



## 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 hawks a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Humphrey. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brute. Humphrey 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, 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 Maccodonia, "hogs" the sea, and Wolf captures several of his boats. The Ghost runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the prisoners. He attacks Maude. Van Weyden attempts to kill him and falls. Wolf is suddenly stricken helpless by the return of a blinding head trouble, and with all hands drunk and asleep Van Weyden and Maude escape in a small boat together. They land on Endeavor Island.

## CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"Oh," was all she replied; but I could have sworn there was a note of disappointment in her voice. But "my woman, my mate" kept ringing in my head for the rest of the day and for many days. Yet never did it ring more loudly than that night, as I watched her draw back the blanket of moss from the coals, blow up the fire, and cook the evening meal. It must have been latent savagery stirring in me, for the old words, so bound up with the roots of the race, to grip me and thrill me. And grip and thrill they did, till I fell asleep, murmuring them to myself over and over again.

It was a dark and evil-appearing thing, that hut, not fit for aught better than swine in a civilized land; but for us, who had known the misery of the open boat, it was a snug little habitation. Following the housewarming, which was accomplished by means of seal-oil and a wick made from cotton calking, came the hunting for our winter's meat and the building of the second hut. It was a simple affair, now, to go forth in the morning and return by noon with a boatload of seals. And then, while I worked at building the hut, Maud tried out the oil from the blubber and kept a slow fire under the frames of meat. I had heard of jerking beef on the plains, and our seal meat, cut in thin strips and hung in the smoke, cured excellently.

The second hut was easier to erect, for I built it against the first, and only three walls were required. But it was work, hard work, all of it. Maud and I worked from dawn till dark, to the limit of our strength, so that when night came we crawled stiffly to bed and slept the animal-like sleep of exhaustion. And yet Maud declared that she had never felt better or stronger in her life. I knew this was true of myself, but hers was such a lily strength that I feared she would break down. Often and often, her last reserve force gone, I have seen her stretched flat on her back on the sand in the way she had of resting and recuperating. And then she would be up on her feet and toiling hard as ever. Where she obtained this strength was the marvel to me.

"Think of the long rest this winter," was her reply to my remonstrances. "Why, we'll be clamorous for something to do."

We held a housewarming in my hut the night it was roofed.

It was a pleasant evening indeed, and we voted that as a social function on Endeavor Island it had not yet been eclipsed. Our minds were at ease. Not only had we resigned ourselves to the bitter winter, but we were prepared for it. The seals could depart on their mysterious journey into the south at any time, now, for all we cared; and the storms held no terror for us. Not only were we sure of being dry and warm and sheltered from the wind, but we had the softest and most luxurious mattresses that could be made from moss. This had been Maud's idea, and she had herself jealously gathered all the moss. This was to be my first night on the mattress, and I knew I should sleep the sweeter because she had made it.

As she rose to go she turned to me with the whimsical way she had, and said:

"Something is going to happen—is happening, for that matter—I feel it. Something is coming here, to us. It is coming now. I don't know what, but it is coming."

"Good or bad?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know, but it is there, somewhere."

She pointed in the direction of the sea and wind.

"It's a lee shore," I laughed, "and I am sure I'd rather be here than arriving a night like this."

"You are not frightened?" I asked.

Her eyes looked bravely into mine.

"And you feel well? perfectly well?"

"Never better," was her answer.

We talked a little longer before she went.

"Good night, Maud," I said.

"Good night, Humphrey," she said.

This use of our given names had come quite as a matter of course, and was as unpremeditated as it was natural. In that moment I could have put my arms around her and drawn her to me. I should certainly have done so out in that world to which we belonged. As it was, the situation stopped there in the only way it could; but I was left alone in my little hut, glowing warmly through and through with a pleasant satisfaction; and I knew that a tie, or a tacit something, existed between us which had not existed before.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

I awoke, oppressed by a mysterious sensation. There seemed something missing in my environment. But the mystery and oppressiveness vanished after the first few seconds of waking, when I identified the missing something as the wind. When I had dressed and opened the door, I heard the waves still lapping on the beach, garrulously attesting the fury of the night. I had slept late, and I stepped outside with sudden energy, bent upon making up lost time as befitted a dweller on Endeavor Island.

