

Moran of the Lady Letty

By FRANK NORRIS,
Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," etc.
Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Company

Wilbur, dressed in Chinese jeans and blouse, with Chinese wicker sandals on his bare feet, sat with his back against the whale's skull, smoking quietly. For a long time there was no conversation. Then at last:

"No," said Moran in a low voice. "This is the life I'm made for. In six years I've not spent three consecutive weeks on land. Now that Elliott—she always spoke of her father by his first name—now that Elliott is dead, I've not a tie, not a relative, not even a friend, and I don't wish it."

"But the loneliness of the life, the solitude," said Wilbur, "that's what I don't understand. Did it ever occur to you that the best happiness is the happiness that one shares?"

Moran clasped a knee in both hands and looked out to sea. She never wore a hat, and the red light of the afterglow was turning her eye-hued hair to saffron.

"Hoh!" she exclaimed, her heavy voice pitched even lower than usual. "Who could understand or share any of my pleasures or be happy when I'm happy? And, besides, I'm happiest when I'm alone—I don't want any one."

"But," hesitated Wilbur, "one is not always alone. After all, you are a girl, and men, sailor men especially, are beasts when it's a question of a woman—an unprotected woman."

"I'm stronger than most men," said Moran simply. "If you, for instance, had been like some men I should have fought you. It wouldn't have been the first time," she added, smoothing one huge braid between her palms.

Wilbur looked at her with intent curiosity—noted again, as if for the first time, the rough, blue overalls thrust into the shoes; the coarse flannel shirt open at the throat; the belt with its sheath knife, her arms big and white and tattooed in sailor fashion, her thick, muscular neck; her red face, with its pale blue eyes and almost massive jaw, and her hair, her heavy, yellow, fragrant hair, that lay over her shoulder and breast, coiling and looping in her lap.

"No," he said, with a long breath, "I don't make it out. I knew you were out of my experience, but I begin to think now that you are out of even my imagination. You are right, you should keep to yourself. You should be alone—your mate isn't made yet. You are splendid just as you are," while under his breath he added, his teeth clinching, "but I love you!"

It was growing late, the stars were all out, the moon riding high. Moran yawned.

"Mate, I think I'll turn in. We'll have to be at that schooner early in the morning, and I make no doubt she'll give us plenty to do." Wilbur hesitated to reply, waiting to take his cue from what next she should say. "It's hot enough to sleep where we are," she added, "without going aboard the Bertha, though we might have a couple of blankets off to lie on. This sand's as hard as a plank."

Without answering, Wilbur showed her a couple of blanket rolls he had brought off while he was unloading part of the stores that afternoon. They took one apiece and spread them on the sand by the bleached whale's skull. Moran pulled off her boots and stretched herself upon her blanket with absolute unconcern, her hands clasped under her head. Wilbur rolled up his coat for a pillow and settled himself for the night with an assumed self-possession. There was a long silence. Moran yawned again.

"I pulled the heel off my boot this morning," she said lazily, "and I've been limping all day."

"I noticed it," answered Wilbur. "Kitchell had a new pair aboard somewhere, if they're not spoiled by the water now."

"Yes," she said indifferently. "We'll look them up in the morning." Again there was silence.

"I wonder," she began again, starting up into the dark, "if Charlie took that frying pan off with him when he

In the Nursery.

Every mother should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy in the home is therefore an absolute necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, allay fevers, destroy worms, aid teething, and make little ones healthy and cheerful. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. John N. Pringle, Forest Falls, Ont., says:—"I think I can thank Baby's Own Tablets for my baby's life. He was badly constipated, but after giving him the Tablets he was relieved at once. I also find them good when he is at all restless, and feel I cannot say too much in their favor." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I don't know. He probably did." "It's the only thing we had to cook ourselves in. Make me think to look into the galley tomorrow. This ground's as hard as nails, for all your blankets. Well, good night, mate. I'm going to sleep."

"Good night, Moran."

