



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Wolf Larsen is a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Mump. Mump's intimacy with Wolf increases. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brute. Mump is made mate on the hell-ship and proves that he has learned "to stand on his own legs." Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maude Brewster, the rescued girl, sees the cook towed over-side to give him a bath and his foot bitten off by a shark as he is hauled aboard. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maude. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam sealer Macedonia, "hogs" the sea, and Wolf captures several of his boats. The Ghost runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the prisoners.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"He led a lost cause, and he was not afraid of God's thunderbolts," Wolf Larsen was saying. "Hurled into hell he was unbeaten. A third of God's angels he had led with him, and straightway he incited man to rebel against God, and gained for himself and hell the major portion of all the generations of man. Why was he beaten out of heaven? Because he was less brave than God? Less proud? Less aspiring? No! A thousand times no! God was more powerful, as he said, 'Whom thunder hath made greater. But Lucifer was a free spirit. To serve was to suffocate. He preferred suffering in freedom to all the happiness of a comfortable servility. He did not care to serve God. He cared to serve nothing. He was no figurehead. He stood on his own legs. He was an individual.'

"The first anarchist," Maud laughed, rising and preparing to withdraw to her stateroom.

"Then it is good to be an anarchist!" he cried. He, too, had risen, and he stood facing her, where she had paused at the door of her room, as he went on:

"Here at last we shall be free; the Almighty hath not built here for his envy; will not drive us hence; here we may reign secure; and in my choice we reign in wrath; ambition, though in hell; better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

It was the defiant cry of a mighty spirit. The cabin still rang with his voice, as he stood there, swaying, his bronzed face shining, his head up and dominant, and his eyes, golden and masculine, intensely masculine and insistently soft, flashing upon Maud at the door.

Again that unnamable and unmistakable terror was in her eyes, and she said, almost in a whisper, "You are Lucifer."

The door closed and she was gone. He stood staring after her for a minute, then returned to himself and to me.

"I'll relieve Louis at the wheel," he said shortly, "and call upon you to relieve at midnight. Better turn in now and get some sleep."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I knew not what had aroused me, but I found myself out of my bunk, on my feet, wide awake, my soul vibrating to the warning of danger as it might have thrilled to a trumpet call. I threw open the door. The cabin light was burning low. I saw Maud, my Maud, straining and struggling and crushed in the embrace of Wolf Larsen's arms. I could see the vain beat and flutter of her as she strove, pressing her face against his breast to escape from him. All this I saw on the very instant of seeing and as I sprang forward.

I struck him with my fist, on the face, as he raised his head, but it was a puny blow. He roared in a ferocious, animal-like way, and gave me a shove with his hand. It was only a shove, a flirt of the wrist, yet so tremendous was his strength that I was hurled backward as from a catapult. I struck the door of the stateroom which had formerly been Mugridge's, splintering and smashing the panels with the impact of my body. I struggled with my foot, with difficulty dragging myself clear of the wrecked door, unaware of any hurt whatever. I was conscious only of an overmastering rage. I think I, too, cried aloud, as I drew the knife at my hip and sprang forward a second time.

But something had happened. They were reeling apart. I was close upon him, my knife uplifted, but I withheld the blow, I was puzzled by the strangeness of it. Maud was leaning against the wall, one hand out for support; but he was staggering, his left hand pressed against his forehead and covering his eyes, and with the right he was groping about him in a dazed sort of way. I struck against the wall, and his body seemed to express a muscular and physical relief at the contact, as though he had found his bearings, his location in space as well as something against which to lean.

Then I saw red again. All my

wrongs and humiliations flashed upon me with a dazzling brightness, all that I had suffered and others had suffered at his hands, all the enormity of the man's very existence. I sprang on him, blindly, insanely, and drove the knife into his shoulder. I knew then, that it was no more than a flesh wound—had felt the steel grate on his shoulder-blade—and I raised the knife to strike at a more vital part.

But Maud had seen my first blow, and she cried, "Don't! Please don't!" I dropped my arm for a moment, and a moment only. Again the knife was raised, and Wolf Larsen would have surely died had she not stepped between. Her arms were around me, her hair was brushing my face. My pulse rushed up in an unwonted manner, yet my rage mounted with it. She looked me bravely in the eyes.

"For my sake," she begged.

"I would kill him for your sake!" I cried, trying to free my arm without hurting her.

