



THE STORY OF
A MAN WHO
IN HIS OWN
LITTLE WORLD
ABOARD SHIP
WAS A LAW
UNTO HIMSELF

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat, on coming to his senses, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins under the cockney cook, Mugridge, who steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Cooky is jealous of Hump and hates him. Wolf hates a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump. Cooky and Hump wrestle knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. Wolf sketches the story of his life, discusses the Bible, and Omar, 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. Wolf is knocked overboard at night by Mugridge, but is rescued by the logline and wins clear in a fight in the fore-castle. Hump dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the hell-ship Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Wolf hates the men who tried to kill him. Van Weyden proves by his conduct in a blow, with all hands out in the boats among the seal herd, that he has learned "to stand on his own legs."

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Then they were gone astern. The spritsail filled with the wind, suddenly, careening the frail open craft till it seemed it would surely capsize. A whitecap foamed above it and broke across in a snow-white smother. Then the boat emerged, half swamped, Leach flinging the water out and Johnson clinging to the steering-ear, his face white and anxious. Wolf Larsen laughed, at the same time beckoning them with his arm to follow. It was evidently his intention to play with them, a lesson, I took it, in lieu of a beating, though a dangerous lesson, for the frail craft stood in momentary danger of being overwhelmed.

Johnson squared away promptly and ran after us. There was nothing else for him to do.

Still we increased our lead, and when the boat had dropped astern several miles we hove to and waited. All eyes watched it coming, even Wolf Larsen's; but he was the only unperturbed man aboard. Louis, gazing fixedly, betrayed a trouble in his face he was not quite able to hide.

The boat drew closer and closer, hurling along through the seething green like a thing alive, lifting and sending and upsetting across the huge-backed breakers, or disappearing behind them only to rush into sight again and shoot skyward. It seemed impossible that it could continue to live, yet with each dizzying sweep it did achieve the impossible. A rain squall drove past, and out of the flying wet the boat emerged, almost upon us.

"Hard up, there!" Wolf Larsen shouted, himself springing to the wheel and whirling it over.

Again the Ghost sprang away and raced before the wind, and for two hours Johnson and Leach pursued us. We hove to and ran away, hove to and ran away, and ever astern the struggling patch of sail tossed skyward and fell into the rushing valleys. It was a quarter of a mile away when a thick squall of rain veiled it from view. It never emerged. The wind blew the air clear again, but no patch of sail broke the troubled surface. I thought I saw, for an instant, the boat's bot-



"Good God, Sir, What Kind of a Craft is This?"

tom show black in a breaking crest. At the best, that was all. For Johnson and Leach the travail of existence had ceased.

The men remained grouped amidships. No one had gone below, and no one was speaking. Nor were any looks being exchanged. Each man seemed stunned—deeply contemplative, as it were, and not quite sure, trying to realize just what had taken place. Wolf Larsen gave them little time for thought. He at once put the Ghost upon her course—a course which meant the seal herd and not Yokohama harbor. But the men were no longer eager as they pulled and hauled, and I heard curses amongst them, which left their lips smothered

and as heavy and lifeless as were they. Not so was it with the hunters. Smoke the irrepressible related a story, and they descended into the steerage, belching with laughter.

As I passed to leeward of the galley on my way aft, I was approached by the engineer we had rescued. His face was white, his lips were trembling.

"Good God! sir, what kind of a craft is this?" he cried.

"You have eyes, you have seen," I answered, almost brutally, what of the pain and fear at my own heart.

"Your promise?" I said to Wolf Larsen.

"I was not thinking of taking them aboard when I made that promise," he answered. "And anyway, you'll agree I've not laid my hands upon them."

"Far from it, far from it," he laughed a moment later.

I made no reply. I was incapable of speaking, my mind was too confused. I must have time to think, I knew. This woman, sleeping even now in the spare cabin, was a responsibility which I must consider, and the only rational thought that flickered through my mind was that I must do nothing hastily if I were to be any help to her at all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The remainder of the day passed uneventfully. Miss Brewster, we had learned her name from the engineer, slept on and on. At supper I requested the hunters to lower their voices, so she was not disturbed; and it was not till next morning that she made her appearance. It had been my intention to have her meals served apart, but Wolf Larsen put down his foot. Who was she that she should be too good for cabin table and cabin society? had been his demand.

Wolf Larsen had little to say at first, doing no more than reply when he was addressed. Not that he was abashed. Far from it. His was the perfect poise, the supreme confidence in self, which nothing could shake; and he was no more timid of a woman than he was of storm and battle.

