

Moran of the Lady Letty

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," Etc.

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"That's an idea," returned Moran, evidently willing to forget her outburst of a moment before, perhaps already sorry for it. The party took stock of their weapons and five huge cutting-in spades, a heavy knife from the galley and a revolver of doubtful effectiveness were divided among them. The crew took the spades, Charlie the knife and Wilbur the revolver. Moran had her own knife, a half-inch blade, such as is affected by all Norwegians, whether landmen or sailors. They were examining this arrangement and Moran was suggesting a plan of attack when Hoang, the leader of the beach-combers and one other Chinaman appeared some little distance below on the beach. The moon was low, and there was no great light, but the two beach-combers caught the flash of the points of the spades. They halted and glanced narrowly and suspiciously at the group.

"Deast!" muttered Moran. "They are up to the game. There's no surprise there now. Talk to him, Charlie. See what he wants."

Moran, Wilbur and Charlie came part of the way toward Hoang and his fellow and placed some fifteen feet apart, and a long colloquy ensued. It soon became evident, however, that in reality Hoang wanted nothing of them, though with great earnestness he asserted his willingness to charter the Bertha Miller back to San Francisco.

"That's not his game at all," said Moran to Wilbur in a low tone, her eyes never leaving those of the beach-comber. "He's pretty sure he could seize the Bertha and never pay us a stiver. They've come down to get on our nerves, and they're doing it. There's no good trying to pass them. They'll go back and tell the crew that we know their lay."

It was still very dark, and the bulk of the beached Bertha Miller were groped for their way, each armed with a long and lance-like cutting-in spade, watching and listening to the conference of the three. The moon, almost gone, had made a hooded, violently expanding the gray, smooth surface of the bay with her reflection. The tide was far out, rippling quietly along the reaches of wet sand. In the pauses of the conference the vast, muffled silence shut down with the abruptness of a valve suddenly closed.

How it happened, just who made the first move, in precisely what manner the action had been planned or what led up to it Wilbur could not afterward satisfactorily explain. There was a rush forward—he remembered that much—a dull thudding of feet over the resounding beach surface, a moment's writhing struggle with a half naked brown figure that used knife and nail and tooth, broken only by the sound of their own panting. In that whirl of swift action Wilbur could reconstruct but two brief pictures—the Chinaman, Hoang's companion, lying like one possessed along the shore; Hoang himself lunging headlong into the arms of the Bertha's coils, and Moran.



"Now will you talk?" her eyes blazing, her thick braids flying.

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the, transfixing her just as she shouted at the top of her deep voice. "We've got you, anyhow!"

They had taken Hoang prisoner, whether by treachery or not Wilbur did not exactly know, and even if unfair means had been used, he could not repress a feeling of delight and satisfaction as he told himself that in the very beginning of the fight that was to follow he and his mates had gained the first advantage.

As the action of that night's events became more and more accelerated, Wilbur could not but notice the change in Moran. It was very evident that the old Norse fighting blood of her was all astir—brutal, merciless, savage beyond all control. A sort of obsession seized upon her at the near approach of battle, and a frenzy of action that was checked by nothing that was reasonable to all restraint. At times it was impossible for him to make her hear him, or when she heard to understand what he was saying. Her vision contracted. It was evident that she could not see distinctly. Wilbur could no longer conceive of her as a woman of the days of civilization. She was jumping back to the eighth century again—to the Vikings, the sea wolves, the berserkers.

"Now you're going to talk!" she cried to Hoang as the bound Chinaman sat upon the beach, leaning his back against the great skull. "Charlie told me if they wanted the number 275, when the junk went down—if they got it now?" Charlie put the question in Chinese, but the beach-comber only wrinkled his vicious eyes upon them and held his peace. With the fall sweep of her arm, her fist clinched till the knuckles whitened, Moran struck him in the face.

"Now will you talk?" she cried, Hoang wiped the blood from his face upon his shoulder and set his jaw. He did not answer. Charlie could no longer conceive of her as a woman of the days of civilization. She was jumping back to the eighth century again—to the Vikings, the sea wolves, the berserkers.

