

# The Captain of the Kansas.

By LOUIS TRACY.  
Author of "The Wings of the Morning,"  
"The Pillar of Light," Etc.

Copyright, 1906, by Edward J. Clode.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ISOBEL'S drooping was of brief endurance. Elsie and Mrs. Somerville supported her to the stateroom, and there Elsie sat with her a little while soothing her as one might comfort a child in pain.

Isobel, stupefied by some haunting knowledge which appeared to have a vague connection with the misfortunes of the Kansas, yielded to Elsie's gentle compulsion and endeavored to close her eyes.

Through the open port Elsie heard a man walk rapidly along the deck and halt outside the door. She half rose from her knees to answer the expected knock, thinking that Mrs. Somerville had sent a steward to ascertain if Miss Baring needed anything, but the newcomer evidently changed his mind and turned back. Then came Courtenay's voice, low, but compelling:

"One moment, M. de Poincillit. A word with you."

"Another time, m'sieu. I pray you pardon me now. I find I am not strong enough yet to venture on deck."

"Oh, yes, you are, m'sieu. I want to give you the chance of your life. Mr. Gray has told me of your behavior, and he charitably added that your cowardice and treachery might have arisen from ungovernable fear. Now, if you wish to atone for your conduct, here is an opportunity. I am taking a boat ashore to try to save some of my men who are imprisoned there. There is a fair risk in the venture. The outcome may be death. Will you volunteer to take an oar? That would whitewash your weather marks."

"It is impossible. I am too feeble. I cannot row."

"Ah, you swine! Can it be possible that you are a Frenchman? What sort of countship is it you boast of?"

"Sir, I am a passenger on this ship!"—Courtenay's voice was raised a little.

"Mr. Boyle," he said, "give orders that if this skunk shows his nose inside the salon again he is to be kicked out. He can eat his meals in his stateroom or in the fore cabin with the other savages."

Elsie heard every word. She fancied, too, that Isobel was listening, though she gave no sign. But the unknown cause of the captain's anger was as naught compared with the statement that he was about to leave the ship. She had heard the lowering of the boat without heeding. He was already climbing down the ship's side. Soon he would be far from her, perhaps never to return, for he was not one to paint imaginary ills, and had he not told De Poincillit what the outcome of the undertaking might be? She found Isobel looking at her with frightened eyes.

"Did you hear?" came the tense whisper.

"Yes."

"And you are content to let him go?"

"Ah, God! Yes, content."

"But it is folly. He is the captain. He should not go. We have risked enough already. Who are these men for whose sake he leaves you and all of us?"

"I know not, nor do I greatly care. May heaven help me and them. We are his first care. Let it be mine to leave him unhindered in the task he has undertaken."

Isobel was cowed into silence. Elsie's hero worship had reached a height beyond her comprehension. She would never understand how a woman who loved a man could send him voluntarily to his death, and her shallow mind did not contemplate the possibility of Courtenay's refusing to be swayed by any other consideration than that which his conscience told him was right.

Thus at arm's length, as it were, they waited until they caught the sharp command "Give way there!" and the splash of oars told them that the boat had really started on its journey shoreward. Then Isobel, glancing furtively at her companion, saw the tears stealing down her cheeks, and the situation came back from the transcendental to that which was intelligible to her lower ideals.

"I am sorry," she whispered, catching Elsie's hand timidly. "I said what I thought was for the best. At any rate, it is too late now."

Too late! The other girl groped blindly for the door. She felt that she would yield to the strain if she did not go on deck and catch a parting glimpse of the man who had become dearer to her than life itself.

On the poop she found Boyle, Christobal, Gray and Walker. A number of Chileans were leaning over the rails of the main deck. All the men were talking earnestly. It was obvious that they should cease their conversation the instant she appeared. One man may conceal his fears, but twenty cannot.

She brushed away the tears determinedly and looked at the boat, already a white speck on the green carpet of the bay. She could see Courtenay distinctly. Some magnetic impulse must have gone out from her, because she had not been watching him longer than a couple of seconds when he turned and waved his hand. She replied instantly, fluttering a handkerchief, poor girl, long after it became impossible for her to distinguish whether or not he returned her signals.

At last she turned to Mr. Boyle, who was nearest to her.

"Who is sitting next to Captain Courtenay?" she asked, and she had a fleeting impression that he was anxious for her to speak, so quickly did he answer.

"Tollemache. He shinned down the ladder as the first volunteer. The skipper ordered him to get out, but he said he was deaf. Anyhow, I'm glad he is there. Courtenay ought to have one sure enough white man by his side."