"And when shall we arrive at Yokohama?" she asked, turning to him and looking him squarely in the eyes.

There it was, the question flat. The jaws stopped working, the ears ceased wobbling, and though eyes remained glued on plates, each man listened greedily for the answer.

"In four months, possibly three if the season closes early," Wolf Larsen said.

She caught her breath, and stammered. "I—I thought—I was given to understand that Yokohama was only a day's sail away. It—" Here she paused and looked about the table at the circle of unsympathetic faces staring hard at the plates. "It is not right," she concluded.

"That is a question you must settle with Mr. Van Weyden there," he replied, nodding to me with a mischievous twinkle. "Mr. Van Weyden is what you may call an authority on such things as rights. Now I, who am only a sailor, would look upon the situation somewhat differently. It may possibly be your misfortune that you have to remain with us, but it is certainly our good fortune."

"I may be taken off by some passing vessel, perhaps," she suggested.

"There will be no passing vessels, except other sealing schooners," Wolf Larsen made answer.

"I have no clothes, nothing," she objected. "You hardly realize, sir, that I am not a man, or that I am unaccustomed to the vagrant, careless life which you and your men seem to lead."

"I suppose you're like Mr. Van Weyden there, accustomed to having things done for you. Well, I think doing a few things yourself will hardly dislocate any joints. By the way, what do you do for a living?"

She regarded him with amazement un concealed.

"I mean no offense, believe me. People eat, therefore they must procure the wherewithal. These men here shoot seals in order to live; for the same reason I sail this schooner; and Mr. Van Weyden, for the present at any rate, earns his salty grub by assisting me. Now what do you do?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"At present," she said, after slight pause, "I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year."

With one accord, all eyes left the plates and settled on her. A woman who earned eighteen hundred dollars a year was worth looking at. Wolf Larsen was undisguised in his admiration.

"Salary or piecework?" he asked.

"Piecework," she answered promptly.

"Eighteen hundred," he calculated. "That's a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Well, Miss Brewster, there is nothing small about the Ghost. Consider yourself on salary during the time you remain with us."

She made no acknowledgment. She was too unused as yet to the whims of the man to accept them with equanimity.

"I forgot to inquire," he went on

suavely, "as to the nature of your occupation. What commodities do you turn out? What tools and material do you require?"

"Paper and ink," she laughed. "And, oh! also a typewriter."

"You are Maud Brewster," I said slowly and with certainty, almost as though I were charging her with a crime.

Her eyes lifted curiously to mine. "How do you know?"

"Aren't you?" I demanded.

She acknowledged her identity with a nod. It was Wolf Larsen's turn to be puzzled. The name and its magic signified nothing to him. I was proud that it did mean something to me, and for the first time in a weary while I was convincingly conscious of a superiority over him.

"I remember writing a review of a thin little volume—" I had begun carelessly, when she interrupted me.

"You!" she cried. "You are—"

She was now staring at me in wide-eyed wonder.

I nodded my identity, in turn.

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she concluded; then added with a sigh of relief, and unaware that she had glanced that relief at Wolf Larsen, "I am so glad."

"I remember the review," she went on hastily, becoming aware of the awkwardness of her remark: "that too, too flattering review."

"Not at all," I denied valiantly. "You impeach my sober judgment and make my canons of little worth. Besides, all my brother critics were with me. Didn't Lang include your 'Kiss Endured' among the four supreme sonnets by women in the English language?"

"You are very kind, I am sure," she murmured; and the very conventionality of her tones and words, with the host of associations it aroused of the old life on the other side of the world, gave me a quick thrill—rich with remembrance but stinging sharp with homesickness.

"And you are Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, gazing back at me with equal solemnity and awe. "How unusual! I don't understand. We surely are not to expect some wildly romantic sea story from your sober pen?"

"No, I am not gathering material, I assure you," was my answer. "I have neither aptitude nor inclination for fiction."

"Tell me, why have you always buried yourself in California?" she next asked. "It has not been kind of you. We of the East have seen so very little of you—too little, indeed, of the Dean of American Letters, the Second."

I bowed to, and disclaimed, the compliment. "I nearly met you, once, in Philadelphia, some Browning affair or other—you were to lecture, you know. My train was four hours late."

And then we quite forgot where we were, leaving Wolf Larsen stranded and silent in the midst of our flood of gossip. The hunters left the table and went on deck, and still we talked. Wolf Larsen alone remained. Suddenly I became aware of him, leaning back from the table and listening curiously to our alien speech of a world he did not know.

