

# UNAVAILABLE

## 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 promises a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut out of 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 found drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back is 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, sees Johnson, attempts to follow him, falls into a basement, 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 promised information and find that the Chinaman who was to give him his name was murdered. Miss Clement gives Clyde a note, asking him to read it. He leaves the note and then destroys 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 100 Chinamen were killed. The appearance in New York of the man they supposed they had shipped to China throws consternation into the Chinese. The bringing of which Clyde and Evelyn are riding in held up by an armed man. Clyde is seized by Murphy 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 the "Sable Lorcha," in which 57 Chinamen were "elaborately" sent to their deaths. Donald McNish, whom they declare is Cameron. They declare that McNish can be identified by a tattoo mark on his arm. Clyde declares that Cameron has no such mark. The nurse is called in and describes a tattoo mark on his patient's arm. Clyde goes to investigate and finds the patient attempting to hide a letter. It is addressed to Donald McNish. The letter is from the man's mother in Scotland and contains information regarding McNish's shooting and killing himself. Miss Clement gets the letter and reads it before he dies. Murphy, whose right name is Moran, had been a partner of McNish in the notorious "Sable Lorcha" case. He was the author of the letter which let Cameron know of the mysterious happenings at Cameron's home by the aid of the Chinese consul. Dr. Addison, who has discovered his error in mistaking McNish for Cameron, overtakes the tramp steamer at Port Said and rescue Cameron.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Why didn't you explain, dear, to the captain?" Evelyn asked, with one of those bursts of naïveté that contrasted so charmingly with her usual abounding good judgment. Cameron smiled. "I couldn't get near the captain, my child," he returned, indulgently. "It wasn't because I didn't try. The officers ridiculed my assertions as pipe dreams, and when, at each port, I pleaded to be allowed to communicate with my consul, I was only kept under stricter guard."

And so his story continued, interrupted at intervals by questions from one or another of us, until we had the whole wretched tale of cruelty, including the final chapter which preceded the rescue.

When he learned that every stoker and trimmer, save himself, had been ordered on deck, still hoping against hope that the outside world had at length been moved to intercession in his behalf, he demanded to be allowed to go with the rest. And when his demand was refused he rebelled, fighting his way to liberty with an iron bar from a cinder-tub, which he had purposely concealed for such emergency.

I have no inclination to test patience by detailing all the events and recording all the dialogue of that happy day. Much that happened is such that was said I must leave to the imagination of those that read. But I cannot refrain from the statement that Cameron's meeting and reconciliation with his old friend Dr. Addison was one of the brightest spots in a delectable constellation. The meeting between Evelyn and her uncle was an episode, too, to touch the sensibility of the most apathetic. And if there had lingered a single doubt as to the wisdom or expediency of accepting their companionship on my expedition of rescue it must have been dispelled by the emotional thrill which these scenes provoked.

Our homeward voyage, which all of us were anxious should not be delayed, was by way of Naples. Hartley, who appeared to be able to go and come as he pleased, accompanied us that far, and our farewells to him, on the deck of the Koenig Albert, were combined with a fervor of gratitude that exhausted our powers of expression.

Evelyn begged me to be permitted to kiss him good-bye, but there I was forced to draw the line. Her caresses in my own direction had not, up to that moment, been so lavish that I felt I could spare any of them, even for this young Englishman, notwithstanding my abundant appreciation of the inestimable service he had rendered, and that was precisely what I told her, when on the first evening out, she had demanded to know my reasons for refusal.

"You're a very selfish man," she retorted, with a pout. "And I'm not at all sure, now, that I shall ever kiss

you again. Besides—" And there she stopped.

We had reached the after end of the deck in our post-dinner promenade, and had paused there, leaning on the rail, to watch the phosphorescent gleam and glitter among the turbulent white wake-waters. Cameron and Dr. Addison were talking over their cigars in steamer chairs amidships, and the girl and I were alone together for the first time since her uncle's restoration.

"Besides?" I repeated, questioning. The big blue eyes she turned to me were never more roguish.

"Besides," she said, low-voiced and with a just perceptible quiver, "until you keep your promise, I don't see that you have any right to dictate to me."

