

# The SABLE

## By HORACE HAZELTINE

# LORCHA

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### SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promise for a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. While visiting Cameron in his dressing room a Nell Gwynne mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Johnson is allowed to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature who pronounces them of Chinese origin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student who recommends him to Yip Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. Clyde goes to meet Yip Sing, finds him in a basement to follow him into a base-ment, sprains his ankle and becomes unconscious. Clyde is found by Miss Clement, a missionary among the Chinese. He is sick several days as a result of inhaling charcoal fumes. Evelyn tells Clyde of a peculiarly acting anesthetist which renders a person temporarily unconscious. Murphy is discovered to have mysterious relations with the Chinese. Miss Clement promises to get information about Cameron. Slump in Crystal Consolidated, of which Cameron is the head, is caused by a rumor of Cameron's illness. Clyde finds Cameron on Fifth avenue in a dazed and emaciated condition and takes him home. Cameron awakes from a long sleep and speaks in a strange tongue. Evelyn declares the man is not her uncle. Evelyn and Clyde call on Miss Clement for room- and information and find that the Chinaman who was to give him has just been murdered. Miss Clement gives Clyde a note, asking him to find it after he leaves the mission and then destroy it. It tells of the abduction of a white man by Chinese who shipped him back to China. The man is accused of the crime of "Sable Lorcha" in which two Chinamen were killed. The appearance in New York of the man they supposed they had shipped to China in the "Sable Lorcha" is a mystery. The Chinaman who was killed by Clyde and Evelyn are riding in held up by an armed man. Clyde is seized and a fight ensues. Evelyn and Clyde are rescued by the police and return home. They find Yip Sing and the Chinese consul awaiting them. Yip tells Clyde the story of the crime of "Sable Lorcha" and how the Chinamen were deliberately sent to their death by one Donald M'Nish, whom they had identified by a tattoo mark on his arm. Clyde declares that Cameron has no such tattoo mark. The nurse is called in and describes a tattoo mark on his patient's arm. Clyde declares that the man is not his uncle. The letter is addressed to Donald M'Nish, the letter is in the name of the mother of Scotland and identifies the patient as M'Nish. Confronted by the sole survivor of M'Nish's shooting party, the fisherman M'Nish shoots him and kills him. Miss Clement gets the whole story from Yip before he dies. Murphy, whose name is Moch, had been the mother of M'Nish in the nefarious Chinese trade and later became a most successful purser. He was the author of the threatening letters. Soy was responsible for the mysterious disappearance of Cameron's home by the aid of the other of invisibility. Cameron was drugged and shipped as a member of the crew of a tramp steamer bound for Hongkong.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

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 red tape 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 unaccompanied, but at the last moment I was persuaded to consent to the company of both Evelyn 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 of 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 moment, 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, if

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 ship-board, 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, 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 clinging in my reflections, I was striding the white deck of the P. and O. steamer, in the early morning following the night of our departed from Brindisi, when a hand, dropped heavily on my shoulder, spun me round to face a laughing, sun-browned, young Englishman in white flannels.

For just a moment I was literally, as well as figuratively, taken aback, for the tone of the ringing voice which greeted me carried me five years at least into the past, when Lionel Hartley and I had ridden to hounds together at Melton Mowbray, while fellow guests at a house-party in the neighborhood.

"You bally Yankee!" he was shouting. "Fancy running into you in this fashion! I'm jolly glad to see you, old chap!"

Though my delight at seeing him was at that moment tempered by absorbing interest in my mission, it rose a few minutes later to unadulterated ecstasy, when I discovered that he was stationed at Port Said, and occupied what seemed to me just the most important posts in the British Foreign Service—secretary to the Governor General for the Suez Canal.

"You're going to Cairo, I suppose?" he hazarded.

"No," I replied. "I'm going with you, and I shall not let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have proved you're something more than a figure-head stuck up in the Egyptian sands."

"If there's any little thing I can do," he began; but I interrupted him.

"There's a very big thing you can do," I corrected. And then I told him.

"What a lark!" he cried, refusing to recognize the serious side of it. "Fancy one of your American multimillionaires passing coal on a British freighter!"

"Passing coal!" I exclaimed. "What rot! Surely they wouldn't!"

