

The SEA WOLF

By Jack London

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CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

That phrase, the "one small woman," started me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love phrase for her.

"Where did you get that phrase?" I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked.

"One small woman."

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment. But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for his mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered, and she questioned no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

With the foremost in the work now went on apace. Almost before I knew it, and without one serious hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A derrick-boom, rigged to the foremost, had accomplished this; and several days more found it stays and shrouds in place and everything set up taut. Top-sails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I heaved the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the Ghost.

"But they'll work!" Maud cried jubilantly. "We'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had crammed navigation from text books aboard; and besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

As for his inventor, beyond an increasing deafness and the movement of the lips growing fainter and fainter, there had been little change in his condition for a week. But on the day we finished bending the schooner's sails, he heard his last, and the last movement of his lips died away—but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes."

holding them in mine; and, in spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Willfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue—ay, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had tolled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of deck-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the mainsail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Slip it," was my answer. "And when I do you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

This maneuver of getting under way I had studied and worked out a score of times, and, with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackle-bolt loose the chain roared out through the hawse-hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The Ghost seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled the Ghost's bow swung off and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet, which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety, for the Ghost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind.

I Raced Aft, Putting the Wheel Up.

There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she tilted away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and came aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the Ghost headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom-breathing of the ocean, and was herself a-breath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and shone upon the curling beach where together we had dared the lords of the harem and slain the holluschickie. All En-

deavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it."

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

There was a silence I might almost call awkward, till I broke it, saying:

"See those black clouds to windward. You remember, I told you last night the barometer was falling."

"And the sun is gone," she said. Her eyes still fixed upon our island, where we had proved our mastery over matter and attained to the truest comradeship that may fall to man and woman.

"And it's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gayly. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore and main sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. It was a fresh breeze, very fresh, but I resolved to run as long as I dared. Unfortunately, when running free, it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heart-broken over the discovery, but recovered her spirits by coiling down tacks and halyards and all stray ropes. Then there were meals to be cooked in the galley, beads to make. Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and she finished the day with a grand housecleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

All night I steered, without relief, the wind slowly and steadily increasing and the sea rising. At five in the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuit she had baked, and at seven a substantial and piping hot breakfast put new life into me.

Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind increased. It impressed one with its sullen determination to blow, and blow harder, and keep on blowing. And still the Ghost foamed along, racing off the miles till I was certain she was making at least eleven knots. It was too good to lose, but by nightfall I was exhausted. Though in splendid physical trim, a thirty-six-hour trek at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, Maud begged me to leave, and I knew, if the wind and sea increased at the same rate during the night that it would soon be impossible to leave to sea. So, as twilight deepened, gladly and at the same time reluctantly, I brought the Ghost up on the wind.

But I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run I learned to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing. The wind balked my every effort, ripping the canvas out of my hands, and in an instant undoing what I had gained by ten minutes of severest struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second reef into the foresail. At eleven o'clock I was no farther along. Blood dripped from every finger end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion I wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

Then, in desperation, I abandoned the attempt to reef the mainsail and resolved to try the experiment of heaving to under the close-reefed foresail. Three hours more were required to gasket the mainsail and jib, and at two in the morning, nearly dead, the life almost buffeted and worked out of me, I had barely sufficient consciousness to know the experiment was a success. The close-reefed foresail worked. The Ghost clung on close to the wind and betrayed no inclination to fall off broadside to the trough.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. I dozed with my mouth full of food. I would fall asleep in the act of carrying food to my mouth and waken in torment to find the act yet uncompleted. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being flung to the floor by the violent pitching of the schooner.

Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. It was a sleep-walker. Maud guided and supported. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke, how long after I could not imagine, in my bunk with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bedclothes touched my poor finger-ends.

Traits of Animal Creation

Even the Most Famous Naturalists Have Been Unable to Explain Satisfactorily.

There are a great many strange facts about animals and insects that seem to defy explanation. Here are a few, an exchange says:

A fly will crawl to the top of a window pane, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. Hardly ever does it fly up and crawl down. It has been known to repeat this former act over thirty times before stopping.