"Hush!" she said, and laid her fingers lightly on my lips. I could have kissed them, had I dared, even then. In my rage, the touch of them was so sweet, so very sweet. "Please, please," she pleaded, and she disarmed me by the words, as I was to discover they would ever disarm me.

I stepped back, separating from her, and replaced the knife in its sheath. I looked at Wolf Larsen. He still pressed his left hand against his forehead. It covered his eyes. His head was bowed. He seemed to have grown limp. His body was sagging at the hips, his great shoulders were drooping and shrinking forward.

"Van Weyden!" he called hoarsely, and with a note of fright in his voice. "Oh, Van Weyden! where are you?"

I looked at Maud. She did not speak, but nodded her head.

"Here I am," I answered, stepping to his side. "What is the matter?"

"Help me to a seat," he said, in the same hoarse, frightened voice.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man, Hump," he said, as he left my sustaining grip and sank into a chair.

"What is the matter?" I asked, resting my hand on his shoulder. "What can I do for you?"

But he shook off my hand with an irritated movement, and for a long



I saw Maud—Crushed in the Embrace of Wolf Larsen's Arms.

time I stood by his side in silence. Maud was looking on, her face awed and frightened. What had happened to him we could not imagine.

"Hump," he said at last, "I must get into my bunk. Lend me a hand. I'll be all right in a little while. It's those damn headaches, I believe. I was afraid of them. I had a feeling—no, I don't know what I'm talking about. Help me into my bunk."

But when I got him into his bunk he again buried his face in his hands, covering his eyes, and as I turned to go I could hear him murmuring, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

Maud looked at me inquiringly as I emerged. I shook my head, saying, "Something has happened to him. What, I don't know. He is helpless, and frightened, I imagine, for the first time in his life. It must have occurred before he received the knife-thrust which made only a superficial wound. You must have seen what happened."

She shook her head. "I saw nothing. It is just as mysterious to me. He suddenly released me and staggered away. But what shall we do? What shall I do?"

"If you will wait, please, until I come back," I answered.

I went on deck. Louis was at the wheel.

"You may go forward and turn in," I said, taking it from him.

He was quick to obey, and I found myself alone on the deck of the Ghost. As quietly as was possible, I cleft up the topsails, lowered the flying jib and staysail, backed the jib over, and flattened the mainsail. Then I went below to Maud. I placed my finger on my lips for silence, and entered Wolf

Larsen's room. He was in the same position in which I had left him, and his head was rocking—almost writhing—from side to side.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He made no reply at first, but on my repeating the question he answered, "No, no; I'm all right. Leave me alone till morning."

But as I turned to go I noted that his head had resumed its rocking motion. Maud was waiting patiently for me, and I took notice, with a thrill of joy of the queenly poise of her head and her glorious, calm eyes. Calm and sure they were as her spirit itself.

"Will you trust yourself to me for a journey of six hundred miles or so?" I asked.

"You mean—?" she asked, and I knew she had guessed aright.

"Yes, I mean just that," I replied. "There is nothing left for us but the open boat."

"For me, you mean," she said. "You are certainly as safe here as you have been."

"No, there is nothing left for us but the open boat," I iterated stoutly. "Will you please dress as warmly as you can, at once, and make into a bundle whatever you wish to bring with you?"

"And make all haste," I added, as she turned toward her stateroom.

The lazaretto was directly beneath the cabin, and, opening the trapdoor in the floor and carrying a candle with me, I dropped down and began overhauling the ship's stores. I selected mainly from the canned goods, and by the time I was ready, willing hands were extended from above to receive what I passed up.

We worked in silence. I helped myself also to blankets, mittens, oilskins, caps, and such things, from the storeroom. It was no light adventure, this trusting ourselves in a small boat to so raw and stormy a sea, and it was imperative that we should guard ourselves against cold and wet.

We worked feverishly at carrying our plunder on deck and depositing it amidships, so feverishly that Maud, whose strength was hardly a positive quantity, had to give over, exhausted, and sit on the steps at the break of the poop. This did not serve to recover her, and she lay on her back, on the hard deck, arms stretched out and whole body relaxed. It was a trick I remembered of my sister, and I knew she would soon be herself again. I knew, also, that weapons would not come amiss, and I re-entered Wolf Larsen's stateroom to get his rifle and shotgun. I spoke to him, but he made no answer, though his head was still rocking from side to side and he was not asleep.

"Good-by, Lucifer," I whispered to myself as I softly closed the door.

