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# The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

(Entered accoording to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.)

(Continued.)

"Haven't heard so. You may be sure there's one waitin' for him somewhere. I know. There's no dodgin' luck, good or bad. I thought it was goin' to be that friend of yours, but she's off the register, poor lass. There! I didn't mean that. I'm an idiot, for sure. You see, I don't talk much as a rule, Miss Maxwell, or I should know better than to chin-wag like a blazin'—huh, like a babblin' fool."

Elsie turned her face aside when he mentioned Isobel. It seemed to her sensitive soul an almost unfair thing that she should be gossiping about trivialities when the girl who had commenced this unlucky voyage in such high spirits was lying beneath that grim sea behind the smiling headland. Yet she knew that Boyle meant no harm by his chatter. He was weak from his wound, and perhaps a trifle light-headed as the result of being brought from the stuffy saloon to the airy and sunlit chart-room. So she crushed a sorrow that was unavailing, and strove to put the sailor at his ease again.

"I do not find any harm in your remark,' she said resolutely. "Were it possible, I should have been very pleased to see Miss Baring married to a man of strong character like Captain Courtenay. By the way, who is keeping watch on deck?"

'The doctor was here with me until a few minutes ago. Then the skipper telephoned him. I guess there is some one on the lookout but you might just cast an eye shorewards. I'm not supposed to move yet."

He wriggled uneasily in his chair, for the spirit was willing; but Elsie made him lie quiet; she rearranged his pillow, and stepped on to the bridge. By walking from port to starboard, and traversing the short length of the spar deck, she could command a view of the bay and of most parts of the ship. She heard the dog scuttling down the companion; on reaching the after-rail, she saw the captain engaged in earnest, low-toned conversation with Tollemache and Walker. They were standing on the main deck near the engine-room door, and examining some thing which resembled a lump of coal; she saw the engineer take three similar lumps from a pocket.

Christobal appeared, carrying a bucket of water, into which the lumps were placed by Walker, who handled them very gingerly. After a slight delay, he began to crumble one in his fingers; still keeping it in the water, until finally he drew forth what Elsie recognized at once as a stick of dynamite. Though it was blackened by contact with the coal, she was certain of its real nature. She had visited a great many mines, and the officials always scared the ladies of the party by telling them what would happen if the explosives' shed were to blow up. She had even seen dynamite placed in the sun to dry, as it is very susceptible to moisture, and she wondered, naturally enough, why such a dangerous agent should be hidden in, or disguised as, a piece of coal.

She thought that the men should be made aware of her presence, so she leaned over and said:

'May I ask what you are plotting?"

They looked at her in surprise. They were so engrossed in their discovery that they had eyes for nothing else. Walker straightway plunged the sausage-shaped stick into the water again.

'What are you doing with that dynamite?' 'she demanded. "Do you intend to visit the Valley of the Golden Sands? If so, please take me. I am very poor.'

It was Courtenay who answered.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Mr. Boyle is in the chart-house."

"I know; but is any one else up there?"

'No.' '

"Then we shall join you at once."

Notwithstanding the serious demeanor of the men, Elsie was far from guessing what had happened. But she was soon enlightened.

"In which bunker was the coal placed which we shipped at Valparaiso?" Courtenay asked Boyle.

"In the forrard cross bunker," was the instant answer.

'And that was the first coal used in the furnaces?"

"Yes, sir.'

The captain's tone was official, exceedingly so, and the chief officer took the cue from his superior in rank.

"Did we get up steam with it?"

"There might have been a hundredweight or two lying loose in the stokehold, for all practical purposes, we have used nothing but the Valparaiso bunker since we left port."

"The rest of our coal was shipped at Coronel?'

"Yes, sir.'

