

Dr. Silex.

A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XI.
The Lonely Man of Cape Alfred Ernest.

Towards the end of January the cold grew so intense that it was impossible for us to leave the ship for more than an hour at a time. All thought of expeditions was abandoned, and the men only left the warmth of their quarters to take brief and violent exercise on the main deck. It was a trying time for all of us, and I felt as though a huge ball of darkness had entombed us for all time, and that the light would never come to us again. However, we had plenty of amusement and work; and if it had not been for the awful depression and the agonizing nervousness, we had not been able to successfully combat, we should, I think, have been fairly comfortable. We were absolutely protected from the cold, and as snug as human ingenuity could make us.

The Princess bore all the hardships and gloom with a courage which was almost incredible in a tenderly nurtured woman. Before the end of December she was the only woman left among a thousand men, for her maid died of scarlet fever after a week. She was thus placed in a position few women could have endured with any show of fortitude. Her rank and sex placed her absolutely alone. Yet she showed no signs of fear, and moved among us as a ministering angel; nursing the sick, comforting and cheering the sad, and striving every nerve to brighten the lives of the men. She was a noble woman, Cordaux, and as I saw her thus struggling against every hardship and peril that a woman could encounter, and yet moving amid it all with a cheerful face and an air of supreme dignity and tenderness, my love for her grew into such reverence as one offers at the shrine of a saint.

I gave her no hint of my secret by outward word or action. Yet I thought it quite possible she had guessed it, for a woman's intuition is said to be keen in such matters, and she may have been equally careful to show no signs of her knowledge. At any rate, she realized that I was her faithful servant in all things; and the same might have been said of so many men in the expedition.

The winter passed by, and when the first sun rose again above the horizon, the blood rushed through our veins with fresh vigor, and our hearts beat with fresh hope. Fifty-eight of our number who had been with us at the commencement of that long night were not there to see the first faint flush of rosy light on the fields of snow and hummocks of ice. Twice that number were still sick, but not a man of them was too weak to raise a feeble cheer as he heard the tumult of applause ringing from ship to ship. The night was over, and another long day's work lay before us. We all felt that much would happen in the next six weeks.

On April the tenth, something occurred which, as it turned out, influenced the whole future career of both myself and the Lady Thule.

On that day Captain Thorsen and myself were on top of the hill overlooking the harbor, a dreary mass of snow-covered rock some 800 feet in height. He was taking observations, and I was amusing myself by scanning the surrounding landscape with a telescope. As he scanned the harbor and the whole coast line shifted with human life. The men were stirring the stores back to their various vessels, and lines of small black figures were passing to and fro in all directions. Inland I could see range after range of round white hills, with here and there the black face of a precipice. East and west the black face faded into an indistinct blur, and seemed to lose itself in the whiteness of the sea. Northwards, the sun glittered on the endless hummocks of ice as far as the eye could reach; and it was in that direction that I looked longest and most keenly, wondering whether the summer would break up a path for us along the coast that we could manoeuvre our ships round the frozen sea.

My meditations were cut short by a sharp bark from Flo, one of our Eskimo dogs, who had followed us up the slope. I turned sharply round, and saw the Captain standing on the crest of the hill, his hand on his hip, and his eyes fixed on the sea. He was looking at a place about a mile distant, and I saw a dark spot moving slowly across the snow. In front of it moved a larger ball of white. It appeared to be the naked eye as though a wolf was following a polar bear. On looking through the telescope, however, I saw that it was the figure of a man clothed apparently in white, and that he was dragging a sledge behind him. I handed the glass to Captain Thorsen, and he said, "Not our man," he said, after a pause. "They all had orders to work at the cargoes today; and I don't know of anyone that wears white furs."

"It is the man we have found traces of," I replied.

We watched him come nearer and nearer, and Flo barked frantically as the faint south breeze brought the scent to her nostrils. The stranger was concealed from the men below by the hill on which we were standing, and we were the only ones conscious of his approach. He must have noticed us, but he made absolutely no sign to attract our attention, plodding steadily up the side of the hill with long, slow strides, and pulling the sledge carelessly after him with one hand. As he came closer to us, I saw that he was an exceedingly tall man, and that he was clothed from head to foot in dirty white furs, apparently made from the skin of the polar bear.

In a few minutes he had reached the summit where we stood. We saw with surprise that he was a European, and moved forward to greet him. He bowed his head gravely in acknowledgment of our outstretched hands, and looked at us frankly and fearlessly, but as if doubtful how to address us.

