POOR DOCUMENT



THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904.



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dial to men position position 4-13-29-W TS WANTED-A few relit rigs to appoint agents an household remedies. Goo parties. The R. H. G. Mestresi.

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By Harris Burland author of "Dacours." Dr. Silex is the latest thing in fiction. Dr. Silex. A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE.

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hospital in Lougion with a humiscane ne for ever. Yet I was miserable, and my latest pur chase-an Editio Princeps of Virgil, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, lay almost innoticed on my knees. For I had a letter

in my pocket, the contents of which were large enough to occupy all my thought and gloomy enough to cloud all my happing ness. It was only a short note which had arrived before breakfast.

I drew it from my pocket again, and read it over three times. Then I tore it up angrily, and threw the pieces into the waste-paper basket. If you could recollect so trivial an even

your visit to me that morning, you would remember that the letter was fro Professor Budlip, and that it anounced h urchase of a copy of the Mazarin Bible a a ridiculously low price. You made som ery seathing remarks to me about the u I was making of my life, and ridiculed my intense devotion to my books. I think that the course of events which has led me

<text> to my present goal was first set in motion by those few words of yours. When you left the room, they were still ringing in my ears. I walked over to the window and looked out into my garden, which we glowing with thousands of which was glowing with thousands of reses, white, yellow, pink, and crimson, in every conceivable shade and variety, but even the flowers could not distract my thoughts from your words. I was the more annoyed with what you had said because it merely emphasized the vague whisper-ings of my own consciousness. I had always managed to stiffe these whispers, bu your voice is too loud and precise for a man to turn a deaf ear to anything you may say. And I told myself that perhaps you were right after ali, and that there were better things in the world than books, and objects more worthy of a man's strength and intellect. Yet the words were no comfort to my mind. Even if they were true, it was still most irnita

ing that Budlip should have got the Maza-rin Bible for less than its value. My meditations were interrupted by the ntrance of a footman bearing some let ters. I took them from him without any show of interest. The 2.30 post was mere-ly local, and was chiefly composed of cirulars. I tore three or four of these across without opening them, put aside two book catalogues, and opened the only letter, a square envelope of very thick paper, addressed in a large angular hand-writing.

ter again and again, pacing up and down the room with rapid strides. A poor man who had just come into a great inheritance could scarcely have felt or shown a greater joy. In one moment I had been lifted for the durth of description to the commutation of the strict of Lon-don. I paid the cabman handsomely, and made my way through the posts, still fol-lowed by one or two curious children. The street was marked with

roars of laughter. "Oh, 'im!" cried the lady; "why, that's close by. You can't miss it. It's down The street was narrow and row of ugly little two-storied houses on the end of the passage leading out square. Of course, what a thick 'ead I am not to have thought of it! Silent either side. A few slatternly women con ensed in the doorways, and the centre of Square! Lor, it's a good name for it! It is silent, ain't it Enery?" and they he road was occupied by children and ongrel curs backing in the narrow strip both laughed again. I began to feel unof sunshine. It was one of the backwaters of the great city, undisturbed by traffic, comfortable. "Do you know Mr. Silver?" I asked. "Never seen 'im. No one 'as ever seen 'im. They say 'e's mad. I don't know if there is such a person. But there's 'is daughter, or she call 'erself 'is daughter. She's a beauty, 'she is, and no mistake. There ain't a face in the picture papers to touch 'ers, I'll avarrant. All golden 'air and such like-like some advertise-ment' comfortable and only collecting its own seum year I walked to the end and saw the name of the street painted on a rusty iron plate. It was called Peebles Terrace, W. The man had made a mistake, but Peebles street could not be far off. The road ter nimated a few yards further on, but : arrow footpath between two houses lee into a sort of square paved with stone flags. I resolved to ask my way, and look-"He sells books I believe," I said cold ly. I was not interested in the daughed about me for someone who would be ikely to receive my question with sym "'E says so outside 'is 'ouse, but I never "'E says so outside 'is 'ouse, but I never 'ear of anyone buying any. And to tell you the 'onest truth, sir," she said, low-ering her voice, "I wouldn't go in that 'ouse if you paid me. Not a soul about 'ere will go in the square after dark. There's somethin' wrong about 'im. 'E's a Nihilist or Fenian or murderer, or else I don't believe 'e exists, and phat's worse. My 'eart goes out to that poor child, thouch she's as 'aughty as a countes in athy and answer it with intelligence. There was not a single man in sight and the nearest approach to one was to be found in a small boy of four, who was uring dust on his head, doubtless in mance for his past size. The women a doorway were forbidding in aspec hansh in feature, and ungainly in shape I'wo of them were standing quite clos o me. One was very thin and the other though she's as 'aughty as a countess in the Family 'Erald stories. bourdly fat. The bonce of the thin one cemed to have cut through her clothes, while the flesh of the fat one had burst "Does no one else live in the square? I asked. ngh all restraint, and a single button "Not a soul," said the man; "'e bought "Not a soul," said the man; "'e bougat it all three years ago and won't 'ave a brick touched or a room occupied. It 'ad a hame once, 'I b'lieve, but 'e pulled it down, and I'm 'angered if I can rec'llect it. Some say 'e's down, and I'm 'anged if I can rec'llect it. Some say e's 'alf a man and 'alf a monkey and crawis about trained to the utmost length, of its hread, was all that held her blouse to gether. They were both laughing immod-erately, and I felt that they were look-ing at me. I turned round and faced onem boldly, prepared to risk insolence-or, what would have been worse, jovial amiliarity.