Morning had evidently not come, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I woke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the Ghost, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

When I awoke at seven I saw no sign of Maud and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the Ghost doing splendidly under her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling, I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him, the man who had been hurried down from the topmost pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead. There seemed a relaxation of his expressionless face which was new. Maud looked at me and I understood.

"His life flickered out in the storm," I said.

"But he still lives," she answered, infinite faith in her voice.

"He had too great strength."

"Yes," she said, "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free spirit."

"He is a free spirit surely," I answered, and, taking her hand, I led her on deck.

The storm broke that night, which is to say that it diminished as slowly as it had arisen. After breakfast next morning, when I had hoisted Wolf Larsen's body on deck ready for burial, it was still blowing heavily and a large sea was running. The deck was continually awash with the sea which came inboard over the rail and through the scuppers. The wind smote the schooner with a sudden gust, and she heeled over till her lee rail was buried, the roar in her rigging rising in pitch to a shriek. We stood in the water to our knees as I bared my head.

"I remember only one part of the service," I said, and that is, "And the body shall be cast into the sea." Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, compelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man.

I lifted the end of the hatch cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit," Maud whispered, so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The Ghost, at the moment, was uptossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching, head on to the sea, as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flag-locker, then remembered that in rigging the Ghost I had forgotten to make provision for a flag-halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved," I said, soberly and solemnly. And then, in an exuberance of joy, I hardly know whether to be glad or not.

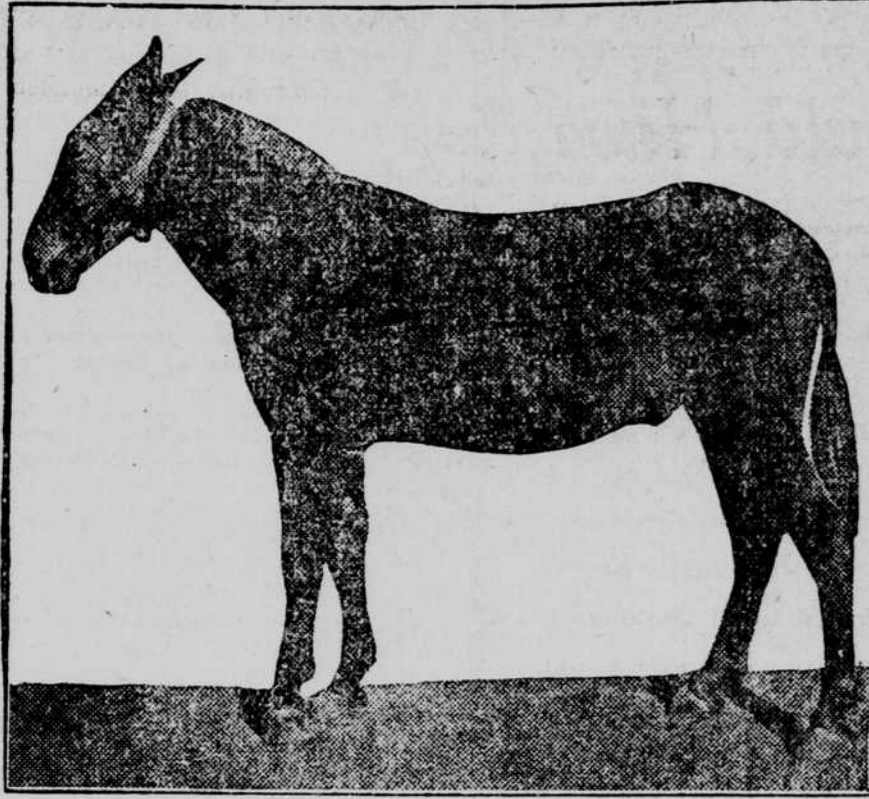
I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered, "There is no need, though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush, hush."

EXPENSE OF MAINTAINING MULE COLTS



Excellent Specimen of Mule.

