

The Captain of the Kansas.

By LOUIS TRACY.

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

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE events of the next hour were shadowy as the dawn to Elsie. She knew that her lover placed men in each of the canoes, that the lifeboat itself was crowded and that it began the seaward journey after the others had started.

They sped out of the twilight into the morning glory of the open bay, and never a savage boat disturbed the echoes. Some of the Alaculofs had dragged a couple of canoes from beneath the trees and raced off toward the village, others had followed a coast path known only to them, while if there were watchers by the side of that mysterious river which flowed both ways with the tide they kept a silent vigil, awed by the force arrayed against them.

As the lifeboat emerged into the estuary under the vigorous sweep of six ash blades Elsie's wondering glance rested on the brown plumpness of a girl who was gazing at Suarez with wistful, glistening eyes, much as Joey was regarding his master.

Courtenay caught the happy little sigh, half laugh, half sob, with which Elsie announced her discovery of the idol in the canoe.

"We owe a lot to that young person," he said. "None of us could make out a word she uttered when first we saw her. She loses what small amount of Spanish she can speak when she becomes excited, and it was sheer good fortune that some of the crew were with her when she swung herself down the side of the cliff to warn us of our danger; otherwise she might have been shot. I suppose Suarez told you what to expect?"

"You might as well be talking Alaculof yourself for all I can follow what you are saying," murmured Elsie happily.

Whereupon Courtenay took thought and explained that the channel which flowed through that amazing cut in the cliff led to the crater of an extinct volcano, into which the sea poured twenty feet of water each tide. An almost everlasting maelstrom raged within, as the water entered by a side-long channel and sent a whirlpool spinning with the hands of the clock until the enormous cistern was full and against them until it was empty. The sailors had taken refuge on a wide, sulphur coated ledge high above the vortex, and the presence of several skeletons showed that many an unfortunate had sought a last shelter there against pursuit. Every Alaculof knew of this retreat, but few dared approach it, as the roar of the water far below appalled them. There was only one path. When the hunters closed that their prey was safe. The alternative to capture was death by starvation. The Chileans and he himself during the past fourteen hours had subsisted on a bag of dried berries stolen by the girl when she first led the sailors thither.

"Didn't you see how eager we all were to search the lockers?" he asked. "But the rascals had cleared every scrap when the boat fell into their hands again with the falling tide."

She nestled close to him. "I saw nothing," she whispered. "My mind held but one thought—that you were alive, though indeed I was mourning you as dead. But now I am restored to my senses. I think I can grasp what happened. Did Joey find you?"

"Yes. You can guess my bewilderment when he sprang on top of me. I was lying down. I heard our sentries shouting, but paid no heed. As a matter of fact, Elsie, I, too, had abandoned hope. I could see no chance of escape. Great heaven—to think of your coming to my rescue! What made you do it?"

"Please go on. Tell me all. You shall hear my story afterward."

"Well, I jumped up, and Joey nearly fell into the crater with delight. I was just in time to save Suarez from being shot. Luckily he was a long way behind the dog, and I recognized his makeup."

Though Courtenay did not allow ten seconds to pass without a glance at the charming face by his side, he nevertheless had a sharp eye for events elsewhere. He saw smoke rising from the funnel of the ship. A line of flags dancing from the foremast told him that Boyle had discovered them as soon as they were clear of the deep shadow of Guanaco hill. But there were anxious moments yet in store. A fleet of canoes put off from Otter creek. There was every prospect of a fight before they reached their fortress. They had a long two miles to travel, and the Indians could attack them ere they covered half the distance.

A long blast from the ship's siren thrilled their hearts, but the excitement became frantic when three short, sharp blasts followed, and every sailor knew that the chief officer had signaled. "My engines are going full speed astern."

