

We Buy Anything AND Sell Everything S. Sternberg & Co.

Dpot Street. Phone 333

The Sable Lorcha

BY
Horace Hazeltine

"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 gratefully 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 untrue and, I must confess, a very unhappy man of me."

"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—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 mission— in her two or three brief tele-

grams, 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 Yip 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 Mago 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 enemy against Moran subsided, and, ultimately, this same Moran became the most openly bitter of all the avenging hordes 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 ruinous 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 footman, 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 noses. 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 Yip Sing I did not regard as sufficiently vital to admit that 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 amy pearls," I suggested.

"Amy 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.

(To Be Continued.)

DOUBLY PROVEN

Asheville Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence.

This Asheville citizen testified long ago.

Told of quick relief—of undoubted benefit.

The facts are now confirmed. Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive.

It forms convincing proof of merit. J. W. L. Arthur, 195 Asheland avenue, Asheville, N. C., says: "In giving my name recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, I hope that I may be helping other persons who suffer from kidney trouble. I have never had any severe symptoms but my system seemed to have too much uric acid in it, and I felt that I needed a kidney medicine. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I got a supply at Smith's drug store. After using them I felt much better in every way."

Mr. Arthur gave the above testimony in January, 1908, and during a personal interview of February 17, 1912, he added: "I am pleased to confirm all I said some years ago, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me after everything else had failed."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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 Yip Sing I did not regard as sufficiently vital to admit that 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 amy pearls," I suggested.

"Amy 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.

(To Be Continued.)

WANTS WANTS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Bargain in beautiful, safe gentle pony, pony buggy and harness. Pony perfectly city broke—not afraid of anything. Any lady or even small children can handle or drive him anywhere, without fear of accident. Apply 57 Charlotte street, city, or write Luke Dixon, care Gazette-News, Asheville.

FOR SALE—Good clean newspapers, 50 for 5 cents. Apply at Gazette-News office.

FOR SALE—Seven piece Kitchen Set, including a cleaver, bread knife, can opener, carving knife and fork, paring knife and carborundum sharpener. Brand new articles in neat boxes, only a few left. While they last, only 75c per set. Gazette-News office.

FOR SALE—8 Disc Oswego wheat drill, new, for \$37.50. Room 9, Revell Bldg. F. P. Ingle.

FOR SALE—Cheap, nice seven room bungalow, Hillside street. Price \$5900.00. Phone 649, Donnahoe & Bledsoe, corner S. Pack Square and S. Main street.

FOR SALE—Two young mules, well broken will work anywhere. One broke 8 years old, lady or child can drive. 6 pigs 8 weeks old, and three sows. Phone 225 or apply Mountain Meadows Inn.

FOR SALE—Life of Vance, Bottas History, Blaines twenty years Congress, Family Bible, Universal Dictionary, Grants Memoirs. Ye Old Book Shop, 114 Patton Ave.

FOR SALE—24-horsepower Skinner's engine and boiler, with complete sawmill attachment. For particulars apply at County Tax Collector's office, court house.

FOR SALE—We have three nice lots, close in, paved street. Will build you a nice house on either of them and give you easy terms. Phone 649, Donnahoe & Bledsoe, corner S. Pack square and S. Main.

FOR SALE—A lot of meat and grocery fixtures, a bargain. Apply No. 45 South Main street.

TRIO of White Leghorns and several Rhode Island Red hens for quick sale at a bargain. Paul P. Brown, Phone 79.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Connecting rooms, furnished for housekeeping; first and second floor. Sink and gas in kitchen. 26 Starnes Ave.

FOR RENT—Furnished six room cottage, furnace heat, open grate, coal and gas, range, large sunny piazza. Forty-five dollars month. D. S. Watson, Library Bldg. 225-261

CONNECTING ROOMS furnished for light housekeeping, on first and second floors, with electric lights and gas. Phone 339. 18 Grady Street.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms on first floor, near the High school, on new street. See (Miss) P. L. Holman, 301 Legal Building.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, single or en suite. Also light housekeeping one block from Postoffice. 58 Haywood St.

FOR RENT—Furnished room. Lights, water, sun parlor, first floor, in best residential section. No sick people. Address Box 813, Asheville, N. C.

FOR RENT—In Woolsey, to small family, four room cottage, near car line. Phone 732.

FOR RENT—Modern 5 room cottage two blocks of postoffice. N. Buckner, Board of Trade office or 7 Astor Place.

FOR RENT—10-room, furnished house, three minutes walk from the square. Price reasonable for permanent person. Address L. H. care Gazette-News.

HELP WANTED

BOYS WANTED—Boys, you can earn lots of pocket money selling papers on the streets afternoons and evenings. Apply at Gazette-News office.

Make every "Special Sale" really strengthen your store—by taking care that your ad readers learn the truth about each sale.

WANTED—A good cook. Apply at 209 Cumberland Ave.

WANTED—Refined, reliable woman to care for child and assist with housework. 29 Jefferson Drive.

WANTED—Active competent white woman as cook in small family, no children, good pay, steady employment in a good home for the right person. Also girl to serve in dining room and do light housework. Address Lock Box 36, Asheville, N. C.

