

CHAPTER XXVI-Continued.

--20went through the steerage and forecastle, and in the galley gathered up clothing. all the sharp meat and vegetable great yachtman's knife he always carnot move. I bent over and took it armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee pot and frying pan with part of my plunder, and taking some chinaware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore.

Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen) and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end, I heard her moving about within the hut, making her toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth.

"It's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and-"

"But just this once," I pleaded.

"If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she sipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she cried, The old unnamable 'error mounted into her eyes.

"Is-he-?" she quavered, nodded my head

CHAPTER XXVII.

We waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the Ghost. But he did not come. He did not even appear

'Perhaps it is his headache," I said. "I left him lying on the poop. He may lie there all night. I think I'll go

Maud looked entreaty at me.

"It is all right," I assured her. "I shall take the revolvers. You know collected every weapon on board." "But there are his arms, his hands, his terrible, terrible hands!" she ob-

jected. And then she cried, "Oh, Humphrey, I am afraid of him! Don't go -please don't go!" She rested her hand appealingly on

mine, and sent my pulse fluttering. My heart was surely in my eyes for a moment. The dear and lovely woman! And she was so much the woman, clinging and appealing, sunshine and dew to my manhood, rooting it deeper and sending through it the sap of a new strength. I was for putting my arm around her, as when in the door of the hut; but I considered, and refrained.

"I shail not take any risks," I said. "I'll merely peep over the bow and

She pressed my hand earnestly and where I bad left him lying was va-That night we stood alternate watches, might do. He was certainly capable of anything.

The next day we waited, and the

next, and still he made no sign. tacks," Maud said, on the afternoon of the fourth day; "perhaps he is ill, very ill. He may be dead."

I waited, smiling inwardly at the woman of her which compelled a solic-Itude for Wolf Larsen, of all creatures. Where was her solicitude for me, I thought-for me whom she had been afraid to have merely peep aboard?

direct as she was subtle, You must go aboard, Humphrey, and find out," she said. "And if you deposited on top of the trap. Not want to laugh at me, you have my

consent and forgiveness." l arose obediently and went down

"Do be careful," she called after me. waved my arm from the forecastle head and dropped down to the deck. ing over on top of the cabin. I tock off my shoes and went noise-

tiously descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his stateroom A peep at Wolf Larsen showed me was closed. At first I thought of that he had not moved. A bright knocking, then I remembered my os thought struck me. I stole into his tensible errand and resolved to carry state room and possessed myself of it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I his revolvers. There were no other lifted the trapdoor in the floor and set weapons, though I thoroughly ran- it to one side. The slop chest, as well sacked the three remaining state as the provisions, was stored in the rooms. To make sure, I returned and | lazaretto, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of under-

As I emerged from the lazaretto I knives. Then I bethought me of the heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's stateroom. I crouched and listened. The ried, and I came to him and spoke to doorknob rattled. Furtively, instincthim, first softly, then loudly. He did tvely, I slunk back behind the table and drew and cocked my revolver. from his pocket. I breathed more The door swung open and he came freely. He had no arms with which forth. Never had I seen so profound to attack me from a distance; while I, a despair as that which I saw on his face-the face of Wolf Larsen the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclosed, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

"God! God!" he groaned, and the clenched fists were raised again to the infinite despair with which his throat vibrated.

It was horrible. I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. And it was exertion. His whole frame shook with the struggle. He caught his breath once or To my delight she never once looked twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and inde-

I rose swiftly to my feet, and, I know, quite unconsciously assumed a defiant attitude. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the uplift. But when the descending foot



He Shoved the Silde Part Way Back and Rested His Arms in It.

missed the solid flooring and felt vacancy beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across let me go. But the space on deck the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, cant. He had evidently gone below. with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next inone of us sleeping at a time; for there stant he had drawn up his legs and was no telling what Wolf Larsen rolled clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trapdoor. The expression on his face was one

of complete comprehension. But be-"These headaches of his, these at- fore I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trapdoor into place, closing the lazaretto. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind, blind fully. as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his stateroom. I saw his hand miss the doorknob by an inch, quickly fumble for She was too subtle not to follow the it, and find it. This was my chance. trend of my stlence. And she was as I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea chest, which he content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway, I retreated, silently roll-

