

The Santiam News.

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NO. 15.

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, fell over us. I did not look back at the sound, but I gave myself the credit of saying that I poked it up again the next moment.

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

He lashed his horse, and they plunged gallantly forward. I could see that Marnac had stopped his sleigh and was crouching his weapon with a perfect steadiness. Even at that distance I seemed to feel the gurgling murder in his eyes. Zipl! Zipl! He had missed again!

"Thank!" 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 lurching 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 grip of the horse, 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 the heart clean out of them. Reiki 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, leading his team, trotted on down the road.

I don't suppose it was more than a couple of minutes before Reiki came round. He had got a nasty thump on the head, but as a matter of fact, his eyes turned out to be the most serious business, being very badly sprained indeed. I made a sling out of a neck wrap and fastened 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 old team on its back in the roadway, staring up at the sky. I threw a rug 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 two 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 express my rage. With a man in his crippled condition, with his clasp knife 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.

Reiki mounted from the stump of a tree, to which I had 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 next seemed to have the sharp 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. Reiki, with his arm in a sling, and the horse, with his head made as good a stage as need be. For myself, I was in too much of immediate pain from the jolting trot of the horse I rode to carry a formidable appearance. I could never have imagined that a horse lived with so adamant-like locks 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 wicker hands, and that the spire of a church was peering 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.

Reiki sent his heels into his horse, and we quickened our pace, though the poplars were getting very dense 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 Reiki, and the application of a barrel branch from myself, we had succeeded in making a gallop out of our horses. The sleigh was not more than one hundred yards away. Reiki 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.

Reiki rode on.

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

Reiki rode on.

It was all over in a moment. The stranger cried another warning, to which

dence, 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 smudged and was quite undistinguishable. The letter was neatly written in English. It contained 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, and whose health was giving me great anxiety at the time.

During September my father had taken a cottage on the Oxford 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 screened with hollies and trees by the autumn rains. Upon its summit the chimney of an abandoned tin mine rose against the sky like a vast flagpole, with redoubt buildings grouped around it in melancholy decay. It was always a depressing sight to me, and I never 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 roofs that sprang out from the tangled forest 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, and 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-torn trees and deep with gorse and ferns. Through it ran our cart track, winding down to the fishing village of Polzeen, 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-checked maid, who had quite remarkable powers of breaking crockery, came to help from the village.

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

(To be continued.)

Cheers for John Bunyan.

Even the unemployed do not begrudge recognition of merit where it is deserved. At least, so it would seem by a story told in the London Daily Mail. A stalwart Bedford police constable was escorting a small army of men who were out of work, the other day, seeing them safely off the premises, as it were. "This is John Bunyan's house we're coming to," he said.

"Who's he?" roared a dozen men from the ranks.

"W'y," ventured one man, "e wor a tinker, wot'n't y'?"

"Ay," chorused a dozen more.

"W'y, wot's the extra special 'bout being a tinker?" queried a discontented individual. "Is a tinker, too, but no body's a-coming round looking at my 'ouse."

"For two good reasons, 'Arry."

"Wot be them?"

"You ain't got no 'ouse to begin with, and you ain't John Bunyan, neither."

Lord laughter greeted this reply.

"But what else did this man Bunyan do besides tinkering?"

"W'y, ye chump, 'e wrote a book called 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or summat."

"W'y, then, that be all arret for us. We be pilgrims true enough, and we be making progress, so three cheers for old John Bunyan!"

The hundred and fifty of the unemployed burst into ringing cheers and resumed their march.

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:

"W'y 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?

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

Towne—Why, how?

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

No Pretense.

"So you want to work?"

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

Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic region there are 702 different species of flowers.

Rainfall at Astoria.

Astoria—The rainfall at Astoria in September was the heaviest during any corresponding month since the smelter pulp & paper company is in place. The heaviest rain was on the top of its concrete weir. In this way the volume of water going over the falls is so distributed that the operation of the fish ladder is not interfered with.

Helps Salmon Over Falls.

Hepner—In order to facilitate the ascent of the fishway at the falls in this city by salmon in their efforts to reach the Upper Willamette, the Willamette Pulp & Paper Company is placing heavy timbers on the top of its concrete weir. In this way the volume of water going over the falls is so distributed that the operation of the fish ladder is not interfered with.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

PRICE WILL NOT ADVANCE

Oregon Millmen Not Worrying Over Price of Logs on Sound.

Portland—Despite the shortage in the log supply for the Columbia river mills and the exhaustion of the surplus that is stored each summer for the winter's run, Portland millmen are not apprehensive of a rise in the price of logs. The schedule has soared to such heights already, they say, that there is no likelihood of a further advance for weeks to come.

Salem—Frequent requests for material on subjects to be debated in the schools of Oregon convinced the commission of the desirability of supplying some "debate libraries."