Three hours later Wilbur, who had not closed his eyes, sat up and looked at Moran, sleeping quietly, her head in a pale glory of hair—looked at her and then around him at the silent, deserted land.

"I don't know," he said to himself. "Am I a right minded man and a thoroughbred, or a mushhead, or merely a prudent, sensible sort of chap that values his skin and bones? I'd be glad to put a name to myself." Then more earnestly he added, "Do I love her too much, or not enough, or love her the wrong way, or how?" He leaned toward her, so close that he could catch the savor of her breath and the smell of her neck, warm with sleep. The sleeve of the coarse blue shirt was drawn up, and it seemed to him as if her bare arm, flung out at full length, had some sweet aroma of its own. Wilbur drew softly back.

"No," he said to himself decisively; "no, I guess I am a thoroughbred after all." It was only then that he went to sleep.

When he awoke, the sea was pink with the sunrise, and one of the bay heads was all distorted and stratified by a mirage. It was hot already. Moran was sitting a few paces from him, braiding her hair.

"Hello, Moran," he said, rousing up.

"How long have you been up?"

"Since before sunrise," she said.

"I've had a bath in the cove where the creek runs down. I saw a jack rabbit."

"Seen anything of Charlie and the others?"

"They're camped on the other side of the bay. But look yonder," she added. The junk had come in overnight and was about a mile and a half from shore.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Wilbur.

"What are they after?"

"Fresh water, I guess," said Moran, knotting the end of a braid. "We'd better have breakfast in a hurry and turn to on the Bertha. The tide is going out fast."

While they breakfasted they kept an eye on the schooner, watching her sides and flanks as the water fell slowly away.

"Don't see anything very bad yet," said Wilbur.

"It's somewhere in her stern," remarked Moran.

In an hour's time the Bertha Miltner was high and dry, and they could examine her at their leisure. It was Moran who found the leak.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, with a half laugh. "We can stick that up in half an hour."

A single plank had started away from the sternpost; that was all. Otherwise the schooner was as sound as the day she left San Francisco. Moran and Wilbur had the damage repaired by noon, nailing the plank to its place and calking the seams with lamp wick. Nor could their utmost careful search discover any further injury.

"We're ready to go," said Moran. "So soon as she'll float. We can dig away around the bows here, make fast a line to that rock out yonder and warp her off at next high tide. Hello! Who's this?"

It was Charlie. While the two had been at work he had come around the shore unobserved and now stood at some little distance, smiling at them calmly.

"Well, what do you want?" cried Moran angrily. "If you had your rights, my friend, you'd be keelhauling."

"I tinkum velly hot day,"

"You didn't come here to say that. What do you want?"

"I come hab talkee-talk."

"We don't want to have any talkee-talk with such vermin as you. Get out!"

Charlie sat down on the beach and wiped his forehead.

"I come buy one piece bacon. China boy no hab got."

"We aren't selling bacon to deserters," cried Moran. "And I'll tell you this, you filthy little monkey: Mr. Wilbur and I are going home—back to Frisco—this afternoon, and we're going to leave you and the rest of your vipers to rot on this beach or to be murdered by beachcombers." And she pointed out toward the junk. Charlie did not even follow the direction of her gestures, and from this very indifference Wilbur guessed that it was precisely because of the beachcombers that the Machiavelian Chinaman had wished to treat with his old officers.

"No hab got bacon?" he queried, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"Plenty, but not for you."

Charlie took a buckskin bag from his blouse and counted out a handful of silver and gold.

"I buy um nisi two piece tobacco."

"Look here," said Wilbur deliberately, "don't you try to blind us,



"I think him want catchum schooner."

Charlie. We know you too well. You don't want bacon and you don't want tobacco."

"China boy heap plenty much sick. Two boy velly sick. I tinkum die pretty soon tomolla. You catchum sloop chest; you gib me five, seven liver pill. Sabe?"

"I'll tell you what you want?" cried Moran, aiming a fowling at him, pistol fashion. "You've got a blue funk because those Kalgish beachcombers have come into the bay, and you're more frightened of them than you are of the schooner, and now you want us to take you home?"

