

The Sable Lorcha
BY
Herace Kinsoline

"Amyl pearls?" queried Dr. Addison, curiously.

With as much clearness as possible I explained to him what I meant by using this admittedly inaccurate term. "Incredible!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible that there is such an anesthetic as this, and we have never even heard of it before?"

"There can be no doubt about its existence," I answered. "I myself have experienced its effects, though I have never actually seen it put in operation."

But it was Miss Clement who was most convincing.

"I have never seen either it or its effects, Doctor," she said, "but I am willing to believe even more marvelous things than that where the Chinese are concerned. You must remember that as a race they are most jealous of their knowledge as well as their possessions. Just now, after all their many centuries of a civilization greater in some respects than our own, we are beginning to learn something of them and their ways, and I should not be at all surprised to discover that in chemistry, in medicine even, they have forgotten more than we know. Soy assured me that not only for days, but for weeks, he himself came and went about Mr. Cameron's—oh, as he called it, McNish's—country place without being either seen or heard, simply by using this ether of invisibility. It was he who delivered the three letters. It was he who cut the head from the portrait, and it was he who broke the mirror; and yet no one saw him on the grounds or in the house, and indeed there were very few who saw him in the vicinity. Again and again, he assured me, he could have taken his victim's life but that he was intent on inflicting a punishment more protractedly horrible than mere sudden death."

"Who wrote the letters?" I asked.

"Moran."

"I thought so. And Moran killed the Chinaman who worked for him."

"No; there you are wrong, Mr. Clyde."

"Then who did?"

"Soy himself. He learned of how that boy, unable to control his hatred of the man who had slain some one or more of his kinspeople, carried back the head that had been cut from the portrait, borrowed a rifle from Mr. Cameron's own gamekeeper, and shot the canvas full of holes. It seemed to Soy, then, that in spite of all his and Moran's careful preparation this would surely involve trouble, and that once more their quarry would slip through their fingers. And to prevent the possibility of any more unrestrained fervor on the boy's part, Soy beat him to death."

"I know Soy, or Peter Johnson as he called himself, managed the kidnapping from the yacht," I said, "but I shall never understand how it was done. Did he speak of that?"

"Over and over again. It was he who learned of the intention to take the cruise. At first they thought they would have to change their plans and carry their enemy off before he had a chance to take to his yacht. But Soy maintained that that would be too crude a method; whereas to let him think that he had escaped and was safe away, and then, at the very moment of his triumph, to snatch him from seeming security, would be the very refinement of cruelty the avenger so much desired. And so the properties were secured at some fabulous figure—I forgot just what they paid for that fast power boat—the scene was set, and the great act of the drama, with Soy still the star, was carried to a successful climax."

"But," I made question, "I don't see how Soy could take such a risk. If it had been McNish instead of Cameron, he certainly would have recognized him, when he was brought aboard from the disabled dory."

"He thought of that, but you must remember that in all those sixteen years McNish had never once seen Soy. He thought he had perished with the rest when the Sable Lorcha went down. And so Soy decided that in an open boat off the New England coast, there was not one chance in ten thousand that McNish would connect him with the cook he had left for dead in the South China sea."

"But McNish did recognize him as soon as he laid eyes on him in this house. I saw that myself, you know, Miss Clement. He recognized him and was terror stricken."

Miss Clement smiled tolerantly. She was armed at all points.

"You did not know, I suppose, Mr. Clyde, that that was not their first meeting," she explained. "Soy met McNish on the night you found him. It was he who assaulted him, somewhere about Seventh avenue and Fifth street, and would have killed him then had not the police arrived at the moment. The officers probably thought McNish was intoxicated and let him

go, seeing that he could stand, and so he staggered on to Fifth avenue; and there you discovered him."

"No, I did not know that," I admitted, a little crestfallen. "What followed?"

"You remember I told you that Chinatown was in a state of frenzy, the next day? You can understand now, why, Soy, of course, reported that McNish had escaped from the steamer—"

"What steamer?" I cried, suddenly realizing that the one really vital piece of information we should have obtained, had all this while been delayed. "What steamer? Did he give you the name of it?"

"In just a moment, Mr. Clyde," she said, with a smile that I confess exasperated me.

"Pardon me," I returned, insistently, "but you do not realize, I fear, what minutes even may mean in this matter."

"No," still very calm, "I really don't. The steamer has been at sea now twenty-five days. It is bound for Hong Kong. If there was a chance of overtaking it, I—"

"There's every chance of overtaking it," I interrupted once again. "Tomorrow, or next day, or even today, it may put into Rio. We must telegraph the United States Consulate at every possible port."

