

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER I.

—THE HAIRY CATERPILLAR.

It is with no intention of delighting the rious that I put my pen to paper. It is at the urgent desire of many members of my own profession have I undertaken a task necessarily disagreeable, and now recall the details of a case which take to be without parallel in the records of criminology. In the mental state of the afflicted being there was, indeed, that which was abnormal. Manias that are similar to his fill our asylums. But that notorious studies in the byways of science, rather than in her more frequented paths, had placed at the will of his disordered brain weapons of a deadly potency, transformed a personal misfortune to a great and urgent public danger.

I spent four years at Cambridge, where, though my degree was a high one, I found too many distractions to make much progress as I could have wished in my profession. Yet my interest in medicine grew steadily, and on leaving the university I determined, having both the means and the time at my disposal, to seek out a spot where I could throw myself into my work without the interruptions of old friends and old associations. The reputation of Heidelberg attracted me, and thither I migrated.

Sufficient for myself. The man who was to be associated with me in my strange quest I will describe with equal brevity. My cousin, Sir Henry Graden, Kt., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.G., was a man of remarkable personality—a surgeon of brilliant gifts that had made for him a European reputation, yet an eccentric—so the world held him—who lacked the steady application necessary for complete success. He would throw himself into the solution of a problem, or the prosecution of a new experiment, with the utmost zeal; yet on achieving the desired result he would shake off the atmosphere of the hospital and laboratory and start on some wild-goose chase that might include the ascent of an unclimbable peak, the capture of a rare species of wild animal, or the study of a little-known tribe of savages. In person he was of great stature, and heavily, almost clumsily, built, with a rugged, weather-beaten face, keen yet kindly grey eyes, and brown hair, somewhat grizzled about the temples. In dress he was well past the forties. In age and deportment he might pardonably have been mistaken for a prosperous Yorkshire grazier. Indeed, he was wont to complain that he acted as a magnet to all the rickshaws of London; though, from the shrewd smile with which he accompanied his protests, it was easy to see that he thoroughly enjoyed the diversion of turning the tables on his discreditable opponents.

It was towards the end of my second year at Heidelberg. An autumn sun had sunk to rest in a golden haze over the wooded hills, and the night, luminous under the harvest moon, lay upon the old town. I was sitting at my table, on which a shaded lamp threw its yellow circle, arranging the notes of the lectures I had that day attended, when there came a knock at the door behind me. I cried a sulky invitation, for I feared the appearance of one of my preposterous student friends, with his jargon of the duel and the promenade. But the next moment an enormous hand had dragged me into the realization of my duties as a host by standing me on my feet amid the clatter of a falling chair.

"Why, Cousin Graden?" I cried, for indeed it was he who had thus treated me. "What cyclone has blown you here?"

"Dad! I believe it's the truth I've heard," said he, throwing himself on to a sofa that cracked again under his weight—he was a famed breaker of furniture was Cousin Harry Graden. "They told me that you'd shut yourself up for eight two years—work, work, work—as if there was no young blood in your veins, and no green world lying around you, with not a yard of it that isn't worth all the most learned dissertations ever written."

I knew his favorite doctrine. It would have been as foolish to argue with him as to attempt to uphold the necessity for the Union with an Irish Home Ruler.

"But what are you doing here?" I repeated.

"It's to Berlin that I'm bound, to read a paper before a society that is good enough to be interested in some notes I took recently on the Kafir witch-doctors. I'd a few days in hand, so I thought I would take a peep at my dear Heidelberg and, incidentally, at my worthy cousin, Robert Harland."

He rose and stalked about the room, clucking to himself like a contented hen. "Same old jugs and china pipes; same wainscot, a shade darker maybe; same old oak beams, a thought more smoky; same sashers above the mantelpiece."

He took down one of the student's dueling-swords, and slipped his hand into the heavy hilt. Raising his long arm into the orthodox attitude, he swept the keen, thin blade in hissing circles.

"Do you ever tramp on the sawdust, and drum with the schlager, and bleed in the tank, Cousin Robert?"