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SALE-There will be offered for sal-it public suction, at 2 o'clock p. m., of lith day of May, 1904, the Farm an-ence of the late James G. Hetharing situated in parish of Johnston, Queen, y; land well watered, good erchard, goo ngs and half mile from steambos , railway station convenient. Defil Sale on premises. Robert W. Hether * Executor.

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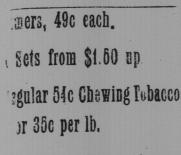
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earcely worth troubling about.
Intellectually, his mind was more keen han powerful. In his own particular line a was one of the first authorities in Eu-ope. Men old enough to be his dather were coustomed, in certain matters, to yield to a mere weight of his name, and a great diversity had recegnized his extraordinary overs of research by making him an hon-rary Doctor of Civil Law. He had a mar-ellous memory, and his powers of discern-ent amounted almost to sn instinct. No ook-dealer ever dated to offer him a vol-me with a missing page. He would meraly pen the book at half a doren places, and ne of them would be sure to disclose the set. His knowledge of human nature was mitted, but exact within those fimits. He new the hearts and minds of book-dealers s though their lives had been printed on ne of the pages of their own books. No ritice was hidden from him, and no change f expression encaped his notice. He knew o a neety how far each man would con-clentiously depart from the druth, and how ar each man's price might be beaten down. Dr. Silex read much, and had more than superfield knowledge of every subject he ead about, and a complete grasp of many f them. He knew more law than many scritters, more medicine than a good many octors, and more theology than half the arates in London. If he had devoted his and to the learning of a single profession, would undoubtedly have risen to great minence, for he had that power of arrang-ng facts, and effting evidence, and weigh-ag theories, which makes for distinction in very branch of His.
But here again he was cramped by the arrow sphere of his ambitions. And, in-ised, it seemed as though his will, his body, and his Intellect had all been stunded by his ampindeent man, but he was marely a edant, wasting his physical streagth in ours of useless knowledge. A man of his wealth and talent might have safely tung himself into the arena of politics, where his powers would have been so quick-end in the conflict thaj he would soon have orms no more resemb A year passed, and no word or sign came from the North to enlighten the world as to the fate of the expedition. Under or-dinary circumstances this would have occa-sioned no surprise, and certainly no anxiety in the minds of the explorers' relatives. It was fairly certain that the facet would have to spend at least two winters in the ice. There was, however, one circumstance which might well bring terror to the hearts of all those who watched and waited for the return of the oblys, and scientists gravely shook their heads as they pondered over maps of the Polar Sea, and jotted down cer-tain calculations on paper. On July 15th, 1522, as some may well remember, the whole of the northern part of Europe, Asia, and America was visited by one of the most ter-rible and destructive carthquakes that has ever been recorded in the history of the world. The loss of life indeed was, consid-ering the enormous area affected, compara-tively small, for, with the exception of a few towns in Russia, the countries in the line of the disturbance were either totally uninhabited or only thinly populated with a few wandering tribes of Esquimaux and Samoyads. But the physical effects of the shock were enormous. Lakes and valleys were filled up, rivers turned from their pourses; great mountain levelled into square miles of rockstrewn plain, and in the lonely undras of Siberia a mountain of mud, 1,000 (set in height, was cast up from the level wastes by some stupendous subterranean lorce.