They spared many of their own lives and perchance others of greater value to the world by ceasing to paddle. The unlooked for interference of the great vessel was too much for them. They merely stared and cackled in amazement, while the small flotilla dashed toward the towering black hull, and Boyle lowered the gangway in readiness to receive the captain, his bride elect and a good half of the passengers and crew.

Courtenay lost not an instant of favoring tide and fine weather. When Boyle told him that Walker could work the engines under easy steam, he dashed up to the bridge three steps at a time. With his hand on the telegraph he superintended the hoisting on board of the lifeboat and two of the canoes, which he meant to carry away as trophies—be sure that Elsie's own special craft was one of them. Meanwhile Boyle saw to the safe stowing in the remaining canoes of the wounded Indians in the fore cabin, and a few furnace bars attached to a rope anchored them in midchannel, whence their friends could bring them to shore later.

At last the captain of the Kansas had the supreme satisfaction of hearing the clang of the electric bell in the engine room as he put the telegraph lever successively to "Stand by" and "Slow ahead." Gradually the ship crept north, gaining way as the engines increased their stroke and the full body of the ebb tide made its volume felt. Round swung the Kansas to the west just as the sun cleared the highest peak of the unknown mountains. How good it was to feel the steady thrust of the pistons, the long roll of the ship over the swell!

But best of all was to hear Elsie tell how Dr. Christobal had handed her a bulky packet, in which she found Courtenay's words of farewell, together with those wonderful letters

which fate had held back from her twice already. They were only glowing epistles from the hundreds of passengers on the Florida, but six of them were proposals from enthusiastic ladies, all well dowered and eager to give their charms and their cash to the safe keeping of the man who had saved their lives. It was with reference to some joking comment by Courtenay on these missives that his sister wrote to congratulate him on having escaped matrimony under such conditions.

Long before noon the Kansas cleared White Horse island. Thenceforth the run was due south until eight bells, when for the second time within a fortnight the captain set the course south-40-east.

Elsie noted that Count Edouard de Poincillit dined with the rest, sitting beside Isobel. Courtenay put in an ap-



"My engines are going full speed astern," peared later to partake of a hasty meal. He gave Monsieur a black look, but of course, catching Elsie's eye instantly, he meekly sat down and said nothing—nothing, that is, of an unpleasant nature.

Crawling quietly into the strait of Magellan at daybreak, the ship put forth her best efforts in the run through the narrows. Passing Cape San Isidro, she signaled her name, and it was easy to see the commotion created by her appearance. A real furor began when she approached Sandy point. A steam launch puffed off hastily from the side of a Chilean warship, and the commander brought the news that he had been sent specially from Coronel to search the western coast line thoroughly for the Kansas. He was about to return that day to report his failure to discover any trace of the missing vessel, and he listened in amazement while Christobal gave him a succinct history of the ship's doings.

At the end Courtenay presented him with a photograph of Elsie's chart, to which many additions had been made by her under her lover's directions. The position of the shoal and of Pillar rock, together with the set of the tidal current, was clearly shown, and it is probable that Good Hope inlet, notwithstanding its dangerous approach, will be thoroughly surveyed one of these days. Then perhaps more may be heard of those lumps of silver and copper ore which the savages hurried at the Kansas.

The cruiser hurried away under forced draft to report from Coronel, the nearest cable station. Thence she would go to Valparaiso, so she carried a sheaf of letters and one passenger, Frascuelo. Finding that he could not execute the needed repairs at Sandy point, Courtenay decided to make for Montevideo, where he would be in telegraphic communication with Mr. Bar-

ing. He was fortunate in making a shipwrecked crew on shore awaiting transport to England. He secured a full complement of officers and engineers, and the Kansas reached the chief port of Uruguay without any difficulty.

