

IN THIS TALE
JACK LON-
DON'S SEA EX-
PERIENCE IS
USED WITH ALL
THE POWER OF
HIS VIRI' E PEN



The SEA WOLF
BY JACK LONDON

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



DAIRY

KIDNEY TROUBLE WEARS YOU OUT
I had Kidney and Stomach trouble for several years and lost over 40 pounds in weight; tried every remedy that I could and got no relief until I took Swamp-Root. It gave me quicker relief than anything that I ever used. I now weigh 135 pounds and am singing the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and recommending its use to all who have stomach and kidney troubles.
Respectfully yours,
E. C. MENDENHALL,
McNeil, Arkansas.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

"Wolf Larsen," I said sternly, for the first time addressing him by this his most familiar name. "I am unable to shoot a helpless, unresisting man. You have proved that to my satisfaction as well as yours. But I warn you now, and not so much for your own good as for mine, that I shall shoot you the moment you attempt a hostile act. I can shoot you now, as I stand here; and if you are so minded, just go ahead and try to clap on the hatch."

"Nevertheless, I forbid you, I distinctly forbid your tampering with my ship."

"But, man!" I expostulated, "you advance the fact that it is your ship as though it were a moral right. You have never considered moral rights in your dealings with others. You surely do not dream that I'll consider them in dealing with you?"

I had stepped underneath the open hatchway so that I could see him. The lack of expression on his face, so different from when I had watched him unseen, was enhanced by the blinking, staring eyes. It was not a pleasant face to look upon.

"And none so poor, not even Hump, to do him reverence," he sneered.

The sneer was wholly in his voice. His face remained expressionless as ever.

"How do you do, Miss Brewster?" he said suddenly, after a pause.

I started. She had made no noise whatever, had not even moved. Could it be that some glimmer of vision remained to him? or that his vision was coming back?

"How do you do, Captain Larsen," she answered. "Pray, how did you know I was here?"

"Heard your breathing, of course. I say, Hump's improving, don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she answered, smiling at me. "I have never seen him otherwise."

"You should have seen him before, then."

"Wolf Larsen, in large doses," I murmured, "before and after taking."

"I want to tell you again, Hump," he said threateningly, "that you'd better leave things alone."

"But don't you care to escape as well as we?" I asked incredulously.

"No," was his answer. "I intend dying here."

"Well, we don't," I concluded defiantly, beginning again my knocking and hammering.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Next day, the mast-steps clear and everything in readiness, we started to get the two topmasts aboard. The mainmast was over thirty feet in length, the foremast nearly thirty, and it was of these that I intended making the shears. It was puzzling work. Fastening one end of a heavy tackle to the windlass, and with the other end fast to the foremast, I began to heave. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down the slack.

But when the butt of the topmast was level with the rail, everything came to a standstill.

Instructing her how to hold the turn and be ready to slack away at command, I laid hold of the mast with my hands and tried to balance it inboard across the rail. When I thought I had it I cried to her to slack away; but the spar righted, despite my efforts, and dropped back toward the water. Again I heaved it up to its old position, for I had now another idea. I remembered the watchtackle—a small double and single block affair—and fetched it.

While I was rigging it between the top of the spar and the opposite rail, Wolf Larsen came on the scene. We exchanged nothing more than good mornings and, though he could not see, he sat on the rail out of the way and followed by the sound all that I did.

Again instructing Maud to slack away at the windlass when I gave the word, I proceeded to heave on the watchtackle. Slowly the mast swung in until it balanced at right angles across the rail; and then I discovered to my amazement that there was no need for Maud to slack away. In fact, the very opposite was necessary. Making the watchtackle fast, I hove on the windlass and brought in the mast, inch by inch, till its top tilted down to the deck and finally its whole length lay on the deck.

In less than an hour I had the mainmast on deck and was constructing the shears. Lashing the two topmasts together, everything in readiness, I made a line fast and carried it directly to the windlass. The shears rose in the air. Before I finished guying it fore and aft and to either side twilight had set in. Wolf Larsen, who had sat about and listened all afternoon and never opened his mouth, had taken himself off to the galley and started his supper.

