

IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN.



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for assuming to die at the beginning of the voyage. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul."

CHAPTER III—Continued.

When I turned around, a moment later, I saw the cabin-boy staggering to his feet. His face was ghastly white, twitching with suppressed pain. He looked very sick.

"Well, Leach, are you going for 'ard?" Wolf Larsen asked.

"Yes, sir," came the answer of a spirit cowed.

"And you?" I was asked.

"I'll give you a thousand—" I began, but was interrupted.

"Stow that! Are you going to take up your duties as cabin-boy? Or do I have to take you in hand?"

What was I to do? To be brutally beaten, to be killed perhaps, would not help my cause. I looked steadily into the cruel, gray eyes. One may see the soul stir in some men's eyes, but his were bleak and cold and gray as the sea itself.

"Well?"

"Yes," I said.

"Say 'Yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir," I corrected.

"What is your name?"

"Humphrey, sir; Humphrey Van Weyden."

"That'll do. Go to the cook and learn your duties."

And thus it was that I passed into a state of involuntary servitude to Wolf Larsen. He was stronger than I, that was all. But it was very unreal at the time. It is no less unreal now that I look back upon it. It will always be to me a monstrous, inconceivable thing, a horrible nightmare.

"Hold on, don't go yet."

I stopped obediently in my walk toward the galley.

"Johansen, call all hands. Now that we've everything cleaned up, we'll have the funeral and get the decks cleared of useless lumber."

While Johansen was summoning the watch below, a couple of sailors, under the captain's direction, laid the canvas-swathed corpse upon a hatch-cover. On either side the deck, against the rail and bottoms up, were lashed a number of small boats. Several men



The Dead Man Slid Feet First into the Sea.

picked up the hatch-cover with its ghastly freight, carried it to the lee side, and rested it on the boats, the feet pointing overboard. To the feet was attached the sack of coal which the cook had fetched.

Wolf Larsen stepped up to the hatch-cover, and all caps came off. I ran my eyes over them—twenty men all told, twenty-two including the man at the wheel and myself. The sailors, in the main, were English and Scandinavian, and their faces seemed stronger and more diversified faces, with hard lines and the marks of the free play of passions. Strange to say, and I noticed it at once, Wolf Larsen's features showed no such evil stamp. There seemed nothing vicious in them. I could hardly believe—until the next incident occurred—that it was the face of a man who could behave as he had behaved to the cabin-boy.

"I only remember one part of the service," he said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.' So cast it in."

He ceased speaking. The men holding the hatch-cover seemed perplexed, puzzled no doubt by the brevity of the ceremony. He burst upon them in a fury.

"Lift up that, and there, damn you! What the hell's the matter with you?"

They elevated the end of the hatch cover with pitiful haste, and, like a dog flung overboard, the dead man slid feet first into the sea. The coal at his feet dragged him down. He was gone.

"Johansen," Wolf Larsen said briskly to the new mate, "keep all hands on deck now they're here. Get in the topsails and jibs and make a good job of it. We're in for a sou'easter. Better reef the jib and mainsail, too, while you're about it.

CHAPTER IV.

What happened to me next on the sealing schooner Ghost, as I strove to fit into my new environment, are matters of humiliation and pain. The cook, who was called "the doctor" by the crew, "Tommy" by the hunters, and "Cooky" by Wolf Larsen, was a changed person. The difference worked in my status brought about a corresponding difference in treatment from him. Servile and fawning as he had been before, he was now as domineering and bellicose. In truth, I was no longer the fine gentleman with a skin soft as a "lydy's," but only an ordinary and very worthless cabin-boy.

He absurdly insisted upon my addressing him as Mr. Muiridge, and his behavior and carriage were insufferable as he showed me my duties. Besides my work in the cabin, with its four small staterooms, I was supposed to be his assistant in the galley, and my colossal ignorance concerning such things as peeling potatoes or washing greasy pots was a source of unending and sarcastic wonder to him.

This first day was made more difficult for me from the fact that the Ghost, under close reefs (terms such as these I did not learn till later), was plunging through what Mr. Muiridge called an "owlin' sou'easter." At half-past five, under his directions, I set the table in the cabin, with rough-weather trays in place, and then carried the tea and cooked food down from the galley.

"Look sharp or you'll get doused," was Mr. Muiridge's parting injunction, as I left the galley with a big teapot in one hand, and in the hollow of the other arm several loaves of fresh baked bread. One of the hunters, a tall, loosely jointed chap named Henderson, was going aft at the time from the steerage (the name the hunters facetiously gave their midships sleeping quarters), to the cabin. Wolf Larsen was on the poop, smoking his everlasting cigar.

"Ere she comes. Sling yer 'ook!" the cook cried.