A sack load of telegrams awaited the ship. The Chilean man-of-war put into Valparaiso, after calling at Coronel, nearly three days before the Kansas dropped anchor on the east coast; hence there was time for things to happen, and they seized the opportunity. The copper market had turned itself inside out. The firm of Baring, Thompson, Miguel & Co. had rebounded from comparative ruin to a stronger financial state than ever, and Senor Pedro Ventana, after shooting a man named Jose Anacleto, had considerably shot himself. Evidently Frascuelo lost no time when he went ashore. Mr. Baring, too, reported that the dynamite wrapper had been traced to Ventana's possession.

When Isobel Baring heard this final item she fainted so badly that Dr. Christobal thought it advisable she should be taken to a hotel while the ship remained in port, but she vetoed this proposal determinedly when she recovered her senses and straightway confessed to Elsie that Ventana was her husband. She had foolishly agreed to marry him privately, and Anacleto had witnessed the ceremony. Within a month she regretted her choice. There were quarrels and threats. Ultimately an agreement was made that they should separate. Her father knew and approved of the arrangement. He could not afford to break openly with Ventana, and it must have been a dreadful shock to him when he learned that the scoundrel had plotted not only to destroy the ship, but to murder his wife at the same time.

"So, you see," she added, with a wan smile, "I did not give serious thought to your troubles, Elsie. Ventana could never have married you while I was alive."

Elsie's cheeks reddened. "I never told you he asked me to marry him," she said. "It would have been just the same had he done so. As it was, I feared the man. Now you know why I ran away from Chile. If I permitted another impression to prevail, I acted for the best. But the unhappy man is dead. Let us endeavor to forget him."

"His memory haunts me with an enduring curse!" cried Isobel bitterly. "Among my papers I had some letters of his, the marriage certificate and his written promise not to molest me. On that awful night when the ship was disabled I went to my cabin and secured them, or thought I did. At any rate, I could not find them when we landed on White Horse island, and from hints dropped by that wretched little adventurer De Poincillit I feel sure they have fallen into his hands. Believe me, Elsie, I was half mad when I helped him to steal the boat."

"Steal the boat! What boat?"

"Has not Captain Courtenay told you?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, he is a true gentleman. But you forget. You heard what he said to De Poincillit before he went to the Guanaco canyon?"

"Yes; I did not understand. Oh, my poor Isobel, how you must have suffered, while I have been so happy!"

"If only I could recover my papers!"— "May I ask Arthur to help?"

"He knows the worst of me already. One more shameful disclosure cannot add to my degradation."

"Isobel, how little you know him!" This spoke Elsie after fourteen days. Truly there is much enlightenment in a hug!

M. le Comte Edouard de Poincillit, to his intense chagrin, found that a ship's captain has far-reaching powers when he chooses to exert them. Rather than enter a Montevideoan jail, where people have died suddenly of nasty fevers, he not only restored the missing documents, but submitted to a close scrutiny of his own belongings, which resulted in the pleasing discovery that he was not a French count, but a denizen of Martinique—most probably a defaulting valet or clerk. No one troubled to inquire further about him. His passage money was refunded, and he was bundled ashore. Courtenay's view was that he had heard by some means of Isobel's intended departure from Valparaiso and deemed it a good chance of winning her approval of his countship, seeing that such titles are not subjected to serious investigation in South America. Suarez took his Fuegian bride up country, where Mr. Baring and Dr. Christobal established them on a small ranch.

Isobel renewed her voyage somewhat chastened in spirit, but her volatile nature soon survived the shocks it had received. By the time the Kansas put her ashore at Tilbury, to be clasped in the arms of a timid and tearful aunt, she was ready as ever for the campaign of glory she had mapped out in London and Paris.

Captain Courtenay, R. N., and his wife are not such distinguished personages, but their romance had a sequel worthy of its unusual beginning. They were married quietly a week after the Kansas reached London. There was some war scare in full blast at the moment, and a lord of the admiralty who deigned to read the newspapers thought it was a pity that a smart sailor should not risk his life for his country rather than in behalf of base commerce. So he looked up Courtenay's record and found that it was excellent, the young lieutenant's reason for resigning his commission being the necessity of supporting his mother when her estate was swept away by a bank failure. The sea lords made him a first rate officer of reinstatement in the service at a higher rank without any loss of seniority, and they went about the business with such dignified leisure that Dr. Christobal had time to

nod out, through men whom he could trust, that Elsie's small estate in Chile contained one of the richest mines in the country. He secured a bid of many thousands of pounds for it and advised Mrs. Courtenay to accept half in cash and half in shares of the exploiting company.