An experiment for the purpose of ascertaining the cost of feeding mule colts—the first accurate test of the kind—began November 26, 1918, and ended April 4, covering a period of 130 days. The report of this experiment was one of the interesting features of the third annual roundup at Hays station of the Kansas agricultural college.

The total cost of maintaining 31 mule colts, including both feed and labor, was \$252.96, or \$8.16 per head. The average initial weight per animal was 545 pounds, while the average weight at the close of the test was 654 pounds, a gain of 109 pounds. The mule colts were purchased for the experiment at the time of weaning.

Following is an itemized statement of cost of maintenance: 6,570 pounds of sudan hay at \$4 a ton, \$13,020; 3,380 pounds of cane hay at \$2.50 a ton, \$4,225; 10,115 pounds of alfalfa hay at \$3 a ton, \$30,345; 12,560 pounds of kafir tallings at \$2 a ton, \$25,120; 6,850



Head of Mule Colt.

pounds of sorghum fodder at \$1.50 a ton, \$5,145; 210 pounds of oats at 45 cents a bushel, \$2.81; 10,664 pounds of corn and cob meal at 93 cents a hundredweight, \$99.18; 1,000 pounds of oil meal at \$1.81 a hundredweight, \$18.10; 239 pounds of oil meal at \$1.54 a hundredweight, \$36.85; 50 pounds of salt at 75 cents a hundredweight, 38 cents; alfalfa pasture, one and a half months at 35 cents per head per month, \$16.27; veterinary work, \$8; 146 hours of men's labor at 21 cents an hour, \$30.66; 150 hours of horse labor at 10 cents an hour, \$15; 100 hours' use of equipment at three and a half cents an hour, \$3.50.

SKIM MILK CALF IS GROWING IN FAVOR

Equally as Growthy, Thrifty and Vigorous as Those Allowed to Run With Dams.

It is now fairly well understood, says the Nebraska college of agriculture, that calves properly raised on skim milk are equally as growthy, thrifty, and vigorous as those raised upon the whole milk or those allowed to run with their dams. In fact, the skim milk calf will oftentimes show a more rugged framework than a calf raised on whole milk.

Except for the fat that has been removed, skim milk is identical in composition with whole milk. When whole milk is taken into the calf's body, the fat of the milk is used to produce heat to keep the calf warm and also to form body fat. This same function can be performed very much more cheaply by starchy grains such as corn, kafir corn and oats.

The protein of milk, which is the constituent most concerned in muscular growth and the building up of the vital organs, is equally as abundant in skim milk as in whole milk.

In Case of Influenza. When influenza or distemper breaks out among your horses it will save much loss of time to have them vaccinated with influenza antitoxin as soon as the first case appears. Two doses should be given about six days apart. Better consult your veterinarian.

Neutralize Acidity. A reasonably large supply of organic matter cannot be maintained in a soil until soil acidity is neutralized by the application of the lime.

Failure With Sheep. Management, dogs, stomach worms and poor fences are a few of the causes of failure with sheep.

Prune Gooseberry Bush. Prune gooseberry bushes to keep the center of the bush open to free circulation of air.

SKIMPING FOOD OF COLT IS EXPENSIVE

Feed and Care Young Animal Gets Determines Largely What It Will Be Later On.

It is a poor policy to skimp the colt's feed, says J. S. Montgomery of the animal husbandry division of the Minnesota college of agriculture. The feed and care a colt gets the first year and a half of its life determines largely what it will be at maturity, Mr. Montgomery says.

"If the mare is worked, keep the colt in a cool, dark stall during the day," he suggests. "For the first few weeks after foaling, bring the mare to the barn and allow the colt to suckle. Do this in the middle of the forenoon and in the middle of the afternoon, as well as at morning, noon and night."

"Encourage the colt to eat early, preferably feeding crushed oats and bran in equal parts. Let him have alfalfa and clover hay as soon as he will eat it. Experience shows that a ration of corn and alfalfa gives better results than a ration of corn and timothy or prairie hay."

