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F ank Norris ..

Wilbur's teeth clicked sharply together. He could think of nothing to say.

As the water gained between decks the schooner's speed dwindled, and at the same time as she approached the shore the wind, shut off by the land, fell away. By this time the ocean was not four inches below the stern rail. Two miles away was the nearest sand spit. Wilbur broke out a distress signal on the foremast in the hope that Charlie and the deserters might send

off the dory to their assistance, but the deserters were nowhere in sight. "What became of the junk?" he demanded suddenly of Moran. She mo-tioned to the westward with her head. "Still lying outside."

Twenty minutes passed. Once only Moran spoke.

"When she begins to go," she said, "she'll go with a rush. Jump pretty wide, or you'll get caught in the su

The two had given up all hope. Moran held grimly to the wheel as a mere matter of form. Wilbur stood at her side, his clinched fists thrust into his pockets. The eyes of both were fixed on the yellow line of the distant beach. By and by Moran turned to him with an odd smile. "We're a strange pair to die togeth-

er," she said. Wilbur met her eyes an instant, but, finding no reply, put his chin in the air as though he would have told her she might well say that. "A strange pair to die together." Moran repeated, "but we can do that bet-ter than we could have"—she looked

away from him-"could have lived to

away from him—"could have lived to-gether," she finished and smiled again.
"And yet," said Wilbur, "these last few weeks here on board the schooner we have been through a good deal—together. I don't know," he went on clumsily—"I don't know when I've been—when I've had—I've been happier than these last weeks. It is queer, isn't it? I know, of course, what you'll say. I've said it to myself often of late. I belong to the city and to my life there, and you—you belong to the ocean. I never knew a girl like you—never knew a girl could be like you. You don't know how extraordinary it all seems to me. You swear like a man, and you dress like a man, and I don't suppose you've ever been associated with other women, and you're strong—I know you are as strong as I am. You have no idea how different you are from the kind of girl I've known. Imagine my kind of girl standing up before Hoang and those cutthroat beachcombers with their knives and hatchets. Maybe it's because you are so unlike my kind of girl that—that things are as they are with me. I don't know. It's a queer situation. A month or so ago I was at a tea in San Francisco, and now I'm aboard a shark fishing schooner sinking in Magdalens bay, and I'm with a girl that—that I that I—well, I'm with you, and, well, you know how it is—I might as well say it—I love you more than I imagined I ever could love a girl."

Moran's frown came back to be

forehead. "I don't like that kind of talk," she said. "I am not used to it, and I don't know how to take it. Believe me," she said, with a half laugh, "it's all wasted. I never could love a man. I'm no

"No," said Wilbur, "ner for other women either."
"Nor for other women either."

Wilbur fell silent. In that instant he had a distinct vision of Moran's life and character, shunning men and shunned of women, a strange, lonely

Had to Give up and go to Bed.

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creature, solitary as the ocean whereon she lived; beautiful after her fashion; as yet without sex, proud, untained, splendid in her savage, primal independence-a thing untouched and un sullied by civilization. She seemed to him some Bradamante, some mythical Brunehild, some Valkyrie of the leg-ends born out of season, lost and un-familiar in this end of the century time. Her purity was the purity of primeval glaciers. He could easily see how to such a girl the love of a man would appear only in the light of a humiliation—a degradation. And yet she could love, else how had he been able to leve her? Wilbur found him-self, even at that moment, wondering how the thing could be done—wondering to just what note the untouched cords would vibrate; just how she should be awakened one morning to find that she—Moran, sea rover, virgin unconquered, without law, without land, without sex-was, after all, a

"Mate!" she exclaimed of a sudden "The barrels are keeping us up—the empty barrels in the hold. Hoh! We'll make land yet!"

It was true. The empty hogsheads, destined for the storage of oil, had been forced up by the influx of the water to the roof of the hold and were acting as so many buoys. The schooner could sink no lower. An hour later, the quarter deck all awash, her bow thrown high into the air, listing her ribly to starboard, the Bertha Millner took ground on the shore of Magdalena bay at about the turn of the tide.

Moran swung herself over the side, hip deep in the water, and, wading

ture of the leak until low

next morning.
"Well, here we are," said Moran, her thumbs in her belt. "What next? We may be here for two days; we may be here for two years. It all depend



They pledged each other. upon how bad a hole she has. Have we 'put in for repairs,' or have we been

we 'put in for repairs,' or have we been cast away? Can't tell till tomorrow morning. Meanwhile I'm hungry."

Half of the stores of the schooner were water soaked, but upon examination Wilbur found that enough remained intact to put them beyond all fear for the present.

"There's plenty of water up the creek," he said, "and we can snare all the quall we want, and then there's the fish and abalone. Even if the stores

were gone we could make out very well."

The schooner's cabin was full of water, and Wilbur's hammock was gone, so the pair decided to camp on shore. In that torrid weather to sleep in the

open air was a luxury.

In great good spirits the two sat down to their first meal on land. Moran cooked a supper that, barring the absence of coffee, was delicious. The whisky was had from aboard, and they pledged each other, standing up. in something over two stiff fingers. "Moran," said Wilbur, "you ought to have been born a man."

"At all events, mate," she said—"at all events, I'm not a girl."
"No." exclaimed Wilbur as he filled

his pipe. "No, you're just Moran—Moran of the Lady Letty."

"And I'll stay that, too," she said de

Never had an evening been more beautiful in Wilbur's eyes. There was not a breath of air. The stillness was so profound that the faint murmur of the blood behind the eardrums became the blood behind the eardrums became an oppression. The ocean tiptoed toward the land with tiny rustling steps. The west was one gigantic stained window, the ocean floor a solid shimmer of opalescence. Behind them sullen purples marked the horizon, hooded with mountain crests, and after a long while the meen showered while the moon shrugged a gleaming shoulder into view. 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 Eilert"—she always spoke of her father by his first name—"now that Ellert 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 a hat, and the red light of the after-glow was turning her rye 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 happies when I'm alone-I don't want any

"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 wom an-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.

(To Be Continued.)

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Moran swing herself over the side, hip deep in the water, and, wading ashore with a line, made fast to the huge skull of a whale half buried in the sand at that point.

Wilbur followed. The schooner had grounded upon the southern horn of the bay and lay easily on a spit of sand. They could not examine the nature of the leak until low water the

The case of William Thomas, brick-layer, 158 Mill street, this city, is one of the recent proofs of the effi-ciency of the treatment, Mr. Thomas

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