"You hear? It is exactly as I have told you," said Courtenay, glancing at the others. "I must explain to you, Mr. Boyle, that I wished you to state the facts in front of witnesses before I gave you my reasons for cross-examining you on the matter. Mr. Walker and I have been certain, all along, that the furnaces were blown up wilfully. Now our suspicions are proved. This morning, after a careful scrutiny we came across a number of lumps of coal cleverly constructed out of small pieces glued together. In the centre of each lump was a stick of dynamite, protected by an asbestos wrapper. It was undoubtedly the intent of some miscreant that a number of these lumps should be fed into the furnaces. This actually occurred, as we know, but, by the mercy of Providence, the ship did not experience the full power of the explosion, or she must have sunk like a stone."

"Huh,' grunted Boyle. 'Who holds the insurance?"

"The shipper of the cargo, of course—Messrs. Baring, Thompson & Miguel."

"Worth a quarter of a million sterling, ain't it?"

"Yes.'

"Huh, it's a lot of money."

There was a momentary silence. Elsie's eyes grew larger, and she became rather pale. As was her habit when puzzled, she placed a finger on her lips. Christobal noted her action. Indeed, he missed few of her characteristic habits or expressions. He laughed quietly.

'I think you are quite right. Miss Maxwell,' he said. "This is one of the many instances in which silence is golden."

Taken by surprise, she blushed and dropped her hand. But Courtenay said promptly:

"There are some instances in which silence may be misinterpreted. Let me state at once that the shippers of the valuable cargo on board the Kansas will suffer a serious financial reverse if the ship is lost. Two thousand tons of copper may be worth a considerable fixed sum, but the lack of the metal on the London market at the end of January will have far-reaching consequences in a fight against the bull clique in Paris, and that is why Mr. Baring made this heavy shipment."

"Those consequences could be foreseen and discounted,' 'put in Tollemache, dryly.

"Exactly. But by whom? By the man who sent his only daughter as a passenger on this vessel?"

Every one scouted that notion. But Tollemache, though disavowing any thought of Mr. Baring as a party to the scheme, stuck to his guns.

"Somebody will make a pile when the Kansas is reported missing," he said.

"The insurance money will not be paid for a long time," Courtenay explained.

"No, but the copper market will respond instantly."

"Then the process has commenced already. The Kansas should have been reported yesterday from Sandy Point. The news that she has not arrived will soon reach the nearest cable station. There will be terrific excitement at Lloyd's when that becomes known."

"It is distinctly odd that Suarez should turn up last night, and tell us how gold slipped through his fingers five years ago. Let us hope the parallel wil lhold good for the gentleman who so amiably endeavored to send the Kansas to the bottom of the Pacific' said Christobal.

"It is rather a rotten trick," broke in Tollemache, "just a bit of Spanish roguery— Well, I'm sorry, Christobal, but I can't regard you as quite a Spaniard, you see."

"Nevertheless, I am one," and the doctor stiffened visibly.

"What Tollemache means is that he would expect you to take the English and straightforward view of a piece of rascality, doctor." Then Courtenay paused in his turn. "By the way,' he continued, with the frowning dubiety of one whose thoughts outstrip his words, "does any one here know a man named Ventana?"

"It is a name common enough in Chile,' 'said Christobal.

"If you mean Senor Pedro Ventana, who is associated with Mr. Baring in mining matters, I am acquainted with him," said Elsie. The men seemed to have forgotten her presence. They were wrapped up in the remarkable discovery which Courtenay himself had made by diligent search among the coal ready for use in the furnaces when the explosion took place.

For no reason in particular, save the unexpectedness of it, Elsie's statement was received with surprise. They all looked at her, and some of them wondered, perhaps, why her smiling eyes had lost their mirth. Yet there was nothing unreasonable in the mere fact that a certain Chilean named Ventana, who had business relations with Mr. Baring, should make the acquaintance of Isobel Baring's friend. As quickly as it had arisen, the feeling of strangeness passed.

Courtenay even laughed. Elsie as the Jonah of the ship was a quaint conceit.

"I mentioned Ventana because I was told he took some part of the insurance on his own account,' 'he explained. "But he was a member of Baring's copper syndicate, and, indeed, was spoken of as a mining engineer of high repute. Believe me, I was not jumping to conclusions on that account."

