

SYNOPSIS. -1-

Humplirey Van Weyden, critic and ditet-inte, is thrown into the water by the mixing of a terryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to the senses he finds himself abourd the senses he finds himself abourd the senses he finds himself abourd the death of the first mate and hears the order of the first mate and hears the senses the dead man for presuming the death of the first mate and hears the senses the beginning of the voyage. The heat of the beginning of the voyage the senses he finds about the sense he body of his sont. Humphrey sees the body of he sent of the sense in a dish washing and the cockney cook, Mugridge, is quarter as he is carrying tee aft and his heat is sensously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilet-

CHAPTER V-Continued.

After breakfast I had another unenviable experience. When I had fintahed washing the Jishes I cleaned the cabin stove and carried the ashes up on deck to empty them. Wolf Larsen and Henderson were standing near the wheel, deep in conversation. I passed them and flung the ashes over the side to windward. The wind drove them back, and not only over me but over Henderson and Wolf Larsen. The next instant the latter kicked me viotently, as a cur is kicked. I reeled away from him and leaned against the cabin in a half-fainting condition. But Wolf Larsen did not follow me up. Brushing the ashes from his clothes, he had resumed his conversation with Henderson. Johansen, who had seen the affair from the break of the poop. sent a couple of sailors aft to clean up the mess.

Later in the morning 1 received a surprise of a totally different sort. Following the cook's instructions, I had gone into Wolf Larsen's stateroom to put it to rights and make the bed. Against the wall, near the head of the bunk, was a rack filled with books. I glanced over them, noting with astonishment such names as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe and De Quincey. There were scientific works, too, among which were represented men such as Tyndall, Proctor and Darwin. Astronomy and physics were represented, and I remarked Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," Shaw's "History of English and American Literature." and Johnson's "Natural History" in two large volumes. Then there were a number of grammars, such as Metcalf's and Reed and Kellogg's; and I smiled as I saw a copy of "The Dean's English."

I could not reconcile these books with the man from what I had seen of him, and I wondered if he could possibly read them. But when I came

"Then to what end?" he demanded, | that they did not know anything about "If I am immortal-why?"

I faltered. How could I explain my idealism to this man? How could I put into speech a something felt, a something like the strains of music heard in sleep, a something that convinced yet transcended utterance? "What do you believe, then?" countered.

"I believe that life is a mess." he

they may retain their strength. The longest, that is all. What do you make in both fleets. of those things?"

He swept his arm in an impatient gesture toward a number of the sailors who were working on some kind of rope stuff amidships.

"They move; so does the jellyfish move. They move in order to eat in order that they may keep moving. There you have it. They live for their belly's sake, and the belly is for their sake. It's a circle; you get nono more. They are dead." "They have dreams." I interrupted.

'radiant, flashing dreams-" "Of grub," he concluded senten

tiously. "And of more-"

"Grub. Of a larger appetite and more luck in satisfying it." His voice sounded harsh. There was no levity in it. "You and I are just like them, There is no difference, except that we have eaten more and better. I am little straw sandals, which wouldn't eating them now, and you, too. But in the past you have eaten more than I have. You wear the warm clothes. They made the clothes, but they shiver in rags and ask you, the lawyer, or the business agent who handles your money, for a job."

"But that is beside the matter." cried.

"Not at all." He was speaking rapidly, now, and his eyes were flashing. "It is piggishness, and it is life. Of what use or sense is an immortality of piggishness? What is the end? What is it all about? To be piggish as you and I have been all our lives does not seem to be just the thing for immortals to be doing. Again, what's it all about? Why have I kept you of wind-jammers for'ard there." here?-"

aged to blurt out.

her or her captain. And those who do know whisper that the hunters, while excellent shots, were so notorious for their quarrelsome and rascally proclivities that they could not sign on any decent schooner.