Next to obtain was a stock of ammunition—an easy matter, though I had to enter the steerage companion-way to do it. Here the hunters stored the ammunition boxes they carried in the boats, and here, but a few feet from their noisy revels, I took possession of two boxes.

Next, to lower a boat. Not so simple a task for one man. Having cast off the lashings, I hoisted first on the forward tackle, then on the aft, till the boat cleared the rail, when I lowered away, one tackle and then the other, for a couple of feet, till it hung snugly, above the water, against the schooner's side. I made certain that it contained the proper equipment of oars, rowlocks and sail. Water was a consideration, and I robbed every boat aboard of its breaker. As there were nine boats all told, it meant that we should have plenty of water, and ballast as well, though there was the chance that the boat would be overloaded, what of the generous supply of other things I was taking.

A few minutes sufficed to finish the loading, and I lowered the boat into the water. As I helped Maud over the rail and felt her form close to mine, it was all I could do to keep from crying out, "I love you! I love you!" Truly Humphrey Van Weyden was at last in love, I thought, as her fingers clung to mine while I lowered her down to the boat. I held on to the rail with one hand and supported her weight with the other, and I was proud at the moment of the feat. It was a strength I had not possessed a few months before, on the day I said good-by to Charley Furuseth and started for San Francisco on the ill-fated Martinez.

As the boat ascended on a sea, her feet touched and I released her hands. I cast off the tackles and leaped after her. I had never rowed in my life, but I put out the oars and at the expense of much effort got the boat clear of the Ghost. Then I experimented with the sail. I had seen the boat steered and hunters set their spritsails many times, yet this was my first attempt. What took them possibly two minutes took me twenty, but in the end I succeeded in setting and trimming it, and with the steering oar in my hands hauled on the wind.

"There lies Japan," I remarked, "straight before us."

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, "you are a brave man."

"Nay," I answered, "it is you who are a brave woman."

We turned our heads, swayed by a common impulse to see the last of the Ghost. Her low hull lifted and rolled to windward on a sea; her canvas loomed darkly in the night; her lashed wheel creaked as the rudder kicked; then light and sound of her faded away and we were alone on the dark sea.

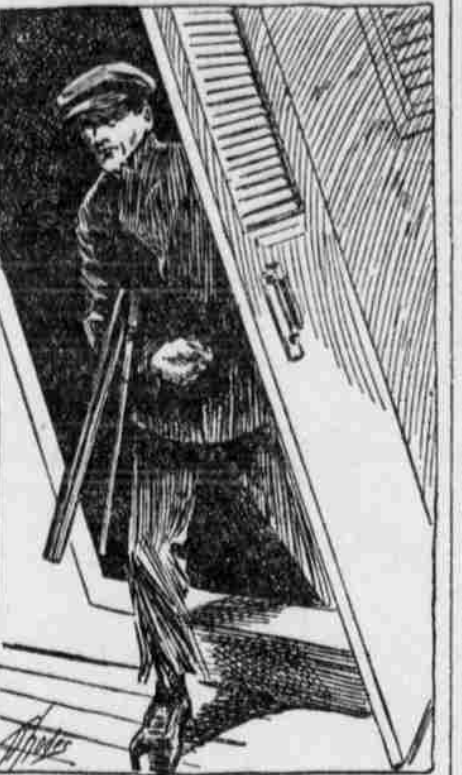
CHAPTER XXIV.

There is no need of going into an extended recital of our suffering in the small boat during the many days we were driven and drifted, here and

there, willy-nilly, across the wide expanse of ocean. The high wind blew from the northwest for twenty-four hours, when it fell calm, and in the night sprang up from the southwest. This was dead in our teeth, but I took in the sea-anchor I had roughly made and set sail, hauling a course on the wind which took us in a south-southeasterly direction. It was an even choice between this and the west-northwesterly course which the wind permitted, but the warm air of the south fanned my desire for a warmer sea and swayed my decision.

In three hours—it was midnight, I well remember, and as dark as I had ever seen it on the sea—the wind, still blowing out of the southwest, rose furiously, and once again I was compelled to set the sea-anchor.

Day broke and found me wan-eyed and the ocean lashed white, the boat pitching, almost on end, to its drag. We were in imminent danger of being swamped by the whitecaps. As it was, spray and spume came aboard in such quantities that I bailed without cessation. The blankets were soaking. Ev-



"Good-by, Lucifer," I whispered to myself, as I softly closed the door.

erything was wet except Maud, and she, in oilskins, rubber boots, and sou'-wester, was dry, all but her face and hands and a stray wisp of hair. She relieved me at the balling hole from time to time, and bravely she threw out the water and faced the storm. All things are relative. It was no more than a stiff blow, but to us, fighting for life in our frail craft, it was indeed a storm.

