

CHAPTER AXXII-Continued. -23-

That phrase, the "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love phrase for her. Where did you get that phrase?"

demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked. "One small woman."

"Is it yours?" she asked. "Yes," I answered, "mine. I made

11." "Then you must have talked in your

sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I very close together in that moment.

my father's name for my mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

a mocking, teasing expression,

knew it, and without one serious hitch, before she turned away her eyes. I had the mainmast stepped. A derger for a crew of two, so I heaved sall as well was up and fluttering. the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed the bottom," I said. "We should be in finishing the sails and putting them on the rocks first." on. There were only three-the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the Ghost.

jubilantly. "We'll make them work, the jib." and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northcrammed navigation from text books the water was calm, rapid work was aboard; and besides, there was Wolf required to get us safely out. Larsen's star-scale, so simple a de-

"To think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands." answered. "Two small hands, and don't say that was a phrase, also, of your father."

She laughed and shook her head, and heid her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she walled, "nor soften the weatherbeat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said, holding them in mine; and, in spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swift-

ly withdrawn them. Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love leaned toward her. Without volition long and well, but now it was master-I leaned toward her, as a tree is ing me. Willfully had it discbeyed and swayed by the wind. Ah, we were won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tonguo-ay, and my But she shook her head, as one might lips, for they were mad this moment shake off sleep or a dream, saying: to kiss the two small hands which had "I have known it all my life. It was toiled so faithfully and hard. And I. too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugies calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist. "No," I answered, and she ques- swaying the very body of me till 1 tioned no further, though I could have leaned toward her, all unconscious sworn her oyes retained for some time | that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly With the foremast in, the work now drew away her hands, and yet could went on apace. Almost before i not forbear one quick, searching look

By means of deck-tackles I had arrick-boom, rigged to the foremast, had ranged to carry the halyards forward accomplished this; and several days to the windlass; and now I hoisted more found .Il stays and shrouds in the mainsail, peak and throat, at the place, and everything set up taut. Top- same time. It was a clumsy way, but salls would be a nuisance and a dan- it did not take long, and soon the fore-"We can never get that anchor up

in this narrow place, once it has left

ered her spirits by coiling down tackles and halyards and all stray "What can you do?" she asked. ropes. Then there were meals to be "Slip it," was my answer. "And cooked in the galley, beds to make. when I do you must do your first Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at she finished the day with a grand "But they'll work!" Maud cried the same time you must be hoisting housecleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

This maneuver of getting under All night I steered, without relief, way I had studied and worked out a the wind slowly and steadily increasscore of times, and, with the jib-hal- ing and the sea rising. At five in yard to the windlass, I knew Maud the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuit she had baked. was capable of hoisting that most and at seven a substantial and piping necessary sail. A brisk wind was ern port of Japan. In fact. I had blowing into the cove, and though hot breakfast put new life into me. Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind in-

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

call awkward, till I broke it, say- I closed my eyes and went to sleep ing: "See those black clouds to windward. You remember, I told you last

night the barometer was falling." "And the sun is gone," she said. her eyes still fixed upon our island. where we had proved our mastery over matter and sttained to the truest comradeship that may fall to man and woman.

"And it's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gayly. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore and main sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. It was a fresh breeze, very fresh, but I resolved to run as long as I dared. Unfortunately, when running free, it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heartbroken over the discovery, but recov-



Revenue Cutter,

again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I woke, troubled be cause I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I

was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the Ghost, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and

slept poscefully until morning. When I arose at seven I saw no sign of Maud and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the Ghost doing splendidly under her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling. I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him. the man who had been hurled down from the topmost pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead. There seemed a relaxation of his expressionless face which was new Maud looked at me and I understood. "His life flickered out in the storm."

said. "But he still lives." she answered. infinite faith in her voice.

"He had too great strength."

"Yes," she said, "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free spirit."

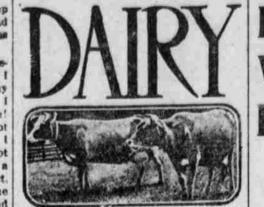
"He is a free spirit surely," I answered, and, taking her hand, I led her on deck

The storm broke that night, which is to say that it diminished as slowly as it had arisen. After breakfast next morning, when I had hoisted Wolf Larsen's body on deck ready for burial, it was still blowing heavily and a large sea was running. The deck was continually awash with the sea which came inboard over the rall and through the scuppers. The wind smote the schooner with a sudden gust, and she heeled over till her lea rall was buried, the roar in her rigging rising in pitch to a shriek. We stood in the water to our knees as I bared my head.