HE STORY OF

LITTLE WORLD,

ABOARD/SHIP

WAS A LAW

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A MAN WHO

I have made the acquaintance of another one of the crew-Louis, he is called, a rotund and jovial-faced Nova Scotla Irishman, and a very sociable answered promptly. "It is like a yeast. fellow, prone to talk as long as he can a ferment, a thing that moves and find a listener. In the afternoon, may move for a minute, an hour, a while the cook was below and asleep year, or a hundred years, but that in and I was peeling the everlasting pothe end will cease to move. The big tatoes, Louis dropped into the galley eat the little that they may continue for a "yarn." His excuse for being to move, the strong eat the weak that aboard was that he was drunk when he signed. He is accounted one of the lucky eat the most and move the two or three very best boat steerers

"Ah, my boy"-he shook his head ominously at me-"'tis the worst schooner ye could iv selected, nor were ye drunk at the time as was I. Don't I remember him in Hakodate two years gone, when he had a row an' shot four iv his men? An' there was a man the same year he killed with a blow iv his fist. An' wasn't there the governor of Kura island, an the chief iv police, Japanese gentlewhere. Neither do they. In the end men, sir, an' didn't they come aboard they come to a standstill. They move the Ghost as his guests, a-bringin' their wives along-wee an' pretty little bits of things like you see 'em painted on fans. An' as he was a get tin' under way, didn't the fond husbands get left astern-like in their sampan, as it might be by accident? An' wasn't it a week later that the poor little ladies was put ashore on the other side of the island, with nothin' before 'em but to walk home acrost the mountains on their weeny-teeny hang together a mile? Don't I know? 'Tis the beast he is, this Wolf Larsen-the great, big beast mentioned in Revelation; an' no good end will he ever come to. But I've said nothin' to ye, mind ye. I've whispered never a word; for old, fat Louis'll live the voyage out if the last mother's son of yez go to the fishes."

"But if he is so well known for what he is," I queried, "how is it that he can get men to ship with him?"

"An' how is it ye can get men to do anything on God's earth an' sea?" Louis demanded with Celtic fire. "There's them that can't sail with better men, like the hunters, and them that don't know, like the poor devils

"Them hunters is the wicked boys." "Because you are stronger," I man he broke forth again, for he suffered from a constitutional plethora

upon this, and him, Louis passed judgment and prophecy.

'Tis a fine chap, that squarehead Johnson we've for'ard with us," he said. "The best sailorman in the fo'c'sle. He's my boat puller. But it's to trouble he'll come with Wolf Larsen, as the sparks fly upward. The Wolf is strong, and it's the way of a wolf to hate strength, an' strength it is he'll see in Johnson-no knucklin' under, and a 'Yes, sir' thank ye kindly, sir,' for a curse or a blow." Thomas Mugridge is becoming unen-

durable, I am compelled to Mister him and Sir him with every speech. One reason for this is that Wolf Larsen seems to have taken a fancy to him. It is an unprecedented thing, I take it, for a captain to be chummy with the cook; but this is certainly what Wolf Larsen is doing. Two or three times he put his head into the galley and chaffed Mugridge goodnaturedly, and once, this afternoon, he stood by the break of the poop and chatted with him for fully fifteen minutes. When it was over, and Mugridge was back in the galley, he became greasily radiant, and went about his work, humming the coster songs in a nerve-racking and discordant falsetto.

"I always get along with the officers," he remarked to me in a confidential tone. "I know the w'y, I do. to myke myself uppreci-yted. There was my last skipper. 'Mugridge,' sez 'e to me, 'Mugridge,' sez 'e, 'you've missed yer vokytion.' 'An' 'ow's that?' sez I. 'Yes should 'a' been born a gentleman, an' never 'ad to work for yer livin'.' God strike me dead, 'Ump. if that ayn't wot 'e sez, an' me a-sittin' there in 'is own cabin, jolly-like an' comfortable, a-smokin' 'is cigars an drinkin' 'is rum."

This chitter-chatter drove me to distraction. I never heard a voice I hated so. Positively, he was the most disgusting and loathsome person I have ever met. The filth of his cooking was indescribable, and, as he cooked everything that was eaten aboard, I was compelled to select what I ate with great circumspection, choosing from the least dirty of his concoctions.