I knew very well what she meant. Ever since Cameron had come running backward around that deck-house corner—I think even at the minute I recognized his naked, smut-covered shoulders—I had had that promise in mind, and had longed for the moment of its fulfillment. But till now not even the briefest opportunity had offered. Nevertheless, her present mood was too entirely winsomely lovable to be neglected, and the impulse to prolong it by teasing too strong for resistance.

"Keep my promise?" I queried, mingling with assumed perplexity a certain suggestion of injury. "Have I ever failed you in anything?"

She turned away now, silently, and the eclipse of the eyes I loved left me suddenly repentant; still I persisted.

"Have I ever failed you?" I asked again.

Quickly her gaze came back, and her eyes had taken something of the cold, snapping fire of the phosphorus.

"Since you don't remember," she said, "it's of no consequence. Only you were so sure that you couldn't forget."

"Give me a hint," I begged, still crawling. "When did I promise?"

"I couldn't be so unmanly," was her retort, looking away again.

"Was it before we came over here, or since?"

"Before," after a pause.

"Long before?"

"Not very."

"Where? At your house?"

"Yes."

"In the library?" I asked, with a glance behind for possible intruders.

She turned quickly and found me laughing.

"Oh, you dear, silly, lovable, delightful child!" I cried, and the echo of my words was carried far astern, as my arms went about her and held her close, and my kisses fell thick and fast on her ripe, tender little mouth.

"What need had I to keep such a promise?" I asked, when in mercy I paused that she might get her breath.

"Why should I ask you to tell me that you loved me, when I could read it in letters as long as your glances and as bright as your smile?"

And if we left Cameron and Dr. Addison much alone together during our homeward voyage, who that still remembers their own happy days of young love dreaming can blame us?

For a long while there remained in my mind as legacy from the strange case of Cameron and the Sable Lorcha a seemingly insoluble problem. On our return to America, my friend, in spite of all my urging, refused, with stubborn persistence, it seemed to me, to aid in the prosecution of those who, we knew positively, were implicated in the affair. Concerning Murphy, Yip Sing and a score or more of their satellites we could have produced evidence of the most damaging character. But Cameron was not so minded. He even went so far as to discourage my appearance against the former for complicity in the plot to take captive Evelyn and myself on the night of our Pell street visit. Indeed I have always believed that through O'Hara he was instrumental in securing Murphy's release. And I know for a fact that he provided so generously for the young French driver of the electric brought-ain, who was so badly injured in that Pell street adventure, that the fellow returned to France a month before the trial of his assailant.

All these things, I say, continued to puzzle and disquiet me, long after the sharp edges of rancorous remembrance had been worn away. And invariably at such times there would recur recollections of those early days of the threatening letters and of that elusive something in Cameron's manner which I was never quite able to comprehend or explain.

The true interpretation was reserved for the night preceding my marriage with Evelyn, which, by the way, had, at her guardian's wish, been delayed for nearly a year because of what he chose to regard as her unbecomingly young. The celebration was to take place at Cragholt and the house was already filled with kinsfolk and intimate friends, including most of the wedding party.

It was after midnight, and Cameron and I were alone together in his mahogany and green study; he at his writing table and I in the same adjacent leather chair in which I had sat a twelvemonth ago while listening to the story of the incised portrait.

As was not unusual we had reverted to that time and to certain of the incidents therewith connected; and I had been trying to make clear to Cameron, as I had already frequently tried to do, the peculiar difference between McNish's expression and his.

"In individual features," I said, warming to my subject, "there never was in all the world before, I believe, such similarity. And in repose, the ensemble, I should say, was equally identical. But when it came to—"

And there Cameron checked me.

"Clyde," and his tone was strangely grave, it seemed to me, "you'll pardon my interrupting you, I know. I understand what you would say, probably better than I could from your putting it into words. And I want to tell you why I understand. Indeed I've wanted to tell you for a long while, but whenever I've got to the verge of it, I have balked."

He paused here to shake the ash from his cigar, reaching across his desk for a receptacle, and somehow the gesture reminded me of that of McNish as he had thrown out his arm which held the letter, and so exposed the telltale tattooing.

"I have never told you, Clyde," he resumed, his eyes turned on the glowing tobacco ember which he had just puffed, "anything about my birth or my family. But now that you are to become one of us, in a way, it's only fair that you should know; for though Evelyn's mother was but my half-sister, still the girl gets the same blood through her grandire."

