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**The Captain
of the Kansas**
By LOUIS TRACY.

(Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at

(Continued.)
"Where are the others?" she asked; "and why are you taking things so coolly?" Captain Courtenay said—
"Captain Courtenay said exactly what he meant. But circumstances proved too strong for him. We shall not be able to leave the ship just yet."
"Can't they lower any of the boats?"
"Most decidedly. Two boats have been gone some time. I imagined you knew that. Did not the captain tell you?"
"At another time Elsie would have laughed at the prevalent delusion that she enjoyed Courtenay's confidence so thoroughly. But she felt that her companion's gibes were artificial. Something had occurred which he was keeping from her. She believed that he had gone to the moon to procure the wine so that she might have what men called Dutch courage when bad news came.
"I have not exchanged a dozen words with the captain since you refused my help in the fore cabin," she said. "He had other matters to attend to than explaining the progress of events to me. Why cannot you trust me? I shall not scream, nor faint, nor hinder you in your work; I ask you again—Where are the others?"
"You mean Miss Baring and Mrs. Somerville?"
"Yes."
"If they are living they are far enough away by this time. When their boat was lowered it was cast off prematurely—"
"Purposefully?"
"Well—yes. Courtenay had just placed Miss Baring's maid on board when some of the crew let go the ropes. What could we do? We were forced to depend on them."
"Is there no other boat?"
Christobal threw out his hands in his characteristic gesture. He was so emphatic that he spilled some of the wine.
"You take it bravely," he said. "I may as well give you the whole story. The first boat lowered was lost, through the men's own bungling, the captain says. Then there was a desperate fight for the three remaining craft. Most of the officers were killed. Courtenay got a few of us together when Leobel and Mrs. Somerville joined you here, and we held off such of the madmen as tried to seize the jolly-boat. They managed to lower two lifeboats, but, between murder and panic, not half of the crew escaped in that way. Four men who were left behind, promised obedience, and Malcolm, the steward, was placed in charge, with Mr. Gray as second in command. One of the engineers, acting on the captain's orders, brought a can of oil from the engine room and threw it over the side in handfulls. The result was magical. We lowered the boat easily, placed Monsieur de Poincillit on board, because he was worse than the women, and then Courtenay, as you know, brought Isabel, the minister's wife—who refused to go without her husband—and the maid. There was room for you and another, so, at the captain's request, Tollemache and I tossed for the vacancy. Meanwhile, Courtenay had turned to go for you, when we heard a shout from Gray; two of the Chileans had cast off the ropes which kept the boat alongside. Gray, who was

PIMPLES

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SHE SITS IN A FUR-LINED BAG.

Any contrivance which adds to the comfort of the motorist is sure to find favor with the enthusiast of this sport. Now it is the fur-lined bag—Sleeping bag. It is sometimes called, from the fact that it resembles not a little the bag which the Esquimaux and Laplanders slept in. It is made of leather like that of the illustration and lined with fur—wambeck,

sea splashed over him and sent a shower into the cabin. "A very wet bone," he added, with a broad grin, for the Northumbrian had a ready wit though he had such a solemn jowl, and he could not pronounce an "it" to save his life.
"Between you and the captain, I am beginning to be infected by belief," said Christobal to Elsie. "Let me recommend you to close the door behind us."
And she was left with the dog for company once more. A chronometer showed that the hour was past midnight. She knew sufficient of the sea to understand that the clock was probably accurate, as the course had practically followed the same meridian since the Kansas quitted Valparaiso. So the ship and those left on board had entered on another day! How little she had thought that to be possible when the awful knowledge first came to her that the Kansas was ashore! How long ago was that? Then she remembered that when Courtenay placed her in his cabin with the promise to bring Isabel to board, she had noticed the time—eleven one hour had elapsed since she and her four-footed friend were flung all of a heap into a corner by the impact of the vessel against the sandbank? One hour! Surely there was some mistake; she puzzled over the problem, recounting each event since the conclusion of dinner, and finally convinced herself that her recollection was not at fault. An hour—one of eternity's hours! A verse of the 90th Psalm came to her mind:
"For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."
The words had a new and solemn meaning to her. Yesterday was her thousand years—this was her watch in the night—and it would pass as a tale that is told. Involuntarily she turned to the bookcase behind her, and took the Bible from the little library of books which she had laughingly described as "a curious assortment." It was her intent to find the psalm containing that awe-inspiring verse, and read the whole of it, but, in turning over the leaves, she came upon a scrap of paper with notes on it. The handwriting was scholarly and legible. She thought that Captain Courtenay would probably write just such a hand. Though her cheeks tingled a little at the memory of the words in his sister's letter, there was no harm in reading a memorandum evidently intended to mark a passage in the book. The items were sufficiently striking: "Meribah—a place of strife; Selah—a repetition, or sort of musical da capo."
This stirred her to seek an explanation. She searched the two pages which opened at the marker, and, in the seventh verse of the 131st Psalm, she found the key: "Thou caldest in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder; I proved thee at the waters of Meribah, Selah."
(To be continued.)
Allan Imer Sardinian, Captain Henry, sailed last night for London via Havre with about 250 passengers.

Catarrh

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Wolf Hunting Party

Montreal, Dec. 19—When the annual wolf hunting party of the C. P. R. starts out next January there will be eight heavily armed ladies on the warpath. Last year the wolf hunt was composed exclusively of men, and it was not much of a success, only three of the animals being slain, during a moment of abstraction, when they were too busy hunting a deer to be on the lookout for their own hunters. The stories of good times excited the interest of the ladies, and so many enquiries have come in that L. O. Armstrong, who is organizing the next hunt, was compelled to make provision for lady huntresses as well. The ladies will have to wear bloomer outfits, and in every other way will be equipped in the same way as the men.
The suspicion that they are being taken along as bait, is strenuously denied, but it is thought that their presence will render the hunt much more popular with the hunters as well as with the wolves.

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