ce. for did the seas escape the general dis-bance of nature. A huge tidal wave spt from the North and bore the ice down Davis and Behring Straits as fur as the thieth degree of latitude, while the North-shores of Siberia and America were pied up fifty feet high with gigantic floes i bergs. The movement of the ocean was all over the world, and the tidal wave s said to have reached the Northern shores Australia.

all over the word, and the unit wate word, said to have reached the Northern shores Austrain. was not strange that considerable anx-was not strange that considerable anx-was not strange that considerable anx-issoned in the ice, they must have in-ably perished in so gigantic an up-val, if they had been in the line of de-ction. But, as one scientist pointed out, vas, of course, quite possible that they been outside the track of the seismic e. Its path was very irregular, and it noticed that places a few miles from e striking evidence of the earthquake's er had been absolutely unaffected. So h so that in Siberia the town of Alali-had scarcely been shaken by a faint or, while a neighboring village had been completely leveled to the ground that no e of it existed. Moreover, several Arctic forers said that it was quite possible that ships had been securely sheltered from North by the rocky bulwarks of some of divide so of ice. However, there was ve cause for uneasiness, and many peo-confidently expressed an opinion that a man of the expedition would ever be a again. Silex," I said heartily, "how are

"Well, Silex," I said heartily, "how are you? I just called in on my way to the alub to borrow your pamphlet on 'Composi-tors of the 18th Century.' I am going to meet a man who thinks himself an author-ity. I can read up all I want in the cab. I don't know much about that period my-self-uninterssting, I call it. You look pretty black-what crime are you meditating, ch?" "'Haven't you heard about Budlip?" he said gloomily. "No, not dead, is he?" I asked in som

which the state of the

This opinion was justified. Another year seed, and still another, and the North re-section of the expedition would ever be reagain. This opinion was justified. Another year seed, and still another, and the North re-section of the secret. The ships were orisioned for five years, and six months fore the expiration of that time an Am-ican millionaire equipped two vessels to in search of them. Two years alterwards eas ships returned, having thoroughly ex-ored Grant Land, Grinnell Land, and the orth of Greenland. They reported that ey had discovered many evidences of the sit of the ships on the coast of Grant und. Haif-a-dozen broken boats, piles of appty tins, part of a rifle, and whole cart als of odds and ends, such as men leave whind them after a prolonged stay in a ace. But not a sign of a wreck or the mains of a human being. The result of this relief expedition was subful. Optimists said that, if the one ousand men and twenty ships had been de-royed, it would scarcely be possible to oplore so limited an area without finding me trace of the expedition. The broken wat, or still easier to be obliged to abandon at. Pessimists, on the other hand, said that

The properties of the proper knows that sides and that you are the first living out one of the first living out one of the subject. Of course you don't want of the subject. Of the subject of the su

"Are you Sir John Cordeaux?" the man

"Are you Sir John Cordeaux?" the man said respectfully. "I am," I replied. "This is for you, then," he said, and he handed me the object under his arm. I took hold of it in both hands and examined it carefully. It was conical at both ends and made of some metal, probably steel. It was perfectly black, and covered with dents and ridges, as though it had been subjected to tremendous blows, and some steady pressure that had scraped long furrows in its sur-face. I turned it over and over, and looked at the man inquirtingly.

the man inquiringly. "Where did you get it?" I said, "and how you know it is for me?" "I am the captain of the Ardilaun, a Dun-ee whaler, sir; we spent last winter ice-ound off the coast of Spitzbergen. We came cross this, sir, shortly after the ice broke p. It was floating in a small piece of open ater."

