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OUR NEW SERIAL

The Captives of the Kaid

By B. MARCHANT

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Thirteen-year-old Lalla was the granddaughter of Squire Trevor of Oakenhurst Manor. One day while visiting the picture gallery she came across a picture turned face to the wall. She was told that it was the picture of the Squire's eldest son who had been disowned by his father and had never been heard of since. During a thunder storm Lalla is lost in the woods, and is brought home by a young sailor lad who hurriedly leaves without waiting to be thanked. Circumstances lead to the belief that the lad is the son of the Squire's eldest son. Mrs. Trevor's brother accompanied by Lalla and her mother start on a cruise down the African coast. A storm arises and the yacht is wrecked and the crew are taken prisoners.

Sid of Bashir, a native of the harbor of Arkaso, is in the habit of buying his wealth in different places. Once he and his servant Hashem are followed by a boy named Ighil, who sees his master killed by the servant and the paper with the plan of where all the wealth is buried taken from him. Ighil goes to a neighboring diyar. A few years later when the old Kaid dies a rich man whom Ighil recognizes as Hashem is made Kaid. Twenty years have passed when a big ship comes anchor at the harbor to inquire for a yacht that is believed to have been wrecked there a short time before. Lalla's dog is found by Ighil, badly wounded. Captain Elsieby, of the large vessel, was refused an audience with the Kaid. Ighil tells the story of the Kaid to Timbuctoo, who decides to hold up the Kaid. Timbuctoo demands information as to the whereabouts of the Nyth's survivors.

His language was a queer mixture of many tongues, but by dint of using a little Spanish, some French of a very indifferent quality, and filling up the blanks with English, Sir Basil contrived to make the shrouded stranger understand that they were a

hours before he returned, and then there were other shrouded forms with him, their flapping cotton garments dirty and travel-stained, exuding odors of unwashed humanity with every movement of the wearers.

The crew of the Nyth shrank away in instinctive disgust, each man in his secret heart wishing for some weapon, were it only a good stout stick, to interpose between them and the treachery which might lurk underneath those dirty cotton cloths. But being absolutely defenceless, and destitute of everything save their wearing apparel, there was nothing for it but to hope for the best, and follow these unsavoury strangers, who so readily undertook to provide them with every good the country could supply.

"Where is Boom?" asked Lalla presently. She and her mother were mounted on one mule, which was led by Sir Basil; the stewardess, who was a woman of bulk, sitting in solitary state on the second animal.

No one had seen the dog, and though Lalla whistled, and Sir Basil whistled also, the two sending their shrill summons through the monotony of darkness of the night, there was no response, not even the distinct whining cry that might have been expected from the big dog, had it been caught in a trap of any kind.

Then Sir Basil questioned the big, calico-encased man stalking in solemn silence at his side. It was this individual whom Boom had foley lowed, growling his ill will as he went. But the man knew nothing, or said he did not; and Sir Basil was fain to believe that either the creature had wandered so far as to be out of reach of the sound of the whistles, or else that there had been some foul play, and Boom had paid the penalty of that too candid expression of ill will.

Lalla shed a few silent tears over this unexplained defection on the part of her favourite, then quietly unfurled the wide sash of soft white silk that was tied round her waist, so that one end of it dragged on the ground. Boom was so clever, that she was sure, if he were still alive, he would be able to track her even by that faint clue; and then, leaning her tired head against her mother's shoulder, she watched with languid curiosity the progress of that long night journey.

There appeared to be no road, scarcely even a path, sometimes the way led up steep hill sides, scantly covered with grass or patches of thorny scrub; sometimes it went downwards to thickly wooded val-

leys, deep in black shadows—fear-some places which made her shiver—and twice they crossed a noisy, babbling brook.

The journey seemed very long and every one in that little company of shipwrecked people was thoroughly tired out, when at length they entered a grove of thick trees, which, from their likeness to an English yew, Sir Basil judged to be argan trees, for although these trees were supposed to be peculiar to certain parts of Morocco, he knew from travellers' stories that their habitat was by no means of such limited area as was generally believed.

Under the dark shadows of these trees they went for a quarter of a mile or more, until they finally stopped before a long, low shed, built against the side of a huge rock or cliff. It was a poor enough shelter, and so weary were the unfortunate travellers, that every one was too thankful for rest to have any disposition for grumbling.

