90¢ per box; parsley, 25¢; squash, 11¢@15¢ per crate; turnips, 90¢@1.10 per sack; carrots, 11¢@15¢ per sack; beets, 11¢@15¢ per sack.
Onions—New, 1 1/2¢@1 1/4¢ per pound.
Potatoes—Oregon Burbank, 70¢@75¢; sweet potatoes, 40¢@45¢ per pound.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 22 1/2¢@25¢ per pound.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, 21¢@22¢ per dozen.
Poultry—Average old hens, 13¢ per pound; mixed chickens, 12¢@13¢; springs, 13¢@14¢; old roosters, 9¢; dressed chickens, 14¢@15¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@22¢; turkeys, dressed, choice, 20¢@22¢; geese, live, 8¢@10¢; ducks, 11¢@13¢.
Hops—1906 contract, 18¢@20¢; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.
Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15¢@16¢ per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20¢@22¢, according to shrinkage; molair, choice, 25¢@30¢ per pound.
Veal—Dressed, 5 1/2¢@6¢ per pound.
Beef—Dressed bulls, 3¢ per pound; cows, 4 1/2¢@5 1/4¢; country steers, 5¢@6¢.
Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 4¢@5¢ per pound; ordinary, 5¢@6¢; lambs, fancy, 8¢@9 1/4¢.
Pork—Dressed, 7¢@8 1/4¢ per pound.