"Not I. Though I have heard of your triumphs in the past, you man of blood!"

"And who has been gossiping?"

"Professor Von Stockmar. He asked me to supper the second day I arrived, for the sole purpose, I believe, of impressing me with the fame of a certain dueling desperado of a student, one Henry Graden, who flourished in Heidelberg twenty years ago."

"What, Von Stockmar? Little Hermann? What a good fellow he was! Did you ever hear him sing a song about—but, of course, that's not possible. So little Hermann's a professor, is he? Are you under him?"

"No, I'm with Professor Marnac." Graden walked across to the fireplace and slowly filled a huge china pipe that lay thereon. He lit it, and turning his back to the empty grate, sent forth such puffs of smoke that he spoke as from out a cloud, mistily.

"He has made himself a great name, this Marnac. How do you stand with him, Cousin Robert?"

"I don't quite know. I was a great favorite of his in my first year."

"And now? Have you quarreled?"

"Well, not exactly; it's a foolish story."

"The foolish stories are often of greater interest than the wise ones."

"Well, cousin Graden," said I, leaning back in my chair and lighting a fresh cigarette, "if you want to hear it, I'll tell it you, and as shortly as may be. It began by the publication some six months ago of Professor Marnac's celebrated book, 'Science and Religion.'"

"Humph! a strong effort, full of suggestions," he grunted; "but brutal, callous, and revolutionary. It had a mixed reception, I believe."

"It had; and nowhere more so than in this university. Von Stockmar followed it by a pamphlet of unsparring criticism, which split the students into two bodies—the Marnac men and the Stockmar men. It was a pretty quarrel, and gave an excuse for a score of the inevitable duels."

"Did Marnac attempt a reprisal?"

"He did, and in the unusual form of reading aloud Von Stockmar's attack upon his theories to the class, of which I am a member. He appealed to us by sympathy. His agitation was remarkable. I declare that he snarled over his opponent's name like a dog over a bone, and a most unpleasant scene ended in a fit, from which we aroused him with difficulty."

"But this does not tell me how you came to be involved," he cried sharply, striding over to the table and plumping himself into a chair facing me.

"Have patience, my impetuous cousin. From the first I had always found a friend in Von Stockmar. I liked him and we met frequently. The second day after the scene in the lecture-room I was walking with the cheery little man when we chanced upon Marnac. He gave me an ugly look, but said nothing. That night, however, he came to these rooms and abused me roundly. He reminded me of the interest he had shown in my work, called me a traitor to his party, and in other ways behaved with a childish absurdity. Naturally, I refused to give up a valued friend."

"You did right. But surely the affair has blown over?"

"To the contrary, the antagonism—on Marnac's side, at least—has grown still more bitter. Whenever I chance to be present, he misses no opportunity of attacking 'my dear friend,' as he calls Von Stockmar, in the most cruel and vindictive fashion. My position at his lectures is, I assure you, becoming most unendurable."

"You are too sensitive, Cousin Robert. The absurdities of a vain and jealous man—"

Graden checked his unfinished sentence with his nose cocked in the air like a gigantic terrier. Surprise and suspicion were in his expression and attitude. Then he rose slowly, as with an effort, and leaned forward across the table, his knuckles resting on its edge.

"We neglect our visitor," said he gravely, and at his words I turned sharply in my chair.

CHAPTER II.

In the shadows about the door, yet outlined with sufficient clearness against the black oak of the wainscot, a face stared in upon us. Around the head, crowned with a black skull-cap, fell a thick growth of white hair that was saint-like in length and beauty; the beard was of the like venerable purity. In a man of his apparent age the cheeks were curiously rosy, while the hand that held open the door was small as a woman's and delicate as old ivory.

For a moment I thought that the eyes, exaggerated by the convex pebbles of great gold glasses, turned upon me with an expression of malicious satisfaction. Yet this was but an impression, for the gloom hung heavily about him, where he stood, and my sight had not been unobscured by nights of study.

