

# The Man Who Remembered

Narratives of the Remarkable  
Exploits of Barton Cortice,  
Reincarnated Hero of Strange  
Adventures, as Related by  
John Dore, American Journalist

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## THE GREAT BUDDHA RUBY

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Barton Cortice, a young New Englander of Scotch-Irish descent, fitted with an altogether uncommon mentality, possesses the unusual and uncanny power of vividly recalling recollections of his Ego passed in former incarnations, centuries apart, including many events, as well as the names and field, some of them connected with long-forgotten treasure-hoards, concerning which, by virtue of his gift, he is an instant authority on dated and exact localities. At the time these narratives began, Cortice happens to be stranded in London, practically penniless, although potentially he commands millions. He is railing now for a means of means. He is intent, when with evincing a certain faith in his queer story to advance the necessary capital for a critical and actual test. Such an "angel" turns up in the person of Lord Wayne, the Marquis of Somers, a young man of high birth, who is eccentrically fond of bizarre undertakings. Retta Cortice, Barton's sister, a surprisingly beautiful girl, dependent upon her believed application in her brothel, having committed to writing her stories which fall from his lips during his trance-obsessions. After successfully locating and recovering the great treasure of King John, the Peruvian mines, and rescuing some valuable family jewels hidden during the French revolution, Barton and his sister and those connected, became quite wealthy. The further adventure consisted of an attempt to dig up a piratical-loot buried on the coast of North Carolina, while the fifth story takes our young dreamer to Scotland, where he is instrumental in recovering some valuable documents hidden in a medieval castle. After this comes re-discovery of a long-forgotten, but immensely valuable pearl necklace in the Pacific; two weird experiences in India, the result the day when Cortice was a Roman legionary, venture with an airship while ransacking an Aztec treasure temple; a startling episode in the Egyptian desert in a quest for Pharaoh's mummy, while the tenth story takes our young dreamer to India.

**T**HIS was the rather startling telegram which Lord Wayne read at the breakfast table one morning at Raynham castle.

An bulletin for India to-day by P. & O. boat. Please explain to Lady Blanche and look after Retta. Will write or wire.

**BARTON CORTICE.**

"Gad! What do you think of that!" exclaimed the marquis, tossing the filmy blue form across the table to his sister. With true masculine maladroitness this was the abrupt way in which he obeyed Barton's request to "explain" to the lady.

"Isn't it rather sudden?" she inquired in tones that were fairly steady, though an acute feminine eye would have detected an agitated fluttering of the lacy covering at neck and bosom.

"Sudden!" ejaculated her brother. "I should say so! Apparently he's gone off alone—Jack Dore's in New York and Retta's in London. I don't half like it!"

"Surely you do not fear—" quavered the pretty widow, this time with undisguised concern in her query.

"Oh, I'm not exactly afraid of his safety," asserted Scarsdale stoutly. "Barton's able to take care of himself under ordinary conditions."

"Then what makes you anxious?" she persisted.

"Only that his peculiar gift is apt to lead him into some extraordinary situation where he might find himself in danger."

"Then you think this quick trip to India has something to do with those horrid dreams of his?" said Lady Blanche.

"Afraid nothing else would start Barton off that way. But his dreams, as you call them, are woven of pretty substantial stuff—they've made him a rich man, you know."

"I do wish you'd stop encouraging him!" petulantly exclaimed Lady Blanche, rising from her untasted breakfast, and going to the window to hide her emotion. She stood in the wide embrasure nervously colling and untwisting her handkerchief between her jeweled fingers.

Her brother looked at her straight and shapely back with a puzzled frown. Something suspiciously like a sob and a sniff reached his ears, and the woman's shoulders quivered.

"By Jove!" he muttered under his breath, rising and going to her side.

"Look here, old girl," he said, with rough, yet brotherly kindness, putting his arm around her, and striving to tilt her chin so that he could see her eyes.

But Lady Blanche persistently averted her face, yet two pearl tears dropped on her clasped hands.

"I didn't know it was like that, dear," he whispered comfortingly and understandingly. "I'll run up to town by the next train. If necessary I'll follow and bring him back safe and sound!"

There was no response—how could there be?—for thus far Barton Cortice had spoken no word of love to Lady Blanche Doreen. But sometimes two hearts arrive at complete and satisfactory understanding without the intermediary of speech.

By three o'clock that same afternoon Wayne was at the Cortice apartment on the Embankment, and shaking hands with Retta. On the way to town, in the seclusion of a first-class coupe, he had done a little thinking on his own account.

suits a leisurely class like you English—and the equally slow and deliberate inhabitants of India.

"Oh, I say, now!" broke in Wayne, but his interruption was unheeded save by a smile from Cortice.

"Some such remark I made to my new friend, Mr. Bharat Serang, as we came away. He smiled softly and replied:

"Very true; we of the older races do not count time like you Americans. A thousand—ten thousand—years are nothing in comparison to the sum total of human life lived on this planet."

