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FOR BILIOUSNESS,
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Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
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No. 1—For ordinary cases
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The present is one of the best seasons of the
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Students of last year already earning over \$1000
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Terms to suit the borrower.

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Minard's Liniment Relieves Neural-
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Moran of the Lady Letty

By
**FRANK
NORRIS.**
Author of "The Oc-
topus," "The
Fid," Etc.

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"There's you fit out, Mister Lilee of
the Vallee, which the same our dear



A trespasser fell away beneath Wilbur's
feet.

friend Jim makes a present of and no
charge, because he loves you so. You're
allowed two minutes to change, and it is
to be hoped as how you won't force me
to come far to assist."

It would have been interesting to
have followed, step by step, the men-
tal process that now took place in Ross
Wilbur's brain. The captain had given
him two minutes in which to change.
The time was short enough, but even
at that Wilbur changed more than his
clothes during the two minutes he was
left to himself in the reeking dark of
the schooner's fo'c'st'le. It was more
than a change—it was a revolution.
What he made up his mind to do, pre-
cisely what mental attitude he decided
to adopt, just what new niche he elected
wherein to set his feet, it is difficult
to say. Only by results could the
change be guessed at. He went down
the forward hatch at the toe of Kitch-
ell's boot-silk, muffled, mellow over-
coated, patent booted and gloved in
suede. Two minutes later there
emerged upon the deck a figure in oil-
skins and a sou'wester. There was
blood upon the face of him and the
grime of an unclean ship upon his bare
hands. It was Wilbur, and yet not
Wilbur. In two minutes he had been,
in a way, born again. The only traces
of his former self were the patent
leather boots, still persistent in their
gloss and shine, that showed with grim
incongruity below the vast compass of
the oilskin breeches.

As Wilbur came on deck he saw the
crew of the schooner hurrying for-
ward, six of them, Chinamen every
one, in brown jeans and black felt
hats. On the quarter deck stood the
captain barking his orders.

"Consider the Lilee of the Vallee,"
bellowed the latter as his eyes fell
upon Wilbur transformed. "Clap on
to that starboard windlass brake,
sonny."

Wilbur saw the Chinamen ranging
themselves about what he guessed was
the windlass in the schooner's bow.
He followed and took his place among
them, grasping one of the bars.

"Break down!" came the next or-
der. Wilbur and the Chinamen obeyed,
bearing up and down upon the bars
till the slack of the anchor chain came
home and stretched taut and dripping.

**Boils were so painful
could not sleep
at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS
AND ARMS.**

**Burdock
Blood Bitters**
CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is
the direct cause of all skin diseases and it
is necessary for the blood to be cleansed
before the eruptions will disappear. For
this purpose there is nothing to equal
Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands
of testimonials we have on hand will
testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills,
P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to
state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters
has done for me. Some time ago my blood
got out of order and many boils appeared
on my neck, legs and arms. They were so
painful that I could not sleep at night.
After having tried many different remedies
without any success, I finally decided, on
the advice of a friend, to use Burdock
Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used
two bottles the boils had completely dis-
appeared, and I wish to emphasize the
fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters
the best blood purifier on the market
to-day."

from the hawse holes.

"Vast heaven!"

And then as Wilbur released the
brake and turned about for the next
order he cast his glance out upon the
bay, and there, not 150 yards away,
her spotless sails tense, her cordage
humming, her immaculate flanks slip-
ping easily through the waves, the
water hissing and churning under her
forefoot, clean, gleaming, dainty and
aristocratic, the Ridgeway's yacht Pet-
rel passed like a thing of life. Wilbur
saw Nat Ridgeway himself at the
wheel. Girls in smart gowns and
young fellows in white ducks and
yachting caps—all friends of his—
crowded the decks. A little orchestra
of musicians were reeling off a quick-
step.

The popping of a cork and a gale of
talk and laughter came to his ears.
Wilbur stared at the picture, his face
devoid of expression. The Petrel came
on, drew nearer, was not a hundred
feet away from the schooner's stern.
A strong swimmer, such as Wilbur,
could cover the distance in a few
strokes. Two minutes ago Wilbur
might have—

"Set your mains!" came the bellow
of Captain Kitchell. "Clap on to your
throat and peak halyards!"
The Chinamen hurried aft.