Cold and cheerless, the wind beating on our faces, the white seas roaring by, we struggled through the day. Night came, but neither of us slept. Day came, and still the wind beat on our faces and the white seas roared past. By the second night Maud was falling asleep from exhaustion. I covered her with oilskins and a tarpaulin. She was comparatively dry, but she was numb with the cold. I feared greatly that she might die in the night; but day broke, cold and cheerless, with the same clouded sky and beating wind and roaring seas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARLYLE CALLED US BORES

Equality Developed Monotony of Type in Country's Second Epoch, Was His Assertion.

Prof. Max Farrand of Yale, lecturing on "American Traits" as developed in the epoch of 1812 to 1840, said at Lowell institute recently, the Kansas City Star observes:

"Equality of status is, of course, not a characteristic, but a condition; yet it is a factor which has led to the development of important American traits. Here, where, if absolute equality did not exist, at least there was far greater equality than there was anything else; where, if there was not equality of opportunity for all, there was at least some opportunity for all, the European relationship of superior and inferior classes could not long continue. The 'inferior' of today were too likely to become the 'superior' of tomorrow.

"This meant, of course, a great stimulus to independence, and developed the people's self-reliance. Independence is one of the most conspicuous American traits, and it has been not without unpleasant manifestations, it has induced a lack of respect for authority and for elders, and the existence of equality has tended to a remarkable monotony among the people who developed these opportunities, till Carlyle could say: 'Americans have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, 18,000,000 of the greatest bores ever seen in the world before.'

"Yet in contrast with this deadly equality, the existence of opportunity for all individuals also led to a strong individualism among Americans, giving each man a chance to develop what was in him. Hence our love for the self-made man, and hence the American devotion to leaders rather than to principles."

Commercial.

"That fellow Dauber's work is absolutely rotten," exclaimed one of his brother artists. "He has no feeling for true art. All he cares for is to pander to the degraded taste of the philistine public."

"What's the reason for this venomous tirade against Dauber?" asked the man who occupied the studio next door.

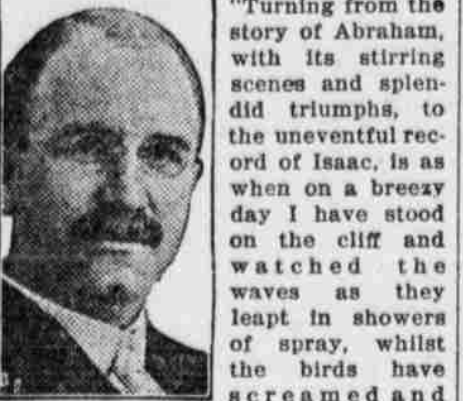
"What? Haven't you heard? The lucky dub sold a picture yesterday."

### A Sermon for Quiet People

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL  
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT—The God of Isaac.—Exod. 3:6.

Speaking of the story of Isaac, found in the Old Testament, Mark Guy Pearse says:



"Turning from the story of Abraham, with its stirring scenes and splendid triumphs, to the uneventful record of Isaac, is as when on a breezy day I have stood on the cliff and watched the waves as they leapt in showers of spray, whilst the birds have screamed and wheeled about the crags, and far out at sea the ships have left their traces in foam—then turning inland, I have gone down the hillsides into the still valley, sheltered from the winds, and there the lonely plowman drove the team across the heavy clouds. All is still—dull, if you please to call it so—that is Isaac." As another has put it, "the salient feature of his life is that it has no salient features." He is a type of the commonplace people of whom God has made so many. How thrilling it is to know that God is the God of Isaac and of all like unto him!

Isaac's life was no doubt a disappointment to men. He came by miraculous birth, yet proved to be just an ordinary man. Many have hoped to be the happy fathers of artists, sculptors, musicians and scholars, but their children have turned out to be house painters, stone masons, and dry goods clerks. Still, it is well to have entertained these hopes, for if our children are no more remarkable than they are, in spite of our ambitions, what might they have been if we had had no ambitions for them.

Isaac's life was directed by God. This appears especially in the story of his marriage, found in Gen. 24. "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," no matter how dull and brown his life may be outwardly; an "ordinary" life may still be an "ordered" life. Horace Bushnell, in his great sermon on "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," states his theme thus: "That God has a definite plan for every human person, girding him visibly or invisibly for some exact thing, which it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished."