"I wish it weren't so late," I said. "I'd like to see how it works."

"Don't be a glutton, Humphrey," Maud chided me. "Remember, tomor-

row is coming, and you're so tired now that you can hardly stand."

"And you?" I said, with sudden solicitude. "You must be very tired. You have worked hard and nobly. I am proud of you, Maud."

"Not half so proud as I am of you, nor with half the reason," she answered looking me straight in the eyes for a moment with an expression in her own and a dancing, tremulous light which I had not seen before and which gave me a pang of quick delight—I know not why, for I did not understand it. Then she dropped her eyes, to lift them again, laughing.

"If our friends could see us now," she said. "Look at us. Have you ever paused for a moment to consider our appearance?"

"Yes, I have considered yours, frequently," I answered, puzzling over what I had seen in her eyes and puzzled by her sudden change of subject.

"Mercy!" she cried. "And what do I look like, pray?"

"A scarecrow, I'm afraid," I replied. "Just glance at your ragged skirts, for instance. Look at those three-cornered tears. And such a waist! It would not require a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that you have been cooking over a camp-fire, to say nothing of trying out seal blubber. And to cap it all, that cap! And all that is the woman who wrote 'A Kiss Endured.'"

She made me an elaborate and stately curtsy, and said, "As for you, sir—"

And yet, through the five minutes of banter which followed, there was a serious something underneath the fun which I could not but relate to the strange and fleeting expression I had caught in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXX.

The next day we did no work. In the morning following we had breakfast and were at work by daylight. There was no wind, the tide was high, and the schooner floated. Casting off the shore lines, I kedged her out by main strength, lowered the big starboard anchor, giving plenty of slack; and by afternoon I was at work on the windlass.

Three days I worked on that windlass. Least of all things was I a mechanic, and in that time I accomplished what an ordinary machinist would have done in as many hours. I had to learn my tools to begin with, and every simple mechanical principle which such a man would have at his finger ends I had likewise to learn. And at the end of three days I had a windlass which worked clumsily. It never gave the satisfaction the old windlass had given, but it worked and made my work possible.

In half a day I got the two topmasts aboard and the shears rigged and guyed as before. And that night I slept on board and on deck beside my work. Maud, who refused to stay alone ashore, slept in the forecastle. Wolf Larsen had sat about, listening to my repairing the windlass and talking with Maud and me upon indifferent subjects. No reference was made on either side to the destruction of the shears; nor did he say anything further about my leaving his ship alone. But still I had feared him, blind and helpless and listening, always listening, and I never let his strong arms get within reach of me while I worked.

On this night, sleeping under my beloved shears, I was aroused by his footsteps on the deck. It was a starlight night, and I could see the bulk of him dimly as he moved about. I rolled out of my blankets and crept noiselessly after him in my stocking feet. He had armed himself with a draw-knife from the tool locker, and with this he prepared to cut across the throat-halyards that again rigged to the shears. He felt the halyards with his hands and discovered that I had not made them fast. This would not do for a draw-knife, so he laid hold of the running part, hove taut, and made fast. Then he prepared to saw across with the draw-knife.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," I said quietly.

He heard the click of my pistol and laughed.

"Hello, Hump," he said. "I know you were here all the time. You can't fool my ears."

"That's a lie, Wolf Larsen," I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to kill you, so go ahead and cut."

"You have the chance always," he sneered.

"Go ahead and cut," I threatened ominously.

"I'd rather disappoint you," he laughed, and turned on his heel and went aft.

"Something must be done, Humphrey," Maud said, next morning, when I told her of the night's occurrence. "If he has liberty, he may do anything. He may sink the vessel, or set fire to it. There is no telling what he may do. We must make him a prisoner."

"But how?" I asked, with a helpless shrug. "I dare not come within reach

of his arms, and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly. She waited.

