



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner *Ghost*, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Wolf hazes a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Humphrey. The schooner is wrecked. A young woman and four men are rescued from a small boat. The survivors are scattered, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maud Brewster, the rescued girl, sees the cook towed overboard to give him a bath and his foot bitten off by a shark as he is hauled aboard. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maud. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam schooner *Mineola*, "hogs" the sea, and Wolf captures several of his boats. The *Ghost* runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the prisoners. He attacks Maud. Van Weyden attempts to kill him and fails. Wolf is suddenly stricken helpless by the return of a blinding head trouble, and with all hands drunk and asleep Van Weyden and Maud escape in a small boat together.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. I was wet and chilled to the marrow, till I felt more dead than alive. My body was stiff from exertion as well as from cold, and my aching muscles gave me the severest torture whenever I used them, and I used them continually. And all the time we were being driven off into the northwest, directly away from Japan toward bleak Bering sea.

Maud's condition was pitiable. She sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, her lips blue, her face gray and plainly showing the pain she suffered. But ever her eyes looked bravely at me, and ever her lips uttered brave words.

The worst of the storm must have blown that night, though little I noticed it. I had succumbed and slept where I sat in the stern-sheets. The morning of the fourth day found the wind diminished to a gentle whisper, the sea dying down and the sun shining upon us. Oh, the blessed sun! How we bathed our poor bodies in its delicious warmth, reviving like bugs and crawling things after a storm. We smiled again, said amusing things and waxed optimistic over our situation. Yet it was, if anything, worse than ever.

Came days of storm, days and nights of storm, when the ocean menaced us with its roaring whiteness, and the wind smote our struggling boat with a Titan's buffets. It was in such a storm, and the worst we had experienced, that what I saw I could not at first believe. Days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety had doubtless turned my head. I looked back at Maud, to identify myself, as it were, in time and space. Again I turned my face to leeward, and again I saw the jutting promontory, black and high and naked, the raging surf that broke about its base and beat its front high up with spouting fountains, the black and forbidding coast line running toward the southeast and fringed with a tremendous scarf of white.

"Maud," I said. "Maud."

She turned her head and beheld the sight.

"It cannot be Alaska!" she cried.

"Alas, no," I answered, and asked, "Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Neither can I," I said. "So we must get ashore without swimming in some opening between the rocks through which we can drive the boat and clamber out. But we must be quick—and sure."

I spoke with a confidence she knew I did not feel, for she looked at me with that unflinching gaze of hers and said:

"I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for me, but—"

She hesitated, as if in doubt how best to word her gratitude.

"Well?" I said, brutally, for I was not quite pleased with her thanking me.

"You might help me," she smiled.

"To acknowledge your obligations before you die? Not at all. We are not going to die. We shall land on that island, and we shall be snug and sheltered before the day is done."

I spoke stoutly, but I did not believe a word. Nor was I prompted to lie through fear. I felt no fear, though I was sure of death in that boiling surge among the rocks which was rapidly growing nearer. It was impossible to claw off that shore. The wind would instantly capsize the

boat; the seas would swamp it the moment it fell into the trough; and, besides, the sail, lashed to the spare axes, dragged in the sea ahead of us, as a sea-anchor.

Instinctively we drew closer together in the bottom of the boat. I felt her mitted hand come out to mine. And thus, without speech, we waited the end. We were not far off the line the wind made with the western edge of the promontory, and I watched in the hope that some set of the current or send of the sea would lift us past before we reached the surf.

"We shall go clear," I said, with a confidence which I knew deceived neither of us.

"By God, we will go clear!" I cried, five minutes later.

The oath left my lips in my excitement—the first, I do believe, in my life, unless "trouble it," an expletive of my youth, be accounted an oath.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"You have convinced me of your sincerity," she said, with a faint smile. "I do know, now, that we shall go clear."

I had seen a distant headland past the extreme edge of the promontory, and as we looked we could see grow the intervening coastline of what was evidently a deep cove. At the same time there broke upon our ears a continuous and mighty howling. It par took of the magnitude and volume of distant thunder, and it came to us directly from leeward, rising above the crash of the surf and traveling directly in the teeth of the storm. As we passed the point the whole cove burst upon our view, a half-moon of white sandy beach upon which broke a huge surf, and which was covered with myriads of seals. It was from them that the great howling went up.

"A rookery!" I cried. "Now are we indeed saved. There must be men and cruisers to protect them from the seal-hunters. Possibly there is a station ashore."