For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

Send for free sample.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and \$1.00
All Druggists

WESTERN ONTARIO
Shorthand
and
Business Academy
LONDON

Each pupil is given individual instruction.

The Shorthand System taught is that used by all newspaper and court reporters.

Best systems of Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., thoroughly taught.

Situations guaranteed to every Graduate.

CATALOGUE FREE.

WM. C. COO,
PRINCIPAL

DR. WEAVER'S TREATMENT
WEAVER'S SYRUP
For Hemors
Salt Rheum
Scrofulous Swellings, etc.

WEAVER'S CERATE
Cleanses the Skin
Beautifies the Complexion.

Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the poison in the blood.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal

LONDON'S OLD CLOTHES.

The Way They Change Owners Adown the Social Scale.

In those parts of London in which the penny is the standard of value there is a traffic in secondhand materials of a sort that is unheard of in any city of America.

For example, a dress costing 100 guineas and worn by a woman of fashion on one of the days of the Ascot meeting will be seen perhaps twice thereafter, once at a garden party and again at some function remote from town, after which it becomes the perquisite of the lady's maid, from whom it is bought by an oily woman who maintains what is called a "ladies' wardrobe" in Brixton or Bayswater. To the dingy parlor in which this oily married woman transacts her business come the wives of struggling attorneys, medical men and city clerks, intent on bargains, and to one of these the Ascot dress, "positively worn by Lady G. in the royal inclosure," as the oily woman informs her in an awed whisper, is knocked down at the low price of 10 guineas.

Its new owner wears it until it is too shabby to be worn again, after which it is sold to a second-rate wardrobe and becomes the property of a green-grocer's wife, who takes it to pieces, retains it and wears it out of the shop until it is once more shabby. Then it is sold to a third-rate wardrobe, where it catches the eye of some coster lady and is sold for 3 shillings.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. Druggists refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, from 9 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest, 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c. in stamps and it will be forwarded post paid by Paris Medical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Oath That Binds the Burmese.

Perjury having been rare in Rangoon courts because no form of oath existed which the Burman considered binding, the government prescribed a formula which is a queer admixture of Buddhism, Brahminism and Shamanism. Here are phrases from it, picked at random: "If an untruth passes my lips, may all the gnats that live in lakes, ponds and brooks and the gnats of the five great rivers of India destroy me. May curdled blood pass my lips rather than a lie, and may I die vomiting blood, my body bent in two."

That Tormenting Cold that made you wretched last winter will not come back if you take Allens Lung Balm when your throat is raw and sore. This admirable remedy is free from opium. Take it in time.

First Jewelry Store.

It may interest women to know that the first jewelry store was started in the city of Changon about 3,000 years ago. The Celestial millionaires of that period knew nothing of the fascination of diamonds, because diamonds were not in vogue at that B. C. period.

Pearls and jade and coral and other unpolished mineral substances had to content them, and as if to make good the glitter of diamonds and thence the princesses of Changon employed artisans to fashion them the most wonderful gold and silver ornaments, which in themselves were far more costly than diamonds.

Books and Their Making.

"At present the American people are divided into two classes," said the head of a well known publishing house in New York, "those who forget to read and those who read to forget. A book was formerly a thing put aside to be read, but now it is a thing read to be put aside. I am not sure which is the better both for us bookmakers and the public, but it is certainly a fact that bookmaking is now a manufacture, while it used to be a science."

Tired All The Time

Mrs. George Beattie Carr's Brook, Colchester Co., N. S. writes:—"Last spring I was very much run down, felt tired all the time, and did not seem to have life or energy enough to do my work. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good, and made work a pleasure to me. I have not had occasion to use any medicine since, and have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to all my friends."

To Make Her Turn.

Mrs. Fondmar—Doctor, my daughter sits and gazes into that mirror for hours at a time. I can't get her to take exercise. Dr. Bruff—Well, I prescribe another mirror at the other end of the room.