And when outside, I stopped short. I believed my eyes without question, and yet I was for the moment stunned by what they disclosed to me. There, on the beach, not fifty feet away, bow on, dismasted, was a black-hulled vessel. Masts and booms, tangled with shrouds, sheets, and rent canvas, were rubbing gently alongside. I could have rubbed my eyes as I looked. There was the home-made galley we had built, the familiar break of the poop, the low yacht-cabin scarcely rising above the rail. It was the Ghost.

It came upon me suddenly, a strange, that nothing moved aboard. Wearied from the night of struggle and wreck, all hands were yet asleep. Maud and I might yet escape. I would call her and start. My hand was lifted at her door to knock, when I recollected the smallness of the island. We could never hide ourselves upon it. There was nothing for us but the wide raw ocean. I thought of our snug little huts, our supplies of meat and oil and moss and firewood, and I knew that we could never survive the wintry



It Was the Ghost.

sea and the great storms which were to come.

And then, in a flash, the better solution came to me. All hands were asleep. Why not creep aboard the Ghost—well I knew the way to Wolf Larsen's bunk—and kill him in his sleep? After that—well, he would see. But with him dead there was time and space in which to prepare to do other things; and besides, whatever new situation arose, it could not possibly be worse than the present one.

My knife was at my hip. I returned to my hut for the shotgun, made sure it was loaded, and went down to the Ghost. With some difficulty, and at the expense of a wetting to the waist, I climbed aboard. The forecastle scuttle was open. I paused to listen for the breathing of the men, but there was no breathing. I cautiously descended the ladder. The place had the empty and musty feel and smell usual to a dwelling no longer inhabited. Everywhere was a thick litter of the worthless forecastle dunnage of a long voyage. I noted that the boats were missing. The steerage told the same tale as the forecastle. The hunters had packed their belongings with similar haste. The Ghost was deserted.

The reaction from my fear, and the knowledge that the terrible deed I had come to do was no longer necessary, made me boyish and eager. I sprang up the break of the poop, and saw—Wolf Larsen. What of my impetus and the stunning surprise, I clattered three or four steps along the deck before I could stop myself. He was standing in the companionway,

only his head and shoulders visible, staring straight at me. His arms were resting on the half-open slide. He made no movement whatever—simply stood there, staring at me.

I began to tremble. The old stomach sickness clutched me. I put one hand on the edge of the house to steady myself. My lips seemed suddenly dry and I moistened them against the need of speech. Nor did I for an instant take my eyes off him. Neither of us spoke. There was something ominous in his silence, his immobility. All my old fear of him returned and by new fear was increased a hundred fold. And still we stood, the pair of us, staring at each other.

I was aware of the demand for action, and, my old helplessness strong upon me, I was waiting for him to take the initiative. Then, as the moments went by, it was at last impressed upon me that I was there, not to have Wolf Larsen take the initiative, but to take it myself.

I cocked both barrels and leveled the shotgun at him. Had he moved, attempted to drop down the companionway, I knew I would have shot him. But he stood motionless and staring as before. And as I faced him, with leveled gun shaking in my hands, I had time to note the worn and haggard appearance of his face. It was as if some strong anxiety had wasted it. The cheeks were sunken, and there was a wearied, puckered expression on the brow. And it seemed to me that his eyes were strange, not only the expression, but the physical seeming, as though the optic nerves and supporting muscles had suffered strain and slightly twisted the eyeballs.