"And what are they attempting?"

"Huh. It's a bold plan, an' I'm not goin' to condemn it on that account. Have you heard this mornin's news—how Suarez found out from the Indians that eleven of our crew are hid in a cave on Guanaco hill?"

"Something of it, not all. But why—why has Captain Courtenay gone off in such a hurry?"

"Well, Miss Elsie, he figures that an open effort by daylight is the only way to rescue them. They will have seen our signals, an' they can hardly fail to sight the boat. When he is close inshore they are sure to make a dash for it, an' he hopes to get them off before the Indians wake up to the game he is playin'. There are eight men in the boat, and with eleven others to help there shouldn't be much difficulty in keepin' the savages at a proper distance."

"How soon—will he—reach the landing place?"

"Huh. Maybe an hour, an' another hour for the home trip. He'll be aboard for tea."

Boyle uttered that concluding statement a trifle too airily. Elsie for the first time in her life knew what it meant to want to scream aloud.

"Did Captain Courtenay leave any message for me?" she demanded.

"Huh—message! Why, he will be away only a couple of hours!"

"Surely you will tell me, Mr. Boyle?" she pleaded wistfully.

"Well, I happen to know there's a letter in the doctor's hands, but that is to be given you in case of accident alone. And there's no sign of any accident yet, thank goodness!"

Elsie clung to the after rail and watched the boat, now a tiny dot hard to discern amid the ripples caused by the inflowing tide. Her intimate acquaintance with the daily happenings of life aboard told her that Courtenay had chosen the last hour of flood for his effort, thus gaining the advantage of the ebb in the event of the lifeboat being pursued by canoes on the return journey. By degrees a tender little sprig of hope peeped up in her dulled consciousness. The boat was very near the distant rocks, and there was neither sight nor sound of the Indians. Could it be that they were afraid—altogether broken and demoralized by the slaughter of the preceding night?

Suddenly she had a breathless desire to know why Courtenay was so sure that the men to whose help he had gone were really members of the crew.

"Will you tell me now what it was that Suarez found out?" she murmured to Christobal.

The doctor quickly appreciated her need of material for further thought. He suppressed no detail except his own willingness to take Courtenay's place in the boat.

When Elsie heard of the duplicity practiced by Suarez it was good to see the hot indignation which reddened her brow. With all a woman's single mindedness she regarded the Argentine minor as being directly responsible for Courtenay's hazard, nor would she listen to Christobal's mild protest that nothing could have been done earlier, no matter how outspoken Suarez chose to be.

The Spaniard encouraged her to debate this point—anything was better than the dumb pain of thought—but their talk ceased abruptly when a muttered exclamation from Gray sent Walker flying to the chart house. Forthwith the trumpet shriek of the siren sent its wild boom across the silent waters. Elsie needed no explanation of this tumult. Otter creek was not so far distant that canoes quitting its shelter could not be seen with the naked eye. She counted sixteen putting forth in a cluster, and they all made for the adventurous lifeboat.

"That is exactly what our captain expected," Christobal was ready to assure her. "He was certain he would reach the head of the bay before the Indians awoke to the meaning of his scheme. By this time, unless his plan fails, the men on shore should have joined him, no matter what number of savages may seek to oppose their passage to the boat. The only doubtful question is, Will he be able to beat off the rascals who are now cutting his line of retreat?"

"Huh," growled Boyle. "The skipper's out of sight now. Gone into a small creek or somethin' of the sort. Hope he heard the horn. Let her rip!" he added in a loud shout over his shoulder, and again the siren flung a warning to the foot of the mountain range.

It was evident that the wonderful eyesight of the Indians practically equalled the range of the telescope. The men in the canoes were aware of the lifeboat's disappearance, and their wet paddles flashed in the sun as they tore across the three miles of open water which separated the southern promontory from the inner shore of the island. Creeping nearer Boyle, Elsie whispered:

"For heaven's sake, say the lifeboat is visible again!"

He held up a hand to enforce silence. A deep hush fell on the ship.

"Listen!" he muttered, so low that Elsie alone caught the words. "Can you hear him?"

She thought she could distinguish an irregular patter of dull reports, and the behavior of the Indians showed that additional excitement was toward. Many of them stood up and waved their arms, possibly as a signal to their

allies on shore. The canoes raced madly. Where speed was vital the rough hewn native craft were far swifter than the solidly built lifeboat, with its broad beam and deep draft.