"I remember only one part of the service," I said, "and that is, 'And

the body shall be cast into the sea."" Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, impelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man. I lifted the end of the hatch cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone. "Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit," Maud whispered, so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips

and knew. As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to ent limit. When I knocked the shackle-bolt creased. It impressed one with its glance to leeward. The Ghost, at the

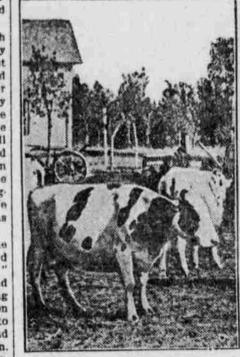


HEAVY PRODUCING DAIRY COW

Dairymen Who Are Successful Are Ones Who Pay Attention to the Little Details.

(By HUGH G. VAN PELT, Iowa.) Feed your cow the best you know how for six or eight weeks before she freshens. The feed during this period should be light, dry and bulky, so as not to tax the digestive apparatus. The calf should be left with the mother for 48 to 60 hours after birth. This

will aid in relieving inflammation. After the calf is taken away, put the cow on dry feed, about five pounds of grain, with hay. Silage must be included, for the most economical feeding. Increase the amount of grain by one-half pound every day or two until her capacity for milk production is reached. To determine this it is necessary'to carefully weigh the feed and the milk each day. The dairymen who

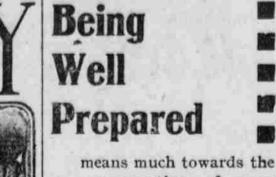


Fine Dairy Animal.

make the greatest success are the ones who do the little things.

It is some trouble to weigh the milk and grain, but it must be done. By having the amount increased gradually the heavy producing cow may consume as much as 18 to 20 pounds of grain a day, but each cow has a differ-

The cow should be fed one pound



preservation of your health. The stomach must be kept strong, the liver must be active and the bowels regular. As soon as there is any deviation from those conditions you should try







Appropriate.

"Can you suggest a good motto to hang up in the dining room?" asked the boarding house mistress.

"How about 'Forgive us this day our daily bread?" " suggested the man who was going to move the next day anyhow.

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty years of numerrupted success of Dr. Kine's Epilepsy Medicine insures insting resolus. Langar Ental Borthu FREE. DR. KLINE COMPANY, Red Bank, N. J.-Adv.

The upstart who says trade is vulgar is usually slow when it comes to paying his bills.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative-three for a cathartic.-Adv.

Being on the right side in politics means being on the inside.



a could work it

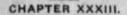
As for its inventor, beyond an increasing deafness and the movement of the lips growing fainter and fainter, there had been little change in his condition for a week. But on the day we finished bending the schooner's sails, he heard his last, and the last movement of his lips died away -but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes.'

The last line was down. Somewhere within that tomb of the flesh still dwelt the soul of the man. Walled by the living clay, that flerce intelligence of anxiety, for the Ghost was rushwe had known burned on: but it burned on in silence and darkness.



Raced Aft, Putting the Wheel Up.

And it was disembodied. To that intelligence there could be no objective now burst through the clouds, a welknowledge of a body. It knew no profundity of the quiet and the dark.



The day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to detain us on Endeavor island. The Ghost's stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, none of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked

"I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" I wanted to cry aloud.

But Maud and I had a way of volc ing each other's thoughts, and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsal):

loose the chain roared out through sullen determination to blow, and the hawse-hole and into the sea. I blow harder, and keep on blowing. raced aft, putting the wheel up. The And still the Ghost foamed along. Ghost seemed to start into life as racing off the miles till I was certain she heeled to the first fill of her sails. she was making at least eleven knots. The jib was rising. As it filled the It was too good to lose, but by night-Ghost's bow swung off and I had to fall I was exhausted. Though in put the wheel down a few spokes and splendid physical trim, a thirty-sixsteady her.

I had devised an automatic jibitself, so there was no need for Maud if the wind and sea increased at the wheel hard 'down. It was a moment ing directly upon the beach, a stone's brought the Ghost up on the wind. throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her windblown hair, her cheeks flushed from ping the canvas out of my hands, and exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils gained by ten minutes of severest quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a reef into the foresail. At eleven her breath suspended as the Ghost. charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe wa-

long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the Ghost headed out to open sea. She with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun come omen, and shone upon the curvbody. The very world was not. It ing beach where together we had knew only itself and the vastness and dared the lords of the harem and slain the holluschickie. All Endeavor island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern

> promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun. "I shall always think of it with

pride," I said to Maud. She threw her head back in queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear

Endeavor island! I shall always love

And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet

There was a silence 1 might almost

hour trick at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, Maud

sheet, which passed the jib across of begged me to heave to, and I knew. to attend to that; but she was still same rate during the night that it hoisting the jib when I put the would soon be impossible to heave to. So, as twilight deepened, gladly and at the same time reluctantly. I

But I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run I learned to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing. The wind balked my every effort, ripin an instant undoing what I had struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second

wild, keen look in them I had never o'clock I was no farther along. Blood seen before, and her lips parted and dripped from every finger end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion 1 hush." wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

Then, in desperation, I abandoned My first mate's berth on the scaling the attempt to reef the mainsail and grounds stood me in good stead, and resolved to try the experiment of cleared the inner cove and laid a heaving to under the close-reefed at me for an instant with tremulous foresail. Three hours more were required to gasket the mainsail and jib. and at two in the morning, nearly had now caught the bosom-breathing dead, the life almost buffeted and of the ocean, and was herself a breath worked out of me. I had barely sufficient consciousness to know the experiment was a success. The closereefed foresail worked. The Ghost clung on close to the wind and betrayed no inclination to fall off broadside to the trough.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. I dozed with my mouth full of food. I would fall asleep in the act of carrying food to my mouth and waken in torment to find the act yet uncompleted. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being flung to the floor by

the violent pitching of the schooner. Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. It was sleep-walker Maud guided and supported. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke, how long after I could not imagine, in my bunk with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bedclothes touched my poor finger-ends.

Morning had evidently not come

moment, was uptossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching, head on to the sea, as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flaglocker, then remembered that in rigging the Ghost I had forgotten to make provision for a flag-halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved," I said, soberly and solemnly. And then, in an exuber ance of joy, "I hardly know whether to be glad or not."

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward dairymen have found that it is a good each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered, "There is no need, though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine. and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon high milk production. The tempering me, when she had pressed her fingers of this cold water in the cow uses some lightly on my lips and said. "Hush,

"My woman, my one small woman," 1 said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking down lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered 'One kiss more before they come.' "And rescue us from ourselves." she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love. THE END.

His Philanthropy.

"Look here," said the benevolent ooking man, "you have asked me for work every time I passed this corner for the last three weeks."

"Have I?" was the surprised inquiry. "Yes, you have, and I have given you money once or twice. Now, what would you do if I offered you work?" "What would I do? I'd take your name an' address, guv'nor, an' then, if I found anybody that wanted work, I'd sen' 'im roun' ter yer. I'm a philanthropist, an' run a free employment agency. I don't get a penny fur me

time-only jest what comes in accidental like from folks like you,"

of grain per day for each 3 to 3.5 pounds of milk produced. It is necessary to watch the milk supply, and when the producing capacity of the cow has been reached any further increase in the feed will be a loss to the dairyman and a useless tax on the cow's digestive apparatus.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE WATER

That Flowing Through Muddy Ditch Is Not Suited to Dairy Cow-Furnish Ample Supply.

A large amount of water is needed by the average dairy cow for the upkeep of bodily functions. In addition to this, much more is needed in the production of milk, as the latter contains 87 per cent of water. Practical policy to provide the cow with plenty of good, clean water. That flowing through a muddy ditch is not suited for a dairy cow.

It is also important that the water be of a mild temperature, especially in cold weather. Ice water taken into the stomach of the cow causes a shock to the system that is not conducive to of the energy that might be applied to other purposes. In the winter, freshly pumped water is much better than the cold water in the tank. Tank heaters aid in overcoming this trouble. A cow will drink a much larger quantity of warm water in the winter time than of ice water.

AMOUNT OF GRAIN FOR CALF

Young Animal Should Never Be Given More Than It Will Clean Up-Two Poundt Is Limit.

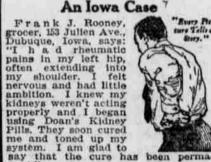
A small amount of grain is all that is necessary for the calf. Never feed more grain than it will clean up. At the age of six weeks this should be about one-half pound; at the end of two months, one pound daily; and a month later two pounds a day, which is all that is necessary up to six months of age.

GENTLE TREATMENT OF COWS

Nothing Will Reduce Milk Flow as Quickly as Unkindness-Animals Appreciate Kindness.

Be kind and gentle to the cows you are milking. Nothing will so quickly reduce the amount of milk as unkind treatment. Kindness is profitable in handling dumb animals as well as in dealing with members of the human

when bending, or an all-day back ache; each is cause enough to sus pect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. W Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

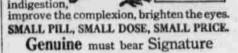


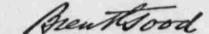
say that the cure nent."











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