I picked up a seal club.

"It won't kill him," I said. "And before he could recover I'd have him bound hard and fast."

She shook her head with a shudder. "No, not that. There must be some less brutal way. Let us wait."

But we did not have to wait long, and the problem solved itself. In the morning, after several trials, I found the point of balance in the foremast and attached my hoisting tackle a few feet above it. At the end of an hour the single and double blocks came together at the top of the shears. I could hoist no more. And yet the mast was not swung entirely inboard. The butt rested against the outside of the port rail, while the top of the mast overhung the water far beyond the starboard rail. My shears were too short. All my work had been for nothing. But I no longer despaired in the old way. I was acquiring more confidence in myself and more confidence in the possibilities of windlasses, shears and hoisting tackles. There was a way in which it could be done and it remained for me to find that way.

While I was considering the problem, Wolf Larsen came on deck. We noticed something strange about him at once. The indecisiveness, or feebleness, of his movements was more pronounced. His walk was actually



His Free Hand Went to My Throat.

tottery as he came down the port side of the cabin. At the break of the poop he reeled, raised one hand to his eyes with the familiar brushing gesture and fell down the steps—still on his feet—to the main deck, across which he staggered, falling and flinging out his arms for support. He regained his balance by the steerage companionway and stood there dizzily for a space, when he suddenly crumpled up and collapsed, his legs bending under him as he sank to the deck.

"One of his attacks," I whispered to Maud.

She nodded her head; and I could see sympathy warm in her eyes.

We went up to him, but he seemed unconscious, breathing spasmodically. She took charge of him, lifting his head to keep the blood out of it and dispatching me for a pillow. I also brought blankets, and we made him comfortable. I took his pulse. It beat steadily and strong, and was quite normal. This puzzled me. I became suspicious.

"What if he should be feigning this?" I asked, still holding his wrist.

Maud shook her head and there was reproof in her eyes. But just then the wrist I held leaped from my hand, and the hand clasped like a steel about my wrist. I cried aloud in awful fear, a wild inarticulate cry; and I caught one glimpse of his face, malignant and triumphant, as his other hand compassed my body and I was drawn down to him in a terrible grip.

My wrist was released, but his other arm, passed around my back, held both my arms so that I could not move. His free hand went to my throat and in that moment I knew the bitterest foretaste of death earned by one's own idiocy.

My face was against his chest and I could not see, but I heard Maud turn and run swiftly along the deck. Everything was happening quickly. I had not yet had a glimmering of unconsciousness, and it seemed that an interminable period of time was lapsing before I heard her feet flying back. And just then I felt the whole man sink under me.

Maud's footsteps were very near as his hand fluttered for the last time and my throat was released. I rolled off and over to the deck on my back, gasping and blinking in the sunshine. Maud was pale but composed—my

eyes had gone instantly to her face—and she was looking at me with mingled alarm and relief. A heavy seal club in her hand caught my eyes, and at that moment she followed my gaze down to it. The club dropped from her hand as though it had suddenly stung her, and at the same moment my heart surged with a great joy. Truly she was my woman, my mate, my woman, fighting with me and for me as the mate of a caveman would have fought, all the primitive in her aroused, forgetful of her culture, hard under the softening civilization of the only life she had ever known.

"Dear woman!" I cried, scrambling to my feet.

The next moment she was in my arms, weeping convulsively on my shoulder while I clasped her close. I looked down at the brown glory of her hair, glinting gems in the sunshine far more precious to me than those in the treasure chests of kings. And I bent my head and kissed her hair softly, so softly that she did not know.

Then sober thought came to me. After all, she was only a woman, crying her relief, now that the danger was past, in the arms of her protector or of the one who had been endangered. Had I been father or brother, the situation would have been in no wise different. Besides, time and place were not meet, and I wished to earn a better right to declare my love. So once again I softly kissed her hair as I felt her receding from my clasp.

"It was a real attack this time," I said; "another shock like the one that made him blind. He feigned at first, and in doing so brought it on."