"Oh, wouldn't they?" he broke in. "That's just what they would do. He isn't an able-bodied seaman, is he? You can safely wager he's an experienced stoker, or at least a trimmer by this time."

"Don't, Hartley, don't," I protested. "It's too cruel to think of."

"Never mind, old chap," was his rejoinder. "There's a good time coming. We'll have him out and washed and dressed and sitting at table with us an hour after the old tub lets her anchor drop. And I'll wager you a tenner that there won't be a miss in any part of the programme."

When, at breakfast, I told Evelyn the good news—omitting, of course, all reference to the coal-handling suggestion—she demanded that I hunt up Hartley, at once, and present him. Discretion, however, seemed to me in this instance, the better part of obedience. I did hunt Hartley up and I did present him, but not until I had allowed time for the first flush of Evelyn's fervor to cool.

He was a very good-looking young chap; Evelyn was both grateful and impulsive, and I was in love.

mate, we found rest grateful, and slept soundly. Just how soundly was demonstrated when, at an hour after midnight, three resounding knocks on my hotel chamber door only roused me, dully, and left Evelyn and her maid and Dr. Addison, who occupied adjacent rooms, in deep slumber, totally undisturbed.

With what seemed almost superhuman effort, I spurred myself to consciousness and struggled up on elbow. "Who's there?" I called.

"Hartley," came the answer. "Open the door. I thought you'd died of Port Said ennu!" And when I had sleepily risen and admitted him he went on hurriedly. "Make haste, now, old chap! The bally freighter has just come in, and I don't propose to lose that tenner through dilatory methods on your part."

But I needed no urging. Wide awake at his first sentence, I was already flinging on my clothes. He still chattered on in his chaffing way, but I scarcely heard him. Conscious only of the murmur of his pleasant, cheery English voice, my thoughts were out in the night, across the waters of the harbor, down in the inferno of a rusty ocean tramp, where a sweating stoker was giving battle to despair—a sweating stoker who, in far-away America, owned a pleasure craft almost as big as the ship whose tires he had been feeding for forty days across two seas.

"How about the doctor?" Hartley asked, as I slipped my arms into my coat sleeves and snatched a cap from a closet peg.

"It's too late now," was my answer. "You should have reminded me. I forgot all about him." And it was true. I had forgotten everything, except the imminence of the rescue and the urgency of haste. To one in Cameron's plight every fretting minute must count a drop of torture.

The heavens were splendid with tropic stars, and a faint breeze from the sea gently ruffled the spangled black harbor waters, as Hartley's launch, guided by a pilot of experience, headed for the twinkling lights of the recently anchored freighter.

Silently I sat, with gaze straining, watching the indicated sparks grow larger and brighter, moment by moment, until at length their gleams reflected in the waves, and their background emerged in a great dark shadow, which silhouetted itself against the less opaque sky.

"There she is!" Hartley cried in enthusiasm, as her funnel and masts somberly defined themselves above the black of her hull. "We'll be able to hail her in another minute."

Then I heard the voice of our helmsman ring out, and presently there was an answering shout from above, and an exchange of greetings, succeeded by directions; and the next moment I was following Hartley up a swaying rope-ladder to where an outland lantern glowed overhead.

"Yes, Secretary to the Governor General," I heard my friend saying, as I put foot on the iron deck. "You're Captain Murchison, I suppose."

The captain's affirmative was more than deferential; it was obsequious. He was not a tall man, but broad, rugged and bearded, with long, powerful, gorilla-like arms out of all proportion to his stature. I could readily fancy him an ugly antagonist. Unaided by Hartley, I concluded, I should have had small chance indeed of success.

But the low-born Briton's respect for official authority was evidently strong in him, and I felt that if Cameron was aboard we should be able to effect his rescue with a minimum of effort.

"I should like to see you in your cabin, Captain," Hartley proposed, and when we were closeted there, he continued: "There is a report that you have among your crew a United States subject who was brought aboard, drugged, and forced to remain aboard against his will. His government has interested itself in his behalf, and unless he is restored at once to his friends serious complications will undoubtedly ensue."

The captain, despite his respect for authority, frowned.

