

# The Sable Lorcha

BY  
Herace Hamelton

If the recognition was mutual, Dr. Addison gave no sign of it. His patient demanded and received his immediate attention. Hastily he administered a stimulating hypodermic, and then, himself assisted in carrying her to her room.

When he rejoined me in the library, half an hour later, it was with the glad news that she had responded gratifyingly to treatment, and was sleeping calmly. After thanking him for his promptness and efficiency, I said:

"You do not remember me?"  
"Oh, yes, I do," he returned, almost brusquely, fixing me with his gaze. "You are Mr. Clyde. Did you get any relief from the prescription I gave you?"

I had not expected the question and was unprepared for it. In venturing an evasive reply I stammered.

"I don't suppose you even had it filled," he declared, with a grim smile that was at least partially reassuring. And I admitted that his surmise was accurate. Moreover I begged him to sit down.

"I have a confession to make, Doctor," I said, a little shamefacedly.

"It is unnecessary, Mr. Clyde," was his half-polite rejoinder, as he sank into a chair before the fireplace. "I read the newspapers, and I have come to understand many things in the past few days."

As I took a seat opposite to him, I said:

"The newspapers have been misleading, I fear, Dr. Addison."

"No," he contradicted, his tone softened. "On the contrary they have opened my eyes to a truth that was long hidden; they have made a very contrite and, I must confess, a very unhappy man of me."

"Unhappy?"

"More unhappy than you can conceive, Mr. Clyde. For years I have misjudged one of the best friends Heaven ever privileged a man to have."

"But, my dear Doctor," I began, "you were not at fault, altogether; you—"

He raised a deprecatory hand. "No, please don't," he pleaded. "You cannot temper it. I should have taken his word, without question. I knew his love of truth—I probably more than any one else. What right had I to conclude then, because of certain apparently irreconcilable happenings, that his word was false?"

"We are all fallible," I said.

"All but he," was his prompt reply. And then, leaning forward, with a strained, eager look in those piercing eyes, his voice vibrant, he asked:

"Is it true that he is very ill? That he cannot be seen?"

For a scruple I hesitated.

"The newspapers have been misleading, I fear," I said again, and I judge my expression of countenance was as cryptic as my words, for my visitor's look changed instantly to one of dire perplexity.

"He is not ill?" he questioned.

"You mean—"

"Confidentially, Doctor," I admitted, "we haven't the faintest notion just how he is. He may be in excellent health or he may have ceased to exist."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, and his face was as white as his linen.

"Our best information is that he is on a steamer—a tramp—bound for China, but we have no particulars, and worse still, no verification."

It was neither fair nor consistent to conceal longer from one so justly interested the whole truth, and so, without reservation, I told Dr. Addison the story.

Before I had quite concluded, Miss Clement was announced, and when she was shown into the library, instead of permitting the physician to leave, as he made offer of doing, I presented him and insisted upon his remaining.

"I want you to tell Miss Clement about your patient, Doctor," I said. "Miss Clement is a very good friend of Miss Grayson's."

Graciously he complied, making it quite clear that sedatives and sleep would undoubtedly effect a prompt recovery.

"And now Miss Clement will tell us something," I added. "She has had a patient, too, who died this morning, as you may have seen by the afternoon papers—the Eurasian who was shot by McNish."

Up to that moment I knew but little of what Soy had divulged, for the missionary, in her two or three brief telephonic talks, had given us scarcely more than promises of important revelations when opportunity could be made for a meeting; and I was impatient for the fulfillment.

She had chosen a seat at some little distance from us, but now, at my solicitation, she accepted a more comfortable chair, which I placed in confidential juxtaposition with our own.

"It's rather a long story," she began, in her sweetly quiet voice. "And as it came to me piecemeal, I'm afraid

it will be rather disconnected. You see this poor fellow suffered horribly at times and when he was not suffering he was under the influence of opiates, so ordinarily I doubt that it would be safe to accept as fact a good deal said under such circumstances. It appears to me, however, that in his case, these very conditions only strengthen the probabilities; for his mind seemed to hold only the one theme, and his statements could hardly have been either spontaneous or studied inventions. On the other hand, they were rather a sort of involuntary recital of the particulars of a subject which had engrossed him for years to the exclusion of almost everything else."

Dr. Addison nodded his head, encouragingly. "I quite understand, Miss Clement," he said. And I, too, assured her that her reasoning appeared to me logical.