And then, for the first time, apparently, Miss Clement seemed to appreciate there was a real urgency.

"The steamer is the Glamorganshire," she said, quickly: "A freighter; a tramp, I suppose; bound for Hong Kong. She sailed on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of last month, and Mr. Cameron was put aboard, half-dressed, as one of the crew."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Tortoise and the Hare.

Although Miss Clement's interesting chapter of disclosures was by no means ended with the name of the steamer and its date of sailing, it there came, so far as I was concerned, at least, to an abrupt intermission. For, as though the delay and inaction of the past month had served to swell the flood of my eager energy, the tide, so long checked but now set free, careering like an unleashed spring freshet, overrode all barriers. With scant apology, I sprang to the telephone, and if Miss Clement continued her conversation with Dr. Addison, I was deaf to what she said.

What I sought, first of all, was corroboration. Did a steamship, named the Glamorganshire, sail for Hong Kong on October 28th? In less than five minutes, the facts were mine. Such a steamer had sailed for the east on that date. Her agents were Bartlett Brothers. Their offices were in the Produce Exchange Building.

Another minute, and Bartlett Brothers were on the wire. No, the Glamorganshire did not take the South American route. Her course was through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. She carried no passengers. She was British. She was very slow. She had called at the Azores and then at Gibraltar, where she had been delayed in coaling. Yes, she would make several Mediterranean ports. If all went well, she would reach Port Said about December 6th. Certainly not before that. Probably a day or so later.

I dare say it was exceptional that I secured all this information with so little trouble, and without giving any hint as to why I desired it, but merely on the statement that I was Mr. Clyde, of the Week.

So far as I could judge, the Glamorganshire would call at Algiers in a few days; and for a while I considered the advisability of communicating with the United States Consul at that port, through the State Department at Washington. But a knowledge of the tortuous involutions of official procedure deterred me. After all, I believed that if Cameron was to be rescued from the grueling slavery of servitude on this British freighter, the work must not be entrusted to the personally disinterested.

Thereupon I consulted calendars, steamer schedules, and Continental time-tables. By the fast transatlantic liner sailing on the morrow, I could make Paris in six days. Forty-eight hours later I could be in Brindisi. If good fortune followed, less than four days more would land me at Port Said. It was now Monday, November 23. Twelve days hence would be December 5th, and the Glamorganshire, her agents had told me, could not possibly reach there before December 6th. The margin was not wide, but it seemed to me sufficient, and the thought of further inaction, now that the trail lay bare, was nothing less than unendurable torment.

Wisdom, I suppose, would have dictated the advisability of securing some badge of authority from my own government before setting forth on a mission involving so delicate a point of international maritime law as that which was here embraced; but the saving of time was with me, just then, the paramount consideration. The loss of a day meant the possible missing not only of connections, but of the main object of my journey; and so, armed with nothing more potent than good health, strong determination, and a well-filled purse I boarded the Kronprinz Wilhelm and started on my diagonal race to head off a quarry which already had twenty-five days' start of me.

Speed being all-important, my wish was to travel alone and unencumbered, but at the last moment I was persuaded to consent to the company of both Evelyn Grayson and Dr. Addison. Realizing the brave, unflinching assistance which the young woman had afforded me from the first, I could hardly refuse to gratify her wish to be present at what we both hoped would be the victorious end. Moreover, the

thought or absence from her for a month at least, and probably much longer, was far from the most pleasant contemplation; my yielding, therefore, was not altogether unselfish.

Dr. Addison's case was different. At the last moment he decided to go abroad by the same ship; and, on the way over, touched by his contrition and his almost pathetic desire to make amends to his quondam friend at the earliest possible minute, I myself invited him to go with us the rest of the way.

Evelyn had proposed that Mrs. Lancaster should also be included in the party, but this I would not hear of, for propriety's sake, another presence was necessary, her maid, and, ultimately, Dr. Addison, afforded all the security the conventions could demand.

The fever of haste was upon all of us from the start. The time on shipboard, in spite of our common subject of converse dragged eternally.

Should we reach Cherbourg in time to connect with the P. & O. Express at Paris? That was the one constantly recurring question, to be speculated upon with varying degrees of hope and despair.

As good fortune would have it, we made the train with fifteen minutes to spare, and the run to Brindisi was accomplished without accident or unseemly delay.

Here, however, we were compelled to wait six hours. The steamer was late, owing to some seismic disturbance off the coast of Malta, and fear of encountering new and necessarily uncharted volcanic islands, which had demanded slow and cautious sailing.