But as I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland and come upon a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the southwest wind; but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened! It penetrated deep into the land, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and I took in the sea-anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maud. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released hers, she clutched for my arm hastily. At the same moment I swayed, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the cessation of motion. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maud said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attended to making the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor island, as we came to it, landsick from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

I boiled the water, but it was Maud who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea biscuit and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering sea were thus guarded; but Maud advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come—that we

had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good spirits, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last, but there are the seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. Then there will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try out seal fat for lighting purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island is uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally, without finding a sign of human life. There were no beaches on the southern shore, and by early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated its circumference at twenty-five miles, its width varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals.

This brief description is all that Endeavor island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed by the sea, with the air continually a-tremble with the howling of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place. Maud, who had prepared me for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kindling another fire I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail-tee.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibilities at all. Then, on the *Ghost* I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And it was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

No wonder we called it Endeavor island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut. Maud insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And still, I was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pit-



And Thus, Without Speech, We Awaited the End.

ty of strength bending to the tasks of a peasant woman. She gathered many of the stones which I built into the walls of the hut; also, she turned a deaf ear to my entreaties when I begged her to desist. She compromised, however, by taking upon herself the lighter labors of cooking and gathering driftwood and moss for our winter's supply.

The hut's walls rose without difficulty, and everything went smoothly until the problem of a roof confronted me.

"Winters used walrus skins on his hut," I said.

"There are the seals," she suggested.

So next day the hunting began. I did not know how to shoot, but I proceeded to learn. And when I had expended some thirty shells for three seals, I decided that the ammunition would be exhausted before I acquired the necessary knowledge.

"We must club the seals," I announced, when convinced of my poor marksmanship. "I have heard the sealers talk about clubbing them." "They are so pretty," she objected. "I cannot bear to think of it being done. It is so directly brutal, you know; so different from shooting them."

"That roof must go on," I answered grimly. "Winter is almost here. It is our lives against theirs. It is unfortunate we haven't plenty of ammunition, but I think, anyway, that they suffer less from being clubbed than from being all shot up. Besides, I shall do the clubbing."

The upshot of the affair was that she accompanied me next morning. I rowed into the adjoining cove and up to the edge of the beach. There were seals all about us in the water, and the bellowing thousands on the beach compelled us to shout at each other to make ourselves heard.

"I know men club them," I said, trying to reassure myself and gazing doubtfully at a large bull, not thirty feet away, upon his fore-flippers and regarding me intently. "But the question is, How do they club them?"

"It just comes to me," she said, "that Captain Larsen was telling me how the men raided the rookeries. They drive the seals, in small herds, a short distance inland before they kill them."

"I don't care to undertake the herding of one of those harems," I objected.

"But there are the holluschickie," she said. "The holluschickie haul out by themselves, and Doctor Jordan says that paths are left between the harems, and that as long as the holluschickie keep strictly to the path they are unmolested by the masters of the harem."

"There's one now," I said, pointing to a young bull in the water. "Let's watch him, and follow him if he hauls out."

We swam directly to the beach and clambered out into a small opening between two harems, the masters of which made warning noises but did not attack him. We watched him travel slowly inward, threading about among the harems along what must have been the path.

A quarter of a mile inland we came upon the holluschickie—sleek young bulls, living out the loneliness of their bachelorhood and gathering strength against the day when they would fight their way into the ranks of the benefactors.

Everything now went smoothly. I seemed to know just what to do and how to do it. Shouting, making threatening gestures with my club, and even prodding the lazy ones, I quickly cut out a score of the young bachelors from their companions. Whenever one made an attempt to break back toward the water, I headed it off. Maud took an active part in the drive, and with her cries and flourishes of the broken oar was of considerable assistance. I noticed, though, that whenever one looked tired and lagged, she let it slip past. But I noticed, also, whenever one with a show of fight, tried to break past, that her eyes glinted and showed bright, and she rapped it smartly with her club.

"My, it's exciting!" she cried, pausing from sheer weakness. "I think I'll sit down."

I drove the little herd (a dozen strong, now, what of the escapes she had permitted) a hundred yards farther on; and by the time she joined me I had finished the slaughter and was beginning to skin. An hour later we went proudly back along the path between the harems. And twice again we came down the path, burdened with skins, till I thought we had enough to roof the hut. I set the sail, laid one tack out of the cove, and on the other tack made our own little inner cove.

"It's just like home-coming," Maud said, as I ran the boat ashore.

I heard her words with a responsive thrill, it was all so dearly intimate and natural, and I said:

"It seems as though I have lived this life always. The world of books and bookish folk is very vague, more like a dream memory than an actuality. I surely have hunted and foraged and fought all the days of my life. And you, too, seem a part of it. You are—I was on the verge of saying, 'my woman, my mate,' but glibly changed it to—'standing the hardship well.'"