"I know him to be a very bad man,' said Elsie, slowly. Her face was white and her eyes downcast. It was evident that the sudden introduction of Ventana's personality was distressing to her, but Courtenay, preoccupied with the dastardly attempt made to sink his ship, did not observe this feature of a peculiar discussion.

"Bad! In what sense, Miss Maxwell?" he asked unguardedly.

"In the most loathsome sense. He is evil-minded, vicious, altogether detestable. If Mr. Baring knew his character as I know it, Ventana would not be allowed to enter his office."

"Pedro Ventana?" interrupted Christobal. "Is he a half-caste a tall brown-skinned man, who affects an American drawl when he speaks English—a man prominent in Santiago society and in mining circles generally?"

"Yes," said Elsie.

(To be continued.)


**WHAT IS POWER**

Nature supplies force. Wind turns the wind-mill. The brook turns the water-wheel. Coal runs the engine and food runs the man. Some things contain little force, some things much.

One substance full of power is

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Nature put the power there. It is a wonderful flesh-producer. This is not only a matter of nourishment but of new vigor and activity in the tissues.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.


## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

DRECOLL MODEL ENDORSED AT THE HORSE SHOW.

This coat suit in deep hazy purple velveteen accompanied by a blouse of crepe de chine and dyed lace in the same shade, with a touch of white at the neck, is a foreign model seen on the opening day of the New York Horse Show last month, and since copied by many of the high-class makers to ultra fashionables. Heavy black lace embroideries in lace design simulate a collar and form bands on the Japanese sleeves, finished with a facing of purple satin like the neck and coat fronts. There is a colonial vest of white cloth embroidered in gold. The purple felt cloche hat is trimmed with a drapery of silk in the same shade, and greenish black coq feathers.


**Deafness Cannot be Cured.**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


DID PART OF IT.

Mrs. Westende—Did you do the family washing in your last place?
New Maid—No, ma'am; only the baby and the dog. The rest of them washed themselves.

NO BEASTS ALLOWED.

Advance Agent—Our show has a very large repertoire.
Uncle Ben—Well, you'll have to put him up somewhere else. We ain't got no accommodations for wild animals.


**Mink Marmot Muff and Stole**

This set of furs is made of the finest quality Mink Marmot—which resembles Mink very closely—and is lined with rich dark brown satin.

Set shown in illustration—while they last— . . . . . $13.50

Same set, with high Storm Collar, $16.00

Buy your furs from the actual maker in Montreal, and save money.

**A. J. ALEXANDOR,**
Manufacturer of Fine Furs,
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MONTREAL.


THE REASON WHY.

"I told you I'd give you a kiss if you were good to-day, Tommy, and you've been naughtier than you ever were before. I don't understand it!"

## WAS SHE POISONED?

Thamesville, Ont.—The wife of a prominent citizen of Thamesville was the heroine of a mysterious case which has just been successfully solved. About a year ago, Mrs. J. W. Dulong began to suffer with headaches. There was no apparent cause for them. After trying the ordinary "headache remedies," and failing to get relief, Mrs. Dulong consulted several physicians who pooh-pooed the idea of anything out of the ordinary and told her she "would be all right."

Vague hints became rumors. Was Mrs. Dulong being poisoned? Yes, she was—and strangest of all, by herself. Not intentionally—nor with drugs—but nevertheless, she was slowly poisoning herself. Headaches are always a sign of blood poisoning. Bowels, skin and kidneys should rid the system of tissue waste. If one of these organs are weak or not acting properly, this waste stays in the system—is absorbed by the blood—and irritates the nerves and makes the headaches.

