POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1907

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and make cause with the scientists. My common sense forbade me. I begin to think that common sense is a very foolish

It taught me the obvious that all this It taught me the obvious—that all this idle, vapouring talk was common enough among men of this class, so common that it would hardly justify a murder, would hardly explain an unwarranted intrusion on those who employed me. How would it look for me to go to them with these words in my mouth:

"The captain has taken to drinking to dull the monotony. The crew think you



broader awake, more tense, fairly sweating with nervousness. One night—good God, was it only last week? . . . it seems ages ago, another existence . . . a state cut off from this by the wonder of a ransmigration, at least . . . Last

I did not sleep at all. The moon had risen, had mounted the heavens, and now was sailing overhead. By the fretwork of its radiance through the chinks of our rudely-built cabin I had marked off the



moment before throwing himself with a And then suddenly to my horror moment before throwing himself with a screech on another victim.

The Nigger alone did not jump into the turmoil. He stood just down the cave, his club ready. Occasionally a disorganised rush to escape would be made. The Nigger's lips snarled, and with a truly mad enjoyment he beat the poor animals back.

I pressed against the wall horrified.

And then suddenly to my horror I, watching closely, saw the captain's eye turn blank. I am sure the men must have felt the change, though certainly they were too far away to see it, for they shifted by ever so little from their first frozen attitude. The captain's hand sought his pocket, and they froze again, but instead of the expected revolver, he produced a half-full brandy bottle.

I pressed against the wall horrified, half-full brandy bottle.

The change in his eyes had crept into to leave. A close, sticky smell took his features. They had turned foolishly

"There's a ship upon the windward, a wreck upon the lee,
Down on the coast of the high Bar-

coared Handy Solomon. "Dann it all, sys, it's the best night's work we ever id. The stuff's ours. Then it's me for big stone house in Frisco O!"
"Frisco, hell," sneered Pulz, "that's all you know. You ought to travel. Paris for me and a little gal to learn the