But why did you bring it to me?" "If you look at it more closely, sir," he splied, "you will see. Hold it sideways to he light; there's something written on it hough the ice has scraped it down pretty

ean." I held it to the light and turn I held it to the light and turned it round slowly. Then I saw a few faint marks on he metal which suggested an inscription. I tooked at them again, and made out some tetters one by one. They formed the fol-lowing sentence: "Whoever will take this to Sir John Cor-deaux, Hanbury House, London, Bugland, will receive £500 reward." I took quite five minutes to puzzle this out; then I looked up at the man with a quick glance of sus-picion.

icion. "I can read it," I said, "but I really do ot know if it is worth £500. It may be a aud, or even the work of a practica lear."

er." I know nothing of it," the man

Johen." "I know nothing of it," the man ans-wered, "except what I have told you, sir," and he looked me equarely and honestly in "the face. "It might be worth £500 to me," I said, making an effort to be calm, though the netal case trembled in my hands, "on the other hand it might not be worth five pence." The man scratched his head, and looked as though he were trying to grasp my view of the case. "It seems as though there were somethin" in what you say, sir," he said, after a pause. "Yet finding it where we did, above the Arctic Circle, and knowing when I got home, friend of Dr. Silex, it occurred to me that it might be from him." "Well, look here," I answered, only too anxious to get rid of him and open the case, "if it is from Dr. Silex and contains any news of the expedition, I will give you the £500. If it is nothing of interest to me. "Very good, sir." "Call again tomorrow," I said, "about 12 o'clock. Goodnight." able.

"Call again tomorrow," I said, "about 12 o'clock. Goodnight." "Goodnight, sir," he replied, and left the room. When he had gone, I rang the bell and again examined the metal casket. It appeared to me to be made in two pieces, one fitting on the other like the lid of a box, and both soldered together in the mid-dle. When the footman entered, I told him 'to bring some files, a chiesel and a hammer. In a few minutes he returned, and then I set to work to crack this nut of steel and extricate the kernel. It was hard work, and when at last I managed to loosen one piece from the other, the clock was striking 12. Trembling with ekcitement, I drew out the contents, a hard bulky cylinder wrapped in olided silk. I quickly tore off this covering and smoothed out a thick roll of manuscript. I glanced eagerly at the writing and gave a cry of pleasure. The captain of the Ar-dilaun had earned his £500. The manuscript contained more than three hundred pages of close writing. inserthed on some fine trans-

butained more than three hundred pages of lose writing, inscribed on some fine, trans-trent material like gold-beaters' skin, and of it was in the handwriting of Dr.

CHAPTER I.

The Mazarin Bible.

all of it was in the initial virtue of it. I threw myself into a chair and commenced to read. It was not till 5 o'clock in the morning that I finished the last page. I had kept the fire burning brightly in the grate before me, but, as I made my way up to my room, I shivered as though I had been handling a block of ice. The following is the narrative, given word for word as Dr. Silex wrote it. I publish it to the world without further comment.

I cannot give you any clear and comple

count of the events that have happen nce I last saw you, Cordeaux, witho verting to matters which happend me time before I left, England.

from the depths of despair to the sevent! heaven of delight. The letter ran as fol-"Silent Square, W.

"Dear Sir,-I saw in last night's pape that Professor Budlip had secured a copy of the Mazarin Bide, printed by Guten-berg and Fust, making the eighth copy known to exist in the world. The paper went on to state the whereabouts of the after veer in silence. known copies, and offered an opinion that no more would be discovered, as for over

two hundred years the value of the book had been elmost universally known, and collectors had searched the world for it the writer of the article is n taken. I have a copy in my possession and am open to an offer for the same. an, moreover, sell it to you at an entire nadequate price, if you will do me a favo which will cost you nothing but a li

ersonal exertion on my behalf. "If you will make your way to Peeb uare, Notting Hill, W., you will have difficulty in finding my residence. Fo me reason or other, it is neither on the nap nor in the directory. I shall be

morrow between three and seven.

"I am, "Your obedient servant, "JOHN SILVER."

I went to a table and unfolded a larg nap of London. After a considerabl earch and many references to the index I found Peebles Square. It was in the cen tre of a dense mass of small and crooke eets, and appeared to have one en cance. As the writer of the letter sad ere was no Silent Square to be found n the neighborhood, nor was there any such name in the index. This did not amiliarity.

strike me as pecu iar, for the best London maps are very defective, especially in the outlying and crowded districts. I folded up the map and rang the bell. idminiarity. "Could you tell me where Silent Square is?" I asked courteously. For answer the fat woman laughed and the thin one point-ed a skinny finger at the rusty iron plate. "Yes, yes," I said hastily, "I noticed that; but how far am I from Silent Square?" "Dunno. Never 'eard of it," was the evert route. When the footman entered I told him to all a hangom. Then I went to a writing unlocked one of the drawens, taking out a cheque book, placed it in my pocket. In a minute or two the man returned and said that the hansom was at curt reply

he door. "I shall not be in till dinner time," I said as I got into the cab, "and if Pro-fessor Budip calls, say I am sorry to have missed him, but I have an important ngagement. Tell the man to drive t reebles Square, Notting Hill, W."