"I suppose not—when you're a long time dead," I remarked, carelessly.

"But life goes on, in centuries, and cycles, and aeons. We in India take no count of the atoms—we survey the whole round. We think in centuries; you reckon by weeks!"

"Well, this was mighty interesting to me, as you may imagine, but I kept mum, although of course I knew that to these Brahmins and Hindoos a belief in re-incarnation is part of their religion. They accept it as unquestioningly as the western peoples admit that two and two make four."

"We dined at the Langham, Serang and I, that night, and over the coffee and cigars we continued our discussion. To illustrate a certain remark he said:

"Let me tell you a story, Mr. Cortice. In one of the chief temples in the holy city of Benares, there is a

night; next morning it was gone, nor has it ever been seen or heard of since! The golden fillet is yet in place; the faithful still flock to worship; the priests serve the shrine as of old—but the jewel, with I don't know how many bags of rupees, has never been heard of to this day! But there is a prophecy current."

"Here Bharat Serang lowered his voice and leaned across the table:

"The priests have a theory that the thief who stole the ruby secreted it somewhere near by until he could safely make off with it. That he was never able to do so they also believe, because it would have been impossible to dispose of so splendid a stone or to keep the transaction a secret. Sooner or later the jewel must have been traced. In my country all things are known—sooner or later. So here is what the priests and their devotees believe—that some day the soul of that robber will be re-incarnated again here on earth, and that in his new life he will remember the theft and the act of sacrilege, and endeavor either to obtain the stone or restore it to Boodha. It's a very pretty theory—all Brahmin India believes it. How does it impress your occidental mind, Mr. Cortice?"

"Bharat leaned back in his chair after delivering this climax to his strange story, watching me with inscrutable eyes. I confess to feeling mighty uncomfortable; several doubts and

never be suspected and wait until the hue and cry had died away. Then I could probably recover the loot with immunity and dispose of it. This I did—and where do you suppose I secreted the ruby? But—I'll tell you that later.

"Well, as I sat there, facing Bharat Serang, the whole episode came back to me, clearly and vividly, every detail clean and sharp as an intaglio of the memory. What should I do? Make confession and restitution? For I had little doubt but that the blazing ruby, even now, was where I had secreted it in my scare—a most cunningly devised hiding-place, yet a very simple one."

"The story interests you?" suavely inquired Serang.

"Intensely," I admitted, "for reasons with which you are perhaps familiar. Be candid with me—how much do you know, or suspect?" For my own satisfaction, you see, I wanted to be able to test the matter.

"Pardon—I do not comprehend," said he.

"Perhaps you don't," I muttered under my breath, then aloud:

"I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver, Mr. Serang," I said, "if you understand the allusion."

"He smiled pleasantly and bowed.

"You mean you will give me another good story in exchange for mine?"

"I nodded, watching him very closely, but could discover not the slightest sign indicating foreknowledge on his part of what I was going to say, then:

"Of course, you believe in this re-incarnation theory—that it would be possible for a poor servant's soul to be reborn and remember what he did?"

"It is no theory, Mr. Cortice," he remarked gravely. "We know. Our adepts are living witnesses! Every soul on earth has experienced several existences, but only to a very few—one here and there in thousands of generations—is it given to recall those previous lives."

"Well, Mr. Serang, I happen to be in my own person, here and now, one of those few men!"

"He looked at me with some courteous accretion of interest and a slight flushing of his dusky complexion; otherwise my statement seemed to occasion no surprise. But his only answer was to stretch his hand over the table and shake mine, English fashion.

"I'm ready at any moment!" I exclaimed, for I was pretty keen on seeing the thing through.

"There's a P. & O. steamer leaving Southampton to-morrow," he remarked inquiringly.

"All right—suits me exactly," I replied.

"So, that's how I went off on the jump. Serang insisted on making all arrangements. We had the finest suite on board, and traveled like princes. Going up to Benares every wheel was greased, and Serang throughout proved a mighty pleasant associate. He seemed saturated with quiet elation over his discovery, and neither by word, sign, or look could I detect on his part a single iota of doubt in the truth of my story."

"Well, when we arrived at the holy city he left me for a few hours to make, as he said, the necessary arrangements. When he returned he was clad in the native costume of a high-class Brahmin, and he brought with him a bundle of clean but rather scanty garments of the kind worn by Hindoos of the lower orders.

"This is the only unpleasant incident, Mr. Cortice," he said, when I asked him if I was expected to wear the things, "but I am sure you will not object. In no other guise could you gain access to the temple—and I understand you insist on being present when you reveal the secret hiding-place?"

"That's imperative," I said, with finality. So he proceeded to dress—or rather, undress—me, first applying a brown stain to the exposed parts of my limbs, face, and body.