It was not unreasonable that Gray should go back to Chile to take charge of Elsie's mine; nor that Mr. Boyle should become captain and Walker chief engineer of the Kansas, while Tollemache settled down in England.

THE END.

The bamboo tree does not bloom until its thirtieth year.

The area of Lake Superior is about equal to that of Ireland.

WILL YOU need a new mower? Buy the Johnston. It is best. Cotter-Stevens Co.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE.

North Carolina, Johnston County. Bernice Wood, Adm. of Junius Wood vs.

S. W. McLamb.

By virtue of authority contained in a decree of the Superior Court of Johnston county entered at the May term, 1909, in the above entitled action then and there pending and tried the undersigned commissioners therein and thereby appointed, will, on Monday the 6th day of September, 1909, at twelve o'clock M. at the Court-house door in the town of Smithfield, North Carolina, expose to sale at public auction the following described real estate and personal property to-wit:

First Tract. All of Lot No. 1 in Block "E" in the C. C. Ryals' addition to the plat of the town of Benson, and begins at a stake, T. B. Wilkins' corner, and runs nearly East 50 feet to an alley; thence with said alley nearly South 140 feet to the beginning—said lot being on South side of Mill Street.

Second Tract. Being in town of Benson, beginning at the corner of R. B. Brady's lot and runs with Mill street nearly West 87½ feet to S. W. McLamb's line, and runs with said McLamb's line nearly North 150 feet to a stake; thence nearly East 87½ feet to the Northwest corner of R. B. Brady's lot; thence with said Brady's line 150 feet to the beginning containing a fractional part of an acre, and is on North side of Mill street.

Third Tract. Being that tract situated in Harnett county, conveyed by Nathan McLamb to S. W. McLamb by deed, containing fifty (50) acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Fannie Stewart, J. H. McLamb, Reaves, and others.

One H. B. Smith ten-inch moulder, planing machine, with all fixtures, one turning lathe (J. T. Towsley's make) and fixtures.

This 4th day of August, 1909. F. H. BROOKS, J. A. WELLONS, ED. S. ABELL, Commissioners

NOTICE OF SALE.

North Carolina, Johnston County.

By virtue of the authority contained in a judgment of Johnston's Superior Court at the May term 1909 in the action entitled James A. Wellons vs. Joseph E. Parker, the undersigned commissioner will, on the 13th day of September, 1909, at 12 o'clock M. (the same being Monday) sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court house door in the town of Smithfield, N. C., the hereinafter described lot of land:

"One lot in the town of Four Oaks, N. C., known as lot No. 1 in block "N" of said town and comprises the hotel buildings built by R. E. Baker." Sixteen feet on the south side of the above lot is excepted. Terms of sale cash.

This August 13th, 1909. JOHN M. MORGAN Commissioner.

NOTICE OF SALE.

North Carolina, Johnston County.

By virtue of the authority obtained at the March Term, 1909, of Johnston's Superior court in the cause entitled J. T. Hudson to the use of F. E. Wellons vs. Richard Ennis, Mary Fort and others, the undersigned commissioner will, on Monday, September 13th, 1909, at the Court house door in the town of Smithfield, N. C., sell for cash to the highest bidder the hereinafter described tract of land.

"One fourth of an acre situated in the town of Smithfield and located on Fourth street in said town and begins at the intersection of Quanqua Ditch on the east side of said Fourth street and runs E. with the line of said ditch to the town line ditch; thence up said ditch 17½ yards to a stake; thence W. parallel with first line to Fourth street; thence S. with said Fourth street 17½ yards to the beginning and containing one fourth (¼) of an acre."