"It was significant," she continued, "that so far as I could fix dates, he made no references at all to any happening prior to sixteen years ago. The tragedy of that time was the beginning of what I think I may call his mania. Everything he told me had to do with it. It came at the beginning, at the apex, and at the end of every revelation."

"The tragedy of sixteen years ago?" inquired the physician.

"The tragedy of what has been called 'The Sable Lorcha,'" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes, of course."  
"You know of that, then?" asked Miss Clement. And briefly I ran over what Yup Sing had told me.

"John Soy, I understand, was the cook whom McNish imprisoned in the galley," I added.

"It seems he broke his way out just as the lorcha was sinking. McNish had waited until he had gone to his bunk for his usual nap, and had chosen the hour he was sleeping to get away and scuttle the vessel. For five days Soy floated about on a bit of wreckage without food or drink, and was finally picked up by a proa and taken back to Macao at the mouth of the Canton river, where, after weeks of delirium, he told his story of the lorcha's fate. From that day the search for McNish began. It seems that he had a partner, an Irishman, named Moran, who for a time was suspected of having been in the conspiracy; for, you must remember, it was thought then that the sinking of the lorcha had been planned from the first, the idea being that it was simply a scheme to get the passage money from the poor coolies, and then drown them."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the physician.

"But the Chinese are just," the missionary continued. "They discovered that a certain United States cruiser that had been warned of the attempted smuggling, did, on that particular day, give chase to a lorcha, which eventually disappeared in the fog. So the enmity against Moran subsided, and, ultimately, this same Moran became the most openly bitter of all the avenging horde that for over a decade and a half scoured the four corners of the globe; for it seems that McNish had not only made off with his share of the receipts of their joint enterprise, but had left him with a ruining lot of debts to settle as well. There was something, too, I believe, about a Chinese woman whose loyalty to Moran, McNish undermined, but I confess that part of the story was not very clear to me. At all events Soy, the half-breed, and Moran, the Irishman, who appears to have been a roving blade, a sort of soldier of fortune with some talent for painting, became the prime movers in this relentless quest, in which they were backed by what is known as the Six Companies. All the tongs, no matter how much at variance on other points, were a unit in this instance, and unlimited money was always available to prosecute the search."

A footnote, appearing at this juncture with the inevitable tea paraphernalia, interrupted temporarily the current of Miss Clement's narrative. But our interest was such that we limited the cessation to the briefest possible period. Dr. Addison, whose professional engagements were being toppled over one after another, politely urged her to continue, directly her cup was in her hand.

"Think, Miss Clement," he said, with an ingratiating smile, "of the rapt audience you have! I trust it is at once an inspiration and a compensation."

"It surely is," was the good lady's prompt acknowledgment. "And, by the way, I must not forget to tell you how this man, McNish, actually had the temerity to return to China a few years ago. He appeared to think either that his crime had been forgotten or that knowledge of it was limited to the Southern provinces, for in the early fall of 1903, under one of his many aliases, he arrived at Peking, by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway."

The doctor and I exchanged glances. It was odd how confirmation of the error he had already avowed should thus come about from the lips of one who knew nothing of his story of a shattered friendship.

"Oddly enough, Moran happened to be in the city at the time and every arrangement was made to capture the long-sought prey and convey him to Canton for some exquisite torture devised especially to fit his crime. In some way, however, the intended victim got wind of what was proposed, and came within an ace of escaping unscathed from under their very fingers. Indeed, he did escape in the end, but not before Moran had very nearly put a finish to him by a knife thrust in his back."

Once more I exchanged glances with the physician, for scarcely half an hour before, I had told him of the scar

under McNish's left shoulder blade, received as I had been told, in Buffalo. "Moran fled from Peking after this encounter, not knowing whether his enemy were dead or alive, and for awhile, I believe, 'laid very low,' as they say. In spite of all the efforts of the combined Chinese organizations, McNish, warned now of his constant danger, eluded their search, but at length Soy himself succeeded in tracing him to Canada and thence to Buffalo. There Moran came, post-haste, and once more there was a street encounter. Moran was arrested, and McNish charged him with assault with intent to kill. The result was that Moran was convicted and sent to prison for a term of years; and once again the earth seemed to close over McNish."

The discrepancies between Miss Clement's narrative and that of Yup Sing I did not regard as sufficiently vital to raise a question over, yet I must admit that I could hardly foresee a conclusion without a much graver antagonism of facts as I knew them.