A fire was speedily lighted, over which a big pot was slung, and a mixture of some kind warmed up for the hungry wayfarers; then, when it seemed sufficiently hot, in the opinion of the calico-covered strangers, to be eaten, the pot was taken from the fire, placed upon the ground, and the company invited to partake.

No one moved at first, until Lalla, with a ringing, merry laugh, stooped over the pot, and after a preliminary sniff, poked her fingers in warily, extracting, after a good bit of fishing, the half of a chicken, which she carried off in triumph to share with her mother and the stewardess. Then the others crowded round, and, although every one was not so fortunate as to find tit-bits such as Lalla had secured, the hotch-potch, though coarse, was savoury and satisfying.

When the meal was done, the men lay down in a group to snatch sleep as was possible under the circumstances; but Sir Basil sat until dawn, with his back against the door of the hut into which Lalla, her mother, and the stewardess had retired, whilst the very liveliest misgivings filled his heart, banishing even the desire of sleep from his tired eyes.

up a steep incline, whilst a lean figure squatted on the upper edge of the basin from which the clay was taken, with a serviceable-looking musket held ready for instant use, should occasion seem to call for it.

Sir Basil's hands were sore already, but his heart was sore still; only the pain was not for himself, but that the helpless one in his care—his sister and Lalla first, and after those two, the brave, capable stewardess, and the crew of active, willing sailors—all caught like unwary flies in the meshes of this voracious human spider—the big black man who called himself the Kaid of Isqueder.

It was in the dawning of that first morning after the shipwreck that the full extent of this calamity became known to these victims of disaster; when a file of spectral figures in flapping cotton draperies, all armed with muskets, came winding along the track under the argan-trees, taking up a semi-circular position in front of the hut and the group of still sleeping sailors. The big man who had first accosted them on the sea-shore appeared, and letting the dirty cotton draperies fall away from his brawny black shoulders, stood in front of his shrouded satellites, and informed the shipwrecked company that they were captives at his pleasure; and that until he should arrive, they were to work in the clay pit, whence the clay was dug for the making of the sun-dried bricks used in Isqueder architecture, such as it was.

His announcement was received with meredulous dismay; but it was useless to protest with any degree of vigour against the decision, seeing that a dozen muskets were held in instant readiness to repress any tendency towards insurrection on the part of the prisoners.

(To be Continued.)

MONTREAL ARBITRATION BOARD FILLED

Grant Hall, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been chosen third arbitrator on the board which is to probe into the differences existing between the city of Montreal and the local police force. Joseph Quintal is the arbitrator for the city and J. T. Foster for the police-men. The differences are of minor importance.

WANT SHODDY ADVERTISED.

Trenton, N.J.—Senator White has introduced a bill in the state legislature which would require the percentage of wool to be labeled in every piece of cloth.

Advocates of this legislation have urged congress to enact this plan into a federal law. They show that much so-called pure wool cloth consists of shoddy, worked over five and six times, with just enough virgin wool to hold it together.

CITY COURTS ASSAILED.

New York.—Municipal courts in certain sections of this city fall far short of giving justice to poor litigants, according to the annual report of the legal aid society.

These "poor man's courts" are not living up to their reputation. It is stated, because of the arbitrary action of clerks and marshals on whom the successful litigant depends for the collection of his judgment.

"When a person seeking justice has established his right in a court of law and then finds that he is no better off than when he started, having a judgment that no one will both to collect, his respect for law receives a rude shock," says the report.

"In suing for small amounts loss of time is a fact which the litigant must seriously consider. Most of the judges lose sight of this consideration. They grant adjournments recklessly against all objections."

TRUST NOT SMASHED.

Washington.—Two years ago Attorney General Palmer announced that he had smashed the meat trust—or, rather, that the meat trust agreed to dissolve by signing a pledge that it would release control of related products, such as groceries, etc.

Now it is found that the packers have not fulfilled their agreement and they are trying to have the agreement modified.

It is charged that a far west fruit growers' association, which is urging a modification, is controlled by the packers.

The agreement has also resulted in permitting the packers to escape prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law, as charged by the federal trade commission two years ago. The offenses are now outlawed under the statutes of limitation.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE UPHOLD.

Washington.—In two decisions, based mainly on technicalities, the United States supreme court has upheld the equal suffrage amendment to the federal constitution. One of the suffrage appellants was Charles S. Fairchild of New York, former secretary of the treasury and president of the association opposed to woman suffrage.

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