"When I looked at myself in the pier-glass I felt like a consummate fool, and when I reflected that I had to walk through the streets in such a rig I almost weakened. But, said Bharat:

"No one will notice you—there are 20,000 in Benares dressed as you are."

"So we marched out of that hotel just before sunset, I, at my guide's heels, for you must remember that I was now 'low caste' compared to him. We reached the temple interior, and no sooner had I set eyes on that beautiful, smiling Boodha, smelt the incense forms of my hostiles, and saw the shadowy forms of the worshippers prostrated on the paved floor, than the whole transaction came back to me with renewed force and clarity."

"I followed Bharat Serang into a curtained recess—it might have been the very one where I had lurked in fear and trembling on that night a thousand years ago.

"Here, after perhaps five or ten minutes of waiting, we were joined by a girded and tonsured priest—a young, lithe and active Brahmin, so far as I could judge in the semi-gloom. Then came the deep booming of a musical gong, and immediately thereafter the clang of the temple doors as they were closed for the night. Looking out between the curtains I could see that the whole interior was in solitude, lit by the dim glow of a great dull lamp swinging in chains before the statue of Boodha.

"Serang and the priest exchanged a few sentences in a strange tongue. Then the former turned to me, and whispered in English:

"Will you now tell me where you hid the ruby? None but Boodha's anointed priest may make the search!"

"I nodded.

"Tell him to look in the hollow of Boodha's right ear!"

"That was where I had dropped the precious bauble in my hurry and fright on that eventful night.

"Lithe as a cat, even as I had done myself, the priest mounted the statue. There was a moment's anxious silence, a smothered ejaculation, then silence again.

"In a couple of minutes the priest rejoined us with swift and noiseless gait.

"Look!" he said, sweeping aside the curtain.

"I followed his outstretched arm, and there, blazing in all its glory on the forehead of the Boodha, outshining the lamp itself by the fires from its radiant heart, was the great ruby, restored to its rightful place by met. Then the priest took us by the arms and thrust us out into the night through some secret door.

"But what I can't quite make out," said Cortice in conclusion, "is whether Bharat Serang spied me all along."

### Appeals.

No longer does fame come from skill at fencing or tilting, nor from either physical or mental prowess, as we have been wont to understand these things, nor even, as many believe, from riches. Nowadays a man is known by his appeals. Almost any one, no matter to how low a stratum in society he has sunk, can secure at least one trial with little difficulty, but to be able to secure two trials for the same offense marks a man more fit to survive, according to modern standards.

"To be able to keep right on, making appeal after appeal, and securing trial after trial, ay, even unto the Supreme court itself, distinguishes an individual as little less than superhuman in his power over mundane obstacles. And, if a man has been on the four-side of the Supreme court and by appeal and a new trial gets on the five-side, he is a king indeed. Let him be crowned.

### Justifiable Suspicion.

The Husband—How would you like me to get you a beautiful new opera cloak?

The Wife—Oh, Tom! What awful thing have you been doing now?—Cleveland Leader.

### That Was Evident.

"There's a man who always weighs things carefully before he puts his hand in."

"Then I can plainly see that he's not a butcher."

beautiful but colossal seated statue of the god Boodha, sculptured by some unknown devotee thousands of years ago out of a flesh-colored stone that is unlike any material known throughout India. On this account superstitious worshippers believe that the image was not made by mortal hands, but was the miraculous gift of the deity himself. This statue is the only one in the temple, and had been a very noted place of pilgrimage for more generations than you and I have numbered years to our united ages. The temple supports a whole retinue of priests, some of them among the most pious in India—which is saying a great deal.

"For, you see, I was the man who a millennium ago had looted that very great Boodha Ruby, and I knew where it probably was at that very minute! While Bharat Serang had been telling his strange story, the whole transaction recurred to me. I recalled how I, the poor servant of one of the priests, had crawled, half-naked, on my belly into the temple after nightfall, and, crouching in terror for hours in the shadows, had made a sudden swift rush, climbed sacrilegiously and ruthlessly into the very lap of the god, pried out the ruby with my dagger, tucked it in the folds of my loin-cloth, and then scurried to a shadowy corner to wait in fear and trembling till the temple gates should be opened in the morning.

"While I lay there groveling and momentarily expecting to be pained and withered by the lightning of the offended deity, a new fear came over me: suppose the stone were missed by the first priest who entered the sanctuary? An instant alarm would be given, the doors would be closed, and every one present would be searched!

"Well, one day, almost a thousand years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Hyder Adar, the great ruby was stolen—either by some recreant priest or by a common robber. The stone was seen flashing on Boodha's brow one

"How does it impress your Occidental mind, Mr. Cortice?"

tionings flashed through my brain. How much did he know or suspect?

Had he singled me out and told me the story with a definite purpose? Was I a marked man under the surveillance of those priests of Boodha and their secret emissaries?

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"Better would it be for me to hide the prize in some place that would