All this I saw, and my brain now working rapidly, I thought a thousand thoughts; and yet I could not pull the triggers. I lowered the gun and stepped to the corner of the cabin, primarily to relieve the tension on my nerves and to make a new start, and incidentally to be closer. Again I raised the gun. He was almost at arm's length. There was no hope for him. I was resolved. There was no possible chance of missing him, no matter how poor my marksmanship. And yet I wrestled with myself and could not pull the triggers.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently. I strove vainly to force my fingers down on the triggers, and vainly I strove to say something.

"Why don't you shoot?" he asked. I cleared my throat of a huskiness which prevented speech.

"Hump," he said slowly, "you can't do it. You are not exactly afraid. You are impotent. Your conventional morality is stronger than you. You are the slave to the opinions which have credence among the people you have known and have read about. Their code has been drummed into your head from the time you lisped, and in spite of your philosophy, and of what I have taught you, it won't let you kill an unarmed, unresisting man."

"I know it," I said hoarsely.

"And you know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar," he went on. "You know me for what I am—my worth in the world by your standard. You have called me snake, tiger, shark, monster, and Caliban. And yet, you little rag puppet, you little echoing mechanism, you are unable to kill me as you would a snake or a shark, because I have hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like yours. Bah! I had hoped better things of you, Hump."

He stepped out of the companionway and came up to me.

"Put down that gun. I want to ask you some questions. I haven't had a chance to look around yet. What place is this? How is the Ghost lying? How did you get here? Where's Maud?—I beg your pardon, Miss Brewster—or should I say, 'Mrs. Van Weyden'?"

I had backed away from him, almost weeping at my inability to shoot him, but not fool enough to put down the gun. I hoped, desperately, that he might commit some hostile act, attempt to strike me or choke me; for in such way only I knew I could be stirred to shoot.

"This is Endeavor Island," I said.

"Never heard of it," he broke in.

"At least, that's our name for it," I amended.

"Our?" he queried. "Who's our?"

"Miss Brewster and myself. And the Ghost is lying, as you can see for yourself, bow on to the beach."

"There are seals here," he said. "They woke me up with their barking, or I'd be sleeping yet. I heard them when I drove in last night. They were the first warning that I was on a lee shore. It's a rookery, the kind of a thing I've hunted for years. Thanks to my brother Death, I've lighted on a fortune. It's a mint. What's its bearings?"

"Haven't the least idea," I said. "But you ought to know quite closely. What were your last observations?"

He smiled inscrutably, but did not answer.

"Well, where's all hands?" I asked. "How does it come that you are alone?"

I was prepared for him again to set aside my question, and was surprised at the readiness of his reply. "My brother got me inside forty-eight hours, and through no fault of mine. Boarded me in the night with only the watch on deck. Hunters went back on me. He gave them a bigger lay. Heard him offering it. Did it right before me. Of course the crew gave me the go-by. That was to be expected. All hands went over the side, and there I was, marooned on my own vessel. It was Death's turn, and it's all in the family anyway."

"But how did you lose the masts?" I asked.

"Walk over and examine those lan-

yards," he said, pointing to where the mizen rigging should have been.

"They have been cut with a knife!" I exclaimed.

"Not quite," he laughed. "It was a neater job. Look again."

I looked. The lanyards had been almost severed, with just enough left to hold the shrouds till some severe strain should be put upon them.

"Cooky did that," he laughed again. "I know, though I didn't spot him at it. Kind of evened up the score a bit."

"Good for Mugridge!" I cried. "Yes, that's what I thought when everything went over the side. Only I said it on the other side of my mouth."

"But what were you doing while all this was going on?" I asked.

"My best, you may be sure, which wasn't much under the circumstances."

I turned to re-examine Thomas Mugridge's work.

"I guess I'll sit down and take the sunshine," I heard Wolf Larsen saying.

There was a hint, just a slight hint, of physical feebleness in his voice, and it was so strange that I looked quickly at him. His hand was sweeping nervously across his face, as though he were brushing away cobwebs. I was puzzled. The whole thing was so unlike the Wolf Larsen I had known.

