

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilet-tante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San tante, is thrown into the water by the minking 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 raptain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cockney cook, Mugridge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the guarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Hump's quar-ters are changed aft. Mugridge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life-"like yeast, a ferment. the big eat the little . ." Cooky is jealous of Hump and hazes him. Wolf hazes a sea-man and makes it the basis for another philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his. Wolf's by right of might. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other, Hump's from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his. Wolf's by right of might. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf gketches the story of his life to Hump. Wolf discusses the Bible, and Omar with Hump and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute.

CHAPTER XII.

Several days more passed before about his work in a half-hearted way. death. He was still a sick man, and I more than once observed him creeping painfully aloft to a topsail, or drooping wearly as he stood at the wheel. But. still worse, it seemed that his spirit was broken. He was abject before Wolf Larsen and almost groveled to Johansen. Not so was the conduct of Leach. He went about the deck like s tiger cub, glaring his hatred openly at Wolf Larsen and Johansen.

"I'll do for you yet, you slab-footed little while ago." Swede," I heard him say to Johansen one night on deck.

The mate cursed him in the darkness, and the next moment some missile struck the galley a sharp rap. There was more cursing, and a mocking laugh, and when all was quiet I stole outside and found a heavy knife imbedded over an inch in the solid wood. A few minutes later the mate came fumbling about in search of it, but I returned it privily to Leach next day. He grinned when I handed it over, yet it was a grin that contained more sincere thanks than a multitude of the verbosities of speech common to the members of my own class.

Unlike anyone else in the ship's



sen

then," I chided.

He put a few spokes over, and watched the compass card swing slowly to NNW and steady itself with slight oscillations.

I took a fresh hold on my bedclothes and was preparing to start on, when some movement caught my closed again. eye and I looked astern to the rail. A sinewy hand, dripping with water. was clutching the rail. A second hand took form in the darkness beside it. I watched, fascinated. What visitant stirred uneasily. from the gloom of the deep was I to behold? Whatever it was, I knew that it was climbing aboard by the logline. I saw a head, the hair wet and straight, shape itself, and then the unmistakable eyes and face of Wolf Larsen. His right cheek was red with blood, which flowed from some wound in the head.

He drew himself inboard with quick effort, and arose to his feet, glancing swiftly, as he did so, at the man at the wheel, as though to assure divined Wolf Larsen's trick and the himself of his identity and that there was nothing to fear from him. The sea water was streaming from him. It made little audible gurgles which distracted me. As he stepped toward

me I shrank back instinctively, for 1 Johnson crawled on deck and went saw that in his eyes which spelled

> "All right, Hump," he said in a low voice. "Where's the mate?"

> I shook my head. "Johansen!" he called softly. "Johansen!"

'Where is he?" he demanded of Harrison.

The young fellow seemed to have recovered his composure, for he answered steadily enough, "I don't fight in the dark that I leaned against know, sir. I saw him go forward a the ladder, trembling and unable to

"So did 1 go for'ard. But I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?"

"You must have been overboard, sir."

"Shall I look for him in the steer age, sir?" I asked. Wolf Larsen shock his head. "You

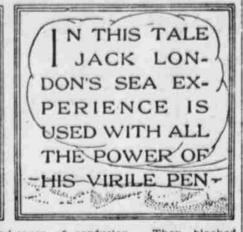
the labored breathing, the short, quick wouldn't find him, Hump. But you'll gasps of sudden pain. do. Come on. Never mind your bedding. Leave it where it is." the conspiracy to murder the captain

I followed at his heels. There was nothing stirring amidships.

"Those cursed hunters," was his comment. "Too damned fat and lazy to stand a four-hour watch."

"Get a knife, somebody!" Leach But on the forecastle head vas shouting. found three sailors asleep. He turned them over and looked at their faces. They composed the watch on deck. and it was the ship's custom, in good weather, to let the watch sleep with the exception of the officer, the helmsman and the lookout.

mates.



'You'd better get on your course. | the midst of it the Kanaka roused. He | cause of confusion. They blocked awoke as gently as he slept. There their own efforts, while Wolf Larsen, with but a single purpose, achieved was no movement of the body whathis. This was to fight his way across ever. The eyes, only, moved. They flushed wide open, big and black, and the floor to the ladder. Though in total stared, unblinking, into our faces. darkness, I followed his progress by its Wolf Larsen put his finger to his lips sound. No man less than a giant could have done what he did, once he had as a sign for silence, and the eyes gained the foot of the ladder. Step by

In the lower bunk lay Louis, grossstep, by the might of his arms, the ly fat and warm and sweaty, asleep whole pack of men striving to drag him back and down, he drew his body unfeignedly and sleeping laboriously. up from the floor till he stood erect. While Wolf Larsen held his wrist he And then, step by step, hand and foot, Satisfied with the honesty of his he slowly struggled up the ladder.