I broke short off in the middle of a sentence. The present, with all its perils and anxieties, rushed upon me with stunning force. It smote Miss Brewster likewise, a vague and nameless terror rushing into her eyes as she regarded Wolf Larsen.

He rose to his feet and laughed awkwardly. The sound of it was metallic. "Oh, don't mind me," he said, with a self-deprecatory wave of his hand. "I don't count. Go on, go on, I pray you."

But the gates of speech were closed, and we, too, rose from the table and laughed awkwardly.

CHAPTER XIX.

The chagrin Wolf Larsen felt from being ignored by Maud Brewster and me in the conversation at table had to express itself in some fashion, and it fell to Thomas Mugridge to be the victim. He had not mended his ways nor his shirt, though the latter he contended he had changed. The garment itself did not bear out the assertion, nor did the accumulations of grease on stove and pan attest a general cleanliness.

"I've given you warning, Cooky," Wolf Larsen said, "and now you've got to take your medicine."

Mugridge's face turned white under its sooty veneer, and when Wolf Larsen called for a rope and a couple of men, the miserable cockney fled wildly out of the galley and dodged and ducked about the deck with the grinning crew in pursuit. Few things could have been more to their liking than to give him a tow over the side, for to the fore-castle he had sent messes and concoctions of the vilest order.

As usual, the wretches below and the hunters turned out for what promised sport. Mugridge exhibited a nimbleness and speed we did not dream he possessed. Straight aft he raced, to

the poop and along the poop to the stern. So great was his speed that as he curved past the corner of the cabin he slipped and fell. Nilson was standing at the wheel, and the cockney's hurtling body struck his legs. Both went down together, but Mugridge alone arose. By some freak of pressures, his frail body had snapped the strong man's leg like a pipestem.

Parsons took the wheel, and the pursuit continued. Round and round the docks they went, Mugridge sick with fear, the sailors hallooing and shouting directions to one another, and the hunters bellowing encouragement and laughter. Mugridge went down on the fore-hatch under three men; he emerged from the mass, bleeding at the mouth.

The battle was over, and Wolf Larsen rove a bowline in a piece of rope and slipped it under his shoulders. Then he was carried aft and flung into the sea. Forty, fifty, sixty feet of line ran out, when Wolf Larsen cried "Belay!" Oofty-Oofty took a turn on a bit, the rope tautened, and the Ghost, lunging onward, jerked the cook to the surface.

I had forgotten the existence of Maud Brewster, and I remembered her with a start as she stepped lightly



He Was Carried Aft and Flung Into the Sea.

beside me. It was her first time on deck since she had come aboard. A dead silence greeted her appearance.

Her eyes lighted on Oofty-Oofty, immediately before her, his body instinct with alertness and grace as he held the turn of the rope.

"Are you fishing?" she asked him.

He made no reply. His eyes, fixed intently on the sea astern, suddenly flashed.

"Shark ho, sir!" he cried.

"Heave in! Live! All hands tail on!" Wolf Larsen shouted, springing himself to the rope in advance of the quickest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIMBERING MINES IS COSTLY

Owners Compelled to Put Millions of Dollars Underground Every Year of Operation.

Nearly 90,000,000 cubic feet of timber are placed in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania every year, if an estimate in the Colliery Engineer, lately acquired by Coal Age, that the amount of timber in anthracite mines is approximately one cubic foot for every ton of coal mined, is correct. The timbered gangways and drifts cover a vast extent, exceeding 7,000 miles, and the closely timbered shafts with their miles of heavy guide timbers which must be constantly replaced, form a large item. The total output since the beginning of anthracite mining is over 2,500,000,000 tons.

A billion tons of water, or over 11 times as many tons as the coal produced during the year, must be pumped out of the anthracite mines every year. According to the chief of the Pennsylvania department of mines the timbering is an even greater expense than the pumping. The cost of placing this vast forest below ground is staggering.

The cost of the material is given as about 6.5 cents per cubic foot for round timber and 20 cents per cubic foot for sawed timber. At the lower figure this would make 90,000,000 cubic feet cost \$5,850,000. In addition to this, there are millions of mine ties, and heavy white oak is used for the mine cars. The use of steel timbers, which are being adopted on account of their longevity, for main gangways, turn-outs, pump rooms and shaft and slope bottoms, will add to the total cost of mining for the next few years, but will effect a final saving. Most of the timber now used in the anthracite mines is yellow pine from the South.