The missionary having paused to sip her tea, Dr. Addison asked permission to smoke a cigarette, which she readily granted.

"On Moran's release from prison," Miss Clement continued, fortified by the fragrant Oolong, "he appears for the first time to have considered the advisability of adopting some sort of an incognito. Prior to this time he had, Soy told me, been carefully clean shaven and close-cropped. Now he grew a beard and wore his hair long, and, in addition, he doctored it with henna until it became a fiery red. He also changed his name from Moran to Murphy, and instead of frequenting the busy marts of men, he retired to an isolated country place on the Cos Cob river and posed as an artist. He employed always a Chinese servant, and at least once a week, without fail he visited Chinatown, keeping always in touch with the powers there, which were still unremitting in their efforts to trace McNish."

She came now to Murphy's so-called chance meeting with Cameron on the Fourth of July, of which Cameron himself had already told me. I would have saved her this recital, but it was new to Dr. Addison and so I allowed her to proceed.

"It was plainly evident to Moran," she pursued, "that McNish—or at least the gentleman he supposed was McNish—did not recognize him, and his delight at this discovery was unbounded; for it gave him opportunity, quite unsuspectedly, to arrange all his plans for a most ingenious campaign of torture. What that campaign consisted of, of course, you already know, Mr. Clyde, and I presume Dr. Addison does, too."

"Yes," I replied, "I have told the doctor."

"What you don't know, though," she added, "is how it was managed."

"We have been told something about amyl pearls," I suggested.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## STRIKERS AND OFFICERS BATTLE.

Sixteen Killed in Fight in West Virginia Coal District.

Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 10.—Sixteen are dead, including twelve miners and four mine guards, after a desperate battle between striking coal miners and officers in the Kanawha county coal fields today. Five companies of State militia reached the troubled zone tonight.

The clash occurred near Mucklow. Fred W. Lester, in charge of mine guards, sought to head off several hundred strikers attempting to gain position from which they could fire on the town of Mucklow and avoid the range of machine guns. In this skirmish two of the officers were shot dead. Reinforcements appeared and during the afternoon kept up a constant guerrilla warfare. At every point they were met by strikers and were steadily driven back.

The two Charleston companies reached Ronda at 9.45 tonight. Immediately squads were sent throughout the troubled zone. Every train of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad into the strike territory tonight is equipped with a machine gun. The gun is screwed to the rear platform. It is manned at all times and ready for instant use.

## Don't You Believe It.

Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it. Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you. Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

When a city is well lighted it makes a tremendous impression upon visitors. Wilmington has scored along that line, and it can be said that handsomely paved streets and attractive lighting form a combination that is irresistible. Baltimore's system of ornamental street lighting now covers 50 blocks, or nearly three miles of streets.—Wilmington Star.

## Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellow citizens as a medicine worth a trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effective and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

## TURKEY SEEKS PEACE.

TRYING TO RESUME NEGOTIATIONS FOR ENDING WAR.

Reports of Fighting are Divergent, But Seem to Indicate That Moslems Have Met Reverses.

London, Feb. 11.—It is becoming increasingly evident that Turkey is taking steps to resume the peace negotiations, although it is possible that no direct action will be taken until some decisive result in the fighting in the Gallipoli peninsula has been achieved.

It is understood that Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, has had several interviews with the British foreign secretary recently and that Rehad Pasha, head of the first peace delegation, has been ordered to remain in London.

Another effort on the part of the porte to raise a small loan in Paris has failed owing to the refusal of the French government to open the Paris market.

Official accounts of the fighting issued at Sofia and at Constantinople are very conflicting, but it seems to be certain that the Turkish arms have again met serious reverses, although Adrianople and Scutari still are holding out.

The hopelessness of achieving any success in an offensive movement, combined with a lack of money, appears to have decided the porte again to appeal to the powers to intervene in favor of peace and this probably has been the subject of Tewfik Pasha's communications with Sir Edward Grey.

It is reported that this matter was discussed at a meeting of the ambassadors at the foreign office today but that it was decided that the powers would be unable to undertake the role because the allies had declared that in the future they would negotiate peace only on the battlefield.

## TURKISH LOSSES VERY HEAVY.

Moslem Forces in Peninsula of Gallipoli Have Suffered Severely — Reputed at Tchatalja.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Feb. 11.—The Turkish army in the peninsula of Gallipoli lost 6,000 men and 50 officers during the fighting at Bulair, according to an official report issued here today.

