POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907

or terror, was written:

Look for me in the cave.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the coxswain, swathing it in his jacket and tucking it under his arm.
"Now to find the cave," said Captain

"On the north shore, about a mile to

"Then we'll cut directly across "Beg your pardon, sir," put in Congdon,
"but I don't think we can make it from

The bullet hole in the cave.

Trendon handed the ledger back to the captain, who took one quick look, closed it, and handed it to Congdon.

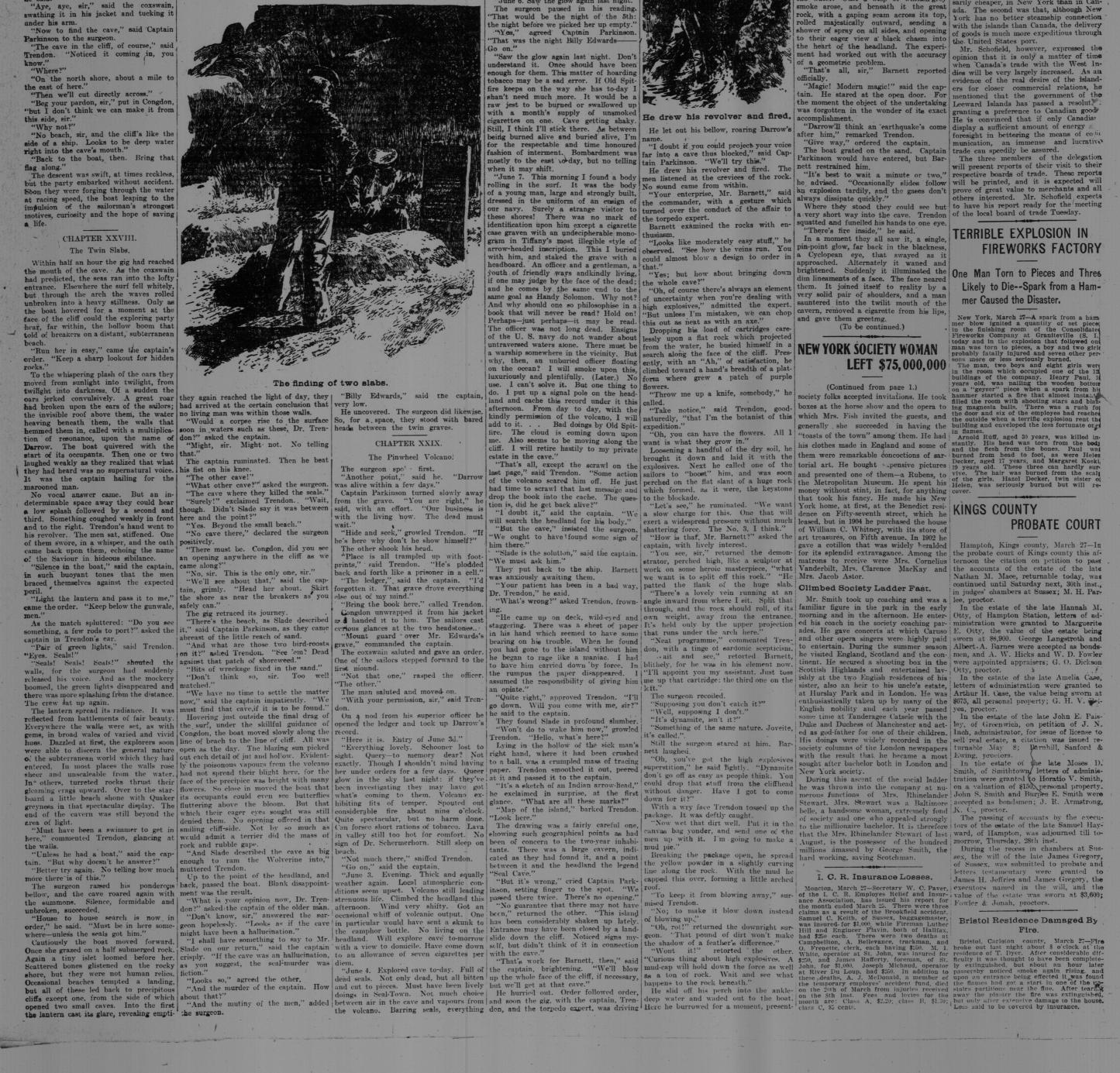
"Wrap that up and carry it carefully,"

"Bid you find—"

"No, sir. Not Darrow. Only a poor devil of a seal that crawled in there to dei."

The exploration continued. Half a mile, as they estimated, froum the open, they reached a narrow beach, shut off by a perpendicular wall of rock. Skirting this, they returned on the other side, minutely examining every possible crevice.

Sacred to the memory Sacred to the memory of an Ensign of the U. S. Navy, whose body, washed upon this coast, is here buried with all reverence, by strange hands; whose woul may God rest. "The seed shall sing his requirem" seas shall sing his requiem," June the Sixth, MXMIV.



THE MYSTERY

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST., JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907

THE WASTERY

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TO ANALYSI DOYAG AMASS.
Copplication by New Volume about the seminal stream about the seminal stre Spent a quiet afternoon carving a head-stone for the dear departed. Pity it were that virtues so shining should be un-commemorated. Idle as the speculation is, I wonder who my next visitor will be.

Is, I wonder who my next visitor will be. Thrackles, I hope. Evidently some of them have been playing the part of Pandora. Spent last night in the cave. Air quite fresh.

"June 6. Saw the glow again last night."

The surgeon paused in his reading.

"That would be the night of the 5th: the night before we picked her up empty."
"Yes," agreed Captain Parkinson.
"That was the night Billy Edwards——

understand it. Once should have been enough for them. This matter of hoarding tobacco may be a sad error. If Old Spit-fire keeps on the way she has to-day I shan't need much more. It would be a raw jest to be burned or swallowed up with a month's supply of unsmoked cigarettes on one. Cave getting shaky.



ready? Here goes."

He touched a match to the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watched it.

"Going all right," he reported, as he struck the water. "Plenty of time."

Some seventy yards out they rested on their oars. They waited. And waited. And waited. And waited.

"It's out," grunted Trendon.

From the face of the cliff puffed a cloud of dust. A thudding report boomed over the water. Just a wisp of whitish-grey smoke arose, and beneath it the great rock, with a gaping seam across its top, rolled majestically outward, sending a shower of spray on all sides, and opening to their eager view a black chasm into the heart of the headland. The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric problem.

"That's all, sir," Barnett reported officially.

"Magie! Modern magie!" said the captain. He stared at the open door. For the moment the object of the undertaking was torgotten in the wonder of its exact accomplishment.

"Darrow'll think an earthquake's come after him," remarked Trendon.

"Give way," ordered the captain.