I stopped, for I did not know what was coming, and saw the galley door slide shut with a bang. Then I saw Henderson leaning like a madman for the main rigging, up which he shot, on the inside, till he was many feet higher than my head. Also I saw a great wave, curling and foaming, poised far above the rail. I was directly under it. My mind did not work quickly, everything was so new and strange. I grasped that I was in danger, but that was all. I stood still, in trepidation. Then Wolf Larsen shouted from the poop:

"Grab hold something, you—you Hump!"

But it was too late. I sprang toward the rigging, to which I might have clung, and was met by the descending wall of water. What happened after that was very confusing. I was beneath the water, suffocating and drowning. Several times I collided against hard objects, once striking my right knee a terrible blow. Then the flood seemed suddenly to subside, and I was breathing the good air again. I had been swept against the galley and around the steerage companionway from the weather side into the lee scuppers. The pain from my hurt knee was agonizing. But the cook was after me, shouting through the lee galley door:

"Ere, you! Don't tyke all night about it! Where's the pot? Lost overboard? Serve you bloody well right if yer neck was broke!"

I managed to struggle to my feet. The great teapot was still in my hand. I limped to the galley and handed it to him. But he was consuming with indignation, real or feigned.

"Gawd blime me if you ain't a slob. We're you good for anyw'y? Cawn't even carry a bit of tea aft without losin' it. Now I'll 'ave to boil some more."

Two things I had acquired by my accident—an injured kneecap that

went undressed and from which I suffered for weary months, and the name of "Hump," which Wolf Larsen had called me from the poop. Thereafter, before and aft, I was known by no other name, until the term became a part of my thought processes and I identified it with myself, thought of myself as Hump, as though Hump were I and had always been I.

It was no easy task, waiting on the cabin table, where sat Wolf Larsen, Johansen and the six hunters. The cabin was small, to begin with, and to move around, as I was compelled to, was not made easier by the schooner's violent pitching and wallowing. But what struck me most forcibly was the total lack of sympathy on the part of the men whom I served. I could feel my knee through my clothes swelling and swelling, and I was sick and faint from the pain of it. I could catch glimpses of my face, white and ghastly, distorted with pain, in the cabin mirror. All the men must have seen my condition, but not one spoke or took notice of me, till I was almost grateful to Wolf Larsen, later on (I was washing the dishes), when he said:

"Don't let a little thing like that bother you. You'll get used to such things in time. It may cripple you some, but all the same you'll be learning to walk."

"That's what you call a paradox, isn't it?" he added.

He seemed pleased when I nodded my head with the customary "Yes, sir."

"I suppose you know a bit about literary things? Eh? Good. I'll have some talks with you sometime."

And then, taking no further account of me, he turned his back and went up on deck.

That night, when I had finished an endless amount of work, I was sent to sleep in the steerage, where I made up a spare bunk. I was glad to get out of the detestable presence of the cook and to be off my feet. To my surprise, my clothes had dried on me and there seemed no indications of catching cold, either from the last soaking or from the prolonged soaking from the foundering of the Martinez. Under ordinary circumstances, after all that I had undergone, I should have been fit for bed and a trained nurse.

But my knee was bothering me terribly. As well as I could make out, the kneecap seemed turned up on edge in the midst of the swelling. As I sat in my bunk examining it (the six hunters were all in the steerage, smoking and talking in loud voices), Henderson took a passing glance at it. "Looks nasty," he commented. "Tie a rag around it and it'll be all right."

Like the savage, the attitude of these men was stoical in great things, childish in little things. I remember, later in the voyage, seeing Kerfoot, another of the hunters, lose a finger by having it smashed to a jelly, and he did not even murmur or change the expression on his face. Yet I have seen the same man, time and again, fly into the most outrageous passion over a trifle.

He was doing it now, vociferating, bellowing, waving his arms, and cursing like a fiend, and all because of a disagreement with another hunter as to whether a seal pup knew instinctively how to swim.

For the most part, the remaining four hunters leaned on the table or lay in their bunks and left the discussion to the two antagonists.

And they smoked. Incessantly smoked, using a coarse, cheap and offensive-smelling tobacco. The air was thick and murky with the smoke of it, and this, combined with the violent movement of the ship as she struggled through the storm, would surely have made me seasick had I been a victim to that malady. As it was, it made me quite squeamish, though this nausea might have been due to the pain of my leg and exhaustion.

As I lay there thinking, I naturally dwelt upon myself and my situation. It was unparalleled, undreamed-of, that I, Humphrey Van Weyden, a scholar and a dilettante, if you please, in things artistic and literary, should be lying here on a Bering sea seal-hunting schooner. Cabin-boy! I had never done any hard manual labor, or scullion labor, in my life. My muscles were small and soft, like a woman's, or so the doctors had said time and again in the course of their attempts to persuade me to go in for physical culture fads. But I had preferred to use my head rather than my body, and here I was, in no fit condition for the rough life in prospect.

