

Her Little Boy Caught Cold While Out Playing

Mrs. F. Cade, Elmwood, Man. writes: "My little boy caught cold while out playing in the snow. He coughed incessantly all that night and the next day, and nothing I gave him seemed to relieve him. When my husband came home he brought a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

with him. After the second dose my boy was greatly relieved and after the third dose he went to sleep and slept the whole night through without any coughing. I am never without it in the house, and whenever any of the children get the slightest cold it's the first thing I give them."

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THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN

By E. J. RATH Author of "The Nervous Wreck," etc.

"Did you know it was plugged?" he demanded.

"I suspected it; it didn't look like a very good one. I'd been trying to get rid of it for a long time."

"Why didn't you give it to Henry?"

"Oh, I never give Henry anything less than a dime."

"So I'm in the jitney class, am I?"

"Well—hm! Well, you see, Henry never carried the rolls in his pocket. But I'll give you a good nickel in exchange, if you like."

"No, you won't," he said, as he restored the coin to his pocket. "I prefer this. Anytime I'm tempted to believe that you take me seriously I'll look at it—and waaa up."

"That's not fair. I don't always laugh at you. But this morning you were awfully funny. Besides, with everybody else wearing solemn faces, it seemed as if somebody ought to do a little laughing."

She looked out at the sea again. "It's wonderful!" she murmured. "They say it's a real hurricane."

"It doesn't alarm you?"

"Why, no! Ought it to? One of the officers told me there wasn't any danger. Besides, I expected it."

"Expected it?"

"Surely. You see, when I went into father's stateroom last night, just to give his instruments a final little pat, his barometers were 'way, 'way down and were acting jumpy. I never saw them do it before, and I knew something was going to happen. I didn't tell the two old ladies, of course; they might have been frightened. But I think it's magnificent."

Together they watched the fury outside, and Trask caught something of her enthusiasm. It was magnificent. The velocity of the wind seemed to increase momentarily, until he marvelled that even the stout fabric of the ship could withstand the impact. In intervals between the gusts of rain they could see that the ocean was white, as far as the eye could reach, whipped into an endless expanse of flying froth.

"I wish we could see another ship," she said. "Then we'd know just how our own looks. It must be a wonderful sight—just like a battle."

"Or an adventure," he suggested.

"Yes, an adventure," and she nodded soberly as she watched a great white wave fling itself out of the veil of mist and charge down upon the quivering ship.

An officer, clad from head to foot in oilskins, passed the port-hole through which they looked, clinging cautiously to the hand-rail that

ran along the side of the deckhouse. Just beyond them he stopped and stared fixedly out into the storm. Presently he moved on again, with an involuntary shake of his head.

"Would it be safe for us to go on deck?" she asked.

"They won't let us. There's too much water coming aboard."

She sighed and continued to watch the work of the monster gale. A heavy shock sent them both flying against the wall. From below came a noise so ominous that Trask's heart skipped a beat. It was a sound of tearing metal, a wild jangle of machinery, a pounding against the sides of the ship, as though some giant were wielding a sledge upon her.

It lasted for several seconds, then became suddenly stilled.

"Have we struck something?" she asked quickly.

"I don't think so. Wait here. I'll see if I can find out."

As he went in search of an officer, Trask noticed that a perceptible change had come over the ship. She was rolling sluggishly heavily, as at last weary of the fight.

She was no longer exchanging blow for blow with her furious antagonist, but seemed to be yielding to the onslaught, bowing her head to the inevitable.

It was even more difficult to walk than before, and Trask made slow progress.

He was gone for several minutes, and returned to find her still standing at her post of observation, with a look in her eyes that contained more of curiosity than anxiety.

"We broke a shaft," he explained.

"And we're not moving at all!"

"Not much, I'm afraid, although an officer says they'll probably keep the ship under control. There are two shafts, and the other one is still working."

"Well, what does it mean, then?"

"It means that after this—wind blows itself out we'll go on our way to Galveston under one screw. But while this lasts we're actually moving backward. She wasn't any more than holding her own before it happened."

Sidney was plainly interested, but not alarmed.