"I tink you yass; boss hab got file." "In the tool chest, isn't it?" Charlie nodded, and Moran ordered it to be fetched.

"If we're to fight that crowd," she said, speaking to herself and in a rapid voice, thick from excitement and passion, "we've got to know where they've hid the loot and what weapons they've got. If they have a rifle or a shotgun with them it's going to make a big difference for us. The other fellow escaped and has gone back to warn the rest. It's fight now, and no mistake."

The Chinaman who had been sent aboard the schooner returned, carrying a long, rather coarse grained file. Moran took it from him.

"Now," she said, standing in front of Hoang. "I'll give you one more chance. Answer me. Did you bring off the ambergris you best, when your junk sank? Where is it now? How many men have you? What arms have you got? Have your men got a rifle? Charlie, point that all to him in your hand, so as to make sure that he understands. Tell him if he don't talk I'm going to make him very sick."

Charlie put the questions in Chinese, pausing after each one. Hoang held his peace.

"I gave you fair warning!" shouted Moran angrily, pointing at him with the file. "Will you answer?"

"Him no tell nuttin'," observed Charlie.

"Fetch a cord here," commanded Moran. The cord was brought, and, despite Hoang's struggles and writhings, the file was thrust endways into his mouth, and his jaws were bound tightly together upon it by means of the cord passed over his head and under his chin. Some four inches of the file protruded from his lips. Moran took this end and drew it out, between the beach-comber's teeth, then pushed it back slowly.

The hideous rasp of the operation turned Wilbur's blood cold within him. He looked away—out to sea, down the beach—anywhere, so that he might not see what was going forward. But the persistent grind and scrape still assailed his ears. He turned about sharply.

"I—I—I'll go down the beach here a ways," he said quickly. "I can't stand—I'll keep watch to see if the beach-combers come up."

A few minutes later he heard Charlie halting him.

"Chin-chin heap plenty now," said he, with a grin as Wilbur came up. Hoang sat on the sand in the midst of the circle. The file and coil of rope lay on the ground near by. The beach-comber was talking in a high keyed singsong, but with a lisp. He told them, partly in pigeon English and partly in Cantonese, which Charlie translated that their men were eight in number and that they had intended to seize the schooner that night, but that probably his own capture had delayed their plans. They had no rifle. A shotgun had been on board, but had gone down with the sinking of the junk. The ambergris had been cut into two lumps and would be found in a couple of old flour sacks in the stern of the boat in which he and his men had come ashore. They were all

armed with their little hatchets. He thought two of the men carried knives as well. There was neither pistol nor revolver among them.

"It seems to me," said Wilbur, "that we've got the long end."

"We catch him boss," said Charlie, pointing to Hoang.

"And we are better armed," asserted Moran. "We've got the cutting-in spades."

"And the revolver, if it will shoot any farther than it will kick."

"They'll give us all the fight we want," declared Moran.

"Oh, him Kung-ghin, him fight all same devil."

"Give the men brandy, Charlie," commanded Moran. "Well rush that camp right away."

The confusion of spirits was brought down from the Bertha and passed around. Wilbur and Moran drugging from the tin cup, the coolies from the bottle. Hoang was engaged and locked in the Bertha's coil. "I tink all right," answered Charlie.

The party set off down the beach. The moon had long since gone down, and the dawn was whitening over the eastern horizon. Landward, ragged bluffs of morning mist lay close in the hollows here and there. It was profoundly still. The sea was "flat out." The surface of the lagoon was as smooth as a sheet of grey silk.

Twenty minutes passed, half an hour, an hour. The party tramped steadily forward. Moran, without and Charlie leading, the coolies close behind carrying the cutting-in spades over their shoulders. Slowly and in silence they made the half circuit of the bay. The Bertha Miller was far behind them by now, a vague grey mass in the early morning light.

"Did you ever fight before?" Moran suddenly demanded of Charlie.

"One time I fight plenty much in San Francisco in Washington street. Fight um See Yaps."