Terms of sale cash. This August 13th, 1909. JAMES A. WELLONS, Commissioner.

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NOTICE.

North Carolina, Johnston County.

In the Superior Court, September Term, 1909.

Selma Iron Works, a Corporation, vs.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, Boston & Maine Railroad, et al.

Boston & Maine Railroad will take notice that an action entitled as above has been instituted and is now pending in the Superior Court of Johnston county for damages by reason of damage and delay in shipment of certain machinery from Hatfield, Mass., to Selma, North Carolina, July 25, 1907, shipped from Porter Iron Works to the plaintiff in this action.

Boston & Maine Railroad will further take notice that an alias summons in this cause was issued March 18th, 1909, and returned by the Sheriff of Johnston county endorsed, "Boston & Maine Railroad not to be found in Johnston county." Simultaneously with the issuance of said summons proceedings in attachment were issued out of the Superior court of Johnston county returnable to the September Term, 1909, of said court, and the Sheriff of said county, under and by virtue of said attachment, seized and levied on Boston & Maine Railroad box car No. 46,446 at that time situate on a side track of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co. near the town of Selma, North Carolina.

Boston & Maine Railroad will further take notice that it is required to appear at the September Term, 1909, of the Superior Court of Johnston county held on the 13th day of September, 1909, at the Court house in the town of Smithfield, said county, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff, or the relief therein demanded will be granted.

This 10th day of August, 1909. W. S. STEVENS, C. S. C. Pou & Brooks, Att'ys.

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, 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.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF THE JAMES BAREFOOT LANDS.

North Carolina, Johnston County.

In the Superior Court before the Clerk.

Miles R. Barefoot and others vs.

J. B. Barefoot and others.

By virtue of the authority contained in a judgment in the special proceedings, entitled as above, the undersigned commissioners will on Monday, September 13th, 1909, at 12 o'clock M. sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court house door in the town of Smithfield, N. C., the following described tract of land:

"Beginning at a stake and runs S. 3 W. 51 poles to a stake; thence S. 89½ E. 36 poles to a stake; thence S. 6 W. 45 poles to a stake; thence S. 85½ E. 22 poles; thence N. 3 E. 89 poles to a stake; thence N. 85½ E. 55 poles to the beginning and containing twenty-two and three quarter (22¾) acres more or less."

The same is being sold for a division. This August 13th, 1909. JAMES A. WELLONS, ED. S. ABELL, Commissioners.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the authority contained in a mortgage deed, executed to me on the 14th day of January, 1907, by Archie Artis and Virginia Artis, and duly registered in the Register's office of Johnston county in Book P. No. 9, page 186, I shall sell at public auction for cash, at the Court house door in the town of Smithfield, N. C., on the 28th day of August, 12 o'clock M., 1909, the following described land to-wit:

That tract of land lying and being in Johnston county, in Ingrams township, state of North Carolina, and bounded on the north by the lands of W. H. Upchurch and W. H. Graham; on the east by the Ransom Lee lands, on the South by the T. D. Sneed lands, on the West by the lands of W. H. Graham and Archie Artis. The same being the lands conveyed by Archie Artis, Sr., (now deceased) to Archie Artis, Jr., containing 65 acres more or less, and fully described in said mortgage.

This 26 day of July, 1909. J. H. Stanley, Mortgagee. Ed. S. Abell, Attorney.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of C. M. Kirkman, deceased hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 18 day of December, 1910 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 15th day of December, 1908. JAS. H. KIRKMAN, Adm.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Executrix on the estate of D. A. Bizzell deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 6th day of August, 1910 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 5 day of August, 1909. MRS. SARAH C. BIZZELL, Smithfield, N. C., R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR A bargain in crockery come to 1. 222 1/2, Cotton Street, S. C.