He shoved the slide part way back

still in the companionway. His atti- teeth." she quoted at me; and for tude was of one looking forward the the rest of the afternoon we made length of the schooner, or staring, merry over our labor. rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away sition while I worked at the tangle. and directly in what should have been And such a tangle-halyards, sheets, his line of vision. It was uncanny. I guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all felt myself a ghost, what of my invisibility. I waved my hand back and through, and twined and knotted by forth, of course without effect; but the sea. I cut no more than was necwhen the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was long ropes under and around the susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify in the boat and uncoiling in order to the impression.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which sur- tried my strength severely; but I sucprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in all spread out on the beach to dry. We his walk. I knew it now for what it

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the forecastle head it appeared insignificant. and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It's too bad the Ghost has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet.

"I wonder, I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power. I remembered Michelet's "To man, woman is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again." For the first time I knew the wonderful truth of his words. Why, I was living them. Maud was all this to me, an unfailing source of strength and courage. I had but to look at her, or think of her, and be strong again.

"It can be done, it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done, I can do; and if they have never done this before, still I can do it.'

"What? for goodness sake," Maud demanded. "Do be merciful. What is it you can do?"

"We can do it." I amended. "Why. nothing else than put the masts back into the Ghost and sail away." "Humphrey!" she exclaimed.

And I felt as proud of my conception as if it were already a fact accomplished.

"But how is it possible to be done?" she asked.

"I don't know," was my answer. "I know only that I am capable of doing

anything these days." I smiled proudly at her-too proudly, for she dropped her eyes and was

for the moment silent. "But there is Captain L objected.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a

"But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazaretto." "And you know also how I crept

about and avoided him," I contended

"And lost your shoes."

"You'd hardly expect them to avoid Wolf Larsen without my feet inside of them.

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the Ghost and return to the world. Maud stood silently by my side, while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among satiors as "shears." But, though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars, and then elevating them in the air like an inverted "V," I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting tackle. To this hoisting tackle I could, if necessary, attach a second hoisting tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "Clear that raffle," I answered

pointing to the tangled wreckage over-Ah, the decisiveness, the very found of the words, was good in my ears. "Clear that raffle!" Imagine so salty a phrase on the lips of the Hum-

phrey Van Weyden of a few months gone! There must have been a touch of the melodramatic in my pose and humer was really the artist's instinct

for proportion. "I'm sure I've heard it before; somewhere, in books," she murmured glee-

I had an instinct for proportion myself, and I collapsed forthwith, descending from the dominant pose of a master of matter to a state of humble confusion which was, to say the least, very miserable.

Her hand leaped out at once to mine.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "No need to be," I gulped. "It does me good. There's too much of the neither here nor there. What we've the Garden of Eden," got to do is actually and literally to clear that raffle. If you'll come with me in the boat, we'll get to work and straighten things out."

"'When the tormen clear the raffle lessly aft in my stocking feet. Cau and rested his arms on it, his body with their claspknives in their others in six months.

Her task was to hold the boat in powashed about and back and forth and

essary, and what with passing the booms and masts, of unreeving the halyards and sheets, or coiling down pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin. The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water,

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant. I went into the hold of the Ghost to clear the steps of the mast

ceeded before nightfall in getting it

were both very tired when we

knocked off for supper, and we had

done good work, too, though to the eye



The Sound of His Voice Made Maud Quickly Draw Close to Me.

butts. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen. "Hello below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello on deck," I replied. "Good morning to you."

ship for me?"

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my

"Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her," was my answer. "But what in thunder are you re-

pairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice. "Why, I'm getting everything ready

for restepping the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some

time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down, "you can't do it."

"Oh, yes I can," I reforted. "I'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?" "You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were, once, and able to eat me, as you were pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of underestimating me. For your own good I warn you." "Since when have you become

philanthropist?" I queried. "Confess, now, in warning me for my own good, that you are very inconsistent." He ignored my sarcasm, saying

Suppose I clap the hatch on, now You won't fool me as you did in the lazaretto."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horrors at Home.