Another half hour passed. At times when they halted they began to hear the faint murmur of the creek, just beyond which was the broken and crumbling shanty, relic of an old Portuguese trading camp, where the beach-combers were camped. At Charlie's suggestion the party made a circuit, describing a half moon to landward, so as to come out upon the eastern shore by the sand dunes. Twenty minutes later they crossed the creek about 400 yards from the shore. Here they spread out into a long line and, keeping an interval of about fifteen feet between each of them, moved cautiously forward.

"The unevenness of the sand breaks hid the shore from view, but Moran, Wilbur and Charlie knew that by keeping the creek upon their left they would come out directly upon the houses."

12 Years for Manslaughter. Oswego, April 10.—Anthony Taldeboni was sentenced to Auburn prison for a term of 12 years and six months Saturday on a charge of manslaughter, having caused the death of Frank E. Roberts.

The King's Birthday. Copenhagen, April 10.—King Christian Saturday celebrated his 57th birthday, in excellent health and spirits.

FIFTY CENTS

IN some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

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THE MARKETS.

Wheat Higher at Liverpool and Lower at Chicago—Live Stock—The Latest Quotations.

Monday Evening, April 10. Liverpool wheat futures closed today 3-4 higher, and London wheat futures, and corn futures unchanged to 1-4 lower. At Chicago July wheat closed 1-4 lower than at Liverpool, but over 1-4 higher, and July corn unchanged.

FOREIGN MARKETS.
London, April 10.—Wheat, on passage, higher 1/4. Corn, on passage, higher 1/4. Flour, on passage, higher 1/4. Sugar, on passage, higher 1/4. Cotton, on passage, higher 1/4. Wool, on passage, higher 1/4. Hides, on passage, higher 1/4. Tallow, on passage, higher 1/4. Petroleum, on passage, higher 1/4. Rubber, on passage, higher 1/4. Indigo, on passage, higher 1/4. Spices, on passage, higher 1/4. Tea, on passage, higher 1/4. Coffee, on passage, higher 1/4. Beans, on passage, higher 1/4. Peas, on passage, higher 1/4. Lentils, on passage, higher 1/4. Chickens, on passage, higher 1/4. Poultry, on passage, higher 1/4. Eggs, on passage, higher 1/4. Butter, on passage, higher 1/4. Cheese, on passage, higher 1/4. Soap, on passage, higher 1/4. Candles, on passage, higher 1/4. Glass, on passage, higher 1/4. Paper, on passage, higher 1/4. Iron, on passage, higher 1/4. Steel, on passage, higher 1/4. Coal, on passage, higher 1/4. Timber, on passage, higher 1/4. Brick, on passage, higher 1/4. Cement, on passage, higher 1/4. Lime, on passage, higher 1/4. Potash, on passage, higher 1/4. Soda, on passage, higher 1/4. Saltpetre, on passage, higher 1/4. Sulphur, on passage, higher 1/4. Zinc, on passage, higher 1/4. Lead, on passage, higher 1/4. Tin, on passage, higher 1/4. Copper, on passage, higher 1/4. Nickel, on passage, higher 1/4. Silver, on passage, higher 1/4. Gold, on passage, higher 1/4.

THE VISIBLE SUPPLY.
Wheat, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Corn, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Flour, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Sugar, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Cotton, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Wool, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Hides, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Tallow, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Petroleum, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Rubber, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Indigo, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Spices, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Tea, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Coffee, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Beans, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Peas, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Lentils, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Chickens, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Poultry, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Eggs, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Butter, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Cheese, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Soap, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Candles, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Glass, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Paper, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Iron, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Steel, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Coal, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Timber, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Brick, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Cement, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Lime, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Potash, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Soda, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Saltpetre, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Sulphur, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Zinc, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Lead, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Tin, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Copper, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Nickel, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Silver, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels. Gold, on passage, 1,000,000 bushels.