"I have tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and found them splendid for headaches," writes Mrs. Dulong after her recovery. "I feel so much better since I commenced taking them. I think they are a splendid medicine and" (note this) "I am recommending them to my friends." Everybody, who takes Fruit-a-tives, is grateful for the cures they effect. It is wonderful how quickly "Fruit-a-tives" give relief in all cases of stomach, liver, kidney and bowel trouble. If you suffer, get a box today; 50c., 6 boxes for $2.50. At your druggist or sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

## THE ATLAS HAD A TRAGIC VOYAGE 'ROUND THE HORN

### Fatal Collision, Deaths and Mutiny Were Incidents of 275 Day Passage.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 25—The American ship Atlas, dropped anchor here last night, 275 days out from Baltimore. It ended a voyage made tragic by a collision off Cape Horn, attended by the sinking of another vessel, the drowning of the ill-fated craft's captain and the captain's wife, mutiny on its decks and death among its crew.

On June 6 at 6 o'clock p. m., the Atlas struck the Norwegian bark Viking, Captain Peterson, bound from Hamburg to Callao. Both were badly damaged by the contact, but the bark fared worse. In the terror of the night thirteen of the crew of the Norwegian bark boarded the American ship, crawling over tangled shrouds and dangling booms, but Captain Peterson and his wife were not among those who made the dangerous transit, but it was too dark to render aid, though the Atlas stood by during the night and next morning the Viking had disappeared.

The Atlas put into Rio de Janeiro for repairs, leaking badly. On the way to this port, a mutiny took place among the crew, over some trouble with the mate, but it was easily quelled.

Before the collision off Cape Horn, three of the ship's company met death. On May 23, J. Schumacher and Charles Nolan, seamen, fell from the jibboom and were drowned. On June 15, John Hook, sailmaker, died and was buried at sea. When the ship arrived yesterday the captain's son and the third officer were ill and the vessel was ordered into quarantine.

The Atlas had a cargo of coal for the United States government. The vessel had been 120 days out from Rio de Janeiro and was overdue. Reinsurance had been ordered at 10 per cent.

The Viking was a new bark of 2,541 tons. Nothing has been heard of it after it began its last voyage until the Atlas brought in the tidings last night.

In the chapel of St. Vincent's convent, Christmas midnight high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Holland. Besides the sisters and orphans a number of the cathedral parishioners were privileged to be present.

## SITUATION IN KENT COUNTY

### W. D. Carter Has Not Yet Decided to Head the Government Ticket.

Moncton, Dec. 25.—Fresh complications are following the official announcement that Hon. James Barnes will retire from the field in Kent county. Among these disturbing elements is the report that W. D. Carter has not yet consented to take a place on the government ticket as his future is causing him some uneasiness. He wants either to hold his present federal appointment, which he cannot continue to do if he runs, or to be assured of something more lucrative in the likely event of defeat.

Politicians here who are acquainted with the situation, are convinced that the removal of Mr. Barnes in the manner in which it was brought about and the circumstances which attended it have made the task of pulling the government out of the hole an impossible one either for Mr. Carter or anyone else.

Urbain Johnson is reported to have complained bitterly to his friends and followers of the treatment accorded him by Messrs. Barnes and Gogain in arranging for the next government ticket and is said to have characterized their conduct to him as "an insult to the whole Acadian people." It is now believed in Kent county that Mr. Johnson will use his influence with the Acadians in a way that will be decidedly unpleasant for the government ticket when finally completed.

The report is in circulation here to the effect that at the last meeting of the government before the advent of Dr. Pugsley, it had been decided to call on the elections in the near future and the premier, Messrs. McKeown and LaBillois were made a committee to carry out the necessary arrangements, each one having a section of the province assigned to him in which he was to add the finishing touches to the government's preparations. It is said, however, that when Dr. Pugsley arrived these gentlemen were compelled to confess that they had encountered difficulties, one explanation given being that many of the men invited to become candidates wanted some guarantee that their campaigns would be liberally financed without it being necessary for them to deplete their own pockets. There is a belief that the government is alarmed because of the discovery that so much difficult work remains to be done.

## REV. H. F. WARING REMEMBERED

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 25—Rev. H. F. Waring, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Halifax, was today presented with a magnificent fur lined coat and substantial check by the members of his congregation. Mrs. Waring was given a valuable mink muff. Very complimentary remarks were made to Mr. Waring on the occasion of the presentation by the delegation that waited on the Warings.