These are merely a few of the things that went through my mind and are related for the sake of vindicating myself in advance in the weak and helpless role I was destined to play. But I thought, also, of my mother and sisters, and pictured their grief. I was among the missing dead of the Martinez disaster, an unrecovered body. I could see the headlines in the papers; the fellows at the University club and the Bibelot shaking their heads and saying, "Poor chap!" And I could see Charley Furuseth, as I had said good-by to him that morning, lounging

in a dressing gown on the well-pillowed window couch and delivering himself of oracular and pessimistic epigrams. And all the while, rolling, plunging, climbing the moving mountains and falling and wallowing in the foaming valleys, the schooner Ghost was fighting her way farther and farther into the heart of the Pacific—and I was on her.

CHAPTER V.

But my first night in the hunter's steerage was also my last. Next day Johansen, the new mate, was routed from the cabin by Wolf Larsen, and sent into the steerage to sleep thereafter, while I took possession of the tiny cabin stateroom, which, on the first day of the voyage, had already had two occupants. The reason for this change was quickly learned by the hunters, and became the cause of a great deal of grumbling on their part. It seemed that Johansen, in his sleep, lived over each night the events of the day. His incessant talking and shouting and bellowing of orders had been too much for Wolf Larsen, who had accordingly foisted the nuisance upon his hunters.

After a sleepless night, I arose, weak and in agony, to hobble through my second day on the Ghost.

The day was filled with miserable variety. I had taken my dried clothes down from the galley the night before, and the first thing I did was to exchange the cook's garments for them. I looked for my purse. In addition to some small change (and I have a good memory for such things), it had contained \$185 in gold and paper. The purse I found, but its contents, with the exception of the small silver, had been abstracted. I spoke to the cook about it, when I went on deck to take up my duties in the galley, and though I had looked forward to a surly answer, I had not expected the belligerent harangue I received.

"Look 'ere, 'ump," he began, a malicious light in his eyes and a snarl in his throat, "d'ye want yer nose punched? Strike me blind if this ain't gratitude for yer! 'Ere you come, a pore, mis'erable specimen of 'uman scum, an' I tykes yer into my galley an' treats yer 'ansom, an' this is wot I get for it. Nex' time you can go to 'ell, say I, an' I've a good mind to give you what-for anyw'y."

So saying, he put up his fists and started for me. To my shame be it, I cowered away from the blow and ran out the galley door. The speed with which I ran caused excruciating pain in my knee, and I sank down helplessly at the break of the poop. But the cockney had not pursued me.

"Look at 'im run! Look at 'im run!" I could hear him crying. "An' with a gyne leg at that! Come on back, you pore little mamma's darling. I won't let yer; no, I won't."

I came back and went on with my work; and here the episode ended for the time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR RELICS HELD OF VALUE

Gruesome Mementoes That Have Brought High Prices When Disposed Of at Auction Sales.

There was sold by auction a few years ago the spear that was used by a rebel dervish to kill General Gordon.

On another occasion the sword used by Lord Cardigan in the battle of Balaklava was disposed of at the same auction mart.

A very different war relic realized a very different price. This was the silver-gilt table service used by Napoleon in the course of his many campaigns, and it went for \$3,250.

A really extraordinary war relic was brought to light in an English court some years ago. A woman applied to the magistrate for a summons against a pawnbroker for damage to a hearthrug. She explained that during a campaign on the Indian frontier, her son had made a large hearthrug out of the garments of his slain comrades, and sent it home to her.

A few years ago a relic of the siege of Paris was discovered in a windmill near Besancon. This was the mummified body of a pigeon, to one of the wings of which a quill was attached. Inside this was a brief message, dated 1870, which read:

"Darling—All well, but starving.—P. P. G." The pigeon was one of the homers which had been released during the siege, and maybe shot by the Germans.

What He Didn't Understand.

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. His description was most graphic, and he became very enthusiastic as he lived through the stirring scenes again.

"There's one thing I can't understand about the story," said the workman, slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until seven o'clock at night?"

"Yes, that's so," was the reply. "Then," retorted the workman with a puzzled air, "what I can't make out is how did you manage about your dinner hour?"

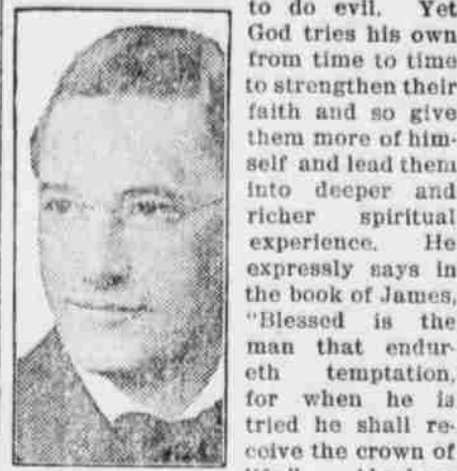
Where Plants Grow on Wires.