And that was all. Though they strained their eyes and spoke with bated breath, never a sight of boat or canoe was obtainable for hours after the latter were swallowed up by the trees which shrouded the creek at the foot of Guanaco hill.

Isobel Baring, moved by genuine pity for her distraught friend, tried to induce her to leave the deck, but she shrank away terrified by the fire which blazed from the blue eyes resting on her for an instant. Mrs. Somerville came, but she, too, was repulsed. When Christobal made a serious effort to lead her away she threatened him with the fierceness of a mother defending her child from evil.

But relief was vouchsafed in the worst throes of her agony.

Boyle or Gray had never relaxed a close vigil by her side. It was Gray who made the thrilling discovery that the canoes were returning. As the fleet crossed the bay it could be seen that they were towing the lifeboat, but never a sign of any prisoners could the most careful scrutiny detect. The boat was empty. It was easy to count every man in the canoes as they passed into Otter creek, and there were wounded Indians on board many of them. That was a significant, a tremendous fact. There had been hard fighting, and the boat was captured, but some, if not all, of the crew must have joined their comrades in the sanctuary of the haunted cave. The accuracy of this deduction was proved by the presence of the smoke column on the hill. Indeed, the opinion was generally held that its spiral clouds were denser than at any previous hour, thus showing that the defenders were endeavoring to make known their continued existence.

Elsie awoke from her trance, but in returning to life she was transformed into a stern, resourceful, commanding woman. None suspected the mighty force which worked this resolution in her nature. She conducted herself with a cunning that was wholly foreign to her character. Her first care was to hoodwink her companions into the belief that the strain of the day had passed. She accepted a cup of tea

brought by Isobel, expressed her sorrow if by word or look she had given cause for offense and entered eagerly into the pros and cons of the debate which sprang up as to the best course to pursue on the following day.

Every one agreed that nothing could be done that night. If the pillar of smoke were visible at sunrise and Walker could possibly manage to fire the boilers, Boyle suggested that some sailors in the jolly boat should sound a channel along which the vessel itself might steam slowly toward Guanaco hill. That in itself would be a move of considerable value. If they could lessen the distance between the shore and the ship, each yard thus gained would help the prisoners and impose a stronger barrier against the Alaculofs, who would probably be daunted when they found that the vessel's mobility was restored.

This proposal was deemed so excellent that they all dined in vastly better spirits than any of them anticipated. Christobal, puzzled out of his scientific senses by Elsie's change of manner, kept a close eye on her. He was amazed to see her eat a better meal than she had eaten for days, and she was normally a quite healthy young person, with a reasonably good appetite.

Boyle and Gray took the first watch, from 8 o'clock to midnight. Christobal and Walker shared the next one. By 4 o'clock it would be daylight, so the doctor was retiring early to his cabin when he met Elsie, by chance, as it seemed. She was self possessed, even smiling, with a certain dour serenity.

"The day's doings have tired me," she said. "I am off to bed. Will you rap on my door soon after dawn?"

"Yes," he replied, secretly marveling at her plea.

"I feel guilty to a slight feeling of nervousness," she went on. "Is your revolver loaded? Would you mind lending it to me? I think I could sleep more soundly if I had a reliable weapon tucked under my pillow."

A whiff of suspicion crossed Christobal's mind, but he brushed it aside as unworthy. At 5 o'clock that day he certainly would not have granted her request. But now, since the new hope



"But, senorita—"

had sprung up that Courtenay was alive, it was absurd to doubt her motives.

So it came to pass that Diego Suarez, lying asleep in his bunk, awoke with a start to find a shrouded figure bending over him.

"Is that you, Senor Suarez?" asked a voice, which he recognized instantly as belonging to the Senorita Maxwell.

"Yes," said he drowsily.

"Have you the witch doctor's clothes you wore when you came on board the ship?"

"Yes, senorita."

A hand, slight, but strong, grasped him by the shoulder. He felt the rim of a revolver barrel pressed against his forehead.

"Get up then! Dress quickly in those clothes and come out on deck. By the side of your bunk you will find tins of black and white paint to smear your face and hands. At the slightest refusal on your part to do as I bid you—if you utter a cry or make a noise to attract attention—I shall kill you without another word."

The soft voice had a steely ring in it which persuaded the man from Argentina that he had better obey. In less than five minutes he emerged from the doorway. The corridor in which his cabin was situated led into the salon. Elsie awaited him. A lamp, dimly lighting the gangway, revealed her face. Suarez thought he had to deal with a mad woman. The dog standing by her side sniffed at him gingerly, but a muttered "Be quiet, Joey!" prevented any outburst, every fox terrier being a born conspirator.