Maud was already rearranging his pillow.

"No," I said, "not yet. Now that I have him helpless, helpless he shall remain. From this day we live in the cabin. Wolf Larsen shall live in the steerage."

I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him to the companionway. At my direction Maud fetched a rope. Placing this under his shoulders, I balanced him across the threshold and lowered him down the steps to the floor. I could not lift him directly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body, balanced him across the edge and rolled him into a lower bunk.

But this was not to be all. I recollected the handcuffs in his stateroom, which he preferred to use on sailors instead of the ancient and clumsy ship irons. So, when we left him, he lay handcuffed hand and foot. For the first time in many days I breathed freely. I felt strangely light as I came on deck, as though a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt, also, that Maud and I had drawn more closely together. And I wondered if she, too, felt it, as we walked along the deck side by side to where the stalled foremast hung in the shears.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At once we moved aboard the Ghost, occupying our old staterooms and cooking in the galley. The imprisonment of Wolf Larsen had happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian-summer of this high latitude was gone and drizzling stormy weather had set in. We were very comfortable and the inadequate shears, with the foremast suspended from them, gave a businesslike air to the schooner and a promise of departure.

And now that we had Wolf Larsen in irons, how little did we need it! Like his first attack, his second had been accompanied by serious disablement. Maud made the discovery in the afternoon while trying to give him nourishment.

"Do you know you are deaf in the right ear?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a low, strong voice, "and worse than that. My whole right side is affected. It seems asleep. I cannot move arm or leg."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

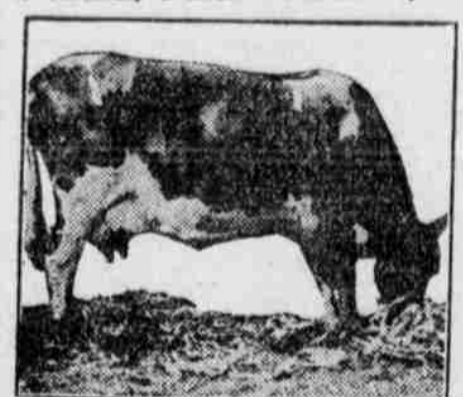
Chicory Cultivation.
Chicory, so extensively raised in France, is harvested either by hand or by plowing. As fast as the plants in one line are pulled the roots are gathered in heaps after the removal of the leaves and are roughly cleaned. They are then transported to the factories, where they are mechanically washed in flowing water and dumped on a perforated conveyor that permits them to drain while traveling toward the root-cutters. The roots, when cut in small pieces, are conveyed to the malt kilns or special driers, where they remain thirty-six hours or more, and after cooling are bagged. The chicory, having now become friable, passes into a series of crushers; after each crushing the broken material is passed through sifters that divide it into four grades. From the crushers the chicory goes to the roasting retorts and then receives a final manipulation, that of tinting, which consists in giving the grains a coating of impalpable chicory dust. The last operation is that of packing the chicory, either by hand or by machinery.

PROTECTION OF MILK SUPPLY

Dependable Means of Determining Healthy Cows Affected by Means of Tubercular Tests.

The increasing interest in the protection of the milk supply for the consuming public is one of the encouraging features of live stock improvement, and equally so as a sanitary means of improved health among our people. It has demanded some nerve and resolution on the part of sanitary officials in all parts of the country. It has become a risky proposition now for a health officer to lend his assistance to any dishonesty in the matter of covering up a diseased or unhealthy animal.

The guarding of the milk supply for the innocent purchaser and user is certainly a noble work for anyone



Healthy Dairy Cows.

in authority. The tubercular tests applied to cows in many of the dairies furnishing milk to city and townspeople have proved to be a very dependable means of determining the health of the animal as to this particular ailment.

There is but a very small per cent of the cattle on farms and ranges that are affected by this disease, except by coming in contact with the disease distributed through the dairy cow from diseased districts. The wearing of the tag in the ear is the trademark that all cow buyers should observe, if they are especially skeptical as to a cow's lung power and general tubercular standing. It is well to be on the safe side and insist on the tuberculin test.