Several thousand Turkish soldiers are declared to have fallen in a battle before the Tchatalja lines on February 9, and thousands more at Charkeul.

Today's report says: "The Bulgarian army, having repulsed several Turkish attacks along the Tchatalja lines, except on the extreme right flank where they were exposed to the convergent fire from the Turkish warships in the sea of Marmora and the gulf of Buyuk Chekmedje, retired to fresh positions five or six miles to the rear. The losses of the Bulgarians were insignificant, while those of the Turks amounted to several thousand men, mainly due to the excellently directed Bulgarian shell fire. The Bulgarians are entrenching their positions in front of Bulair. Large bodies of men have been sent out to clear the field of battle of the bodies of Turkish soldiers, which number from 5,000 to 6,000. It is believed that the number of wounded Turks must be more than 12,000."

"The Turkish warships shelled the Bulgarian left flank all day but only killed one and slightly wounded another Bulgarian soldier."

"The Turkish troops, which descended upon Charkeul near the port of Rodosto on Saturday and Sunday, were almost surrounded by the transports to the Turkish warships."

"The Bulgarian infantry on shore kept up a deadly fire on the small boats loaded with Turkish troops, inflicting losses amounting to several thousand men. The Bulgarian losses in the whole affair did not exceed 100 killed and wounded."

More detailed accounts of the Bulair battle show it was a complete disaster for the Turks, 2,500 of whom were buried by the Bulgarians and 2,000 Turkish dead were left lying scattered over the battlefield.

According to reports received here today nearly 10,000 Turks were wounded.

## TURKISH SHIP ASHORE.

Her Position is Believed to be Almost Hopeless.

Constantinople, Feb. 11.—A Turkish warship went ashore at Karaburun on the Black sea coast today. Her position is dangerous.

The ironclad ashore is the Turkish battleship Assair-i-Tewfik. Her condition is considered almost hopeless. The Bulgarians hold the shore in strength and are firing on the salvage steamers.

## DISPUTE SETTLED.

Belgrade, Feb. 11.—The government organ, Samoukajava, reports that the Bulgarian-Romanian dispute has been settled by a compromise satisfactory to both parties.

## Unshackling Justice.

The most vital subject before the country at this time is not the tariff or the monetary system, but the question of efficiency in the administration of justice, according to a vote of the members of the Council of the National Economic League. President Taft's utterances, the Supreme Court's revision of the rules of equity procedure, the movements toward codification and simplification of laws in several States, and the practical work being undertaken by the American Bar Association, indicate the general recognition of the need for swifter, simpler, surer, more impartial justice.

And a judge of New York's Supreme Court has but recently declared with all the emphasis at his command that, in fact, all men are not equal before the law, and that unless lawyers, legislatures, and judges act, the people will do some rather rough reforming for themselves. The American Bar Association has recognized the justice of the lawyer's cries about the "law's delay," and a committee headed by Mr. Thomas W. Shelton is striving to effect a change which will bring "prompt and complete relief" so far as the Federal Courts are concerned.

The Supreme Court, explains Mr. Shelton, has "just completed a system for the equity side in the Federal courts" (considered in our issue for November 16.) Now let Congress give it the same power over the law side that it has over the equity side, in order to bring about an immediate simplification, cheapening, and expediting of judicial procedure in the Federal courts." Mr. Shelton is very much in earnest. At present, he declares:

"Federal judicial procedure on the common law side is likened to crossing an out-of-date bridge in bad repair and with patch decking. The burdenbearer must minimize his load in order to apply his energy in getting over the pitfalls in the defective way. His skill, strength, and speed serve him and his employer but little purpose. The bridge ought to be destroyed, and a modern, complete viaduct erected, suitable to the times and the traffic."

"Statistics would seem to indicate that just a little more than half the cases instituted are ever tried on their merits. In other cases much valuable time is wasted in conforming to technical requirements that serve no useful purpose. The courts, with rare exceptions, are not so much to be blamed. They are bound hand and foot by this archaic and conflicting pleading and procedure. A judge is only a part of judicial procedure, and can not legally rise above the rules of his court. They are the tools with which he works. A law, however wise or needful, is no better than the machinery through which it is enforced."