The very last of all, I saw. For and the Kanaka's sleep, Wolf Larsen Latimer, having finally gone for a lanpassed on to the next two bunks on the starboard side, occupied top and tern, held it so that its light shone bottom, as we saw in the light of down the scuttle. Wolf Larsen was the sea-lamp, by Leach and Johnson. nearly to the top, though I could not see him. All that was visible was the As Wolf Larsen bent down to the lower bunk to take Johnson's pulse, I, mass of men fastened upon him. It squirmed about, like some huge manystanding erect and holding the lamp, saw Leach's head raise stealthily as legged spider, and swayed back and forth to the regular roll of the vessel. he peered over the side of the bunk to see what was going on. He must have And still, step by step, with long intervals between, the mass ascended. sureness of detection, for the light Once it tottered, about to fall back, was at once dashed from my hand but the broken hold was regained and and the forecastle left in darkness. He it still went up.

must have leaped, also, at the same "Who is it?" Latimer cried. instant, straight down on Wolf Lar-In the rays of the lantern I could see his perplexed face peering down.

"Larsen," I heard a muffled voice from within the mass. Latimer reached down with his free hand. I saw a hand shoot up to clasp his. Latimer pulled, and the next couple of steps were made with a rush. Then Wolf Larsen's other hand reached up and clutched the edge of the scuttle. The mass swung clear of the ladder, the men still clinging to their escaping foe. They began to drop off, to be brushed off against the sharp edge of the scuttle, to be knocked off by the legs which were now kicking powerfully. Leach was the last to go, falling sheer back from the top of the scuttle and striking on head and shoulders upon his sprawling mates beneath. Wolf Larsen and the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARD TO CONTROL NERVES

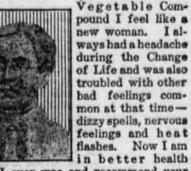
Even the Bravest Men Have Been Known to Exhibit Fear Before Being inured to Battle.

and then worked in by traffic and a Men in the trenches, now guite used liberal use of the drag, a poor earth to the war game, have been described road can be much improved and made as feeling "jumpy"-the sort of affliction that used to be called "mauseritis." Here is a state of mind not necessarily blameworthy, nor even unsoldierly; the bravest have experienced it. The feeling is given various names. As when a young nobleman was sent to the hospital suffering from "heart paralysis." Being immature, a mere youth, his heart, in fact, his whole body, was undeveloped-a man in spirit, but not yet in body. Being so conspicuous a figure it was up to him to display the supremest courage; and of course, he made good. All the same, there was a profound shock to his physical organism; and something had to evidence that shock. His soul was strong and brave; but his physical being, with its subconscious willto-live, was afraid; and no shame to it or to its princely owner. Why should men get equivocal about fear on the battlefield; why not frankly call it that and not "nerves" or some like foolishness? The courage lles all in going ahead despite the fear. The sublimest courage is the "two in the morning" sort, when one's physical condition is at its lowest ebb. And the wonder is, just that kind of courage is now being so magnificently and so lavishly displayed all along the battlefronts, where much of the fighting is done at night. All soldiers are likely to be afraid until they get used to warfare. This has beer, true of many famous commanders-Augustus, who won fame at Actium, Turenne, Napoleon, Ney. "A coward is he," declare, the bravest of the brave, 'who boasts he never was afraid." Demosthenes talked fight aplenty; but he ran away from his first engagement, as did also Cicero. -Scientific American.



Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable **Compound Helped Her** During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va. - "After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's



than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends. "-Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

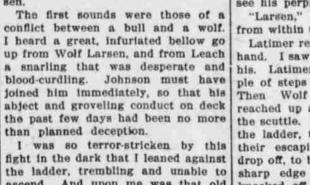
While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.







ascend. And upon me was that old sickness at the pit of the stomach. caused always by the spectacle of physical violence. In this instance I could not see but I could hear the impact of the blows-the soft, crushing sound made by flesh striking forcibly lantern disappeared, and we were left against flesh. Then there was the in darkness. crashing about of the entwined bodies.

company, I now found myself with no quarrels on my hands and in the good graces of sil. The hunters possibly no more than tolerated me, though none of them disliked me; while Smoks and Henderson, convalescent unds a deck awning and swinging day and night in their hammocks, assured me that I was better than any hospital narse and that they would not forget me at the end of the voyage when they were paid off. (As though I stood in need of their money! I, who could have bought them out, bag and baggage, and the schooner and its equipment, a score of times over!) But upon me had devolved the task of tending their wounds, and pulling them through, and I did my best by them.