"There's nothing to that report, sir," he said, boldly. "I'm not shanghaiing men in these days, sir. Every mother's son I've got on this boat shipped for Hong Kong, sir, of his own free will and accord."

"I dare say you fully believe that, Captain Murchison," was Hartley's diplomatic rejoinder, "but this time you happen to be mistaken. I don't suppose you have any objection to our inspecting your crew, have you? Suppose you have both the watches piped forward, and we'll settle this little business for ourselves. Mr. Clyde, here, knows the man."

Captain Murchison's glance at me was undisguisedly venomous. Reluctantly he rang for his steward.

"Send the bo'sun here," he directed, doggedly.

"We'll begin at the bottom, Captain," Hartley suggested, when the boatswain, cap in hand, stood in the doorway. "First, I want to see every man Jack you have working in the stoke hold."

Although the master gave the necessary directions I mistrusted him. Between the boatswain and himself I felt that there was an understanding which required neither voicing nor signaling. And as, a little later, we stood on the forward deck, under the bridge, and by the light of a lantern viewed one after another of those swarthy, grimy laborers who had crowded up from below, I was convinced of the correctness of my intuition. For Cameron was not among them.

And then a chill fear gripped me. Could a man of his habits and training, suddenly called upon to assume such labor, survive its rigors? He was naturally robust, but he had been

weakened by an illness. Might he not therefore have succumbed to the strain, died, and been buried at sea? But one consideration sustained me. In their cunning cruelty, the Chinese who had arranged for his transportation must have stipulated that he be delivered in China alive. Otherwise their vengeance would not be complete. It was not likely that anything had been left to mere chance. The probabilities were that Murchison knew definitely what was required of him and was to be well paid for his services.

Upon his seamed face, now, there was something of a sneer as, our examination concluded, he said: "What next, Mr. Hartley?"

But for a moment Hartley, who was standing thoughtfully with brow contracted, his lower lip gripped between finger and thumb, made no response. Before he spoke his attitude changed. Quickly he had assumed a pose of listening intently. Behind us, somewhere, a clamor had arisen. Voices, excited, hoarse, freemasonic, yet muffled by distance, echoed dully.

"That man, next, Captain," he said, coolly. "The man they're trying to keep below."

It may have been that his hearing was more acute than mine, or it may only have been a guess. I don't know. But, whichever it was, it hit the mark. It scored a bull's eye at long range.

Captain Murchison's indifference gave way instantly to palpable uneasiness. His hands, which had been deep in his coat pockets, came out as though jerked by springs. One of them canted his cap from his brow to his crown and the other clutched agitatedly at his beard. And in that moment the riot advanced, the voices waxed louder and more distinct; scurrying feet resounded on the metal deck.

I saw the captain start hurriedly toward the starboard rail, intent evidently on meeting the rabble which was approaching on that side, and I saw Hartley boldly block his way. And then, almost at the same instant, I saw a tall figure with naked torso as black and shining as polished ebony—black with grime and shining with sweat—come running backward around the corner of the deck house.

Saw it with an iron bar held menacing aloft against its pressing pursuers; and even in the uncertain light of the deck lanterns, recognized it at once, by its outline and the characteristic set of its head upon its shoulders, nude to the waist and collared as it was, as the figure of the man I sought.

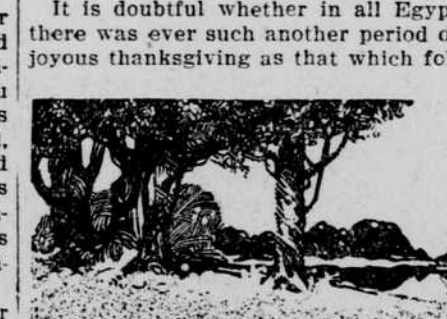
"Cameron!" I cried, chokingly, my fast-beating heart crowding my utterance. And all unmindful of the dirt which covered him I flung my arms about his waist from behind. "Cameron! Cameron! Thank God! Thank God!"