"How are your headaches?" I asked. "They still trouble me," was his answer. "I think I have one coming on now."

He slipped down from his sitting posture till he lay on the deck. Then he rolled over on his side, his head resting on the biceps of the under arm, the forearm shielding his eyes from the sun. I stood regarding him wonderingly.

"Now's your chance, Hump," he said. "I don't understand," I lied, for I thoroughly understood.

"Oh, nothing," he added softly, as if he were drowsing; "only you've got me where you want me."

"No, I haven't," I retorted; "for I want you a few thousand miles away from here."

He chuckled, and thereafter spoke no more. He did not stir as I passed by him and went down into the cabin. I lifted the trap in the floor, but for some moments gazed dubiously into the darkness of the lazarette beneath.

I hesitated to descend. What if his lying down were a ruse? Pretty, indeed, to be caught there like a rat. I crept softly up the companionway and peeped at him. He was lying as I had left him. Again I went below; but before I dropped into the lazarette I took the precaution of casting down the door in advance. At least there would be no lid to the trap. But it was all needless. I regained the cabin with a store of jams, sea-biscuits, canned meats, and such things—all I could carry—and replaced the trap door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOW NERVES CONTROL HABIT

System Must Be Trained to Follow Called-For Motions Along a Certain Path.

Those who think a habit is just something you remember—that is, is purely a mental proposition, are mistaken. Habit is a question of mechanics as much as the smooth drawing of a piston rod.

Habit is the action of nerve motions along a beaten path. A muscle somewhere in the body contracts and a nerve moves because it cannot help it, and so on until the process is complete, and the thing we call habit is done.

There are as many of these paths in the nervous system as there are habits. The impression which one nerve center receives awakens another and the whole path of the action is traveled over.

The first time the action is performed the nerve centers do not awaken their successors readily. For this reason some things are hard to learn. Everything that employs a great many nerve centers is hard to learn, because the path must be worn, the nerve centers trained to act in sequence. Once they are trained the habit is formed. The second call upon them is easier than the first, the third easier than the second, etc.

Quite So.

Mr. Harry Tate, who is to appear in the new revue at the London Hippodrome, can be as witty off the stage as he is on; but there was one occasion at least when he met his match.

Seeing a number of small boys busily engaged in asking one another riddles, Mr. Tate thought he would give them a poser.

Going up to one of the lads he asked:

"What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?"

"Time it was taken to the clock-maker's to be mended," answered the urchin promptly.—Exchange.

## French Colonial Possessions.

The French possession of Indo-China comprises the colony of Cochinchina, the protectorates of Cambodia, Annam, Tonkin and Laos, and the territory of Kwong-Chow-Wan, leased from China—an area embracing approximately 310,000 square miles. The population is estimated at 18,000,000, of which about 35,000 are Europeans, the rest being natives, savage tribesmen, Chinese, Malays, and Hindoos. The principal city as well as the principal port of entry is Saigon, Cochinchina. There are now 1,378 miles of railroad operated in Indo-China.



## PREPARING A DAIRY HEIFER

Kindness and Gentle Handling Will Remedy Kicking Habit—Halter-break While Young.

You must have foresight in preparing the dairy heifer for her first milking period. If you handle the udder and teats so as to develop the udder, doing this at least twice a week for six or eight weeks before calving, the heifer will then be quiet and gentle and will not be afraid when her udder is touched after she has calved. Also her udder will be developed so that it will almost resemble a cow's udder.

It is natural for the cow to stand while being milked, consequently the heifer knows nothing about kicking until hurt or frightened into it. It is a good plan to halterbreak a heifer when she is young, always being careful not to hurt or frighten her. If by accident anything should be done to cause the heifer to kick it is not the



A Young Jersey.

part of wisdom to punish her for kicking.

Kindness and gentle handling is the only remedy. If one lets his reasoning for the cause be based upon the principle that she never kicked until she was injured, the remedy will at once suggest itself. No cow was ever broken of kicking by striking with the stool or anything else. That practice only puts the cow on her guard, and as one comes near her with the stool she uses nature's defense and kicks.