"Yes," I said, "I know that. Evelyn told me that much. I know, too, that you were born in Scotland; and the very name of Cameron is a pretty good guarantee of family worth."

"My father belonged to a rather poor branch," he confessed, "and like many poor men he had a large number of children. There were ten, all told, and when my poor mother died, it became a serious problem how to take care of my little ones. I was among the youngest, not over seven, and I had a twin brother."

As he said this Cameron, who had been desultorily drawing figures on his writing pad with the end of a penholder, abruptly shot his gaze to mine and caught the quick question of my eyes.

"Yes," he said, without change of tone, "yes, you see, now, don't you?"

"McNish!" I murmured.

"McNish," he echoed. "Donald McNish."

"But," I began, "I don't quite—" and I thought of the letter from McNish's mother.

"Oh, it is clear enough," he went on. "Some of the children were put out to live amongst neighbors, and eventually, my father and the rest of us came to this country. The others he left behind, promising to send each month the money for their keep. Donald left with a couple named McNish, who had no bairns of their own, and when the boy grew to be a big lad, and my father, who in the meantime had been successful here and

married again, sent for him to come to America, word came back that he had been dead a twelvemonth."

"And your father believed it?"

"Oh, yes, for they returned the back pay he had forwarded, and sent a lock of my brother's hair, I think, and a trinket or two that had been his as a kiddie."

"Afterwards, though, you learned that he was still alive?"

"No," was Cameron's answer. "We never heard. Had it not been for that marked resemblance gathering me in to the net spread for him, I should probably never have known. And, Clyde," he added, "ever since I learned of his having been there, in town, I have been wondering. Do you think it possible that he ever realized that he was in his brother's house?"

"Hardly," I said. "It doesn't seem likely, though; unless the name and the—He must—Oh, certainly," I stammered, "he must have realized that we mistook him for—yes, for some one named Cameron. He answered to it readily enough; he even insisted that he was Cameron. And if his mind was clear enough to put two and two together, why, knowing that he had a twin brother in America, it would seem—" And there I stopped my floundering, for Cameron had risen to his feet, and smiling, tolerantly, was waving a hushing hand at me.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I've argued it all out in just the same way, dear friend. And yet we never can be certain, can we? Only I have thought, if he might have realized it, and have been able to have played the part, and stayed, and taken up my life and lived it for the rest of his, I might have gone on and taken his punishment to some purpose. For I have had more than my share of the good things, Clyde, and maybe if poor little Donnie had had even half my chances, it would all have been so very, very different."

He still thought of him as the child brother he had parted from long years ago in Scotland, and as such he would ever remember him. I was glad then that he had stopped me when I had tried to draw for him the difference in their faces. For it was such a difference! Looking at Cameron now with the lamp of true greatness alight behind those plain features, I marvelled that I could even have seen a vestige of likeness in the brutal, soulless face of his twin brother.

And then, for the first time, too, I really understood.

## Real Origin of the Pearl

Science Has Rudely Shattered Poetic Idea That Has Been Held For Centuries.

For many centuries, even until comparatively recent times, it was the common belief that pearls were drops of dew that gained entrance into the shell of an oyster, and were there transpired into lustrous gems. Arab and Indian divers still believe that at certain seasons oysters come to the surface and suck in the rain-drops, that later become pearls. Science, however, has rudely shattered this poetic fancy, and discovered the real origin to be a worm. Dr. Hugh M. Smith gives some interesting information on this subject in the National Geographic Magazine.

We now know that almost any foreign body—a grain of sand, a bit of mud or shell, a piece of seaweed or a small animal—may by its irritation cause the mollusk to cover it with nares and make it the nucleus of a pearl; but the largest part of the annual pearl-crop of the world is due to parasites that normally pass a part

of their life-cycle within the shell of the pearl-oyster.

Minute spherical larvae of marine worms known as Cestodes become embedded in the soft tissues, as many as forty having been found in one Ceylon oyster. As the result of irritation, the oyster forms a protecting sac about the intruder, and then, if the larva dies, its body is gradually converted into carbonate of lime, and the pearly mass proceeds to grow with the shell.

