



SYNOPSIS

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost...

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

He dropped down to the deck and rested his rifle across the rail. The bullets he had received had traveled nearly a mile...

His reasoning was justified, for the boat rushed at once into the wind and the hunter sprang aft to take the boat-steerer's place...

"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried suddenly to the boat-puller. "Take a turn!"

At the same time he flung the coil of rope. It struck fairly, nearly knocking the man over, but he did not obey...

"Now get that sail down and come alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

Once aboard, the two prisoners hoisted in the boat and under Wolf Larsen's direction carried the wounded boat-steerer down into the fore-castle.

"If our five boats do as well as you and I have done, we'll have a pretty full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me.

"The man you shot—he is, I hope," Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered. "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks."

"But he won't pull those chaps around, from the look of it," he added, pointing at the Macedonia's third boat...

"That's Horner's and Smoke's work. I told them we wanted live men, not carcasses. But the joy of shooting to hit is a most compelling thing...

Her majesty does us the honor to employ American architects on all the buildings in which she is personally interested...

was blotted out, there was no sky, even our mastsheads were lost to view...

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"Go forward and hard-alee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. Set men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices..."

"Don't look, Miss Brewster, please don't look," I had begged of her, and I was glad that she had minded me and been spared the sight.

"Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's command.

As he drew nearer, the firing ceased, and we saw that the light was over. The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together waiting to be picked up.

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the northeast.

The blot of smoke which indicated the Macedonia's position had reappeared.

"Yes, I've been watching it," was Wolf Larsen's calm reply. He measured the distance away to the fog-bank and for an instant paused to feel the weight of the wind on his cheek.

"We'll make it, I think; but you can depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has twigged our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at that!"

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I'll beat you out, and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

CHAPTER XXII.

When we hove to, a hasty though orderly confusion reigned. The boats came aboard from every side at once.

As fast as the prisoners came over the rail they were marshaled forward into the fore-castle by our hunters, while our sailors hoisted in the boats, pell-mell, dropping them anywhere upon the deck and not stopping to lash them. We were already under way, all sails set and drawing, and the sheets being slacked off for a wind abeam, as the last boat lifted clear of the water and swung in the tacks.

There was need for haste. The Macedonia, belching the blackest of smoke from her funnel, was charging down upon us from out of the north-east. Neglecting the boats that remained to her, she had altered her course so as to anticipate ours.

"Better get your rifles, you fellows," Wolf Larsen called to our hunters; and the five men lined the lee rail, guns in hand, and waited.

The Macedonia was now but a mile away, the black smoke pouring from her funnel at a right angle, so madly she raced, pounding through the sea at a seventeen-knot gait—"Sky-hooting through the brine," as Wolf Larsen quoted while gazing at her. We were not making more than nine knots, but the fog-bank was very near.

A puff of smoke broke from the Macedonia's deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in the stretched canvas of our mainsail. They were shooting at us with one of the small cannon which rumor had said they carried on board.

The sudden transition was startling. The moment before we had been leaping through the sunshine, the clear sky above us, the sea breaking and rolling wide to the horizon, and a ship, vomiting smoke and fire and iron missiles, rushing madly upon us. And at once, as in an instant's leap, the sun

was blotted out, there was no sky, even our mastsheads were lost to view, and our horizon was such as tear-blinded eyes may see.

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew that she was similarly affected. Then I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was nothing subjective about his state of consciousness. His whole concern was with the immediate, objective present.

He still held the wheel, and I felt that he was timing time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each forward lunge and leeward roll of the Ghost.

"Go forward and hard-alee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. Set men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices. No noise, understand, no noise."

When all was ready, the word "hard-alee" was passed forward to me from man to man; and the Ghost heeled about on the port tack with practically no noise at all.

He was brilliant, but so was Maud, and for some time I lost the thread of the conversation through studying her face as she talked. It was a face that rarely displayed color, but tonight it was flushed and vivacious.