However, sinister had been the game Fate played with us in the earlier stages of our quest, the favor of its present mood could not be gainsaid. That we were now reasonably sure of reaching Port Said in advance of the Glamorganshire was in itself a welcome relief from trying anxiety; but that was only a small part of the banquet of good things provided for us.

I was still exercised in a measure over the steps which must be taken to secure Cameron's release. Without proper introduction to the authorities, it was becoming more and more a question in my mind whether, after all, I should be able to accomplish my end in the brief time to which I was restricted.

With this fell possibility of failure dinging in my reflections, I was striding the white deck of the P. and O. steamer, in the early morning following the night of our departure from Brindisi, when a hand, dropped heavily on my shoulder, spun me round to face a laughing, sun-browned, young Englishman in white flannels.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

*F. E. Walling, a farmer living near Yukon, Mo., strongly recommends Foley's Honey & Tar Compound and says: "I have been advised by my family doctor to use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound for my children when there was a cough medicine needed. It always gives the best of satisfaction and I recommend it to others." Sibert's Drug Store.—Adv't.

3-YEAR-OLD BABES TOIL.

Conditions in New York Industrial Establishments Scored in Commission's Report.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 12.—How children of tender years slave for hours in canning sheds with their blistered fingers wrapped in rags and likewise in tenements making toys, flowers and plumes, and how women toil sometimes for mere pittance in industrial establishments in this State is graphically described in the report of the New York State factory investigating commission, which was submitted to the Legislature today.

The report says that canners operating in the rural districts have never obeyed the State Child Labor law "because they never had to." The "employment of mere babies," the commission holds, has been the result, and it adds that of 1,259 children found at work in 33 sheds the oldest was 14 years old and the youngest was 3.

Many of the canners, the report explains, are opposed to the employment of children, and half of them do not resort to it, but as the "canning industry is largely devoted to the exploitation of foreigners and parents of the children make them work."

Of women workers the report says: "No woman can work from 16 to 21 1-2 hours a day for weeks, in some cases even months, without permanent injury to her health. Yet women are doing just this thing in the up-State canneries, in binderies and other factories and in the shops during the six-week Christmas rush. In the large canneries the work keeps up pretty regularly during a season of four or five months. A week of 85.94—in one case 119 3-4—working hours is not followed by a week of comparative rest, but by another almost as bad. And the pay averages 19 cents an hour."

The commission recommends the creation of an industrial board with power to make regulations to fit every industry.

*W. S. Skelton, a merchant at Stanley, Ind., says he would not take \$100.00 for the relief a single box of Foley Kidney Pills gave him. "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble with sharp pains through my back, and could hardly straighten up. A single box of Foley Kidney Pills entirely relieved me." Sibert's Drug Store.—Adv't.

HIST! EARTH IN CRASH.

ASTRONOMER SERVISS SAYS SMASH WILL COME IN 300,000 YEARS.

The Sun Will be in It Also—Discusses Life on Other Planets and Explains Why Venus May Have Inhabitants.

Baltimore Sun.

A dire tragedy to the earth and her sister planets and the sun was predicted yesterday by Garrett P. Serviss, of New York and France, the well known astronomer. There will be a collision, he said, unless some change is made in the direction in which this solar system is traveling at the rate of 300,000 miles a year. The solar system, he said, is speeding northward almost directly toward the star Vega, which has a power 1,000 times greater than the sun. The crash, he said, is due in about 300,000 years.

In discussing the question of whether other planets than the earth are inhabited by animals similar in nature to human beings, his attention was called to Venus.

"We have never been able to see the surface of Venus," said Mr. Serviss. "What we see is simply an atmospheric envelope, much denser than that of the earth, which reflects the light of the sun with remarkable brilliance. Since Venus is about 25,000,000 miles nearer the sun than is the earth, it is probable that no beings like ourselves could live there. It would be far too hot. But we of the earth are so anthropomorphic that we cannot well conceive of other kinds of human creatures. Why could there not be beings capable of living even under conditions that exist on Venus? It is certainly possible.

"For instance, that much nearer the sun there may be visible light rays of which we know only in theory or through scientific experiment—as the ultra violet or the infra red. The influence of such rays, or of other forces of which we know nothing, may tend to foster forms of life of the highest state of development.

Mr. Serviss smiled, and his eyes twinkled through his glasses. He is a scientific man with a great imagination, as has been evidenced in his quasi-scientific novels dealing with marvelous adventures of human beings in the realms of space. Before he became an astronomer, Mr. Serviss was a newspaper man, having been night editor and editorial writer on the New York Sun. So, while he says that astronomy, so far as mathematics is concerned, is the most exact of sciences, it is also the one that allows the broadest field for conjecture and the untrammelled play of the imagination. His big purpose in life is to popularize astronomy, for he believes in giving to the masses of the people those facts which ordinarily are locked in the minds of savants.