"Will not the gentleman step in?" Graden continued, with a reproach at my unhospitality in his voice.

Professor Rudolf Marnac—for it was he who thus honored us—slid his diminutive figure through the door and advanced, with a courteous inclination, into the lamplight.

"My dear young sir," said he, in the soft musical English with which it was his custom to address me, "I should not have intruded myself at this late hour but that I am the bearer of painful news which I felt it right to communicate to you. Your friend, Hermann Von Stockmar, died this evening of acute inflammation of the lungs."

"Died?" I cried in bewilderment.

"Why, I passed him in the street at mid-day looking well and hearty."

"Yes, it is even so, Mr. Harland. One moment a steady flame illuminating this university with its light; the next, a sigh from the conqueror Death and it is extinguished. The active brain is still; the pen, trenchant, incisive, destructive, is laid aside for ever."

It was an impressive homily; but from so open and vindictive a foe it seemed singularly inappropriate.

"You seem surprised," he continued. "I fear that encounters in the cause of science may have led the public to believe that poor Von Stockmar and I cherished personal animosities. If that is so, I trust you will use your influence to contradict it. My sorrow is already heavy enough—without that unwarrantable suspicion."

The professor seemed deeply affected. Removing his spectacles, he pulled from his side pocket a large silk pocket-handkerchief. As he did so, a tinkle caught my ear. A square box of some white metal had fallen to the floor. It rolled into the lamplight, where the lid flew open. The professor hastily clapped on his glasses; but already Graden had retrieved the box and was presenting it to him.

"There was nothing in it, sir," said he,

for the professor had stooped and was examining the carpet minutely.

"I thank you, I thank you." "Pray do not mention it. Cousin Robert, if you and the professor will excuse me, I will step across and take a last look at poor little Hermann. Where are his rooms?"

Before I could answer, the professor was on his feet.

"Pray accept me as your guide," said he, moving towards the door. Graden bowed his thanks like a polite elephant. I followed the pair down the stairs.

It was growing late, and the narrow streets of the students' quarter were well nigh deserted. A moon, like a polished shield, hung over the old castle above us, picking out each turret and parapet in silver grey against the sleeping woods that swept upward to the sky-line. Across our path the gabled house cast broad, fantastic pools of shadow. A wind had risen with the moon, and sighed and quivered in the roofs and archways. Once, from a distant tavern, came the faint murmur of a rousing chorus, but soon it was swallowed and carried away by the midnight breezes.

We had not far to walk, and in five minutes the professor was tapping discreetly with an ugly devil-face of a knocker on Von Stockmar's door. Presently the bolt was drawn, and Hans, the grey-bearded servant of the dead man, stood in the doorway, a lamp held high above his head. He blinked upon us moodily, with eyes dimmed by old age and recent tears, till, catching sight of Graden's huge bulk, he stepped forward with a snort of surprise, flashing the light in his face as he did so.

"Ah! Goodness! but it is Heinrich der Grosse!" he stammered. "Ach! Herr Heinrich, but have you forgotten Hans of the Schlagers, servant of the honorable corps of the Saxo Borusens?"

"No, no," said Graden, shaking the veteran by the hand. "So our little Hermann took you for his servant, as he promised? This is a sad day for us both, old friend. Tell me, how did it happen?"

"Do not ask me, Herr Heinrich. My mind wanders—I, who served him nigh on twenty years and was as a father and mother to him."

The worthy fellow put down the lamp in the little hall into which he had led us, and mopped his eyes with a hand that trembled with emotion.

But Graden persisted in his quiet way and soon extracted the details. It seemed that it was the custom of the dead professor to take a nap after his midday meal. That afternoon, however, his sleep was unduly prolonged, and at four Hans, who knew he had an engagement about that hour, slipped in to wake him. His master was lying on the couch in his bedroom, where he was wont to take his siesta. But he was in a curious, huddled position and breathing stertorously. Hans failed to rouse him, became alarmed, and hurried off for a neighboring doctor. That gentleman diagnosed the case as a sudden and severe chill which had settled on the lungs, causing violent inflammation. Everything possible was done, but by eight he was dead. Beyond the remarkable violence of the seizure, the doctor had said, there was nothing in the symptoms. Overwork had doubtless undermined the constitution and rendered it vulnerable to a sudden attack.