My hands bothered me a great deal, unused as they were to work. Nor was my knee any better. The swelling had not gone down, and the cap was still up on edge. Hobbling about on it from morning to night was not helping it any. What I needed was rest, if it were ever to get well.

Rest! I never before knew the meaning of the word. I had been resting all my life and did not know it. But now, from half past five in the morning till ten o'clock at night, I am everybody's slave, with not one moment to myself, except such as I can steal near the end of the second dog watch. Let me pause for a minute to look out over the sea sparkling in the sun, or to gaze at a sailor going aloft to the gaff-topsails, or running out the bowsprit, and I am sure to hear the hateful voice, "'Ere, you, 'Ump, no sodgerin'. I've got my peepers on ver."

There are signs of rampant bad temper in the steerage, and the gossip is going around that Smoke and Henderson have had a fight. Henderson seems the best of the hunters, a slow

going fellow, and hard to rouse; but

roused he must have been, for Smoke



Nor does the good soldier stop to inquire whether all the members are congenial or faithful. If every member but himself were unfaithful, it would still be his duty and privilege to join the church because Christ is there.

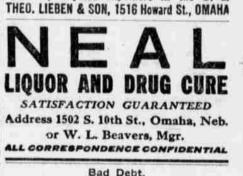
Should a soldier refuse to put on the uniform his sincerity would be questioned. The follower of Jesus Christ who refuses to join the church is justly liable to the same suspicion. Moreover, he damages the very cause which he desires to help, for an outsider who ought to be in the church brings as much reproach upon the cause as an insider who ought to be out.

II. A Good Soldier Will Not Entangle Himself With Outside Matters .---What would you think of a soldier who should report for duty bringing with him a dog and a fishing rod and a bicycle? He would doubtless be told that while these things were well enough in their place, he was expected to fight and not to amuse himself.

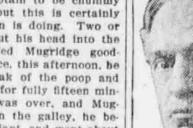
It is said that a soldier who enlisted in the Civil war took along his kit of watchmaker's tool and while they were in camp he did considerable business. But one day when the order came to strike tents and prepare for battle, he looked around his teat in dismay and exclaimed, "Why, I can't possibly go, for I have twelve watches to repair which I have promised by Saturday night."

That man had forgotten what he enlisted for. In like manner there are Christians who entangle themselves with worldly companions and questionable amusements to such an extent as





"The world owes me a living." "Maybe it does, my boy, but you'll



glory.

to make the bed I found, between the blankets, dropped apparently as if he had sunk off to sleep, a complete Browning, the Cambridge edition. It was open at "In a Balcony," and I noticed, have and there, passages underlined in pencil. Further, letting drop the volume during a lurch of the ship, a sheet of paper fell out. It was scrawled over with geometrical dia grand and calculations of some sort.

This glimpse I had caught of his other side must have emboldened me. for I resolved to speak to him about the money I had lost.

"I have been robbed." I said to him, s little later, when I found him pacing up and down the poop alone.

"Sir," he corrected, not harshly, but sternly.

"I have been robbed, sir," I amend-

"How did it happen?" he asked. Then I told him the whole circumstance, how my clothes had been left him. to dry in the galley, and how, later, I was nearly beaten by the cook when I mentioned the matter.

He smiled at my recital. "Pickings." he concluded; "Cooky's pickings And don't you think your miserable life worth the price? Besides, consider it a lesson. You'll learn in time how to heard him loudly cursing some men take care of your money for yourself. amidships. I suppose, up to now, your lawye: has done it for you, or your business agent."

I could feel the quiet sneer through his words, but demanded, "How can I get it back again?"

"That's your lookout. You haven't any lawyer or business agent now, so you'll have to depend on yourself. When you get a dollar, hang on to it. A man who leaves his money lying around, the way you did, deserves to lose it. Besides, you have sinned. You have no right to put temptations in the way of your fellow-creatures. You tempted Cooky, and he fell. You have placed his immortal soul in jeopardy. By the way, do you believe in the immortal soul?"