LIABLE TO BECOME CHOKED

Trouble is Likely to Occur When Animals Attempt to Devour Vegetables Without Mastication.

(By H. S. EAKINS, Colorado Station.)
Of all animals on the farm, cattle are, perhaps, the most liable to become choked. Choking is most liable to result from attempting to swallow without mastication, carrots, turnips, potatoes, apples or sugar beets. Cattle frequently choke on chewing leather, boot heels, old rags and all sorts of unseemly things which could not be digested if swallowed, and the practice indicates a depraved appetite.

In such cases, if the services of a veterinarian cannot be secured the owner will have to do the best he can alone, and the things that are usually done first should not be done at all. Attempting to pour water down the throat usually results in most of it going into the lungs, and the result is death of the animal, that might otherwise have been saved.

A case of turnip choke came under observation recently. A sharp-pointed broomstick was thrust down into the throat in an effort to push the turnip downward, and the animal died from the injury. Less heroic efforts will usually relieve the animal. Whatever is attempted to relieve the suffering animal, do not try the drench or the broomhandle.

SANITARY DAIRY MILK PAILS

Old-Fashioned Habit of Using Open Bucket Has Been Discarded—Quality Now Counts.

A time-honored practice is to use an open pail and bring it into the house peppered with an unpleasant assortment of stable dirt and refuse. That may have been good enough for grandfather but you can't get away with it in these days of sanitation. Instead you use a closed pail, milking through a strainer packed with an absorbent-cotton filter. Sure! They cost a little money, but so does anything worth while. For the fellows who believe in "Quality" such an investment will pay more than 10 per cent interest if a trifle of good salesmanship is used to dispose of the superior output.

BETTER FEEDING OF CATTLE

Best Method of Treating Manure is to Scatter it Over Fields in Winter or Summer.

The better feeding of live stock, the more valuable is the manure; and the more manure is worth, the more need is there for the proper handling of it. The best method of treating manure is to haul it out as soon as made and scatter it over the field, whether the season be winter or summer.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Wolves Trained to Work.

Deming Wheeler, a fur buyer of the Tenana and Goodpasture countries, Alaska, caused no little comment recently when, headed for the Koyukuk, he drove a team in which were included three full-blooded wolves. Aside from their natural viciousness, he reported them as in all respects equal to dogs as workers, and noticeably more hardy. While many Alaskan drivers use animals half dog and half wolf, this was the first instance so far as known of pure-blooded wolves being successfully worked. The malamute dog crossed with a wolf is thought by many experienced mushers to be preferable to all others, because of his supposed greater endurance and tractability. Reindeer are used to some extent, chiefly by natives, but are thoroughly untrustworthy. When a reindeer takes it into his head to stop and feed or lie down, he simply does it, and no means has yet been discovered to induce him to move on until it suits his personal wish.

BAD COMPLEXION MADE GOOD

When All Else Fails, by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and burning, which disfigure your complexion and skin, Cuticura Soap and Ointment will do much to help you. The Soap to cleanse and purify the Ointment to soothe and heal.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

U. S. Corn Imports.

Imports of corn into the United States, as reported by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, amounted to 5,011,000 bushels from July 1 to November 30, 1915, and the exports were 6,877,000 bushels. In the corresponding period last year imports were respectively 7,762,000 and 5,427,000 bushels.

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.

Not Always Flourishing.
"Love cannot lie."
"Maybe not. But sometimes it gets a trifle bilious."

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty Years of uninterrupted success of Dr. Kline's Epilepsy Medicine insures lasting results. LADY TRIAL, BOTTLE FIFTY CENTS. DR. KLINE COMPANY, Red Bank, N. J.—Adv.

That man has truly reached the limit of perfection who fully deserves the good opinion he has of himself.

Everywhere You Go Everywhere They Know

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