"Never 'eard of sich a place, sir," he driver from the roof.

"Well, drive to Notting Hill and ask," answered sharply, "it's not my business o direct you. The man whipped up his horse. I leant back on the cushions and lit a cigar. Then I pulled out the letter and re-read it. I could scarcely believe my good fortune, but I should have found it harder to be-lieve that this drive to Peebles Square was but the first step to the accomp nent of a journey which would take up

wo years of my life. CHAPTER II.

Silent Square

Twenty-five minutes quick driving took me into the district of Notting Hill. Re-peated inquiries on the part of the cabman failed to elicit the exact position of Peebles Square, and the hansom seeme leaps and bounds in every d o go by ection but the right one. After each five ninutes of furious driving the man stop ped and occupied two minutes in extracting fresh information, and heaping curse on the last man who had instructed him The neighborhood seemed an endless wild erness of slums. We appeared to hav driven through miles and miles of equal treets, and I began to think I should soon be getting into the country, thoug in reality we had been going round an ound in a circle, and were barely outsid

the four mile radius. Then at last a ma more truthful or more intellectual that his fellows gave lucid instructions how t reach the entrance to Peebles Street. Hadded that it was impossible to drive int. Peebles Square, as Peebles Street was the only entrance, and the end of that stree

In less than five minutes we reached ables were littered with them, and eve the chairs held a few volumes that had narrow opening in a line of back walls trayed from their shelves. The contents The passage was paved with stone and of my library would have endowed any guarded by two poets, apparently to pre-

on all fours." "Thank you for your information," I said, depositing threepence on the counter. "Good afternoon." (To be continued.)

"Is there a restaurant" I continued; " mean a public-house, anywhere near?" This introduced a subject on which bot

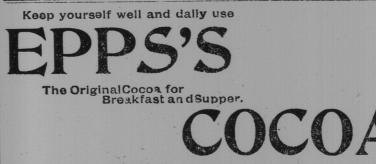
he women were evidently qualified t speak, and for quite two minutes I was overwhelmed with a torrent of names and lirections, from which I tried to extract he central facts. The "Blue Boar" was

undoubtedly the nearest, and the "Crown and Sceptre" was the cheapest, but the "Red Cow" sold the best gin. There was however, some difference of opinion on this last point, and, as it seemed tikely to be decided by an ultimate appeal to arms I thanked them for the information and turned to go. The decisive measure called for an armistice, and they both moved after me with offers of an escort. For

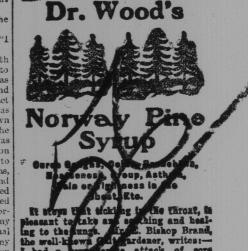
tunately, however, they differed as to my proper destination, and became so personal in their arugments that they forgot my presence, and I made my escape down the narrow footpath. But choice pieces of fourier is the method. amily history still rang in my ears as bassed into the little square beyond. There I found the "Blue Boar," and

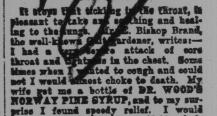
having purchased a small glass of whis key, I sipped it cautiously and asked the man behind the bar if he could direct mo Silent Square. "Never 'eard of it," said the man. "Is t a fancy name or what? Julia!" In answer to the summons a lady, r plendent in faded mauve velvet and jing ng with silver ornaments, appeared from n inner room and smiled graciously at

he stranger within their gates. "Ever 'eard of Silent Square, Julia?"



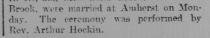
Most Nutritious and Economical, and still thebest.





wife get me a boths of DE. WOOD's NOEWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my sur-prise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bot-he, and I can recommend it to araryess inthand with a cough or celd. Brice 23 Canta.

George B. Howatt, of Cape Traverse (P. E. I.), and Miss Bella Green, of Meadow



On the 12th of June, 1890-I have good eason to remember the date-I was sit ing by myself in my library at Hanbury

wes reached by a narrow alley between lving bockcases groaned with them. Th

ouse, and as miserable as I then imagine man could be. It would seem hard, as eu know, for a lover of books to be un appy in that room. The very walls were used with books from floor to ceiling. Re