His lids lifted lazily as he asked the question, and it seemed that the deeps were opening to me and that I was gazing into his soul. But it was an filusion. Far as it might have seemed. no man has ever seen very far into Wolf Larsen's soul, or seen it at allof this I am convinced. It was a very tonely soul, I was to learn, that never unmasked, though at rare moments it played at doing so.

"I read immortality in your eyes," I answered, dropping the "sir"-an experiment, for I thought the intimacy of the conversation warranted it. He took no notice.

states, along the Canadian portier. *

"But why stronger?" he went on at once with his perpetual queries. "Because I am a bigger bit of the ferment than you? Don't you see? Don't you see?'

"But the hopelessness of it," I protested.

"I agree with you," he answered. "Then why move at all, since moving is living? Without moving and being part of the yeast there would be no hopelessness. But-and here it iswe want to live and move, though we have no reason to, because it happens that it is the nature of life to live and move, to want to live and move. If it were not for this, life would be dead It is because of this life that is in you that you dream of your immortality. The life that is in you is alive and wants to go on being alive forever. Bah! An eternity of piggishness!" He abruptly turned on his heel and

started forward. He stopped at the break of the poop and called me to

"By the way, how much was it that Cooky got away with?" he asked. "One hundred and eighty-five dol-

lars, sir," I answered. He nodded his head. A moment later, as I started down the companion stairs to lay the table for dinner, I

CHAPTER VI.

By the following morning the storm had blown itself quite out and the Ghost was rolling slightly on a calm sea without a breath of wind. The men were all onsdeck and busy preparing their various boats for the season's hunting. There are seven boats aboard, the captain's dinghy, the six which the hunters will use. Three, a hunter, a boat puller, and a boat steerer, compose a boat's crew. On board the schooner the boat pullers and steerers are the crew. The bunters, too, are supposed to be in command of the watches, subject, always, to the orders of Wolf Larsen.

All this, and more, I have learned, The Ghost is considered the fastest schooner in both the San Francisco and Victoria fleets. In fact, she was once a private yacht, and was built for speed. Johnson was telling me about her in a short chat I had with God curse his soul, an' may he rot in him during yesterday's second dog watch. He spoke enthusiastically, with the love for a fine craft such as hell iv all!" some men feel for horses.

Every man aboard, with the excepof the men forward or aft. He seemed tion of Johansen, who is rather overdeep-water sailors, and their excuse is | against being called Yonson. And | up all the liquid.

speech. "But wait till they get to cutting up iv jinks and rowin' 'round. He's the boy'll fix 'em. Look at that hunter iv mine, Horner. Didn't he kill his boat steerer last year? An' there's

had a bruised and discolored eye, and looked particularly vicious when he came into the cabin for supper. (TO BE CONTINUED.) MAY RECLAIM WASTE SPOT

> Efforts Are to Be Made to Restore to Fertility the Famous Roman Campagna.

No book on Italy is complete without some reference to the Campagna di Roma, a district upon which a curse seems to have fallen. It is a grassy plain, something like an American prairie, about forty by seventy miles in area, Rome being near its center. This district was once the province of Latium, and was then the richest and most populous country in the world, but it is now nearly destitute of inhabitants. For a part of the year shepherds and herdsmen make it their home, but even they do not linger longer than absolutely necessary. In fact, the Campagna is the home of malaria, so deadly that strangers dare not to pass a single night exposed to its influence.

The trouble with the Campagna arises from its being underlaid by a bed of stone impervious to water. The spring rains fill the soil, a vast quantity of vegetable matter is accumulated, and the summer sun evaporates this foul water, filling the air with malaria of the most deadly sort.

The ancient Romans knew the danger, and averted it with extensive drains; but the moderns suffered the drains to become choked, and the finest portion of Italy became a wilderness. The soil is very rich, and it is pleasant to hear that an effort is being made to reclaim the Champagna for the uses of man.

Novel Atomizer Size of Watch.