I heard the iron bar drop resoundingly to the deck; I heard Hartley's voice raised in anger, strident, staccato; and I heard the receding shuffle of feet as those who had pursued now backed away. There followed then a moment of silence, while the body I had held twisted out of my arms, and having released itself, turned and faced me—a moment of silence, only for against the sudden stillness, there now rang out a weird, palpitant cry, born of surcharged emotion, as Cameron, casting himself forward into my arms, buried his face in the angle of my neck and shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Final Problem.

It is doubtful whether in all Egypt there was ever such another period of joyous thanksgiving as that which fol-



## Made Good "Ad" After All

Comment of Physician Seems to Contain a Reflection on the Curiosity of the Woman.

Physicians as a rule are strongly opposed to published advertising. This aversion is founded on an old rule of medical ethics and is carried to the extreme of making a doctor who breaks it an object of suspicion in the eyes of his fellow practitioners.

Appropos of this, is the story which Dr. W. H. Hill told on himself, the other day.

"My wife got me into an awful fix," Dr. Hill declared. "You see, she was one of the women appointed or elected by the bureau, an elementary and secondary schools and agricultural high schools; country schools of agriculture; traveling schools teaching the same pursuit; farmers' educational trains; farmers' institutes; agricultural clubs and like organizations; gardens for city schools; normal schools of agriculture, and colleges of agriculture.—La Follette's Magazine.

Instructions for Farmers. Farmers in the United States are receiving instruction in efficiency methods on the farm through no fewer than eleven main agencies. These agencies, according to a publication just issued, for free distribution by the bureau, are elementary and secondary schools and agricultural high schools; country schools of agriculture; traveling schools teaching the same pursuit; farmers' educational trains; farmers' institutes; agricultural clubs and like organizations; gardens for city schools; normal schools of agriculture, and colleges of agriculture.—La Follette's Magazine.

Money From Waste Material. There are harvests of the streets as well as the fields. The experience of the corporation of London is that "many a mickle makes a muckle." Last year more than \$2,365 was realized by the sale of waste paper found in the streets, \$695 by the sale of old tins found among the refuse, and \$1,900 from the disposal of the refuse from orderly bins.

"I met a friend in the profession on

the bringing of Cameron to the little hotel in Port Said. I am inclined to question, too, whether in the space of a single waking day four persons ever talked more, or with more mutual interest, than did the four of us there gathered. The heat, the flies, the poor food, and the miserable accommodations, generally, were not merely gladly tolerated, but absolutely disregarded. In the exuberance of our rejoicing, annoyances which had loomed large on the preceding day dwindled to the imperceptible; and from early morning until late night experiences were exchanged, adventures told and speculations indulged in.

Washed, scrubbed, shaved, shorn and clad in raiment put at his disposal by the indefatigable Hartley, Cameron appeared wonderfully well-looking. Indeed I was amazed by his appearance and by his condition. I had feared to find him a mental and physical ruin. I had feared even for his life. And he had come to us, if we might judge by outward seeming, stronger, more robust, less nervously relaxed than when he disappeared.

"At first," he told us, as we sat at breakfast in a little upper room of the hotel, Evelyn close on his right, Dr. Addison at his left, and I opposite him, "I suppose I did suffer, whenever I was conscious, which, fortunately, I think, was comparatively seldom. They dosed me almost continuously with what I believe to have been some attribute of opium, so that even in my waking moments I was not wholly normal. In this way, of course, I lost all count of time. And so, too, I am unable to give events in sequence. My first conscious moment after being on the deck of the Sibley found me strapped in a narrow berth on a rapid, but rather rough-riding craft of apparently much smaller dimension than the yacht, and with a Chinese boy sitting beside me. You can fancy my startled amazement at the sudden transition. In vain I asked questions. In vain I struggled to rise. Then I shouted, and the Chinese boy lighted what appeared to be an ordinary joystick on a stand at the head of my berth, and withdrew from the tiny cabin. Insensibility followed quickly. After that I have a vague, dreamy recollection of eating something with a strange, spicy flavor, which seemed only to add to my stupor. Once I dreamed—at least I think it must have been a dream—that I was in a dark box, so cramped that my bones ached, and that far away above me were little holes through which the light came in luminous fan-like rays that glowed against the black."

"I'm inclined to think it was no dream," I put in, recalling the newspaper story I had read in my broker's office, in Wall street. "The probabilities are that you were shipped in that box from Fall River to New York, and a certain influential Chinaman, called Yip Sing, knew all about it."