Wolf Larsen underwent another bad attack of headache which lasted two days. He must have suffered severely. for he called me in, and obeyed my commands like a sick child. But prepared to descend. nothing I could do seemed to relieve him. At my suggestion, however, he gave up smoking and drinking; though why such a magnificent animal as he should have headaches at all puzzles

I talked with Johansen last nightthe first superfluous words with which he has favored me since the voyage began. He left Sweden when he was eighteen, is now thirty-eight, and in all the intervening time has not been musty, and by the dim light of the home once. He had met a townsman. a couple of years before, in some ratior boarding house in Chile, so that he knew his mother to be still alive.

"She must be a pretty old woman now," he said, staring meditatively into the binnacle and then jerking a sharp glance at Harrison, who was steering a point off the course.

"But does she work? now? How old is she?"

"About seventy," he answered. And then, boastingly, "We work from the time we are born until we die, in my country. That's why we live so long. 1 will live to a hundred."

I shall never forget this conversa tion The words were the last I ever heard him utter. Perhaps they were the last he did utter, too. For, going down into the cabin to turn in. I decided that it was too stuffy to sleep below. It was a calm night. We were put of the trades, and the Ghost was forging ahead barely a knot an hour. minded me of a story out of Boccae-Bo I tucked a blanket and pillow under my arm and went up on deck.

As I passed between Harrison and the binnacle, which was built into the top of the cabin, I noticed that he was this time fully three points off. His eyes were wide and staring. He seemed greatly perturbed.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

He shook his head, and with a deep sigh, as of awakening, caught his breath

"Who's the lookout?" he demanded. "Me. sir." answered Holyoak, one of the deep-water sallors, a slight tremor in his voice. "I winked off just this very minute, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again."

"Did you hear or see anything on deck ?"

"No, sir, 1-"

But Wolf Larsen had turned away with a snort of disgust, leaving the sailor rubbing his eyes with surprise at having been let off so easily.

"Softly, now," Wolf Larsen warned me in a whisper, as he doubled his body into the forecastle scuttle and

I followed with a quaking heart. What was to happen I knew no more than did I know what had happened. But blood had been shed, and it was through no whim of Wolf Larsen that he had gone over the side with his scalp laid open. Besides, Johansen was missing.

It was my first descent_into the forecastle, and I shall not soon forget my impression of it. It smelled sour and swinging sea-lamp I saw every bit of available wall space hung deep with sea-boots, oilskins and garments, clean and dirty, of various sorts. Though it was a mild night on the sea, there was a continual chorus of the creaking timbers and bulkheads strength I felt that there was no hope and of abysmal noises beneath the

flooring. The sleepers did not mind. There were eight of them-the two watches below-and the air was thick with the warmth and odor of their breathing, and the ear was filled with the noise of their snoring and of their sighs and half-groans, tokens plain of the rest of the animal-man. But

were they sleeping? all of them? Or had they been sleeping? This was evidently Wolf Larsen's quest-to find the men who appeared to be asleep and who were not asleep or who had not been asleep very recently. And he went about it in a way that recio

He took the sea-lamp from its swinging frame and handed it to me. He began at the first bunks forward on the starboard side. In the top of one lay Oofty-Oofty, a Kanaka and splendid seaman, so named by his mates. He was asleep on his back and breathing as placidly as a woman. One arm was under his head, the

other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf Larsen put thumb and forefinger to comparative silence. the wrist and counted the pulse. In

"Pound him on the head! Mash his brains out!" was Johnson's cry. But after his first bellow, Wolf Lar sen made no noise. He was fighting grimly and silently for his life. He was sore beset. Down at the very

There must have been more men in

and mate, for by the sounds I knew

that Leach and Johnson had been

quickly re-enforced by some of their



Wolf Larsen Put Finger to the Wrist and Counted the Pulse.

first, he had been unable to gain his feet, and for all of his tremendous for him

The force with which they struggled was vividly impressed on me; for l was knocked down by their surging bodies and badly bruised. But in the confusion I managed to crawl into an empty lower bunk out of the way.

"All hands! We've got him! We've got him!" I could hear Leach crying. "Who?" demanded those who had been really asleep, and who had wakened to they knew not what.

"It's the bloody mate!" was Leach's crafty answer, strained from him in a smothered sort of way.

This was greeted with whoops of joy, and from then on Wolf Larsen had seven strong men on top of him, Louis. I believe, taking no part in it. The forecastle was like an angry hive of bees aroused by some marauder. "What ho! below there!" I heard

Latimer shout down the scuttle, too cautious to descend into the inferno of passion he could hear raging be neath him in the darkness.

"Won't somebody get a knife?" Leach pleaded in the first interval of The number of the assailants was a me. Draw Power From Air.