Easy Money.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" "I was just trying to figure out the percentage of rich people there would be in the world if fault finding paid."

When a man wears his piety as an ornament you can depend on its being paste.—Chicago Tribune.

Pains In The Chest.

Mrs. John Clark, Port Hope, Ont., states:—"Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pain in the chest. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and one bottle cured my cold which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

REASON No 12 WHY YOU SHOULD USE

Red Rose Tea

Because it is Recommended by the Best Grocers.

You will generally find Red Rose Tea in a store which deals in standard brands of high-class goods.

These are the merchants who do not look for goods which give them the largest profit, because it pays them best to sell goods which are the most reliable and give their customers the greatest satisfaction.

Ask a grocer of this kind his opinion of Red Rose Tea—his opinion will be honest, because nearly all other teas pay him a larger profit than Red Rose. He probably uses it in his own house, and will tell you in a very few words why he recommends it.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.



Cleanliness is next to Godliness

In keeping your house clean only the best paint should be used. The Beaver Brand is pure white lead and oil with different colored pigments ground extremely fine by machinery. You cannot make a mistake by using Beaver Brand Paints. Every tin is guaranteed. Sold only by

WRIGHT & ALLEN

DIAMOND DYES FOR PERFECT HOME DYEING.

EASY TO USE, BRIGHTEST AND BEST. ASK FOR THE "DIAMOND." All Druggists and Dealers. TAKE NO OTHERS.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. H. Brown on Box. 25c.

Get More Salary!

By taking an I. C. S. course. Employers prefer I. C. S. students because they know that a man who would spend his spare time learning to earn more, is ambitious, persevering and reliable.

A ST. THOMAS BOY'S SUCCESS

Bert Fero writes from Pittsburgh: "I took the I. C. S. mechanical drafting course in St. Thomas. I found it practical and reliable. I am now drafting for the Westinghouse Co. at \$110 a month." He studied while many of his friends played pool.

We teach Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, Civil, Railroad and Structural Engineering, Architecture, Drafting, Lettering, Book-keeping, Stenography, Window Dressing, Advertising and a number of other subjects. We have over 300 active students in the St. Thomas district of three counties.

Full information from G. W. Langdon, B.A., 43 Southwick Street, Box 541, St. Thomas.

International Correspondence Schools

ll n

h it. r of fails most very out- ends it's ical

e the Flour

ENGLAND

ABOUT JOHN S. PEOPLE.

he Land That is in the Com-ford.

nty-eight out of London are

ow be sent to ers at any stage as the Atlantic. 0,000 volumes in ser Castle, which rest in the coun-

members have ing for a site in a 100 yards rifle

rkshire pigs for are to be pur-garian Board of

it of the total of the House of

with comfort and speak.

ols are to have ched to them, in o be instructed in growing.

be grown under servation in the Birmingham Uni-

establish for ex-

l from Messrs.

l for a record elephant in Eur-

the Royal Italian y be carried by

been received in the South Am-

ake Dover their all. This is the calling at Dover.

ual report of the -earning children

a systematic limi- labor will re-

£1,000 by the y of Fishmongers

Mo necessary for University Col-

of London, the d to £183,000.

General will lose steps for the ap-

et committee to ent for the pur-

ment of the en-plant of the Na-

mpany.

chasing sweets on the pupils

or Municipal Sec-the education au-

s. The shopkeep- to the practice,

have petitioned in

NG DEEPER.

Pleased as it re Profit.

puzzled over the menal rise in the lakes in the last

at a loss to ex-foot of added ships means the nds of dollars in ing capacity, and they are pleased.

now rise in lake st ten years, the being the height

el- 1895. 1904. 603 1-6 603 1-4

580 1-6 581 2-3 571 1-2 573 1-4

245

ie comparison is -water mark for

u only visit me money. New couldn't come old?"

at the club quite came. I tho't I uored to a home but at the first drag his anchor."

usband have lived e years, and never at's the secret."

"I'm too good, and he's too in-

ty for Wilbur's usual promp-