But her ear had caught the flaw. She recognized a slight that midmost broke. She gave me a quick look.

"Not that. You were saying—?"

"That the American Mrs. Meynell was living the life of a savage and living it quite successfully," I said easily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The South has approximately 240,000,000 acres of undeveloped land.

MORE UPHEAVALS MAY COME

Abundant Proof That Nature's Resistless Forces Have Not Been Forever Quieted.

The Wasatch mountains, once a level plain and formed through some gigantic upheaval of nature, are still restless, showing that the process of nature which carved the peaks and canyons is still in progress. During the long period of slow earth movement which made these mountains, flat-lying parallel beds of rock were locally turned on edges, crumpled and folded in a wonderfully intricate manner.

These upturned and crumpled rocks are well shown in Ogden canyon. The west face of the Wasatch range is believed to mark the plane of a normal earth fault at a nearly vertical crack in the earth's crust, the rocks on the east side of which went up or those on the west side went down. A number of parallel faults were developed close together and the broken pieces of the earth's crust between them were pushed up, the rocks on one side of

each crack riding up over those on the other side until the great mountain range was formed.

Its Real Meaning.

A train which left a southern city soon after the news of the Willard Johnson fight had been received made its first stop at a little town chiefly inhabited by negroes. A group of them sat near the little station, shouting craps. They asked eagerly for news of the battle, and on learning the result from the conductor a mournful murmur of disappointment arose. One only seemed indifferent, and impatiently started to resume the game. His neighbor waxed indignant.

"Ain't yo' got no heart, niggah," he demanded. "What fo' am yo' so indifferent? Don't yo' realize de metamorphosis dat am befallen our race. Don't yo' know what it means?"

"Deed Ah do know what it means, deed Ah do know. It dun mean, niggah, de return ob crap shootin' as de national game."

No woman is always right, and no woman's husband is always wrong.

In Woman's Realm

Fine Cotton Fabrics and Linen Lawns Most in Favor for Under-Garments—Little Really New in the Designs Shown This Season—Pretty Coat for Little Girl That the Home Dressmaker Should Be Able to Fashion.

There is nothing startlingly new in the designs displayed in new lingerie. Flute lace is a more important feature than it has ever been, used as yokes or nightgowns and other garments. Entire corset covers are made of it. Sluny and hand crochet or tatting edgings are used with it, and often additional ornament in hand embroidery, which may extend from the fabric to the lace, appears on the most elaborate hings.

A nightdress and an envelope chemise are shown in the picture, in which hand embroidery is applied to

her journeyings to and from the kindergarten or school and for her play-time and any other time during the cool days of spring.

The model shown in the picture is about as simply put together as it is possible for a coat to be. It is cut on familiar lines and presents no difficulties to the home dressmaker, because she may secure a pattern very like it from any standard pattern company. It hangs almost straight from the shoulders, and therefore there is little in the way of fitting to do. It is to be lined with messaline or other



FASHIONS IN FINE LINGERIE.

the mainsook. The nightdress is a 'slip-over' model, with short sleeves cut in one with the body of the gown. It hangs straight and is finished with buttonhole-stitched scallops at the bottom. The neck and sleeves are edged in the same way. A floral fescion is embroidered about the top of the gown, and sprays of blossoms on the sleeves. It is a pretty fashion to embroider the initial or monogram on the top of one sleeve.

The envelope chemise is embroidered across the front with a bow-snot and flower pattern. The edges are finished with shallow scallops, with a fine val edging set under them. About the neck a narrow banding takes care of the baby ribbon which is threaded through it to adjust the garment.

The waist is held in place by a wider

thin silk, and may be interlined with a light muslin.

In making coats at home it is a good plan to cut the interlining first and, if alterations are found necessary, make them when the interlining has been basted up and tried on the figure. When the interlining has been made to set as it should, the material for the coat and the lining is to be cut according to the interlining, which will serve as a pattern. Sometimes the collar is a little difficult to adjust, and sometimes setting the sleeves in properly gives the home dressmaker some uneasiness.

The coat pictured has a wide belt of serge terminating at each side, where it joins a plaited girde of silk that extends across the front. This is fastened to the belt with a button at both sides and may be left off en-



FOR HER DAILY WEAR.

ribbon run through slashes in the mainsook. They are finished with buttonhole stitching. The bottom of the chemise is finished like the sleeves.