In character Isaac was marked by the passive virtues. We do not appreciate patience, gentleness, meekness, and other quiet graces as much as we should.

Submission was a marked element in his make-up. When Abraham would offer him as a sacrifice on Mount Moriah he made no resistance, though the knife actually flashed over him. What a picture he was of our Lord in his submission (Heb. 10:5-7). This element appears again in Isaac's life at Gerar. As fast as he would dig wells at this place the Philistines would contend for them, but instead of quarreling, Isaac would move on and dig another well. The outcome of his meekness was that the Philistines came to him to make a covenant, saying, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee." Even now there is a sense in which the meek inherit the earth.

This quiet man was thoughtful, and we see him going out to meditate in the fields at the eventide (Gen. 24:63). Quiet people may know things better than others and know them more deeply. This twentieth century, "with bloodshot eye and fevered pulse," has lost the art of meditation, but only when truth saturates us does it really become a life power.

Isaac was affectionate, as manifested in his relation to his mother and his wife (Gen. 24:67). We need such people in the world. We have often noticed that a plain mother, who has a great heart, will be adored by a son who shines in the world of science or letters.

How surprising it is to find that this quiet man was, nevertheless, a sensitive. "Isaac loved Esau because he did eat of his venison" (Gen. 25:28; 27:24). We have, in this matter, a suggestion of one danger of the quiet life. Alexander Wright says the greatest glutton he ever knew never crossed his own doorstep and his only walk was between his desk and the dining table. Temperance, or, as the Revised Version renders, self-control, is a grace many insist on in the New Testament.

Isaac's commonplace life is notable because linked with Christ. He was an ancestor of Christ and also a type of him in that his birth was supernatural and that, "in a figure," he was offered up and also raised from the dead. Our lives may be made significant, in that they, too, may be linked with Christ. Paul exhorts that even slaves shall do their work, not as unto their earthly masters, but as unto the Lord, "for," says he, "ye serve the Lord Christ." Our commonest actions can be done with the same motive as our highest deeds—"to be well pleasing unto him." "The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

### Grip Still Hanging On?

Back aches? Stomach sensitive? A little cough? No strength? Tire easily? All after effects of this dread malady. Yes, they are catarrhal. Grip is a catarrhal disease. You can never be well as long as catarrh remains in your system, weakening your whole body with stagnant blood and unhealthy secretions.

### You Need PERUNA

It's the one tonic for the after effects of grip, because it is a catarrhal treatment of proved excellence. Take it to clear away all the effects of grip, to tone the digestion, clear up the inflamed membranes, regulate the bowels, and set you on the highway to complete recovery.

Perhaps one or more of your friends have found it valuable. Thousands of people in every state have, and have told us of it. Many thousands more have been helped at critical times by this reliable family medicine.

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The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Calling Uncle Down.

"When I was a youngster," remarked Uncle Bruggles. "I was about the best baseball player in this county."

"What did you play?"

"Pitcher, catcher, shortstop an' all the rest of 'em."

"Yes, Uncle," spoke up little Willie, the champion bright child. "But we're talking about baseball; not amateur theatricals."

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.

The Flat Dwellers' Garden.

Indulge your love for flowers to the extent of buying a few daffodils or other spring flowers for the living room once or twice a week. If you haven't yet done so, cut some sprigs of forsythia and put them in water, to blossom in the house.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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"Does he occupy his pulpit satisfactorily?"

"Well, he has gained twenty pounds since he came with us."—Judge.

Each Chinese schoolboy has to furnish his own stool and table, as well as his own ink, brush and writing paper.

### Stop That Ache!

Don't worry about a bad back. Get rid of it. Probably your kidneys are out of order. Reclaim sensible habits and help the kidneys. Then, kidney backache will go; also the dizzy spells, lameness, stiffness, tired feelings, nervousness, rheumatic pains and bladder troubles. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

### An Iowa Case

"My Picture Tells a Story"

Mrs. H. H. Means, 710 Third Ave., W., Gevelin, I. o. w. a. says: "A cold settled on my kidneys and when I awoke the floor, sharp pains shot up from the small of my back and nearly drove me wild. I felt tired and languid and had no ambition. I had severe pains in the back of my head and also dizzy spells when I had to put my hands on a chair to steady myself. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up in good shape."

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