"The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale, recently held in America, had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants, seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried from the field in a dying condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of ambulances, surgeons, and nurses. Many voice, for Maud smiled. Her sense of ladies fainted at the awful cries of the injured players. The indignation of the spectators was powerful, but they were so terrorized that they were afraid to leave the field."

One wonders whether the Munchener Nachrichten, which printed the foregoing in its columns in the year 1893, would have had room for it last fall .-New York Tribune.

Family Pride. "Our ancestors came over in the Mayflower," proudly announced little

Miss Uppson of Boston. little miss from Indianapolis. "Our schoolboy in me. All of which is ancestors were the original settlers in

> Varieties of Slamese Rice. More than forty varieties of rice are cultivated in Siam, one of which ripens in 70 days from planting and



THREE CLASSES OF HIGHWAYS

Classification is Prime Step in Fed eral Aid to Good Roads, Says Congressman Borland.

With various bills before congress for federal aid to road building the classification of highways so that important through routes may be outlined clearly from the country's maze of thoroughfares of one kind or another, becomes a question of more and more interest. Congressman W. P. Borland of Missouri, a good-roads advocate, has expressed himself on this subject as follows:

"It will be necessary, in my judgment, to classify all existing highways into at least three classifications. The first class is that of the great cross-state or interstate highways. The second consists of the main feeders or great country roads; and third, the by-roads, local roads or lanes. These various classes of roads should be built, improved and maintained with a view to the amount of traffic that they can bear and must bear. The first class should be of the most permanent and scientific construction. The second class could be of a less expensive nature and would need less maintenance. The third class could be improved only to the extent that the community required. The expense of building and maintaining these roads should be distributed upon the same basis.

"The roads of the first class should be supported by the taxing power of a large area of country. The second class of roads should also have a wide taxing power at least co-extensive with the county and possibly with a group of countles or with some state aid. This would leave



Improved Road in Missouri.

the small road district or local community only the burden of the smaller or purely local roads. However much politicians may twist and turn and argue about the question we must eventually come to some scientific solution of the problem. I realize that when we begin to talk about real road improvement political difficulties of all kinds are encountered; what the people will demand in the next few years in this country is good roads and not politics."

BETTER ROADS ARE FAVORED

State of Iowa is Lauded by Department of Agriculture as Model in Construction of Roads.

Iowa is lauded by the department of agriculture as a model road builder. In Iowa a measure of control over highway construction has been given to the state, and a comparison with the results obtained when the supervision rested entirely with the counties shows that state control is the best. Indiana needs some form of centralized power over highway construction and maintenance. In isolated cases it is excellent. Wayne county, for instance, has a capable superintendent of roads, and its highways are models. But this does not obtain over the whole state.-Richmond Palladium.

Dirt Roads in United States. Two million miles of dirt roads have been built in the United States. The total length of public roads of all kinds in this country is estimated at 2,250,000 railes.

Roads Indicate Prosperity.

In regions where the roads have been improved the farmers are the most prosperous and community life has been developed. In regions where "Pshaw, that's nothing," retorted the the roads have not been improved, the schools, the churches and all other civilizing agencies have run down.

Roads as Indicators.

If a country is stagnant, the condition of the roads will indicate the fact; if a people have no roads, they are savages.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only

adopt the morning inside bath. Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing

of all the inside organs. The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation .- Adv.

A Large Measure of Success. Doctor, how many times have you perated for appendicitis?"

"Oh, at least fifty times, I should 'And how many cases have you

lost?" "Only two. One of them went into bankruptcy and the other died without leaving a dollar."

Accent on the Box. "John," said his wife, "wasn't that a good box of cigars I gave you for a birthday present?"

"As a matter of fact, my dear," replied her husband, "I never saw a better box."

This world has no love for the lover who loves only himself.

HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa. - "Four years ago was very sick and my life was nearly



spent. The doctors never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced

to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."---Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERson, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice-it will be confidential.

The Army of Constipation le Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they perma-nently cure Constipation. Milthem for

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 18-1916.