A recent novelty is a pocket atomizer in the shape of a watch. The head or top has a small orifice, and the spray is produced by pressing on the flexible metal sides. A miniature funnel is provided for the filling, which is done by unscrewing the head. Anto say fine things iv them an' him, other atomizer consists of a small cylindrical pump mounted on a cork so as to fit into any bottle and thus then go down to the last an' deepest avoid handling of the perfume from one bottle to another. A plunger at Johnson seemed the least equivocal the top serves to produce the spray from a side orifice. The tube which to have the courage of his convic- descends into the liquid has a second come by his promotion, seems to have tions, the certainty of his manhood. It or telescoping end so that the tube an excuse for having sailed on the was this that made him protest, at the can be extended down as far as the Ghost. Half of the men forward are commencement of our acquaintance, bottom of the bottle and thus take

to greatly hinder their usefulness and 1t." influence.

III. A Good Soldier Obeys Orders .-He simply goes where he is sent and does what he is told to do. Seldom does he know the full intent of even his own movements. Like the brave band which Tennyson has made im-

> Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die, Gallant six hundred.

So the good soldier of Jesus Christ

mortal:

will obey orders. Enlistment means entire surrender, and henceforth the great question of life is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Nor will he argue the question of duty, but invariably give his master the benefit of the doubt. It is to be feared that some disciples have not reached this point. IV. A Good Soldier Will Endure Hardship .- He expects it. Sleepless nights and weary days, forced marches and scanty fare, probable sickness and possible death-these are what he looks forward to; but if these are the price of liberty he is willing to pay it. When Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do. They said:

"General, what are you going to give us for all this?"

"I don't know what else you will get; but you are sure to get hunger and cold and wounds and death. How do you like it?'

His men stood for a moment in silence then they cried, "We are the men, we are the men." That is the spirit of the true soldier, and how common it is, thank God!

When the first Napoleon was in his glory, he had what he called his Old Guard, a body of tried veterans, picked men from the whole army. He always held them in reserve; but when danger was imminent he would ride along the line and say, "Soldiers of the Old Guard, the liberties of France are in your hands. You have never failed her yet and I know you will not now. Soldiers of the Old Guard, forward march!" Instantly from the whole battalion would come the cry, "Vive Napoleon! Vive la France!" and with one wild hurrah they would follow him into the thickest of the fight to the cannon's mouth, anywhere, and always to victory-always but once.

Soldiers of Jesus Christ, your master needs an Old Guard in every church, a little company of tried men and women upon whom he can always rely, workers who will not shirk nor complain, who are willing to do their own share, and more, too, if necessary. Who will join the Old Guard?

have to hustle like blazes to collect

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

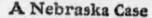
Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

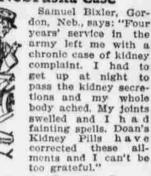
Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00. -Adv.

Austrian soldiers in the trenches will be warmed by electricity.

It's Foolish to Suffer

You may be brave enough to stand backache, or headache, or dizziness. But if, in addition, urination is disordered, look out! If you don't try to fix your sick kidneys, you may fall into the clutches of kidney trouble before you know it. But if you live more carefully and help your kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, you can stop the pains you have and avoid future danger as well.





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They Live for Their Belly's Sake.' Smoke, the black little devil-didn't

the Roosians have him for three years

in the salt mines of Siberia, for poach-

in' on Copper island, which is a Roo-

sian preserve? Shackled he was,

hand an' foot, with his mate. An'

didn't they have words or a ruction

of some kind ?- for 'twas the other

fellow Smoke sent up in the buckets

to the top of the mine; an' a piece at

the time he went up, a leg today, an'

tomorrow an arm, the next day the

"But you can't mean it!" I cried out,

"Mean what ?" he demanded, quick

as a flash. "'Tis nothin' I've said.

Deef I am, and dumb, as ye should

be for the sake iv your mother; an'

never once have I opened me lips but

purgatory ten thousand years, and

overcome with the horror of it.

head, an' so on.'