# Eruptions

**The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is**

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

**Which has cured thousands.**


## SHOT HIS WIFE

Hyde Park, Mass., Dec. 25—Dr. Walter R. Amesbury, of Milford, shot and instantly killed his wife, Anna, aged 40, a teacher of music in Roanoke College, Danielsville (Va.), and widely known as a singer, in the presence of his mother-in-law and two sons, as the family were about to sit down to their Christmas dinner at the home of Mrs. Jennie Rees, mother of Mrs. Amesbury, at 220 Metropolitan avenue, here, today.

The shooting was the result of family troubles which have been going on for some time as a result of which it is claimed that Mrs. Amesbury was intending to begin divorce proceedings.

Mrs. Amesbury came from Virginia to join her family for Christmas. Dr. Amesbury came from Milford, where he had an office for some time and there were also present Walter R. Amesbury, Jr., and Ira Amesbury, who make their homes with their grandmother, Mrs. Rees.

The family were about to sit down to their dinner shortly after 12 o'clock, when the shooting took place. Dr. Amesbury shot twice, with a 22 calibre revolver, and both shots took effect in the right breast of his wife, who dropped dead.

Dr. Amesbury was placed under arrest immediately after the shooting. The body of Mrs. Amesbury was taken to Graham's undertaking rooms and Medical Examiner Charles Sturtevant summoned. An autopsy will be performed tonight.

## FIRE AT HAVELOCK

Sussex, N. B., Dec. 25.—The beautiful residence of Wm. J. Alward, who resides two miles from Havelock, was completely destroyed by fire this morning at 10 o'clock. The fire started in the second story and before it was discovered the entire flat was in flames. As nothing could be done to stay its progress the occupants got what little stuff they could from the first floor.

The neighbors turned out and formed a bucket brigade and it was only by hard fighting that the adjoining buildings were saved.

The loss is partly covered with insurance. Mr. Alward's loss is in the vicinity of $3,000. This residence was formerly owned by Abraham Alward, provincial librarian of Fredericton.

## THE HAMILTON ROAD RACE

Toronto, Dec. 25.—(Special)—Tom Coley, the Irish Canadian athlete, won the Christmas road race at Hamilton today, doing the ten miles in fifty-nine minutes four and four-fifths seconds, which was good time considering the roads, which were all the way covered with slush. Tom Ellis was second in 60 2-3 and Hilton Breen third in 61 5-5.


## Sinking Sensations, Loss of Control Indicate Decay of Health

At the outset these very distressing sensations indicate that the sympathetic nervous system is being starved, and in consequence, rendered very irritable. One portion of the nerve organization is deprived of a sufficient supply of blood, and to make matters worse other portions are burdened with an excess of blood.

To restore equilibrium and tone to the entire nervous organization nothing acts with such certainty as Ferrozone. Clearly it is the duty of weak, nervous people to use Ferrozone which contains the exact constituents that are needed to restore the debilitated nerve cells.

Even in those cases where cure seems almost hopeless, quick benefit attends the use of Ferrozone which goes right to the source of the nerve weakness. The efficacy of this great nerve tonic has been demonstrated so many times that the permanency of its cures is undoubted.

The best medicine for restoring virility and strength is Ferrozone.

The time to take Ferrozone is when you first feel tired, and when appetite fails, and when nerves get irritated.

Its record is marvelous—it makes you feel strong and sturdy, brings health that outlasts old age. Mrs. Mary Melong, of Harbor Bouche, Nova Scotia, writes:

"Ferrozone built me up.

"Before using it I scarcely knew what good health meant. I was as miserable and weak as any woman could be. Tired from morning till night, bothered by trifles, unceasingly nervous. The first box of Ferrozone improved my blood, gave me appetite, in a short time I was like a new person. Now I rejoice in abundant good health."

Ferrozone will make an unexpected improvement in your looks, your feeling, your health. At all dealers, 50c. per box, or six for $2.50. By mail, from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.



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