"And while he was asleep—had he visitors?" asked Graden.

"The street door is never locked during the day."

"But would you not have heard the steps?"

"It was my custom to sleep too, Herr professor allowed it."

"So, I should like to take a last look at your poor master, friend Hans. By the way, Cousin Robert, where is our guide, the learned Marnac? I did not see him leave the house."

"Perhaps the Professor Marnac has already gone to my master's room, the second to the right on the first floor," suggested the old servant.

(To be continued.)

Fresh Air for the Hen.

Hens kept in cold quarters and fed heavily produced eggs with strong germs which hatched well, says Country Life in America. On the other hand, poultry kept in artificially warmed houses laid eggs with weak germs which hatched weak chickens. The "results were considered in favor of fresh air and plenty of it, even if it was cold."

In a study of the duration of fertilization after the removal of the male birds, records were kept of the number of eggs which hatched or which were shown to be fertile. The last trace of fertility was noticed eleven days after separation. The unfertilized eggs had superior keeping qualities, so the author recommends that as a rule male birds should not be kept with hens depended upon for market eggs. Experience showed that where there is variety in rations and care in feeding them, and sufficient floor space, there is little likelihood of egg eating or feather picking. Steamed lawn slippings were fed to the station poultry three or four times a week and eaten with evident relish. Clover leaves treated in the same way were also much liked.

Yellow Peril.

"More startling news from Shanghai," exclaimed the man with the paper, excitedly. "I tell you it is only a matter of time when the Chinese will try to do us up."

"Well," said the peaceful man in the scorched shirt, "at present we will be satisfied if they only do up our shirts and collars. I can't even get them to do that right."

In a Bad Way.

"Yes, poor papa's been shut up in the house so long. The doctor says if he could only get out to take a little exercise he would be very much better."

"Is he too weak to go out?"

"Oh, no, but there's process servers all around the house even down to the back gate."—Baltimore American.

An Off Year for Travel.

"My husband won't go to Europe this year."

"What's his excuse?"

"He says all the newspapers would wonder why."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

With the name of William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown must be recalled the name of Gerrit Smith. He was one of the most ardent supporters of the Anti-Slavery Society, not only writing for the cause and contributing time and money, but taking part in all its conventions and personally assisting the fugitives. He was temperate in all the discussions, holding that the North was a partner in the guilt of the crime of slavery and that in the event of emancipation without war the North should bear a portion of the expense.

The attempt to force slavery on Kansas convinced him, however, that the day for considering peaceful emancipation was past. He then advocated whatever measure of force might be necessary.

He gave large sums of money to free-soil settlers in Kansas. He was charged with being an accessory to the affair at Harper's Ferry, but it was shown that he had given money to Brown only, as he did to scores of other men in the cause, and that as far as he knew Brown's scheme tried to discourage him from it.

It is characteristic of Smith that he should have been one of the three signers of the ball-bond of Jefferson Davis. He was a man to whom the welfare of the whole country was dear and who did his best to aid the cause of humanity. During his lifetime he gave away to philanthropic and humanitarian enterprises \$5,000,000.—Chicago Journal.

OUR SECRET SERVICE FORCE.

Marked Development of This Branch of Government.

There is probably no system of police in the world that is quite like the United States Secret Service, of which John E. Wilkie is the chief. Mr. Wilkie is properly classed among the men who do things from the fact that he has built this little branch of the Uni-

ted States government up to a standard which places it on a par with the best police forces in the country.

In a country where men vote and have a voice in the choice of their rulers, there is less of political crime against the state than in European countries, where men are dragged from home and fireside and confined to dungeons for years to expiate crimes that are considered as nothing on this side of the water. For instance, a German paper that came to the newspaper offices on this side less than a month ago contained a long account about a German who was sentenced to six months in a military prison because he drew a picture of his Emperor lying in bed snoring. Under the picture was the caption, "Wake up to the needs of your people, oh, sleepy head."