Mr. Montgomery says the best ration for the colt during the summer is good pasture grass. Maximum growth comes with a feeding of some grain with the pasture grass. Horses and colts in the pasture should be given ready access to fresh, cool clean water and to salt. A colt stunted early never fully recovers, he says.

A little attention to the feet of the colt will greatly repay by better feet and legs in the mature horse, Mr. Montgomery thinks. The heels should be trimmed, he says, for they soon become high, narrow and rolled under, and the toes should not be allowed to grow abnormally long.

FAVOR BLUE GRASS FOR FEEDING SWINE

Not Generally Recognized That Plant May Be Utilized for Pork Production.

(By F. R. MUMFORD, Dean of Missouri College of Agriculture.) Blue grass has long been profitably used by the Missouri farmer for feeding cattle. It has not been generally recognized that it may also be utilized for pork production. At the Missouri experiment station during the five-year period from 1908 to 1912 the average amount of pork produced from an acre of blue grass amounted to \$26 when the live weight value of hogs was calculated at eight cents per pound.

In securing these returns from blue grass pasture it is necessary to recognize two qualities which clearly distinguish blue grass from alfalfa, clover and rape pasture. In the first place, a much larger amount of grain must be fed to hogs on blue grass than to hogs on rape, clover or alfalfa. Another difference lies in the fact that during the middle of the summer from about July 15 to August 30 blue grass is of little or no value for hog pasture. During this time clover, alfalfa or rape pasture should be provided. The grain fed to hogs on blue grass pasture should be well balanced—a grain mixture of six parts of corn and one of linseed oil meal, or ten parts of corn and one part of tankage. A good rule to follow in determining the amount of grain to be fed is to feed just as much grain as will cause the animal to gain an average of three-fourths of a pound a day per 100 pounds live weight.

Setting Strawberry Bed. Do not take strawberry plants from an old bed to set a new bed, unless you can easily pick out the varieties and the plants are young and vigorous.

Eliminating Culls. It is easier to eliminate culls in the spring than in the fall, and it is cheaper to do it by careful and thorough spraying than by hand picking.

Disk Strawberry Soil. Strawberry soil should be disked deeply to break up all the clods, and rolled to make the soil firm and compact after the harrowing.

Old and Safe Plan. The farmer who practices green manuring in soil building is following a plan that is as old as it is safe.

Improvement in Soil. Drainage improves the physical condition of the soil by making it more porous and friable.

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MARBLES IN ANNUAL DEMAND

Each Spring, It Is Estimated, More Than 200,000,000 Are Used in the United States.

It has been estimated by statisticians that more than 200,000,000 small clay marbles are used by the boys of the United States every springtime. It is a known fact that 125,000,000 marbles are made every year by one clay marble manufacturer whose plant is in Summit county, Ohio. And these marbles are made or rolled by young girls, the Cleveland Plain Dealer states.

The marble manufacturer does not devote all his attention to the manufacturing of the "game marble." There are various uses to which the marble is put, and as a matter of fact, the size varies according to its intended use. The Standard Oil company is one of the largest buyers of marbles, and these are used for oil cans and larger sizes are started in graded pipelines to clean out the paraffin which gathers on the side of the pipe as it flows to the tanks.

Clay marbles are used also by the manufacturer of rubber, ink and paint, chemical and powdermakers. They are used also in grinding the large stones of the lithographer and by railway supply people. Puzzle box makers are also large buyers of marbles.

The sizes of the clay marbles as made in the United States vary from nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, which is the small "pill" the boys play with, to one measuring six inches in diameter, or about the size of a cannon ball.

Dorothy's Peril.

One day, when Dorothy's mother was reading to the little maid, she came to the word "gravitation." She explained its meaning, but thought the child would forget it. Consequently she was much surprised when, a few days later, Dorothy came running in, crying:

"Oh, mother! it's such a good thing for me there's a law of gravitation; if there wasn't I'd have surely tumbled head over heels into Heaven just now!"