"What do you wish me to do, senorita?" began Suarez, thinking to placate her until he could obtain assistance.

"You must obey me in silence," she whispered tensely. "You must not even speak. One syllable aloud on deck will mean death. Walk in front of me up the main companion and go straight to the ship's side."

"But, senorita—"

The hammer of the revolver began to rise under the pressure of Elsie's finger on the trigger. The man's hair rose even more rapidly. His nerve was broken. He turned along the corridor in front of her, not knowing the instant a bullet might crash into his head. The girl followed so closely that she almost touched his heels. The dog would have trotted in front, but she recalled him.

When Suarez reached the port rail of the promenade deck Elsie breathed:

"Climb quickly and go down into the canoe by the rope ladder you will find there."

"The canoe?" gasped he.

"Quick! One, two—"

Up went Suarez over the rail. He found the topmost rungs of the ladder. As he descended the revolver followed his eyes. When his head was level with the deck the order came:

"Take the dog and go down!"

"I cannot, senorita."

"You must try. You are going down, dead or alive."

He did try. Joey scuffled a little, but Suarez caught him by the neck and made shift to descend. Elsie was already on the swaying ladder when Boyle's voice rang out sharply from the spar deck:

"Below there! Who is there?"

"I, Mr. Boyle," she answered.

"You, Miss Elsie? Where are you?"

"Here—not so far away!"

She was descending all the time. She had cast loose the rope which fastened the canoe alongside, and her difficulty was to hold the ladder and at the same time by clinging to the mast to prevent the canoe from slipping away with the tide. The revolver she gripped between her teeth by the butt.

Boyle, puzzled by the sound of her voice, ran from the side of the bridge down the stairs and across the deck. He was a second too late to grasp the top of the mast as it drifted out of reach. He heard Elsie utter a low voiced command in Spanish, and the dip of a paddle told him that the canoe was in motion.

"For the Lord's sake, what are you doing?" he roared.

"I am going to save Captain Courtenay," was the answer. "You cannot stop me now. Please hoist plenty of lights. If I succeed, look out for me before daybreak. If I fail, goodbye!"

(To Be Continued.)

Out of a total of 18 expeditions to the South Pole nine have been English.

## Women

Women who suffer from female ailments, frequently neglect their trouble, till a general break-down follows. Don't wait till your case is as bad as that—take Cardui in time. It is a safe, reliable medicine, for all women.

## Take CARDUI

Mrs. Rena Hare, of Pierce, Fla., tried Cardui and afterward wrote: "I was a sufferer from all sorts of female trouble, had pain in my side, drawing pains in my legs, could not sleep, had shortness of breath. I suffered for years, until my husband insisted on my trying Cardui. The first bottle gave me relief and now I am almost well." Try Cardui. It will help you.

NOTICE OF SALE.  
North Carolina, Johnston County, In the Superior Court, Before the Clerk.

Ida Joyner and John Joyner, her husband, Atlanta Sutton and Walter Sutton, her husband, Thad Barnes, Bessie A. E. Barnes, Cad Barnes, Claude Barnes, Frank Barnes and Harry Barnes

vs.  
Bunyan Barnes, William Warren, James Warren, Livia Barnes, Orie Barnes, Joe Davis, Sandy Davis, Connie Davis, Children of London Hooks, deceased, the Children of Bright Lamb, and Peter Barnes.

Pursuant to an order of sale made in the above entitled special proceedings by the Clerk Superior court of Johnston county, which order was duly approved by Judge W. R. Allen, of the Sixth Judicial District of North Carolina, the undersigned commissioners will sell at public auction, upon the premises near the residence of Sidney Wellons, in Boon Hill township, Johnston county, on the 14th day of August, 1909, at 10 A. M., the one-seventh undivided interest, right and title of the plaintiffs in and to the two parcels of land described as follows: (A) Beginning at a stake, Sidney Wellons' line, corner of Mrs. Catharine Oliver's dower, and runs with her line N. 2 1/2 E. passing her corner 98 poles to a stake in Sylvester Pearce's line, thence with his line on the 1th day of August, 1909, at corner of lot No. 2, thence with the line of said lot S. 2 1/2 W. 98 poles to a stake in Sidney Wellons' line, thence with his line S. 7 1/2 W. 16 1-3 poles to the beginning, containing 10 acres; (B) Beginning at a stake Sidney Wellons' line, corner of lot No. 1, and runs with the line of said lot N. 2 1/2 E. 98 poles to a stake in Sylvester Pearce's line, thence with said line S. 8 1/2 W. 14 poles to a stake, his corner, thence with his line S. 2 1/2 W. 42 poles to a stake, thence with his line N. 8 1/2 E. 4 poles to a stake, corner of lot No. 3, thence with line of said lot S. 2 1/2 W. 56 poles to a red oak, thence N. 8 1/2 W. 18 1/2 poles to the beginning containing ten acres.