All that we could see of his face proclaimed him to be an exceedingly handsome man; his eyes were of a bright blue, and a piece of light-yellow hair strayed out from under the white fur of his hood. I had no doubt in my own mind, when I looked at his general build and features, that he was some Norwegian who had been wrecked in this desolate region, and who had managed to support life during the winter by his own skill and courage.

"Glad to see you," I cried heartily.

"Where do you come from?" the man shook his head. He evidently did not understand.

"What ship have you come from?" said Captain Thorsen, in Norwegian. "Can

jects of this expedition, and he would console his new comrades.

With these words she turned to the stranger, and he held out his hand. We each took it in turn, and it felt as though beneath the thick fur glove there lay a vice of steel. Captain Thorsen gave a few words of hearty greeting, but I was silent. Then the two left us, and I watched them from the bows with a great pain in my heart, and as beautifully modelled earnestly into her face; and I could not decide whether his eyes expressed the homage of love or the loyalty of a faithful servant.

CHAPTER XII.
The Narrative of the Princess.

Before Sir Thule de Brie had been with us three weeks, he was regarded with esteem and admiration by every man in the expedition.

Indeed, at first glance, no one could help admiring the splendid physique of a man, he gave a glimpse of a giant, hulking lump of fat, but I have never seen such a man as this. He was six feet six and a half in height, and his shoulders were as broad as the wings of a Gannet. Every limb was perfect in proportion and symmetry, every muscle was hard as steel, and showed the evidence of his physical prowess.

For the first two or three days he held himself aloof from the men, and did not seem as though he was likely to become acquainted with them. But he gradually pressed a desire to join them in their daily sports and exercises, and he gave us some measure of his enormous strength. He threw a stone some twenty feet further than Captain Bulmer, reputed to be the strongest man in all our expedition; and bent a crowbar in his hands as if it were a piece of straw. He showed us some idea of his own warlike accomplishments, he shot an arrow clean through half an inch of steel at a distance of thirty yards, and he bent a single stroke of the long two-handed sword he carried along his baggage, and with no more effort than if it were a piece of wood, he cut a man's head off his shoulders.

And during those three weeks I had considerably added to my knowledge of his physique, and found myself able to compare him with some of the great warriors of the world.

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DOES THIS MAN POSSESS DIVINE POWER?

The Dead Brought Back to Life.

Is But Little More Miraculous Than Some of the Marvelous Cures He Performs Without the Aid of Drastic Drugs, Medicines or the Healing Agents Commonly Employed by the Medical Fraternity.

Doctors and Scientists Unable to Explain the Wonderful Phenomena.

Cures Those a Thousand Miles Away the Same as Those Who Call in Person.

Takes No Money for His Services, Says His Mission is to Heal Diseases and Teach Man a Secret Law of Nature Which Has Been Overlooked by Doctors and Scientists for Centuries Past.

Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, a wealthy resident of Rochester, N. Y., has truly created a sensation among the medical fraternity. By some mysterious law of nature he has done practically everything that has been said to be done by the medical profession. He has cured the incurable, and he has brought the dead back to life. He has cured the incurable, and he has brought the dead back to life. He has cured the incurable, and he has brought the dead back to life.

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SHORT RECESS FOR PARLIAMENT.

House to Adjourn from May 20 to 25—Electric Smelting Ores Recommended by Experts.

Ottawa, May 8 (Special).—Parliament will adjourn from the 20th to the 25th on account of the 24th Victoria day, being on Monday. This will only lose one day, Monday.

Dr. Haanel, superintendent of mines for Canada, who was sent by the Canadian Government to Europe in company with a number of Canadian engineers to study the economic possibilities of electric smelting of ores, has made a preliminary report to the minister of the interior in which he pronounces the process both economical and easy, and encourages its adoption in this country.

At Gysinge, Sweden, steel of superior quality is made by smelting together charcoal, pig and scrap in an electric furnace of the induction type. The cost at the rate of \$10 per electric horse power a year would be \$118 per ton of product. At La Praya, France, steel is also made from melted scrap but the process differs from that at Gysinge. Different classes of steel are made at a cost per electric energy absorbed of \$154 per ton. The selling price of steel varies from \$363.00 to \$123.00 per ton, depending on the quality.

Interesting experiments were made for the commission at this plant in the production of pig from the ore in a very simple furnace consisting of an iron box on top and lined with refractory material. By far the most important experiments witnessed by the commission were those made at St. Etienne, where nine tons of iron ore were used to produce one ton of pig. The process was the same as that at Gysinge, and the results were very satisfactory.

English Steamer for Gaspe Service.

Ottawa, May 9 (Special).—The North American Transportation Company will perform the Gaspe service this season between St. John and Gaspe Basin. A steamer will be brought from the English Channel for the service.

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