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LADY LETTY...

Wilbur went over the side and, stand-

Wilbur went over the side and, standing as best he could upon the slippery carcass, dug out the lump and bound it up in the hammock.

"Hoh!" exclaimed Moran, with sudden exultation. "There's a lot of it. That's the biggest lump yet, I'll be bound. Is that all there is, mate? Look carefully." Her valce had dropned to a whisper.

Look carefully. How you ped to a whisper.

"Yes, yee; that's all. Careful now when you haul up. Hoang has got his eye on you, and so have the rest of them. What do you call it anyhow?

"You so particular about it? Why are you so particular about it?
Is it worth anything?"
I'll don't know-perhaps. We'll have

a look at it anyway."

Moran hauled the stuff aboard, and

Moran hauled the stuir aboard, and Wilbur followed.

"Whew!" he exclaimed with half closed eyes. "It's like the story of Samson and the dead lion—the sweet coming forth from the strong."

The schooner seemed to swim in a

The schoener seemed to swim in a bath of perfumed air. The membrane bath of perfumed air. The membrane of the nostrils fairly pringled with the sensation. Moran unleashed the hammock and, going down upon one knee, examined the lump attentively.

"It didn't seem possible," Wilbur heard her saying to herself, "but there can't be any mistake. It's the stuff, right enough. I've heard of such things, but this—but this".—She rose to her feet, tossing back her hair.

to her feet, tossing back her hair. "Well," said Wilbur, "what do you call it?"

"The thing to do now," returned Mo-"The thing to do now," returned moran, "is to get clear of here as quietly and as quickly as we can and take this stuff with us. I can't stop to explain now, but it's big—it's big. Mate, it's big as the Bank of England."

"Those beachcombers are right on to the game, I'm afraid," said Wilbur. "Look, they're watching us. This stuff

would smell across the ocean."
"Rot the beachcombers! There's a
bit of wind, thank heaven, and we can do four knots to their one, just let us

get clear once.

Moran dragged the hammock back into the cabin and, returning to the deek, helped Wilbur to eut away the last tricing tackle. The schooner righted slowly to an even keel. Meanwhile the junk had set its one lug sail and its crew had run out the sweeps. Hoang took the steering sweep and worked the junk to a position right across the Bertha's bows some fifty feet shead. "They're watching us, right enough,"

said Wilbur. "Up your mains'!!" ordered Moran.
The pair set the fore and main sails
with great difficulty. Moran took the wheel, and Wilbur went ferward to cast off the line by which the schoon had been tied up to one of the whale's

"Cut it!" cried the girl. "Den't stop There was a hall from the beach

There was a hall from the beachcombers, the port sweeps dipped and
the junk bore up nearer.

"Eurry!" shouted Moran, "Don't
mind them! Are we clear for'ard—
what's the trouble? Something's holding her." The schooner listed slowly
to starboard and settled by the head.

"All clear!" cried Wilbur. "All clear!" cried Wilbur.

"There's something wrong!" exclaimed Moran. "She's settling for'ard." Hoang hailed the schooner a second

"We're still settling," called Wilbur from the bows. "What's the matter?"

Boils were so painful could not sleep at night.

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"Matter that she's taking water," answered Moran wrathfully. "She's started something below, what with all that lifting and dancing and tricing

Wilbur ran back to the quarter deck.
"This is a bad fix," he said to Moran. "These chaps are coming aboard again. They're on to something, and, of course, at just this moment she begins to leak."

"They are after that ambergris," said Moran between her teeth. "Smelt it, of course—the swine!"

"Ambergris?"
"The stuff we found in the whale.
That's ambergris."

"Well?"
"Well?"
"Well?"
"Do you know that we have found a lump that will weigh close to 250 pounds, and do you know that ambergris is selling in San Francisco at \$40 an ounce? Do you know that we have picked up nearly \$150,000 right out here in the ocean and are in a fair way to lose it all?"

"Can we run for it?"