"It's quite possible," Cameron went on. "I know that it was very difficult to distinguish, in those days, between dreams and realities. Eventually, however, I awoke to find myself on the Glamorganshire, quartered with the men in the forecastle, a beard well grown and my clothes the coarsest sort of mariner's outfit. For a while I was far too ill for labor. The reaction from the drugs which had been administered caused me the keenest suffering. But, gradually, I came about, and was set to work with paint pot and brush. The humanity shown me at this time was surprising. I couldn't comprehend it. But I realized eventually that my strength was being fostered for future torment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Has Caught Fancy of Paris-- The One-Piece Walking Suit



One-piece walking suit of copper-colored charmeuse with narrow lace collar.

## HOW TO WHITEN THE THROAT MUST BE HAND EMBROIDERED

Lemon Juice or a Ripe Tomato Will Remove Any Discolorations—Alcohol to Harden. The Proper Thing for Both White and Colored Linen Parasols—Wide Variety of Designs.

Shapeliness is not all that is necessary to the making of a throat beautiful. The texture of the skin must be fine and soft, white and unblemished. Cleanliness is the first essential. A good thorough scrubbing with a not too soft brush, hot water and soap, once or twice a week, will do no harm, the rest of the time using the ordinary cloth. Apply lemon juice or a ripe tomato to any discolorations that may appear, and unless the pores are enlarged, use cold cream freely.

Alcohol will harden the flesh. As for the various bleaches, there are some that are harmless, except insofar as they invariably are drying, which ultimately leaves the skin harsh and chapped. Here is one that can easily be made at home, but, like the others, it is drying, so be sure to counteract this effect by applying cold cream after using it. Mix half an ounce of witch-hazel and half an ounce of lactic acid. Apply this with a soft cloth.

## FLOWERS THAT MATCH FROCK

One of the Prettiest Fancies of Many Seasons Is the Adornment Thus Effected.

What a real pleasure women missed when they were too prim to tuck a bunch of flowers into their frocks, or too fearful lest the stalks should stain their pretty raiment.

Nowadays flowers are the finishing touch of every toilette, and some women give orders to their florists or their gardeners for a bouquet twice or thrice a day to match the gowns they intend to wear.

In the evening it is usual to wear a single and very exquisite blossom, the work of human hands. A giant rose, a mammoth poppy, an orchid—all are popular. Strange fantasies in material are employed; here a lace flower tipped with fur, and there one made of hand painted mousseline, a marvelous copy of nature's own handwork.

## Lace Blouses.

Lace will be a feature of the coming summer, and the heavy lace blouse will be once more indispensable. For some time cluny, Irish point, and Bruges have been neglected, and now they are to be revived; not in pure white, but in a deep ochre tint. I have seen one in a combination of Irish and cluny made in kimono fashion, with the sleeves half way down the arm in black satin. These sleeves do not reach much beyond the elbow, and the introduction of the black satin near the skin gives a new touch to the lace blouse. A slim white throat looks well uncovered, and the new blouses are made without collar bands, as were most of the bodices last winter. But where the throat is marked, it as well to cover it with transparent net.

## Crepe Waists.

A college girl who wore cotton crepe waists to save her laundry bills, had difficulty in rendering them wearable at first, as they were too limp if not starched at all and, if starched, wringing them made the starch uneven, says the Modern Priscilla. She experimented until she found that by washing them in thin starch and hanging them up to drain on a coat hanger, without wringing, they were exactly right.

## Cromwell Collar.

The Cromwell is the name given to a linen collar which is mounted on an upstanding band. The collar falls over the band. It is trimmed on one side with linen-covered buttons, while buttonholes are worked at corresponding places on the other side of the collar.

## Wardrobe Box.

A space saver in the wardrobe box which fits under the bed. This box is suspended from two metal arms, or bars, which are affixed to the bed. This makes it possible to draw the box in and out without trouble. The box does not touch the floor, so there is no possibility of dust accumulating under it, and the bed, with the box in position, may be moved at will. The boxes, which are provided with hinged covers, come in different sizes and are designed for different purposes.