

OUR NEW SERIAL

The Captives of the Kaid

By B. MARCHANT

opsis of Previous Chapters.

The thirteen-year-old Lalla was the daughter of Squire Trevor of Squire Manor. One day while on a picture gallery she came a picture turned face to the...

thrill," ventured the Kaid, with a wiggle on his leadard-skin, breaking a silence which had lasted long enough for Timbuctoo to make up his mind on several points.

Lalla had warned him of the importance of this information, since it would take weeks, perhaps months, to reach unaided through the network wooded valleys, and among the towering hills intervening between the east and the borders of the great west.

Timbuctoo was also keenly on the alert, though he looked as calmly undisturbed as it was possible for any one to do.

Timbuctoo spoke again, with the air of a man who has made up his mind. "There seems to be a little disturbance out yonder, and it's coming nearer. I shouldn't myself be surprised if your people are coming to tear you limb from limb because of your cruelty to the poor wretches that you've bartered and sold."

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are intending to hawk and hew; but in that case, I warn you I'm going to have my innings first, and as soon as the first of them singly individuals bursts into that outer room behind me, I shoot, unless you up and tell me where then shipwrecked people are hid."

The Kaid squirmed violently, but did not speak, and at that moment the noise of a wild uproar swept into the room beyond. Timbuctoo raised his right hand, taking careful aim. "Now then— one—two—"

CHAPTER XIV. The Hut in the Argan Forest. It was not until the Sylph struck, that Sir Basil discovered his mistake, and saw that instead of running for the harbor of Arkata, he had blundered into a rocky cove, where his beautiful yacht, caught on the rocks, must be dashed to pieces by the tremendous waves rolling in from the ocean.

But there was no time for regret, or unavailing remorse because he had not taken his first mate's advice and kept the Sylph out at sea. The only thing to be done now was to land passengers and crew as speedily as possible—that is, if landing were possible under such circumstances, and with the tempest upon them shrieking in their ears, while thunder crashed and lightning quivered.

No little boat could live in such an angry turmoil of waters, even if it could have been lowered, and Sir Basil was looking certain destruction for himself, and his passengers, and crew in the face, when a huge mass of water struck the Sylph, lifting her from the rocks on which she had grounded, and flinging her on to the shore of the little bay, where again she was caught and held, but for how long who should say?

It was a desperate chance, but, being a desperate man, Sir Basil hesitated not at all about taking it, and immediately shouted for volunteers to take a rope ashore.

Davidson and another sailor immediately sprang forward, and with the rope round to their screeching bodies, went over the side down to the scething, boiling abyss below; while those on board watched them disappear, knowing full well that their own chance of safety went with the brave fellows, whom the spume and fret of the mighty billows had already swallowed out of sight.

Meanwhile, in the hope that they might get through that scething whirlpool to the land beyond, a cag had been hastily fitted up in readiness, and the women brought on deck, so that not a moment need be lost. The stewardess, who had faced death from shipwreck more than once before, stood calm and alert, prepared to obey the orders of those in command, knowing well that in implicit obedience lay her best, perhaps her only chance of life.

But Lalla and her mother clung to each other in the close embrace which meant that they would rather perish together than that one should escape and the other go down, whilst Sir Basil, watching them, groaned to think of the peril into which he had brought them.

dragging it ashore with a stouter cable in its wake. After that came a breathless time, and one by one, Mrs. Trevor, Lalla, and the stewardess had been dragged in the extemporized cage across that black gulf to the safety of the land beyond.

The Sylph was breaking up fast, and everybody left on board knew it. Still, there was no panic, only the sharp, short orders, as the ready "Ay, ay, sir," of prompt obedience.

Sir Basil was the last to leave; and as he stood on deck, trying to fasten the rope about him, so that if he failed to get through that vortex of whirling get water, his body at least might be hauled on board, a heavier sea struck the yacht, battering it with such tremendous violence as to tear a great hole in the side, through which the water poured with the roar of a cataract.

It was now or never, and fearing to be drawn down with his sinking vessel, Sir Basil leaped overboard, the big dog Boom jumping with him, as if to bear him company on that perilous voyage. Save for the dog he never could have won through, expert swimmer though he was; but, clinging with one arm to Boom's neck, and with the other held catching the rope, he was dragged ashore.

The shipwrecked company had escaped with their lives only, and were gathered in a huddled group under the lee of the cliff, trying to make the best of a direful situation, when the tempest began to abate, the thunder grew faint and far away, and the moon came up, sending a flood of silvery light athwart the broken masses of cloud, although the wind blew with hurricane force and the sea was running angry mountains high.

"There must be houses and people somewhere!" exclaimed Sir Basil, clambering up on the wind-swept headland to gaze out over as much of the scene as was made visible by the fitful light of the moon.

"People there doubtless are; the only trouble is that it would perhaps be better for us if there were none," replied Davidson, who had clambered up also, and stood shading his eyes with one hand.

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Basil, sharply. "This coast has always borne such a bad name, so survivors from wrecks are ever heard of as hailing from here," the mate answered moodily. "Perhaps there are none to be heard of," returned the other quickly. "I can't say, I'm sure; but rumor"

speaks of Arab slave-traders, who regard the human flossam hung up by the sea as their own peculiar prerogative, and we have ladies with us," the mate said tersely.

Sir Basil groaned. But only for a minute did he give way to despair; then, jerking his head up, with an air that was almost defiant, he said bravely, "Well, had as the look-out is, we've got to make the best of it; and the first thing to be done is to make a fire; so come along, and lend a hand getting fuel to make it with."

This proved no difficult task, and in half-an-hour a bright blaze was leaping up, by the warmth of which the shipwrecked company dried their saturated garments, striving each to put the brightest possible face on the calamity of the night, and to assure themselves and everybody else that success must come with the morning.

Mrs. Trevor and Lalla were huddled under one big cloak, while the stewardess sat close to them; but Boom raced up and down as if in wild delight at finding himself on shore, baying at the moon, and frisking round generally, as if being shipwrecked were rather a pleasant diversion than otherwise.

Then, suddenly, from out of the darkness there appeared a figure, all swathed in ghostly white garments such as the Arabs wear, who demanded in no pleased tone the reason of this trespassing of strangers in his domains.

(To be Continued.)

HULL, P.Q., ST. RAILWAYMEN REACH AGREEMENT. The deadlock which has existed between the Hull Electric Railway Company and its employes since December last was broken last week when at a joint meeting of Mr. B. Gordon Gale, vice-president of the company, and Messrs. J. Gibens, A. Noel and N. Sutherland, representing the street railwaymen's union, an amicable settlement of the dispute was arrived at.

By the verbal agreement which was entered into, the maximum wage for motormen and conductors until July first this year will be 45 cents an hour, which is a reduction of two cents an hour over the 1921 rate, but is three cents more, as four than the men have been getting since December first, when the company put into effect a five-cent per hour reduction.

The company also agrees to make the agreement retroactive, so that the men will have three cents an hour coming to them as from December first, when their wage scale was cut from 45 cents to 43 cents an hour.

The meeting was called at the request of the employes, and it was the first held since negotiations were broken off about three weeks ago, and the services of the labor department were requisitioned in an effort to bring about a settlement.

Mr. Gale stated that the company had agreed to the 45-cent rate, instead of the schedule at first decided upon of 43 cents an hour, in order to meet its employes half way, and that in July next, if the cost of living continued to decrease, the wage question would have to be reopened again.

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