This picture was found pasted on a dead wall in a small city and the secret service bureau spent some time in tracing the crime to the perpetrator. Happily the secret service in this country is not called upon to trace the authorship of cartoons against the President. If it were, its force would have little time to do anything else.

The secret service through its chief keeps in touch with the big police systems of other countries and in that way is able to follow the movements of so-called dangerous Anarchists who may be sent to this country to take the life of the President. The currency of the country is guarded against counterfeiters and in a thousand ways the secret service proves its value every day.

FOOD HURT HIS FEELINGS.

Gentlemanly Beggar Would Take Cash, but Refused to Eat.

Apparently he was in need of some one to extend a helping hand, or a hand-out, to him, but he had the instinct of a gentleman, although his clothes were

several shades the worse for wear, says the New York Tribune.

"I beg your pardon," said he to a pedestrian who was giving a life-size demonstration of a New Yorker who had an engagement to meet and just half time enough to meet it; "I don't want you to give me any money, but could you take me in somewhere and get me a bite to eat?"

"Certainly," was the reply. Then he added, sympathetically, "you haven't had anything to eat in two days, have you? Come along and I'll fix you out."

The victim of heartless capital was somewhat surprised at the cordiality of his reception, but admitted that he had been fasting for the length of time named. He followed eagerly for half a block and then began to hang back. The would-be philanthropist observed this defection and assumed that the poor fellow was weakened by starvation, as it must be especially difficult for a starving man to carry his 180 pounds at a rapid pace.

"I don't want to inconvenience you any, sir," said the mendicant, noting the sympathetic look, "and if you're in a hurry and don't want to stop you could let me have a quarter and I—"

"Oh, I don't mind at all about the time; I'm not particularly busy just now and as I have the indigestion myself I have a notion to see how a hungry man eats just for old-time's sake."

They went on for another half-block, but this time the falling off in the hungry man's speed was too noticeable to be ascribed to mere physical weakness, and when the benefactor turned again the unfortunate one said:

"You're a gentleman and can understand how I feel. Don't you think it would be more considerate not to humiliate a poor fellow by advertising his poverty in a restaurant just because he's down and out? If you could let me have the money I could walk into the restaurant like a man and retain my self-respect."

The man addressed could not see it that way, however, and when he turned around a moment later he was pained to observe that his hungry friend had become lost in the crowd.

Improved the Shining Hour.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Marchmont, ruefully, "I wish people wouldn't apologize for their children's misdeeds, but would spend the time spanking the children."

"You speak with feeling," returned the good woman's husband. "What's the trouble?"

"Why," returned Mrs. Marchmont, "right after breakfast this morning Mrs. Sniffen came in with one of my very best tulips in her hand. As nearly as I can remember, this is what she said:

"O Mrs. Marchmont! I'm so ashamed of my little Edward that I don't know what to do. He came right into your yard and picked, this perfectly lovely tulip, and I left him on your horseback and came right in to apologize. I've told him time and again that he mustn't pick flowers out of other people's gardens, but he's always doing it. I don't know what you'll think of him. He isn't a bad child, but he does love to pick flowers. And your tulip-bed is always so pretty that it seems just a shame to pick even a single blossom. I know how much you think of it and how much time and money it takes to have a pretty garden. That's the way she talked."

"I don't see," returned Mr. Marchmont, "that there was anything out of the way about that."

"There wasn't," returned the owner of the tulip-bed, sadly. "But while his mother was apologizing for that one blossom Edward picked all the rest."

Harvey's and the Oyster.

Washington has now lost her most accomplished restaurateur in George Washington Harvey, whose establishment on Pennsylvania avenue has long enjoyed a national reputation, more particularly for its choice oysters and the manner in which they were served there. Once upon a time the writer of this paragraph went into Harvey's restaurant and ordered some oysters on the shell. They were promptly served, but they did not present so plump an appearance as the writer had been accustomed to, and Harvey's attention was called to the fact.