## CLEANLINESS OF THE CHURN

Rinsing Out With Warm Water Will Remove Any Particles of Butter-milk Remaining in Wood.

After the butter is taken from the churn, the latter should be rinsed out with warm water, and the rinsing followed by a thorough washing with very hot water. The rinsing out with warm water will remove any butter-milk which may remain in the pores of the wood. The hot water will remove any fat which may be left in the churn.

It is never well to use soap powders on the interior of the churn, but the occasional use of a small amount of dairy washing powder or lime water is beneficial. To keep the churn sweet and free from odors and taints a small handful of lime placed in some water in the churn or in the last rinsing of the churn is very effective. It is very essential in good butter making to see that all apparatus used is absolutely clean and free from undesirable odors and taints, as these are quickly absorbed by the butter.

## PROPER LOCATION FOR SILO

Huge Receptacles Should Be Placed as Near Animals to Be Fed as Possible to Save Labor.

Silos should be located close to the animals to be fed from them, according to the Oregon agricultural college plans.

They should not be inside the barn since they take up a good deal of room and may give off offensive odors that will taint the milk.

They would also be inconvenient to fill, and silos should be where they may most readily be refilled.

It requires about a quarter of a ton of ensilage daily to feed twelve cows each forty pounds a day, so that the silage should not have to be moved any farther than is necessary.

## CONSTRUCTION OF PIT SILOS

Builders Must Be Careful About Plastering—Good Sand is of Utmost Importance.

Builders of pit silos should be careful about the cement plastering. Make the plaster of one part good sand and 2½ parts Portland cement, in two coats, each about three-quarters of an inch thick.

Let the first set slightly before putting on the second. Keep it wet for a week. If the earth walls are dry to plaster on, wet them before plastering. Keep the plaster shaded for several days.

## Spring Colds Are the Worst

They lead to catarrh and pneumonia. They weaken the entire system and leave it unable to resist the sudden changes. They interfere with your digestion and lessen your activity. Neglected they soon become that dread disease known as systemic catarrh. Don't neglect them. It's costly as well dangerous.

## PERUNA Will Safeguard You

Have a box Peruna Tablets with you for the sudden cold or exposure. Tone your system up with a regular course of the liquid Peruna. Fortify it against colds, get your digestion up to normal, take care of yourself, and avoid danger. If you are suffering now begin the treatment at once. Give Nature the help she needs to throw off the catarrhal inflammation, and again become well.

Peruna has been helping people for 44 years. Thousands of homes rely on it for coughs, cold and indigestion. It's a good tonic for the weak, as well.

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They Sure Do.

"Oh, yes, the professor is a very learned man. His specialty is international law. His thesis on that subject won him his doctor's degree."

"Well, goodness knows the international laws need a lot of doctoring."

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Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, irritations, pimples, dandruff and sore hands Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Nothing better, cleaner or purer than these super-creamy emollients at any price. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Perilous Waters.

"She is very shallow."  
"That may be; but more than one man has gone beyond his depth chasing her."

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

Safety First.

"I'll let you into my scheme on the ground floor."  
"Are there any exits?"

## Meat Makes Bad Kidneys

Too much meat is just as bad as not enough. Such a diet is apt to load the blood with uric acid and to injure the kidneys. Bad backs, blue, nervous spells, dizziness, rheumatic pains, and bladder troubles indicate weak kidneys, foretell danger of gravel and Bright's disease. Don't neglect this condition. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Nebraska Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story." E. B. Wilson, Pierce, Neb., says: "I was in bad shape with a constant pain in the small of my back. Mornings I was so lame I could hardly stoop and if I did manage to bend over, it was all I could do to straighten. I tried easily and had to get up several times at night to pass the kidney secretions. I spent hundreds of dollars doctoring, but found no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to the best of health and I have never had a sign of kidney trouble since."

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