The little girl of five, or six, or seven or so, looks well in almost any style of coat, and needs at least one that is livable for her daily wear. Here is one made of plain serge, piped with a striped fabric, that will serve for

tirely. The belt is stitched to the coat along its upper side. The silk girde is merely an item of decoration and, if it is omitted, a fourth button is to be added to the three large, flat bone buttons at the front.

Julia Bottomley

Transparent Collars.

Among the many little things of dress to be seen in connection with spring novelties let us speak first of a "trifle lace as air" in the shape of a transparent collar which may be said to be very becoming.

The collar is of the Medici persuasion and made of gauze in a subtle shade of heliotrope. The collar is quite transparent, though two thicknesses of gauze are introduced. Slender supports, fine as horsehair, are introduced here and there between the

two pieces of gauze, and the top of the collar is finished with a picot edge.

It must be confessed that these collars are very fragile, but they are effective when worn with a navy blue costume.

Rosettes of Ribbon.

Ribbons enter extensively into the trimmings of hats and a special place is given to the article of this good work is due to drinking Postum in place of coffee. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.—Adv.

Gray matter is all right in its place—and so is the long green.

KIDNEY TROUBLE WEARS YOU OUT

I had Kidney and Stomach trouble for several years and lost over 40 pounds in weight; tried every remedy that I could get and got no relief until I took Swamp-Root. It gave me quicker relief than anything that I ever used. I now weigh 135 pounds and am singing the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and recommending its use to all who have stomach and kidney troubles.

Respectfully yours, E. C. MENDENHALL, McNeil, Arkansas.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 27th day of March, 1915. J. W. RHEA, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Story That Defies Time.

Commentaries have been written on the Book of Job which only Job could have the patience to read. A hundred books have been written and many a song has been sung with the fortunes of Mary Stuart for their burden, but these have been redeemed from the dullness which has so often fallen upon even the stupendous drama of the Old Testament by the mystery and glamor which ever wait upon the Scottish queen.

More than three centuries have passed since she stood to her trial in Fotheringay castle, yet time, that covers most things with its weeds, has been powerless to impair the interest of her story.

Improved.

"We're getting better service on this line than we used to," remarked the commuter. "This train has been on time every day for nearly a month. Before that she was always from twenty to thirty minutes late."

"Yes," answered the conductor. "That was when the engineer was courting that pretty girl at the lunch counter up the line. They're married now, and it doesn't take him so long to say good-by as it used to."

Someone Always Celebrating.

"When is Independence day?" "Oh, divorces are being granted all the time."—Boston Evening Transcript.

EXPERIMENTS Teach Things of Value.

Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, it is still easy to learn something about it by reading the experiences of others.

Drinking Postum is a pleasant way out of coffee troubles. A Penn. man says:

"My wife was a victim of nervousness, weak stomach and loss of appetite for years, and although we resorted to numerous methods for relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea, it was all to no purpose. "We knew coffee was causing the trouble but could not find anything to take its place until we tried Postum. Within two weeks after she quit coffee and began using Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and, above all, a night's rest was complete and refreshing."

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly. Each day there was improvement, for the Postum was undoubtedly strengthening her. Every article of this good work is due to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers

OYSTER MUST BE FROZEN

Only Way to Make Sure of It, According to Veteran Captain Who Ought to Know.

Now, who would think it would be necessary to freeze an oyster in order to place it in a state of suspended animation? According to our human ideals, it would seem that even the liveliest and most exuberant of oysters would, in its normal existence in a shell nailed down to a reef at the sea's bottom, approach the condition of "suspended animation" as nearly as anything could approach it. That certainly sounds like about the zero of activity.

But take it from old Cap'n Ockers of West Sayville, who has hobnobbed with oysters all his life, they are a smooth lot. You may think that they're immobile, but just take your eyes off 'em a minute if you dare! The only way to make sure of 'em is to freeze 'em. Once into the ice box with 'em and their animation is suspended all right. But, on Cap'n Ockers' pet, this is the only way to

be sure of making port without danger of mutiny on the part of your catch.

We believe that, as was to be expected from one whose years have been spent in such close communion with the deceitful bivalve, the Cap'n even has some theories regarding the possibility of translating it to immortality through the process of refrigeration. But the soul of the oyster is too esoteric a subject for us. We quit at suspended animation—in the stew.

The Reunion.

"Whom do you suppose I met this afternoon?" asked Hubby gayly as he entered the house some two hours past the usual dinner hour.

"One of your old college chums," guessed wife promptly, catching a whiff of his breath.

Woman's Way.

"When you go shopping, my dear, why don't you get all the necessary things first?"

"Oh! well, they somehow seem so unimportant."