Successful Brain Amputation.

The Paris Journal cites a surgical miracle. Doctor Guepin expounded before the Academy of Science the case of a soldier of twenty-two years of age, who had to undergo a partial amputation of the brain. The wounded man has so far recovered that he will not be discharged from the active army. The doctor verified the fact that the rapid removal of a part of the cerebral matter has been productive of no appreciable trouble. The operation depends for its success on speed and boldness.

Kind Words.

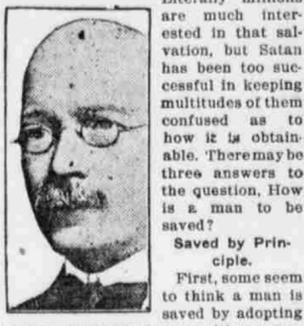
Belle—I think the short skirts are so becoming to most girls, and that's why I like them.
Nell—That's real noble of your dear, with your feet, too.

Principle, Program or Person

By REV. J. H. RALSTON
Secretary of Correspondence Department,
Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT—Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.—John 6:47.

The end of salvation, as the apostle Peter puts it, is the saving of the soul. Literally millions are much interested in that salvation, but Satan has been too successful in keeping multitudes of them confused as to how it is obtainable. There may be three answers to the question, How is a man to be saved?



Saved by Principle. First, some seem to think a man is saved by adopting certain theological propositions; certain religious dogmas or teachings. The weakness of this position is quite easily seen by the majority and they immediately say that the theory must eventuate in practice; there must be a program of conduct, and that program must be carried out in actual life.

Saved by Program.

For such a program the moral law of God is put to tribute. The ethics of wise men of Old Testament times; the best ethics of seekers after truth of the first centuries; the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and of Jesus himself and his apostles, are all put to tribute, and if it can be carried out, salvation will ensue perforce. This belief is in the face of much teaching of the Word of God that man's righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Yet, with all this, there are thousands of men and women today who are trusting some program of living to be their passport to eternal salvation. But sincere students of the principles and the ethics of Jesus have found that other teachings of Jesus take the foundation from under this program.

Unique Religion.

The religion of Jesus Christ is unique, being different from all other religions in that those who are to receive its benefits are not to do so as the result of their belief in its principles, nor an alignment of their lives with its program of conduct. Neither Buddha nor Confucius nor Mohammed comes with such a claim. They give the principles and the program, but keep themselves in the background. Not so with Jesus Christ, and, strange as it may seem, his religion is, in a sense, the most egotistic of all the religions that the race of man has ever received. He makes most astounding claims for himself: He is equal with the Father; he is the son of God; he has all power given to him in heaven and on earth; he can raise the dead; he can lay down his life, but he can take it up again; he can forgive sin; he is worthy to receive all honor and worship, both of men and of angels; in short, he claims to be God. He clearly teaches that salvation is not in assent to, nor in belief in his principles, nor in following a program of conduct that he gives, but in living union with himself.

Personality of Jesus Christ.

We may note that in the text we find that belief is referred to, but no hint is given of principles, or a program of living. The belief here, however, is not to be a mere intellectual exercise, but a soul movement. This teaching is frequent: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life;" "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Now all this teaches that religion is not a matter of principles or program, but of personal contact with Jesus Christ. He is represented as the head of the body, of which saved men are the members. He is the chief part of the great spiritual building known as the church of God, of which his believers are parts. He is the vine in which believers are the branches. It is intimate, personal contact all the way through. One has very properly said: "Much of the deadness that has come to modern Christendom has resulted from loose ideas of the personal element in proclaiming the gospel; in presenting a creed instead of Christ; in presenting a plan of salvation rather than a person who saves."

How to get this personal contact with Jesus? Study Jesus, as he is presented, especially in the gospels and epistles of the New Testament, as the Son of God. While no one can say Jesus is Lord, except by the Holy Spirit, yet by following the Holy Spirit in his teaching in the Scriptures, we may believe that he will give light upon light as man goes on honestly and sincerely seeking to know truth at this point.

Then let there be an utter and complete surrender of the soul to Jesus Christ. When Saul of Tarsus cried: "What shall I do, Lord?" as he lay prostrate on the earth by the gate of Damascus, he made the great surrender which brought him to personal salvation, but as well to the adoption of principles that gave him a program of conduct pleasing to God.

HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

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Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.



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Stand Pat. "Did you make any resolutions New Year's?"

"No; all my bad habits are so delightful that I don't even like to fool myself with the idea that I am going to break them off."—Judge.

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