"Run for it in a boat that's taking water like a sack! Our dory's gene. Suppose we got clear of the junk and the Bertha sank? Then what? If we only had our grow shoard; if we only only had our crew aboard; if we only were ten to their dozen-if we were only six-by Jupiter, I'd fight them for

The two enormous red eyes of the Just loomed alongside and stared over into the Bertha's waist. Hoang and seven of the coolies swarmed aboard. "What how?" shouted Moran, com-

ing forward to meet them, her scowl knotting her flashing eyes together "Is this ship yours or mine? We'v done your dirty work for you. I want you clear of my deck." Wilbur stood at her side, uncertain what to do, but ready for anything she should at-

"I tink you catchum somet'ing, smel ium pretty big," said Hoang, his ferret glance twinkling about the schooner. "I catchum nothing nothing but plenty bad stink," said Moran. "No,

you don't!" she exclaimed, putting her-self in Hoang's way as he made for the cabla. The other beachcombers came crowding up. Wilbur even thought he saw one of them loosening his hatchet

"This salp's mine!" cried Moran, backing to the cabin door. Wilbur followed her, and the Chinamen closed down upon the pair.

"It's not much use, Moran," he mut-tered. "They'll rush us in a minute."
"But the ambergris is mine—is mine,"

she answered, never taking her eyes from the confronting coolies.
"We findum w'ale," said Hoang.
"You no find w'ale. Him b'long to we eve'yt'ing in um w'ale b'long to we, "No; you promised us a third of ev-

erything you found." Even in the confusion of the moment curred to Wilbur that it was quite



possible that at least two-thirds of the ambergris did belong to the beachcombers by right of discovery. After all, it was the beachcombers whe had found the whale. He could never remember afterward whether or no he said as such to Maron at the time. If he did

afterward whether or no he said as much to Moran at the time. If he did, she had been deaf to it. A fury of wrath and desperation suddenly blased in her blue eyes. Standing at her side, wilhor could hear her toeth grinding upen each other. She was blind to all danger, animated only by a sense of infustice and imposition.

Heang attered a sentence in Gan-

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Moran at grapples with Hoang.

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toness. One of the coolies jumped forward, and Moran's fiet met him in the face and brought him to his knees. Then came the rush Wilbur had foreseen. He had just time to catch a sight of Moran at grapples with Hoang when a little hatchet glinted over his head. He struck out savarely into the thead. He struck out savagely into the thick of the group—and then opened his eyes to find Moran washing the blood from his hair as he lay on the deck with his head in the hollow of her the head in the help head head in the help head head in the help head head in the help head in the help head in the help head in the h

deck with his head in the hollow of her arm. Lerything was quiet. The beachcombers were gone.

"Hello! What—what—what is it?" he asked, springing to his feet, his head swimming and smarting. "We had a row, didn't we? Did they hurt you? Oh, I remember. I got a cut ever the head—one of the hatchet men. Did they hurt you? they hurt you?"

"They got the loot," she grawled.
"Flithy vermin! And, just to make everything pleasant, the schooner's sinking."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SINKING!" exclaimed Wilbur.
Moran was already on her
feet. "We'll have to beach
her," she cried, "and we're
six miles out! Up y'z jib, mate!" The
two set the jib, flying jib and stay-

The fore and main sails were already drawing, and under all the spread of her canvas the Bertha raced back to-

ward the shore.

But by the time she was But by the time she was within the head of the bay her stern had settled to such an extent that the forefeet was clear of the water, the bowsprit pointing high into the heavens. Moran was at the wheel, her scowl thicker than ever, her eyes measuring the strength of water that lay between the schooner and the shore.

of water that lay between the schooner and the shore.

"She'll never make it in the world," she muttered as she listened to the wash of the water in the cabin under her feet. In the hold empty barrels were afloat, knocking hollowly against each other. "We're in a bad way, mate."

"ar, mate."
"If it comes to that," returned Wilbur, surprised to see her thus easily downcast who was usually so indomi-table—"if it comes to that, we can

"Swim?" she echoed. "I'm not thinking of that. Of course we could swim."

"What then?" "The sharks!"

(To Be Continued.)

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