Each library contains a few of the best books and pamphlets on the subject, and usually the brief from "Briefs for debate" or "Briefs on public question." Periodical articles, to supplement the library, may be rented from the H. W. Wilson Co. of Minneapolis for a few cents. A list of desirable articles is enclosed with each library. The library will be sent without charge except for transportation to any debating society in Oregon upon application from the officers of the society and the principal of the school. The books may be kept for one month. Each package is small and the express will vary from fifty cents to one dollar, less than the cost of a single book.

It will now be more possible to have live debating societies and to do thorough work.

Application should be made soon as there is but one library on each subject, and the books will be made in order of applications.

Societies planning for several debates should file request at one time for all libraries wanted during the year, stating date of debate on each topic.

Libraries on the following subjects are now ready and more will be supplied soon: Industrial arbitration, child exclusion, immigration, tariff, trusts, eight-hour day, child labor, capital punishment, open shop, spelling reform, trades unions, popular election of United States senators, nominating systems, proportional representation, railroads, roads, taxation, insurance, forestry, irrigation and prisons.

Telephone in Coquille Valley.

Myrtle Point—The new Farmers' Telephone line from Norway, a point about four miles from here, to Myrtle Point is nearing completion. This is one of a large number of farmers' lines centering at Myrtle Point. The Farmers' lines have induced the Pacific States Telephone Company to give free rates over its line, through the Coquille Valley, and also to reduce rates for the rental of telephones.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Club, 65¢66¢; bluestem, 65¢66¢; Valley, 67¢68¢; red, 62¢63¢. Oats—No. 1, white, 23.50¢24¢; gray, 22.25¢23.50¢ per ton.

Barley—Feed, 20.50¢ per ton; brew, 22.50¢; rolled, 23¢.

Rye—11.35¢ per cwt.

Corn—Whole, 12.60¢27¢; cracked, 12.80¢ per ton.

Milwaukee—Bran, city, 14.50¢; country, 15.50¢ per ton; middlings, 24¢; shorts, city, 16¢; country, 17¢ per ton.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, 10¢11¢ per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, 12¢ 13¢; clover, 16.50¢17¢; chest, 17¢ 18¢; grain hay, 17¢; alfalfa, 18¢; vetch hay, 17¢18¢.

Fruits—Apples, common to choice, 25¢75¢ per box; choice to fancy, 75¢ 1.25¢; grapes, Oregon, 50¢75¢ per crate; California, Black Prince, 1.15¢1.25¢; muscat, 1.25¢; Tokay, 1.25¢1.50¢; Concord, 27¢40¢ per basket; peaches, 90¢1.10¢; pears, 75¢1.25¢; crabapples, 1.00¢1.25¢ per box; prunes, 25¢50¢ box; huckleberries, 80¢100¢ per pound; cranberries, 19¢ per barrel; quinces, 1.00¢1.25¢ per box.

Vegetables—Beans, 5¢7¢4¢; cabbage, 15¢20¢ per pound; cauliflower, 1.00¢1.25¢ per dozen; celery, 50¢90¢ per dozen; corn, 12¢40¢ per dozen; cucumbers, 12¢ per dozen; egg plant, 10¢ per pound; lettuce, head, 20¢ per dozen; onions, 10¢12¢4¢ per dozen; peas, 4¢5¢; bell peppers, 5¢; pumpkins, 15¢ per pound; spinach, 40¢50¢ per pound; tomatoes, 40¢50¢ per box; parsley, 10¢15¢; sprouts, 75¢ per pound; squash, 15¢ per pound; hothouse lettuce, 1.00¢1.25¢; turnips, 90¢1.10¢ per sack; carrots, 1.00¢1.25¢ per sack; beets, 1.25¢1.50¢ per sack; garlic, 75¢1.00¢ per pound; horseradish, 10¢ per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, delivered, 50¢55¢; in carlots f. o. b. country, 75¢80¢; sweet potatoes, 20¢24¢ per pound.

Butter—City creameries: Extra creamery, 30¢ per pound. State creameries: Fancy creamery, 25¢30¢; store butter, 15¢17¢.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 30¢ per dozen; best Eastern, 26¢27¢; ordinary Eastern, 24¢25¢.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13¢14¢; mixed chickens, 12¢14¢; spring, 13¢14¢; old roosters, 9¢10¢; dressed chickens, 14¢15¢; turkeys, live, 16¢21¢; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21¢22¢; geese, live, per pound, 9¢10¢; ducks, 14¢15¢; pigons, 11¢13¢; squabs, 12¢13¢.

Veal—Dressed, 5¢5¢.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 3¢ per pound; cows, 4¢5¢4¢; country steers, 5¢6¢. Mutton—Dressed fancy, 7¢8¢ per pound; ordinary, 5¢6¢; lamb, fancy 8¢8¢4¢.

Pork—Dressed, 6¢8¢.

Hops—1906, 15¢17¢ per pound; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15¢16¢ per pound, according to shrinkage; Valley, 20¢22¢, according to shrinkage.

Mohair—Choice, 25¢30¢ per pound.

HELPERS FOR DEBATING SOCIETIES

What the State Library Commission is Doing for Oregon Towns.

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