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MUSIC.

Norris ..

had the hands at work digging the sand from around the Bertha Millner's



bow. The line by which she was to be warped off was run out to the ledge previsions for the marooned beachcombers were cached upon the beach, the dory was taken aboard, gaskets were cast off and hatches battened

At high tide, all hands straining upon the warp, the schooner was floated off and under touch of the lightest airs drew almost imperceptibly away from the land. They were quite an hour crawling out to the heads of the bay. but here the breeze was freshening. Moran took the wheel, the flying jib and staysail were set, the wake began to whiten under the schooner's stern, the forefoot sang, the Pacific opened out more and more, and by 12:30 o'clock Moran put the wheel over and as the schoener's bow swung to the northward cried to Wilbur:

"Mate, look your last of Magdalena

·Standing at her side. Wilbur turned a single glance. The vast, heat scourged hoop of yellow sand, the still, smooth shield of indigo water, with its beds of kelp, had become insensibly dear to It was all familiar, friendly and hospitable. Hardly an acre of that sweep of beach that did not hold the impress of his foot. There was the point near by the creek where he and Moran first landed to fill the water casks and to gather abalones; the creek itself, where he had snared quail; the sand spit, with its whitened whale's skull, where he and Moran had beached the schooner, and there, last of all, that spot of black over which still hung a haze of brown gray smoke, the charred ruins of the eid Portuguese whaling cabin, where they had outfought the

For a moment, Wilbur and Moran looked back without speaking. They stood on the quarter deck in the shadow of the mainsail, shut off from the the instant quite alone.

"Well, Moran, it's goedby to the old place, isn't it?" said Wilbur at length.

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"Yes," she said, her deep voice pitch ed even deeper than usual. "Ma great things have happened there."

"It doesn't look like a place for a tong row with Chinese pirates, though, does it?" he said, but even as he spoke the words he guessed that that was not what he meant.

"Oh, what did that amount to?" she said, with an impatient movement of her head. "It was there that I first knew myself and knew that, after all, you were a man and I was a woman, and that there was just us—you and I —in the world, and that you leved me and I loved you, and that nothing else was worth thinking of." Wilbur shut his hand down over her

as it gripped a spoke of the wheel, "Moran, I knew that long since," he

Why, I feel as though I had only begun to live since I began to love you."
"And you do, mate?" she answered. "You do love me and always will? Oh you don't know." she went on, interrupting his answer, "you haven't a guess, how the last two days have changed me. Something has happened here," and she put both her hands over her breast. "I'm all different here, mate. It's all you inside here—all you! And it hurts, and I'm proud that it does hurt. Oh," she cries of a sudden. 'I don't know how to love yet, and I do it very badly, and I can't tell you how I feel because I can't even tell it to myself. But you must be good to me now." The deep voice trembled a little. "Good to me, mate, and true to me, mate, because I've only you, and all of me is yours. Mate, be good to me and always be kind to me. I'm not Moran any more. I'm not proud and strong and independent, and I don't want to be lonely. I want you—I want you always with me. I'm just a wom-an now, dear—just a woman that loves you with a heart she's just found."

Wilbur could find no words to answer. There was something so pathetic and at the same time so noble in Mo-ran's complete surrender of herself and her dependence upon him, her un and her dependence upon nim, her un-questioned trust in him and his good-ness, that he was suddenly smitten with awe at the sacredness of the ob-ligation thus imposed on him. She was his now, to have and to hold, to keep, to protect and to defend—she who was once so glorious of her strength, of her savage isolation, her unviolate, pristine maidenhood. All words seemed futile

and inadequate to him.

She came close to him and put her hands upon his shoulders and, looking him squarely in the eye, said:
"You do love me, mate, and you always will?"

'Always, Moran," said Wilbur simply. He took her in his arms, and she laid her cheek against his for a mo-ment, then took his head between her hands and kissed him.

Two days passed. The Bertha Mill-

ner held steadily to her northward course, Moran keeping her well in to-ward the land. Wilbur maintained a ward the land. Wilbur maintained a lookout from the crow's nest in the hope of sighting some white cruiser or battleship on her way south for target practice. In the cache of provisions he had left for the beachcombers he had inserted a message, written by Hoang, to the effect that they might expect to be taken off by a United States manof-war within the month.

Hoang did not readily recover his "loss of face." The Bertha's Chinamen would have nothing to do with this member of a hostile tong, and the humiliated beachcomber kept almost entirely to himself, sitting on the fo-c'stle head all day long, smoking his sul-yen-hu and brooding silently to himself.

Moran had taken the lump of am-

himself.

Moran had taken the lump of ambergris from out Kitchell's old hammock and had slung the hammock itself in the schooner's waist, and Char-

was made as comfortable as pos sible therein. They could do but little for him, however, and he was taken from time to time with spells of coughing that racked him with a dreadful agony. At length one noon just after Moran had taken the sun and had calculated that the Bertha was some eight miles to the southwest of San Diego she was surprised to hear Wilbur calling her sharply. She ran to him and found him standing in the waist by Charlie's hammock.

The Chinaman was dying and knew it. He was talking in a faint and fee ble voice to Wilbur as she came up ble voice to Wilbur as she came up and was trying to explain to him that he was sorry he had deserted the schooner during the scare in the bay. "Plenty muchee solly," he said. "China boy, him heap flaid of Feng shui. When Feng shui no likee, we then

must go chop-chop. Plenty much solly I leave um schooner that night. Solly plenty—savvy?"

plenty—savvy?"

"Of course we savvy, Charlie," said Moran. "You weren't afraid when it came to fighting."

"I die pletty soon," said Charlie calmly. "You say you gib me fifteen hundled dollah?"

"Yes, yes; that was our promise. What do you want done with it, Charlie?"

lie?"
"I want plenty fine funeral in China-

You buy um first chop coffin-savvy Silver heap much—cost um big money You gib my money to Hop Sing association, topside Ming Yen temple. You savvy Hop Sing?"

"Yes, yes."
"Tell um Hop Sing I want funeral—four piecee horse. You no flogettee horse?" he added apprehensively.

"No, I'll not forget the horses, Char-lie. You shall have four."
"Want six piecee band musicians— China music—hear pienty gong. You no flogettee? Two piecee priest, all dress um white—savvy? You mus' buy um coffin yo'self. Velly fine coffin, heap much silver, an' four piecee horse, seven hundled fireclacker; make um big noise. An' loast pig an' plenty lice an' China blandy. Heap fine funeral,



cost um fifteen hundled dollah. I be oury all same mandarin—all same Little Pete. You plemise, sure?" "I promise you, Charlie. You shall

have a funeral finer than Little Pete's." Charlie nodded his head contentedly, drawing a breath of satisfaction.
"Bimeby Hop Sing send um body back China." He closed his eyes and

lay for a long time, worn out with the effort of speaking, as if asleep. Suddenly he opened his eyes wide. "You "Four horses, Charlle. I'll remem-

He drooped once more, only to rouse again at the end of a few minutes

"First chop coffin, plenty much silreriest chop coma, pienty much silver," and again a little later and very feebly, "Six piecee—band music—China music; four piecee—gong—four."

"I promise you, Charlie," said wilbur.

"Now," answered Charlie-"now And the low caste Cantonese cooly, with all the dignity and calmness of a Cicero, composed himself for death

(To Be Continued.)

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