Time of sale: Saturday, August 14, 1909, 10 A. M. Place of sale: On the premises, near Princeton, N. C. Terms of sale: 10 per cent cash, on day of sale, balance with interest January 15, 1910.

This July 15, 1909.  
L. H. ALLRED,  
E. S. ABELL,  
Commissioners.

## Southern Railway Schedule

N B These figures are published for information and are not guaranteed.

No. 21—Leaves Goldsboro, N. C., 6:45 a. m.; Selma, N. C., 7:40 a. m. Through train with Chair Car to Asheville, connecting at East Durham, N. C., for Oxford, Henderson, Keyville, and Richmond, at University for Chapel Hill, at Greensboro, for Charlotte, and all points South, also for Danville, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Washington, and all points North.

No. 139—Leaves Goldsboro, N. C., 2:05 p. m.; Selma, N. C., 3:00 p. m., for Greensboro, N. C., handles through sleeper Raleigh, N. C., to Atlanta, Ga., connecting at Greensboro, for all points North, South, and West.

No. 111—Leaves Goldsboro, N. C., 9:40 p. m.; Selma, N. C., 10:38 p. m.; handles sleeper Raleigh, N. C., to Greensboro, N. C. Connects at Greensboro, for Charlotte, Atlanta, New Orleans, Asheville, Knoxville, also for Danville, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Washington and all points North.

R. H. DeBUTTS,  
Traveling Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

W. H. TAYLOR,  
General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.

## See What We Offer You!

We now sell Hardware, Mill Supplies, Paints, Coffins and other undertakers goods.

If you are going to build and need anything in the way of building material, we think we can suit you. Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, Moldings, Mantels, Window and door frames, Doors, Shingles, Laths and Brick. We sell Reliance and other prepared roofing, screen doors and windows. Call to see us.

### John I. Barnes & Bro.

Clayton, N. C.

## Building Material

We manufacture and sell Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Brackets, Porch Trimings and turned work. Heavy Turning a Specialty. Come and see our Material.

## Four Oaks Lumber Co.

## Tobacco Flues

Do you want the best flues? If you do get them from S. B. Johnson the old reliable flue maker. He has been making them 15 years. If you need flues bring or send your order and he will make you the best flues at lowest prices.

If you need roofing I have the best at very low prices

## S. B. Johnson,

Smithfield, N. C.

## Elon College

Co-Educational :: Established 1890

Through college courses leading to M. A., A. B., and Ph. D. degrees. Strong and experienced faculty with highest University training. Good library, reading room, laboratories, literary societies, excellent music, art and elocution departments. Diploma from Elon admits to graduate departments in the highest universities.

Beautiful and healthful location, 17 miles east of Greensboro on Southern Railway. Best moral and religious influence. No hazing. New students met by reception committees from young people's Christian organizations connected with the college. Good equipment. All buildings heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and furnished with water, bath rooms, etc. A large new dormitory, with modern conveniences, has recently been built to meet the requirements of growing patronage. Expenses unusually moderate. Fall term opens September 1st.

E. L. MOFFITT, President,  
Elon College, - North Carolina.

NOTICE.

North Carolina, Johnston County, In the Superior Court, September Term, 1909.

Ella Hinnant, Plaintiff,  
Against  
Gillis Hinnant, Defendant.

The defendant, Gillis Hinnant, in this action entitled as herein, will take notice that an action has been commenced in the Superior Court of Johnston County, on the part of the plaintiff, Ella Hinnant, for absolute divorce, by virtue of Section 1561 of the Revisal of 1905, and the defendant, will further take notice that he will be required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of Johnston County, to be held the first Monday after the 1st Monday in September, 1909, it being the 13th day of September, 1909, at the Court House in said county, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

This July 14th, 1909.  
W. S. STEVENS, C. S. C.  
JOHN A. NARRON, Att'y. for Plaintiff.

BARBER SHOP.

I have opened a first class barber shop next door to the store of N. B. Snipes & Bro. Cleaning clothes, pressing and boot black work done in connection. A. D. PEARCE, Selma, N. C.