If the larva lives, it may pass into the body of the strong-jawed triggerfishes which prey on the pearl-oysters, then undergoing further development. Ultimately it reaches the body of the great rays, which in turn eat the triggerfishes. In the rays the worms attain full development, and produce larvae that are cast into the sea and find lodgment in pearl-oysters. Thus the cycle is begun once more.

We may literally accept the saying of a celebrated French investigator, that "the most beautiful pearl is in reality only the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm."

## De Montluc a True Gascon

Character of Romantic Soldier Illustrated by an Incident During the Siege of Sienna.

Blaise de Montluc was a soldier and a marshal of France who fought through half the sixteenth century. Like a true Gascon, as he was, he added to his great physical qualities courage, high spirits and an unquenchable gaiety which distinguished him above soldiers of a graver mold. He was the veritable captain of his soul.

In the Italian wars Blaise de Montluc commanded the defense of Sienna during the prolonged siege. When the town was reduced to a few ounces of bread daily, Blaise overcame with sickness, and had himself carried about in a chair muffled up in furs.

But perceiving that the inhabitants, especially the women, were "thus rendered apprehensive of their fate should he die,"—so runs the excerpt from De Montluc's "Commentaries,"—he called for a pair of crimson velvet breeches, laid over with gold lace, very finely cut, for they were made at a time when he was forsooth in love. He put on a doublet of the same, and a shirt of crimson silk and gold twist; then a buff collar over which he put his arms, very finely gilt.

He was at that time wearing gray and white, "in honor of a fair lady to whom he was a servant when he had leisure." So he put on a hat of gray silk, with a gray silver hatband, and

a plume of heron's feathers set with silver spangles.

He also put on a short cassock of gray velvet, garnished with "little plates of silver at two fingers' distance from one another, and lined with cloth of silver, all open between the plates."

Then he "rubbed his face with Greek wine, till he brought a little color into his cheeks, and drank a small draught with a little bit of bread."

"He then looked at himself in the glass, strutted before his officers, though he had not the strength to kill a chicken, and rode through the town to the great comfort of all beholders."

—Youth's Companion.

Callous indeed.

"Well, I must confess I am glad to get back home amongst my old kin and friends, where people ain't too busy or too unfeeling or too stuck-up to take some interest in one another," said Mrs. Polley.

"Now, there's them post office folks down to Chicago. I found 'em actually hard-hearted! Why, would you believe it, that man that brings round the letters to Mabel's, he's so queer and standoffish that when he handed me husband's postal card, telling how mother had fell and broke her arm, he never so much as opened his lips to give me one word of sympathy! No, sir, not even enough to say, 'Too bad!'"—Youth's Companion.

## Parisian Fancy That Will Be Popular in America



A street costume with skirt of blue moire and waist of blue and creme brocade silk.

### SUITABLE AND PRETTY GIFTS

Five Things for Prospective Bride Are in Better Taste Than Are in Easily Made Sachets.

Are any of your friends engaged? If so, why not make them some pretty sachets for an engagement gift? They are always appreciated and can easily be made. Purchase a quantity of satin ribbon two inches in width. The shops offer many bargains in ribbons at this season. Cut the sachets in squares, pad them with cotton and sprinkle with sachet powder. Then whipstitch the edges together.

Stack a dozen of these together and tie with baby ribbon. On top place a flat bow ornamented with tiny rosettes made from ribbon. An eighth of a yard of half-inch ribbon is required for each rose and they are formed by swirling the ribbon round and round a center. Foliage may be made from green silk to accompany these roses if desired.

This is a charming gift for the graduate. So prepare for June, which is not far distant.

### FATIGUE A FOE TO BEAUTY

Woman Who Would Retain Charm Should Avoid Allowing Herself to Be Victim of Overwork.

Over-fatigue is a foe to beauty. Even if there were no lasting effects from it, which there are, a wearied look in a woman's face adds nothing to her charm. Rather, it is as the appearance of a faded flower compared with that of a fresh one. The muscles and muscular tissues become gradually weak and show themselves with particular perversity in ugly rings and bags about the eyes, in lengthening of the lines between the nose and the mouth, and a general sagging.

Fatigue, too, has a direct effect upon the stomach muscles, causing them to sag also, and become unable to work properly, and this, in turn, reflects upon the complexion, rendering it sallow and eventually blotched. So, I say, avoid fatigue.