"Understand," he continued, "no astronomer can say positively that life exists on Venus or on any other planet except the earth, but neither can they prove the contrary. It is even conceivable that life exists on the moon—if we can imagine creatures who can live without air or water."

That brought him to a discussion of the discovery by Prof. Robert W. Wood, of the Johns Hopkins University, of large deposits of sulphur on the moon through his experiments with invisible rays of the spectrum. Such a discovery, he said, was of the greatest value to science and might lead to others of a truly revolutionary nature.

When asked whether he believed that the so-called canals of Mars were the work of the inhabitants of that planet, he smiled and declared that that was one of the enigmas which all science was trying to solve.

"One theory, you know," he said, "is that the inhabitants (supposing, of course, that the planet has inhabitants) dug these canals to catch the water that gathers in the form of snow and frost in the winters. That is hardly tenable, in my opinion, because the canals must be at least 300 miles wide. A better suggestion, I think, is that they are fertile areas, revealed through the telescope as black bands, in the midst of which are the canals, to us invisible.

"Why does Mars appear red, in contrast with other planets. Many persons have asked that question. I think it is due to the color of the soil on the planet, for the atmosphere is thin and we can see the surface of the planet distinctly."

Turning to more exact features of astronomy, Mr. Serviss gave the opinion that the area of stars, nebulae and planets visible from the earth generally, referred to as the firmament had a definite boundary. This theory, he said, was substantiated by the "holes" that the most powerful telescopes revealed, where not the slightest particle of light was visible, even that amount which would be reflected by a gaseous substance lying between groups of other heavenly bodies. But, he said, he believed that other firmaments existed, far removed from the one visible from the earth, "for we

cannot conceive of endless space."

Mr. Serviss lectured at the Peabody Institute last night and dealt with popular astronomy. His talk was illustrated with a series of unusual stereoscopic views. He discussed the history of astronomy and traced its development and the strides made in recent years in the perfection of telescopes, spectroscopes and other instruments used in research work.

He will make another address at the institution this evening. While in Baltimore Mr. Serviss is stopping at the Hotel Emerson.

SCOTT'S DIARIES SAFE.

Terra Nova, With Survivors Aboard, Reaches New Zealand—Miraculous Escape of Part of Expedition.

London, Feb. 13.—The London Daily Mail's dispatch today from Christchurch, N. Z., states that the Terra Nova arrived at Lyttleton today and that the survivors of the Scott expedition all observe extreme reticence when the subject of the disaster is broached. Captain Evans refused to discuss the matter and has forbidden his fellow officers to do so.

The bodies, it is said, could have been brought back, according to Commander Evans, but all agreed to leave them in their white mantle, where they had worked and died.

Full diaries by Scott and other members of the ill-fated polar party have been recovered intact, most of which have not been opened. These will be forwarded to their relatives and Commander Evans will compile Scott's book with other members of the expedition. Captain Scott kept a daily record until March 14, and spent the last day in writing his message to the public.

The escape of Lieutenants Campbell and Mearns is described as miraculous. Their comrades were Dr. Levick, Mr. Priestly, geologist, and Seaman Abbott, Browning and Dickinson. They were landed at Cape Adare in February, 1912, intending to make a short sledge journey and return to the Terra Nova before she sailed for New Zealand. Ice prevented the ship's reaching them and they were left to their own resources for nine months, until November, 1912, with only two months' provisions.

Lieutenant Campbell gives a graphic description of the party's life in igloo, in which they lived through the long Antarctic winter. Here they existed in absolute darkness except for the faint gleam produced by the seal blubber lamp. Their supply of biscuits was soon exhausted and from that time on they lived entirely on seal meat. Extraordinary hardships were endured by all.

On the return journey to Cape Evans Browning and Dickinson were ill and the latter was carried on a sledge. Commander Evans declares the public can have no conception of the hardships which Lieutenant Campbell and party endured.

While going south to bring back the explorers the Terra Nova passed between two immense icebergs in a fog and fine seamanship alone prevented the destruction of the ship.

Lives of Great Men.

Obidiah McNamee, Who quit this world when 63—Although his children numbered six Related not their baby tricks. —Wilmington News.

Adoniram Donahue, Who leaped the gap at 92—Never mentioned in his life How he came to get a wife. —Johnstown Democrat.

Ebenezer Sakesative, Still does chores at 95—Him no one has interviewed On how long he's smoked and chewed. —Detroit Free Press.