Wilbur followed.

CHAPTER II.

IN the course of the next few mo-
ments, while the little vessel was
being got under way and while
the Ridgeway's Petrel gleamed
off into the blue distance, Wilbur made
certain observations.

The name of the boat on which he
found himself was the Bertha Millner.
She was a two-topmast, twenty-eight
ton keel schooner, forty feet long, car-
rying a large spread of sail—mainsail,
fore-sail, jib, flying jib, two gaff top-
sails and a staysail. She was very
dirty and smelled abominably of some
kind of rancid oil. Her crew were Chi-
namen—there was no mate—but the
cook, himself a Chinaman, who ap-
peared from time to time at the door
of the galley, a potato masher in his
hand, seemed to have some sort of au-
thority over the hands. He acted in a
manner as a go-between for the captain
and the crew, sometimes interpreting
the former's orders and occasionally
giving one of his own.

Wilbur heard the captain address him
as Charlie. He spoke pigeon English
fairly. Of the balance of the crew, the
five Chinamen, Wilbur could make
nothing. They never spoke, neither to
Captain Kitchell, to Charlie nor to
each other, and for all the notice they
took of Wilbur he might easily have
been a sack of sand. Wilbur felt that
his advent on the Bertha Millner was
by its very nature an extraordinary
event, but the absolute indifference of
these brown suited Mongols, the blank-
ness of their flat, fat faces, the dullness
of their slanting, fishlike eyes that never
met his own or even wandered in his
direction, was uncanny, disquieting.
In what strange venture was he now
to be involved, toward what unknown
vortex was this new current setting,
this current that had so suddenly
snatched him from the solid ground of
his accustomed life?

He told himself grimly that he was to
have a free cruise up the bay, perhaps
as far as Alviso. Perhaps the Bertha
Millner would even make the circuit of
the bay before returning to San Fran-
cisco. He might be gone a week. Wil-
bur could already see the scareheads
of the daily papers the next morning
chronicling the disappearance of "One
of Society's Most Popular Members."

"That's well, y'r throat halyards.
Here, Lilee of the Vallee, give a couple
of pulls on y'r peak halyard purchase."
Wilbur stared at the captain help-
lessly.

"No can tell, hey?" inquired Charlie
from the galley. "Pullum disa rope,
sabe?"

Wilbur tugged at the rope the cook
indicated.

"That's well, y'r peak halyard pur-
chase," chanted Captain Kitchell.
Wilbur made the rope fast. The
mainsail was set and hung slanting and
flapping in the wind. Next the fore-sail
was set in much the same manner, and
Wilbur was ordered to "lay out on the
jibboom and cast the gaskets off the
jib." He "lay out" as best he could and
cast off the gaskets—he knew barely
enough of yachting to understand an
order here and there—and by the time
he was back on the fo'c'st'le head the
Chinamen were at the jib halyard and
hoisting away.

"That's well—y'r jib halyards."
The Bertha Millner veered round and
played off to the wind, tugging at her
anchor.

"Man y'r windlass."
Wilbur and the crew jumped once
more to the brakes.

"Brake down, heave y'r anchor to
the cathead."
The anchor chain, already taut, vi-
brated and then cranked through the
hawse holes as the hands rose and fell
at the brakes. The anchor came home,
dripping gray slime. A nor'west wind
sailed the schooner's sails; a strong ebb
tide caught her under foot.

"We're off," muttered Wilbur as the
Bertha Millner heeled to the first gust.
But evidently the schooner was not
bound up the bay.

"Must be Vallejo or Benicia then,"
hazarded Wilbur as the sails grew
tenser and the water rippled ever
louder under the schooner's forefoot.
"Maybe they're going after hay or
wheat."