LEADING WHEAT MARKETS.
May. July.
New York \$1.08 1/4 1.09 1/4
Chicago 1.07 1/4 1.08 1/4
St. Louis 1.06 1/4 1.07 1/4
Duluth 1.05 1/4 1.06 1/4

TORONTO PRODUCE MARKET.
Cattle—
Wheat, white, bush \$1.08 to \$1.08
Wheat, red, bush 1.07 1/2 1.08
Wheat, spring, bush 1.07 1/2 1.08
Wheat, winter, bush 1.07 1/2 1.08
Barley, bush 0.45 1/2 0.46
Oats, bush 0.45 1/2 0.46
Rye, bush 0.75 1/2 0.76
Peas, bush 0.70 1/2 0.71
Buckwheat, bush 0.74 1/2 0.75

CATTLE MARKETS.
Cattle Higher for Cattle and Sheep
—U. S. Markets Also Firmer.
London, April 10.—Live cattle are quoted at 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 pence per lb. for best, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 pence for medium, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 pence for poor. Sheep, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 pence for best, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 pence for medium, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 pence for poor.

TORONTO JUNCTION LIVE STOCK.
Receipts of live stock at the Union Stock yards were 39 car loads, composed of 110 cattle, 32 sheep, 40 calves and 2 horses.
Prices ranged from \$4.85 to \$5.50 per cwt., with a little more for one choice head; the bulk sold at \$5.25 to \$5.40 per cwt. Export prices for choice lots ranged from \$4.85 to \$5.15 and one or two lots were reported as selling at \$5.25 per cwt. Feeder lots sold mostly at \$3.75 to \$4.25 per cwt.; medium, \$4.50 to \$4.75; common, at \$4.25 to \$4.50; cows, at \$3.25 to \$4.25 per cwt.

There were a few lots of short-keep feeders brought in, but as exporters were scarce all cattle had to come here for export purposes. Short-keep feeders, 1100 to 1200 lbs. each, of good quality, would be worth from \$4.50 to \$5 per cwt. for export. A few milkers and springers sold at \$30 to \$50 each.
Cattle ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt. for inferior to common; \$4.50 to \$5 per cwt. for medium, and \$5.50 to \$6.25 and \$6 for good to choice.

Export cows sold at \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt.; heifers, at \$4.75 to \$4.25; choice yearling heifers, at \$7 to \$7.25 per cwt.; common yearling heifers, at \$6.50 to \$7 per cwt.; spring lambs, \$3.50 to \$7 each.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.
Misfit Shells Save Gertie Jones From Would-Be Murderer.
Preston, April 10.—William J. Brislin, a Walkerton man, who has been working in town, attempted Friday night to murder Gertie, the 15-year-old daughter of James Jones, a pumpmaker, with whom he boarded.
Brislin, who is reported to have a wife and child in a northern town, has been with his girl for some time past with his wife, which were coldly scorned. Friday night he handed her a note, demanding to know if she wrote it. He received an answer in the negative and some words passed between the couple.
Suddenly Brislin drew a revolver and thrusting the weapon against the girl's head he pulled the trigger twice, but the shells each time failed to explode, as the revolver was a centre-fire one, the cartridges being rim fire. The girl's brother disarmed him, but later in the evening he followed her towards Main street and hit her with stones and maltreated her other wise until assistance came in response to cries of "Murder" and "Help." Miss Jones' head was severely injured.
Brislin was arrested by County Constable Levan. He appeared before Magistrate Webster Saturday morning and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and attempted shooting and was taken to Berlin for trial.

Five more amures are all the time that Perry Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomach ache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations 25c. and 50c.

"My ancestors," said the man whose name happened to be Endicott, "came over in the Mayflower."
"And mine," observed the man whose name was Adams, "were the original occupants of the garden of Eden."

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A pound of tea is not worth the price when a premium is thrown in free. A premium costs something. You must pay for it.

If you are doubtful, use a pound of premium tea, then try a pound of Red Rose. You will soon discover why premiums cannot be given with Red Rose Tea, and if you like a rich, flavory, pure tea, you will use Red Rose in future.

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