In Porto Rico, where the atmosphere is moist and balmy, air plants often lodge in the most unusual places and produce the most unusual effects while growing. Frequently they establish themselves on telephone and telegraph wires. The insulation rots in places and the plants take root, grow and thrive.

Abraham's Supreme Trial. By REV. B. SUTCLIFFE, Assistant Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT—God did tempt Abraham.—Gen. 22:1.

God cannot be tempted with evil, and neither does he tempt any man to do evil. Yet God tries his own from time to time to strengthen their faith and so give them more of himself and lead them into deeper and richer spiritual experience.



had been tried by the Lord many times, but this last supreme trial has some characteristics which are common to many Christians' experience.

Unexpected. It is said that "after these things God did try Abraham." After a life journey of nearly one hundred and twenty-five years. After all the experiences which were packed into his life. After the birth and coming to age of the promised son. At a time when it would perhaps seem as though the life was completed and only needing the final touch of being taken away from the scene around him.

He may have felt that now he could rest a little in his old age and, like Job, "die in his nest." But there never is perfection in this life and therefore the training is never done. Today's goal is but the starting point for tomorrow. Many of the Lord's people come to a time when they feel as though their life were complete. They have come over rough paths and hard ways. Trying experiences have been met, but it seems that these are all in the past and now, having passed them, they settle down as though there were an end of the testings and they had come to rest.

But suddenly, in sweeps a harder test than any before. It comes all unexpected. Or they think they have conquered some part of the old nature and need not watch it longer. Then one day there comes the fierce attack, unlooked for and unexpected. But blessed is the man that endureth the unexpected temptation.

Unexplained.

As far as the record goes, the Lord gave Abraham no word of explanation concerning the offering up of Isaac. God simply told him to take his son whom he loved and offer him a burnt offering. Abraham was human, like ourselves, so we can readily believe that into his mind, as so often into our own, there sprang the question, Why? We desire to know so much of the Lord's doings before we are ready to obey him. What a mark of unconscious unbelief it is when we try to inquire as to why God does this or that in his dealings with us. He applies the test and then, before we meet it, we want to know the "why" for it. We show so much of distrust when hanging back from doing as he says because we do not understand. But God's trials are not all explained. He seldom lets us know why, for if we knew there would be little opportunity for faith to operate.

Unreasonable.

God had promised Abraham that in Isaac should his seed be called. Isaac was the heir of the promises. Through the years of Isaac's youth Abraham knew that nothing could possibly take away Isaac's life. In Isaac was centered the promise of a great multitude. If anything happened to him, therefore, the promise of God would be of none effect. We can imagine Abraham saying, when sickness or accident threatened the life of his boy, that it was impossible for him to die or be killed, for how then could the promise be fulfilled? How unreasonable then it seemed for God to tell him to take this boy and slay him. Would he not be tempted to ask, "How then will the promise be kept?" Would not the tempter suggest that either God had forgotten his word or he was making a mistake, or that Abraham had misunderstood the message? How often we are tempted to question the reasonableness of God's actions. But here again, if we understood all that God was doing, the walk by faith would be changed to sight. God wants not reasoners but believers. And blessed is the man who endureth temptation even when it seems unreasonable.

And Abraham met this test with supreme faith. The book of Hebrews declares it was by faith he obeyed. His obedience was prompt, unquestioning, uncomplaining, deliberate. He did not hesitate to obey, there was no inquiring into the reason for offering Isaac, strange as such a thing would seem. He did not wait to see how God would fulfill his promise, but by faith he offered up Isaac, of whom it was said, that "in Isaac shall thy seed be called." The secret of such faith leading to such obedience is found when the test has been met and the victory won. God said to Abraham, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son from me." The fear of the Lord is the secret of obedience.

FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37.50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in a stock or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitou, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres older land. He got 2,185 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 60 acre field, or over 58 1/2 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitou, Manitoba, that went 63 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitou, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

The Sort Suitable.

"What kind of weapons did the hold-up bandits use in this serial story?"

"I guess they must have used magazine rifles."

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer. Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

Certain Prospect.

"Do you think the football season will be lively this year?"

"I know it will start in with a rush."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Brief, but Pointed.

The Parson—Life is made up of trials. The Lawyer—Well, I'm glad of it.

To Prevent the Grip.

Cold, nose Grip—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, 25c.

Ever notice that boys never let the tin cans to a bull dog's tail? A bull dog won't stand for such foolishness.