WHO IS WHO NOW

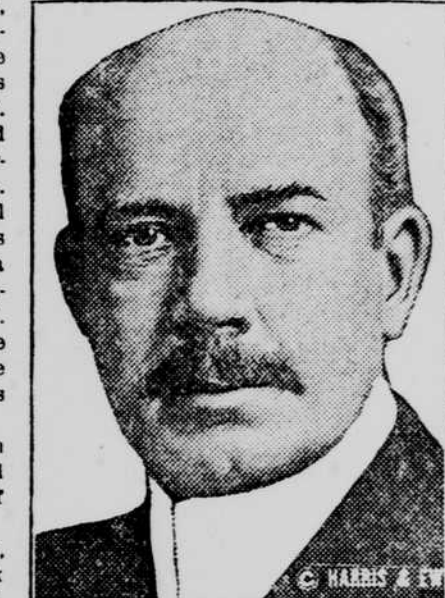
COMMANDER OF THE MOEWE



Commander Count Nikolaus zu Dohna-Schlodien of the famous German sea raider Moeve won the hearts of all his countrymen and the admiration of the world through his exploits with the little Sea Gull, whose romantic career ended, temporarily, at least, on March 4 last, when she arrived safely in the German seaport of Wilhelmshaven after what the German admiralty called "a successful cruise of several months."

WHEN DOREMUS WAS AN EDITOR

Representative Frank E. Doremus, chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, used to run a little weekly newspaper in Michigan. His specialty was writing about the tariff. He was seventeen years of age and had once written an essay on the tariff for a high school literary society.



"Get out of here," ordered Doremus. "I'll give you just one minute to get out." The man did not move. "If you don't go out I'll throw you out," declared Doremus, though the man was twice as big as he.

MAROONED IN THE ANTARCTIC

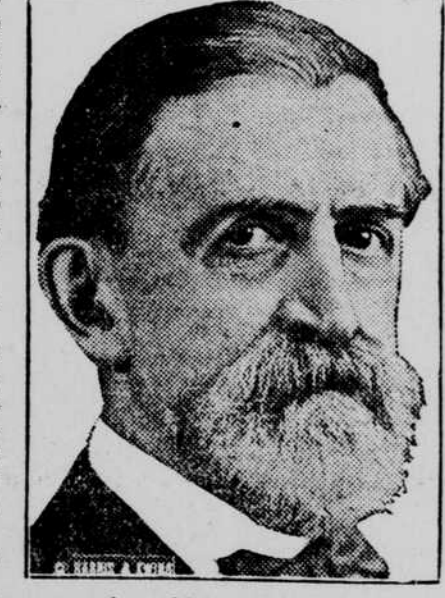


Lieut. Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, head of the British Antarctic expedition, will be compelled to remain another year near the south end of the earth, according to word brought to New Zealand by the Aurora, one of his vessels, which was driven back by storms.

The adventure of Lieutenant Shackleton had a three-fold purpose—to navigate the Antarctic on a meridian; to secure for the British flag the honor of being the first national emblem thus to be taken from sea to sea across this South pole realm, and to conduct scientific work relating, among other phases, to meteorology, geography, geology and geodetic survey.

KERN'S CALF CASE

When Senator John W. Kern was a young lawyer at Kokomo, Ind., he represented one side of a case in which the whole controversy hinged on the identity and ownership of a certain calf.



"Well, sah, I had seen it around his place so much that I jes' nat'ully got acquainted with it. I seen it there with the cow—its maw—and I noticed it p'tic'ly because it had funny marks on it. When you see a calf ev'ry day you simply become familiar with it."

ROYAL ADMIRER OF AMERICA

Queen Sophia of Greece Invariably Employs Architects Trained in This Country. Queen Sophia of Greece is a great admirer of American country homes and knows many of our finer places well, remarks the Saturday Evening Post.

COLONY HAS FEW INDUSTRIES

Belgian Congo, After Thirty Years, is Still in the Early Stages of Development. Belgian Congo, founded thirty years ago, is still in the early stage of development. So far practically no manufacturing industries have yet been established.

Her Political Views

"Jane, I have discovered that our new cook has decided views about the policy in the East." "John, what do you mean?" "She believes in the gradual disruption of China."

Spring Colds Are the Worst. They lead to catarrh and pneumonia. They weaken the entire system and leave it unable to resist the sudden changes.

PERUNA Will Safeguard You. Have a box Peruna Tablets with you for the sudden cold or exposure. Tame your system with a regular course of the liquid Peruna.

Getting Rid of Them. First Alpine Tourist—I say, Will, are you asleep? Second Alpine Tourist—Asleep? No, I should think not!

STOP ITCHING INSTANTLY With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Nothing Better. Trial Free. Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletch.

Meat Makes Bad Kidneys. Too much meat is just as bad as not enough. Such a diet is apt to load the blood with uric acid and to injure the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Wretchedness of Constipation. Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A safe preparation of merit. Restores color and beauty to faded hair.

BLACK LEGS. Losses surely prevented by Carter's Blacking Pills. Leg, foot, flesh, reliable; prepared by Western chemists.