The schooner was tacking, headed
directly for Meliggs' wharf. She came
in closer and closer—so close that Wil-
bur could hear the talk of the fisher-
men sitting on the stringpieces. He
had just made up his mind that they
were to make a landing there when—
"Stand by for stays," came the rau-
cous bark of the captain, who had tak-
en the wheel. The sails slatted rust-
ously as the schooner came about.
The wind again and lay over quietly and
contentedly to her work. The next
tack brought the schooner close under
Alestraz. The sea became heavier; the
breeze grew stiff and smelled of the
outside ocean. Out beyond them to
westward opened the Golden Gate, a
bleak vista of gray green water rough-
ened with whitecaps.

"Stand by for stays."
Once again, as the rudder went hard
over, the Bertha Millner fretted and
danced and shook her sails, calling im-
patiently for the wind, chafing at its
absence like a child left of a toy. Then
again she scooped the nor'wester in the
hollow palms of her tense canvases
and settled quietly down on the new
tack, her bowsprit pointing straight
toward the Presidio.

"Well, we'll come about soon," Wil-
bur told himself, "and stand over to-
ward the Contra Costa shore."

A fine huge breath of wind passed
over the schooner. She heeled it on
the instant, the water rearing along
her quarter, but she kept her course.
Wilbur fell thoughtful again, never
more keenly observant.

"She must come about soon," he
muttered uneasily, "if she's going to
stand up toward Vallejo." His heart
sank with a sudden apprehension. A
nervousness he could not overcome
seized upon him. The Bertha Millner
held tenaciously to the tack. Within
fifty yards of the Presidio came the
command again:

"Stand by for stays!"

Once more, her bows dancing, her
cordage rattling, her sails flapping
noisily, the schooner came about. An-
xiously Wilbur observed the bowsprit
as it circled like a hand on a dial,
watching where now it would point.
It wavered, fluctuated, rose, fell, then
settled easily, pointing toward Lime
point. Wilbur felt a sudden coldness
at his heart.

"This isn't going to be so much fun,"
he muttered between his teeth. The
schooner was not bound up the bay
for Alviso nor to Vallejo for grain.
The track toward Lime point could
mean but one thing. The wind was
freshening from the nor'west, the ebb
tide rushing out to meet the ocean like
a mill race. At every moment the Golden
Gate opened out wider, and within
two minutes after the time of the last
tack the Bertha Millner heeled to a
great gust that had come booming in
between the heads, straight from the
open Pacific.

"Stand by for stays."
As before, one of the Chinese hands
stood by the sail rope of the jib.

"Draw y'r jib."

The jib filled. The schooner came
about on the port tack; Lime point fell
away over the stern rail. The huge
ground swells began to come in, and
as she rose and bowed to the first of
these it was precisely as though the
Bertha Millner were making her com-
tesy to the great gray ocean, now for
the first time in full sight on her star-
board quarter.

(To Be Continued.)

**Could scarcely get up
or down without help.**

**Had a severe pain in
the small of the back.**

**Was treated in the Hotel
Dieu, Kingston, but
not cured.**

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

**Doan's
Kidney Pills**

Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry,
Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble.

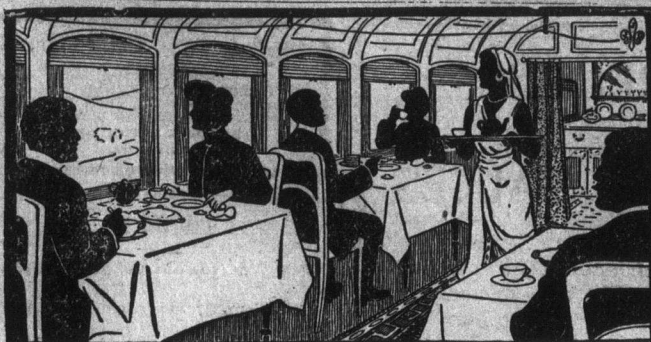
He tells about the cure in the following
words: "I cannot recommend Doan's
Kidney Pills too highly. I never took any-
thing that did me so much good. I had a
severe pain in the small of my back and
could scarcely get up or down without
help. I could hardly urinate, but when I
did the pain was terrible. I was in the
Hotel Dieu, Kingston, last winter and
when I came out I was some better but not
cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney
Pills advertised. Since taking them I have
been completely cured and have not had
any trouble with my kidneys since."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cents per box or
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