WANTED—By trained nurse, position as companion. No objections to traveling. References given. Address "Nurse," care Gazette-News.

WANTED—White boy about 15 years old to learn shoe market trade. Apply to B. A. Vinarski, No. 20 West College street.

FOR SALE QUICK

Four choice building lots in the best residence section of Asheville.

Western Carolina Realty Co. Phone 974. 10 N. Pack Square.

CHALMERS CARS FOR HIRE

5 or 7 Passenger.

Elegant cars, careful drivers. Get our prices by the day. Special attention given to out of town trips.

HENDERSON & MARTIN Day Phone 228. Night Phone 593.

WANTED

J. H. McGINNESS has moved to room 212, opposite Y. M. I. building, Steam, Phone 1859.

WANTED—Your Notary Public work. Residence 123 Ashland avenue. Phone 98. Jas. W. Albright. 66-17

KODAK WANTED—A 1A Special, 3 or 2A. Inquire of C. W. Capell at Gazette-News.

WANTED—A position as collector, good at general office work, can use a typewriter. Address F. O. Box No. 264, Asheville, N. C.

MISSION CLOCK NOW \$2.25—We are making a special offer for a short time only. For cash, we will sell a handsome MISSION CLOCK, 24 inches high, 12 inches wide, strikes the hour and half hour on a cathedral gong, 8 day wind, Welch movement, serviceable and altogether very attractive. Suitable for hall, living-room, or dining-room. This price is only for those who call at the office, and pay cash; we do not deliver. Only one clock sold to each person. Apply at The Gazette-News office.

WANTED—728 LADIES to see samples Racine Hosiery, wool or cotton, ladies' men's and children's, all colors. Phone 51. Ask your neighbor. 204 Woodfin St., Asheville, N. C. E. L. Brown, Agt. 216-301

WANTED—Modern appliances and methods and fifteen years experience right here in Asheville in cleaning and dyeing suits and all apparel for men and women. Pressing club service \$1 a month; 3 months \$2.50. Get with the old reliable. J. C. Wilbar, Phone 389, Pack Square.

WANTED—We're getting lots of the new work that's going on, but want more. We paint, paper and calculate and do it well. Satisfaction always. Pure paints. Careful workmen. R. L. Fitzpatrick & Son, 53 N. Main.

WANTED—Position by competent lady stenographer, capable of handling business office; at present employed but desires change to Asheville or vicinity. Best of references. Address Competent, care Gazette-News, City.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED ROOMS, with or without board. Mrs. G. W. Davis, No. 64 North French Broad Ave.

WANTED—Twenty young men to begin a course in bookkeeping this month at the A. B. C. Our course in Scientific Salesmanship goes with this course. Begin now and you will complete by March. Its easy to place young men. Please write or call. Asheville Business College, 3rd Floor, 8 North Pack Square.

WANTED—To send special messenger for your suits to be cleaned and pressed. Better work in cleaning and pressing; also dyeing done perfectly—make old suits look like new. J. C. Wilbar, Phone 389, Pack Square.

WANTED—To paint and paper your house; if an old house a coat of paint will add much to its value and it will rent for more or sell for more; if for your own use you will be pleased with its good appearance. R. L. Fitzpatrick & Son, Phone 157. No. 53 North Main street.

WANTED—Everybody in Asheville to call and see the set of 1547 Rogers silverware we are going to give away Jan. 1st. Swannanoa Drug Co. Phone 291.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROCK LEDGE, 68 Haywood Street—28 rooms thoroughly renovated, across street from Auditorium, half block from Battery Park hotel, Mrs. P. J. Corcoran, Prop.

IF YOU wish to learn of an investment opportunity that will bear scrutiny write "Investment," care Gazette-News.

YOUR OLD SHOES made like new ones. Men's half soles, sewed, 65c. Ladies' shoes half soles, sewed, 50c. First class material. Prices reasonable. Champlain Shoe Repair Shop, B. A. Vinarski, 30 West College street.

SHOES called for, repaired and returned promptly. Gilmer Bowden, Phone 1817, 21 East College street.

LOST—Pair of glasses. Reward if returned to Citizens Transfer Co.

HOLLAR

the

Ford Man

56 South Main St. Phone 672.

Buy your ticket and give order for baggage to be checked from your residence to destination.

Baggage Transfer and Railway Ticket Office same room, 60 Patton Ave. MOVING AND STORAGE.

CHALMERS CARS FOR HIRE

5 or 7 Passenger.

Elegant cars, careful drivers. Get our prices by the day. Special attention given to out of town trips.

HENDERSON & MARTIN Day Phone 228. Night Phone 593.

Carolina Commercial School

YOU CAN LEARN TO EARN

- at home
- or in a salaried position
- to do work you will enjoy
- to help make life a success

Any intelligent man or woman able to read and write can finish a money-making course by mail in his or her spare time

AN OFFER TO ALL POORLY PAID MEN AND WOMEN

To every man and woman who is struggling along against adversity, striving to make the best of an uncongenial position and poor salary, the CAROLINA COMMERCIAL SCHOOL offers an easy and sure way of increasing your income.

During the next few days we will make special terms to persons employed, or living out-of-town and wishing