"I knew something was going to happen when I looked at father's pet barometers," she said. "I think they must have known about the shaft. Father insists they are almost human. They're clairvoyants, anyhow. By the way, did you know they were reading a shade under twenty-eight this morning?"

"Is that remarkable?"

"Why, it's tremendous! It's an adventure all by itself. Anytime you see a barometer at twenty-eight you've seen something. When father hears of this hurricane he'll almost die of remorse for having missed it."

She drew a deep breath and looked up at Trask, her eyes bright with excitement.

"Why, think!" she exclaimed. "Here's father studying weather all his life; here's me who doesn't know anything about it, and doesn't care much, except when it's interesting. Yet I can look out of this window and see more weather in one minute than father has seen in years and years!"

"Perhaps your father will be glad he missed it," said Trask, to whom the hurricane seemed a thing to be respected and even dreaded.

"Not he!" declared Sidney dispassionately. "Father isn't very big, and he's absent-minded, and he wears thick spectacles. But—she drew herself up with an obvious display of pride—"if you will overlook the slang, father is right there!"

Trask could believe it easily. The big spirit in the little woman had to be accounted for, somehow. Undoubtedly, it came from father, even if he was scientific and forgot to catch the ship.

Before he realized it, he found himself making comparisons between Sidney and the goddess of the first cabin. He wondered which really he the taller if they stood side by side now. Despite her lack of physical stature, he had a notion that the daughter of the professor would overtop her sister by at least a head.

"I think your father is immense," he said warmly.

"But—of course, it's fine of you to say that—but you've never even seen him; how can you think that?"

"I've seen his daughter. I guess that covers the case."

Sidney flushed faintly.

"That's the second time you've paid me a compliment," he said. "Thank you again. I'm human enough to admit that I like them. Only it's really more of a compliment to father than it is to me. In behalf of father, I also thank you. No; don't look at me that way. Honestly, I'm not laughing at you again. I think it's mighty nice of you to say that you like father just because you've met me. You're not making the least bit of a mistake. Everybody likes him. Why, I just love him!"

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The Gulf Stream was taking the hurricane on her beam rather than in her teeth, for the effort of a single screw would not suffice to keep her head to the front. Worried passengers were staggering about, seeking information where they could get it, being assured by stewards that there was not the remotest chance of danger and that



Experienced travellers in all countries always take a bottle of ENO in their grip to offset changes of water and diet. It is a commendable custom and prevents much sickness and discomfort.

such things as the mere snapping of a tall shaft were too common to be worth conversation. There was an air of tense expectancy in the cabin; the atmosphere tingled with electric waves of apprehension.

In short, there was no doubt that everybody, including the stewards and the ship's officers, were plain scared!

Yet Trask was surprised to find himself giving less attention to the perils of the ship under his feet than he was to the vivid and sturdy little slip of a girl who stood before him in an indefinable yet very positive way she seemed to be better than the hurricane itself.

The Derelict.

The ship was wallowing now, he thought, against the waves and fighting their way against the hurricane.

Something off to leeward had been discovered. The discovery had been verified. Trask and the girl looked at each other inquiringly. What was it?

The explanation was swift in coming. Trask gripped the girl's arm and pointed seaward as a rain squall passed. There, rising suddenly on the crest of a comb, was the outline of a vessel—a black, sinister thing, with the stumps of masts sticking out of her deck. As they watched she slid from sight.

Sidney gasped. For what seemed an interminable time the sea was again barren of anything save rushing waves and flying spume. Then, rolling with sickening deliberateness, the vision appeared again. "A wreck?" she whispered.

He nodded as he watched it disappear once more into a valley between two great waves.

"Do you suppose there is anybody aboard?"

"Perhaps. It wasn't that I was thinking of. Wait. I want to find out something more."

She stayed at the porthole, while Trask made his way out of the saloon. He came back wearing a visage so grave that she questioned him anxiously with her eyes. He replied:

"Sidney, there's some danger. I could tell that when I saw you. What is it?"

"This ship is only partly under control. Were really drifting although one screw is still working. And that thing out there—"

(To Be Continued.)

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