But if Congress can be induced to act upon the suggestion and demand of the Bar Association, explains a prominent lawyer, then "The Supreme Court would certainly adopt a simple system similar to the New Jersey and Connecticut systems, and while this could not be forced upon any of the State courts, it would be such an example of what a simple practise could be made that sooner or later its example would cause other States to follow the lead of the Supreme Court of the United States in the matter. Thus the greater amount of the law's technicalities would be eliminated, because the technicalities of which we hear so much complaint are mostly caused by the statutes relating to practise."

These efforts, naturally, meet with the complete approval of the editors commenting on them. The attempted reform, thinks the New York Commercial, begins very properly in the Federal Courts, "because the problem involved is more easily and promptly handled in their jurisdiction, which depends less on time-encrusted precedent." But, it adds:

"The essential use and importance of reform will be more specially signaled in the effect which such reformation will have on the procedure of State courts. This covers a great multiplicity of causes in trials of the first instance, many of which in the very nature of the issues involved can not get into the Federal courts as their ultimate."

And it is doubtless conditions in State, rather than national, courts which drew from Justice Wesley O. Howard, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, a denunciation of present judicial tendencies, a warning of coming retribution, that is as vigorous and impassioned as any campaign utterance of our most radical political leaders. Speaking in Troy, New York, last week, Judge Howard said, as quoted in the New York World:

"Our laws are becoming inadequate; they do not satisfy the popular conception of equal justice. The people clamor against the law, its delays, its discriminations, its inconsistencies and they clamor with much reason."

"The thousands of statutes, rules, decisions, writs and unwritten laws, uncertain to the judges, confusing to

the lawyers, and utterly incomprehensible to the people, constitute a condition almost chaotic....

"The laws will command respect only when they are worthy of respect. Wooden plows once elicited admiration; to use them now would excite only ridicule. Many old laws concerning employes, contributory negligence, assumed risks, master and servant, rules of procedure, and rules of evidence are wooden plows! The use of them now obstructs progress and defeats justice. It is almost superstition to venerate ancient laws."

"The roads to justice should be straight, short, and simple. There should be no toll-gates on the way; no brigands, no false guide-boards. The suitors traveling in automobiles should have no preference over those on foot. All this can not be accomplished in a day, but the reform should at once begin."

"It is not well to scoff at the muttering of the people; there is much reason for it. But revolutionary measures are to be avoided. The recall of judges and decisions would work no cure—that would precipitate anarchy."

"Let us not deceive ourselves; the spirit of recall is spreading; the impatience of the masses grows deeper. Something will happen. Unless the judges act, the people will act; if they do not resort to the recall they will revise the Constitution and create new courts—courts to do rough justice; courts to do summary justice; courts close to the common people; courts without technicalities, sophistry, and delay, and where substantial right prevails."—Literary Digest.

## Banquet of Medical Association.

In the account of the medical association banquet in Monday's Item it was stated that this banquet was given by Dr. E. R. Wilson, president of the association. This was error, as the banquet was given by the members of the association living in Sumter and Dr. E. R. Wilson was only on the committee to make arrangements for the banquet. The president of the association is Dr. C. J. Lemmon of this city.

## The Best Cough Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hames, of Marbury, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

Mr. Walter D. Sturgeon has been brought from Columbia Hospital to his home in this city, and is improving. It was stated that Mr. Sturgeon suffered a stroke of paralysis while in the court room during his damage suit trial last week in Columbia. This is an error, as Mr. Sturgeon was at the Columbia Hospital for treatment previous to the trial and there lost the use of his limbs. His friends will be glad to know he has improved somewhat in the few days he has been home.—Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

## Old Age.

Old age as it comes in the orderly process of nature is a beautiful and majestic thing. It stands for experience, knowledge, wisdom, counsel. That is old age as it should be, but old age as it often is means poor digestion, torpid bowels, a sluggish liver and a general feeling of ill health, despondency and misery. This in almost every instance is wholly unnecessary. One of Chamberlain's Tablets taken immediately after supper will improve the digestion, tone up the liver and regulate the bowels. That feeling of despondency will give way to one of hope and good cheer. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

The attendance upon the Corn Show in Columbia continues to be pretty good from this point and it is probable that if a list of those who went was kept, that it would be found that this county had sent a record attendance. There were about fifty to go Wednesday morning among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Broughton, Mr. H. A. Raffield, Miss Sue Raffield, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Ryttenberg, Mr. G. F. Epperson, and Misses Epperson, Messrs. D. P. Kelly and B. A. Thees.

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