Rest whenever you can. Whatever the routine of your day may be, it is possible for you to snatch a moment, or, at least, a second or two, here and there, of complete relaxation. Take a long breath and rest, then go on at tension if necessary, but it is rarely, very rarely, necessary, and there is a point to be made much of. Resist tension.

Bathe the tired face in cold water. It stimulates circulation, and brings relief, at least to one's feelings, even if its effect does not go very far beneath the surface. Hot water followed by a cold dash is also refreshing and especially is to be recommended to the woman of nervous temperament. A few drops of camphor in ice water makes an excellent lotion for the rejuvenation of the tired face muscles, but it should be followed by the application of a good face cream. Remove the cream with a dry, soft cloth and behold, you feel like a new woman.

### AFTERNOON GOWN



An afternoon gown of printed silk over lace and embroidery, set off with a belt and sash of black satin ribbon.

Charming Gown in Gray.

A new model in very fine mouse-gray cloth is very chic by its absolute simplicity of style. The corsage and skirt have the appearance of being all in one. The bodice part has a plain pinafore effect, with long, loose armholes reaching to the waist. The sleeves are braided all over in tones of gray soutache, a panel at the side continuing in the form of a deep band down the bottom of the skirt in the same soutache braiding. The sash is wound round the waist and tied on the left hip with a full bow and ends. This sash arrangement is in gray soft Liberty satin, toning in with the other shades of gray.

There is one kind of woman who will worry because she has forgotten what it was that she intended to worry about.

### HUBBY WAS LEFT GUESSING

And at This Date He Still Is Wondering Just Who Was the Unkissed Female.

Mr. Brown issued forth from Fairbank Terrace and wended his way towards the village inn. An insurance agent named Dawson was holding forth.

"Do you know Fairbanks Terrace?" Several nodded assent, and Mr. Brown became more deeply interested.

"Well, believe me, gents, I've kissed every woman in that terrace except one."

Mr. Brown's face assumed a purple hue, and hurriedly quaffing his ale, he quitted the barroom. Rushing home, he burst in at the door.

"Mary," he shouted, "do you know that insurance chap Dawson?" Mary nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "I've just heard him say he's kissed every woman in this terrace except one."

Mary was silent for a moment, and then with a look of womanly curiosity said:

"I wonder which one that is."

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

The Other Place.

"I have a regular old family knocker on my front door."

"We've got one inside."

### RASH SPREAD TO ARMS

759 Roach Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—

"At first I noticed small eruptions on my face. The trouble began as a rash. It looked like red pimples. In a few days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The eruptions festered, broke, opened and dried up, leaving the skin dry and scaly. I spent many sleepless nights, my back, arms and face burning and itching; sleep was purely and simply out of the question. The trouble also caused disfigurement. My clothing irritated the breaking out."

"By this time I had used several well-known remedies without success. The trouble continued. Then I began to use the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Within seven or eight days I noticed gratifying results. I purchased a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in about eighteen or twenty days my cure was complete." (Signed) Miss Katherine McCallister, Apr. 12, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Unsympathetic.

The following story is one of John Drew's favorites.

A man lost his life in a great flood. He was dead, but in the spirit world he lived over and over again the appalling scenes and incidents through which he had just passed. It seemed to him that he must talk it over with some one.

He therefore approached an elderly man and told him the story of how he died, giving a vivid word picture and making a lurid tale. To his great surprise, the old man showed little interest; in fact, he appeared to be bored. At last, being rather annoyed at such indifference, he asked the reason.

"Don't you know who I am?" asked the other.

"Why, no, I don't," was the answer. "I've just arrived."

"Well," said the other, "I am Noah."

Naturally Indignant.

"Did you tell your troubles to a policeman?" "Yes," said the man who had been robbed. "And I tell you that policeman was indignant. The hold-up man hadn't even asked his permission to operate on his beat."

Suspicion.

"Your artist son, sir, has a very effective touch."

"How much did you lend him?"

Hens can moult, but fat people have no such sinecure.

### HER "BEST FRIEND"

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies, for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum."

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I am free from nervousness."

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house; now she has Postum at home and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish, as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produce instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.