The mission settlement at Mt. Hope, 100 miles north of the arctic circle. in Alaska, is contemplating the installation of an electric lighting plant to be driven by large windmills. During the long arctic winter the steady winds in that region seldom fall below 20 miles an hour, which is ampla for driving the power plant. Since fuel of any kind is exceedingly expensive in that region, the power will serve the dual purpose of illuminating and heating

Too Much fo: Her.

A little girl who was enrolled in the extension department of the Y. W. C. A was asked by one of the secretaries of the association why she no longer attended the technical grammar class Well," replied the girl, "I always thought a conjunction was a place where trains stonged. When I learned it was a word that connected other words the class was too much for

to carry a surprisingly heavy traffic for a short time.

·ROAD ·

FIXING BAD SPOTS IN ROADS

Temporary Expedients for Making

Them Passable-Should Be Em-

ployed Only in Emergencies.

(From Weekly News Letter, United States Department of Agriculture.)

at least should be, confined to emer-

gency measures. In proportion to the

results obtained, temporary work is al-

ways expensive and is never justified

by ordinary conditions. Unusual con-

ditions, however, often occur to plague

the road man. For example, the clos-

ing of a main highway to traffic be-

cause of construction, repair or wash-

outs may suddenly throw a heavy traf-

fic for a short time on a little-used and,

probably unimproved byway. Clearly,

in such a case temporary expedients

in a case of this kind are mudholes

and ruts if the soll is heavy, and dust

and loose sand if the soil is light or

On a clay or gumbo road mudholes

usually cause the most trouble. As

water is absolutely necessary for the

existence of a mudhole, any treatment,

whether temporary or permanent in

character, must provide for getting rid

of the water. The first step is, there-

fore, to dig a trench to the side and

allow the water and mud to drain. If

necessary, open up also the side

ditches. Furthermore, remove all of

the soft mud left in the mudhole. The

bottom of the trench should be filled

with broken stone or coarse gravel so

as to provide a drain to prevent any

further accumulation of water. Gravel

is the best material for filling the old

mudhole. If gravel is not available,

use the best earth at hand, tamping it

down in three or four-inch layers. If

possible, spread a little gravel or sand

over the new fill, which should be

made slightly higher than the adjoin-

ing road surface. The best treatment

of all, however, is to keep the drain-

age in good condition. Serious mud-

Don't try to fill a mudhole without

first draining out the water and re-

moving the soft mud. Don't try to fill

it with large stones, because if this is

done there will soon be two mudholes

instead of one. Don't try to fill a mud-

hole with sods or similar material

On an earth or gravel road ruts are

best treated with the drag. Don't be

afraid of dragging too often during a

rainy spell. If a thin coat of sand or

gravel be spread over the road sur-

face when it has been softened by rain

holes will then rarely develop.

which absorb water readily.

The most common troubles met with

are legitimate.

sandy.

Temporary repairs to roads are, or

In contrast to the clay or gumbo road, the sand road gives least trouble



Experimental Concrete Road.

during wet weather. On sandy roads anything that will prevent the free movement of the sand particles will be of value. As long as the road is damp, the surface tension of the capillary water acts as a binder and holds the separate grains of sand in place. All efforts should, therefore, be directed toward preventing the sandy places from drying out, or to adding some binder. The addition of clay furnishes a positive binder and is really the best and most permanent treatment. The addition of any fibrous material such as straw, spent tan bark, sage brush or pine needles is of value and, when spread on the road and covered with a thin coat of sand or allowed to work into the surface, will make an almost impassable sand road fairly good for a time. But the best way to treat, a bad place, whether on a clay or a sand road, is to treat it before it gets bad. Immediate attention to small injuries will prevent later prolonged attention and extensive repairs to serious damages.

Reasonable Proposition. A good road between every farm and market is a reasonable and worthwhile proposition.

Crushed Oats for Horses. There is no doubt that crushing the oats fed to all horses is far the most economical way of feeding them. Any thrifty farmer can well afford to own his own crusher.

Prevent Chuck Holes. Chuck holes in the road multiply if neglected. Each chuck makes another. Road patrol prevents the first one.

Servants, Not Masters. Our country roads should be our servants, not our masters.



Inculcating Morals,

Mr. Johnson-I'll teach de young varmint to lie! He said a fish got away from him in de millpond today dat was as big as de fish dat got away from me down dar last week.

Mr. Jackson-Wal, p'raps dat's de trufe!

Mr. Johnson-Nonsense! Dar ain't no sech size fish as dat in dat millpond, an' dar nevah wuz!

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a To half plut of water add 1 oz. Bay Kum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and M oz. of glycerine. Apply to the halr twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any drug-gist can put this up or you can mix it at bome at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and re-moves dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.-Adv.

Cause and Effect.

"What lantern jaws Jones has!" "I suppose that is why his face lights up so when he talks.'

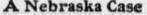
Danger that's known is a guidepost to safety.

A minister says the right path is often left.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A,





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

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 7-1916.