Ebenezer Fiddlesticks, Took the count at 66, Never made himself a pest Claiming olden times were best. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hezekiah Conamore, Reached the age of 84 Ere he told of his renown When he spelled the whole school down. —Denver Republican.

Jeremiah Whipplegate, Died, beloved, at 98; Never mourned the world's decline When the household slept till 9. —New York Evening Sun.

Jonathan Considine, Passed his check at 99 Never told of what he'd done At the battle of Bull Run. —Sumter Daily Item.

Health Warning.

"Chilled and wet feet result in congesting the internal organs, and inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, with rheumatic twinges and pain in back, generally follow. Use Foley Kidney Pills. They are the best medicine made for all disorders of the kidneys, for bladder irregularities, and for backache and rheumatism. They do not contain habit-forming drugs. Tonic in action, quick in results. Sibert's Drug Store.—Adv't.

IN GRASP OF THE ICE KING.

WHOLE CITY WRAPPED IN COVERING OF ICE FRIDAY MORNING.

Considerable Damage Done to Telephone and Telegraph Lines by Sleet and Ice—Number of Limbs Broken down in City.

During the night the "Ice King" silently entered the city and Friday morning people awoke to find that he had made fast his clutches on everything in the whole town. Nor was his coming unexpected, for the weather man had sent out his warning of the approaching cold wave and those who had heeded him were prepared for the unwelcome visit. Extra blankets had been brought out and placed at hand for use during the night and supplies of coal and wood ordered, in order that the cold might not affect their comfort.

There was not a great deal of damage done by the ice and sleet, a number of telephone and telegraph lines were put out of commission and branches were broken off trees in several parts of the city. Other than this it was only the personal comfort of citizens which was affected. The cold weather did not to any extent delay trains passing through here, although it possibly to some extent interfered with the passenger traffic, which was noticeably light.

Every tree, fence and building had been coated in a sheet of ice during the night. The rain and sleet of Thursday afternoon and evening had been solidly frozen, although the temperature gradually rose during the day and the ice gradually melted off trees and buildings, and fell from the overhead wires in little crystal heaps on the street where it speedily melted. The thermometer did not go down as low as had been predicted, although it fell to two degrees below freezing at one time. All of the trains coming into the passenger station yard during the morning were ice-coated, presenting a very unusual spectacle in Sumter.

At the Postal Telegraph Company office it was stated that the ice had not injured any of their lines, although it had put their call box service out of commission for the time being. The Western Union office had suffered more. The wire to Charleston, one to Florence and one to Atlanta by way of Columbia were the only ones in working order, and much difficulty was being experienced in getting messages through. The linesmen had been sent out, but had not yet made any reports. Several poles were down on the Florence line, the Augusta line was out of commission somewhere between Creston and Cameron and half a dozen wires had been popped off just on the edge of the city. At the Sumter Lighting Company office Mr. Moses reported that he had at 10 o'clock heard of no breaks or damage to the wires. He reported his lines to be in good shape, as far as he knew, and feared only damage from falling branches or loose telephone wires.

The Sumter Telephone Company reported six or seven lines to be down as the result of damage from falling branches. The linesmen were out hunting up breaks and making repairs as fast as possible and it would not be long before the system would be put back into its usual service.

Throughout the city a number of limbs from trees were broken off and fell in the streets, while at other places limbs were bending down over the sidewalks and had to be cut off. The evergreen trees, such as the magnolia and mock oranges suffered most on account of the freeze, as their foliage gave support to a large amount of the frozen moisture. The city force of hands were out at work all day clearing broken limbs off the street and cutting down limbs which obstructed traffic.

*When Burton Holmes recently gave his celebrated travelogue on "Panama" at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, he was seriously interrupted by continual coughing of the audience. No one annoys willingly and if people with coughs, colds, hoarseness and tickling in throat would use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound, they could quickly cure their coughs and colds and avoid this annoyance. Sibert's Drug Store.—Adv't.

REDS AGAIN VICTORS.

Greens Defeated in Bowling Tourney Contest Thursday Night.

In the bowling match at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday night the Reds again proved too strong for their opponents, winning the contest by a total of 107 pins majority, and defeating the Greens in all three contests, by 13, 37 and 57 pins in each game, respectively. The team work was not as good as that generally seen in the games although the match was an interesting one.

*Conductor S. L. Miller, Norfolk, Neb., on Honored Division of U. S. & N. W. Ry. Co., recommends Foley Kidney Pills and says: "I have used Kidney Pills with very satisfactory results and endorse their use for any one afflicted with kidney trouble. They are all right." Sibert's Drug Store.—Adv't.