"I understand your difficulty," said he; "those oysters are opened on the deep side of the shell inside of on the shallow side, and they don't look to you as plump as those you have been accustomed to. I presume you are from Boston. That is the only place I know of where they habitually open oysters on the shallow shell and thus lose all their natural juice."—Boston Herald.

Had Another Guess.

The wise doctor takes his patient's pedigree first. It saves embarrassments, such as, for instance, that of the physician who was waited upon by a man who confessed to playing in a local brass band. Shortness of breath was the trouble in his case. The doctor said:

"Ah, that accounts for it. That brass band is the very worst thing for you. You'll have to give it up at once. What instrument do you play?"

"The big drum," came the unexpected answer.

An Opinion.

"Don't you think that members of Congress ought to receive more compensation?"

"Some ought to get more," answered Senator Sorghum, "and some ought to be contributing to the conscience fund."—Washington Star.

No wonder some men never have money; their pockets have holes at both ends.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Anemia means a condition in which the blood is deficient in quality or quantity. It is a question among physicians whether there is ever an actual permanent reduction in the total amount of the blood. The quantity must vary, of course, from hour to hour, according to the amount of fluid that is drunk, and the amount that is lost by perspiration and in other ways, but it is probable that the average remains about the same from day to day, except in cases of actual starvation and deprivation of water.

Anemia, then, is mainly a question of the make-up of the blood, that is, of the number of its red corpuscles, or cells, and the relative amount of hemoglobin—the coloring matter—which these contain. The blood is a complex fluid, but in simple terms it may be said to be a salty solution, containing two kinds of cells—the red and the white corpuscles. The white ones are the scavengers of the body as well as the policemen and the soldiers. They protect the body from the disease germs which threaten its existence. The red corpuscles, on the other hand, are the commissary department. They bring to the tissues the oxygen which they need and remove the gaseous waste products.

If the red corpuscles and the substance of which they are most largely composed, the hemoglobin, are reduced in amount, the tissues suffer for lack of oxygen, and there is a lowering of all the vital processes. The lessened proportion of hemoglobin accounts for the paleness which is the chief outward sign of anemia.

It is common to speak of two forms of anemia—primary and secondary. Primary is the term used when the anemia can be traced to no definite cause, but seems to be a disease in itself. Secondary is the word used when the anemia is evidently the result of some other condition, such as wasting diseases or poor nourishment. It is then only one of the symptoms of such underlying state.

Among the chief causes of secondary anemia are drains upon the system by frequent losses of blood, or by diarrhea or other wasteful discharges, chronic poisoning by lead or mercury, by the essential poisons of certain diseases, such as rheumatism and tuberculosis; and by poisons formed in the body and not promptly removed, which is called "auto-intoxication," and finally the destruction of the red corpuscles by a microorganism, as is the case in malaria.—Youth's Companion.

PATRON SAINT OF MOTORISTS.

By the suggestion and sanction of Pope Pius X., St. Christopher has been created the patron saint of motorists. This came about when the Princess Bianca Colonna, granddaughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, was presented to his Holiness at the Vatican.

"I came from Milan in an automobile," the little princess said, and the

Princess Bianca Colonna.

Pope, with his never-falling interest, replied: "Then I must give you a picture of St. Christopher in order that you may have a safe return."

When the story was heard in Rome its significance was not appreciated, but later it was remembered that St. Christopher has long been the patron saint of travelers.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Save Gas Bills.

A city merchant who has a passion for reading out-of-town newspapers and also for answering many of the advertisements he finds in them tells this on himself:

The other day he answered an advertisement in one of the New York papers stating that for one dollar a method for saving gas bills would be sent. In two days he received a printed slip by mail which read, "Paste them in a scrapbook."

No Dispute About It.

"What's that thing on the end of your tail?" asked the frog.

"It's a rattling good thing, that's what it is," answered the rattlesnake.

Princess Bianca Colonna.

Princess Bianca Colonna.