

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

## CHAPTER I.

I scarcely know where to begin, though I sometimes facetiously place the cause of it all to Charley Furseth's credit. He kept a summer cottage in Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, and never occupied it except when he loafed through the winter months and read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain. Had it not been my custom to run up to see him every Saturday afternoon and to stop over till Monday morning, this particular January Monday morning would not have found me aloft on San Francisco bay.

Not but that I was aloft in a safe craft, for the Martinez was a new ferry steamer, making her fourth or fifth trip on the run between Sausalito and San Francisco. The danger lay in the heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which, as a landman, I had little apprehension. I took up my position on the forward upper deck, directly beneath the pilot house, and allowed the mystery of the fog to lay hold of my imagination. A fresh breeze was blowing, and for a time I was alone in the moist obscurity—yet not alone, for I was dimly conscious of the presence of the pilot, and of what I took to be the captain, in the glass house above my head.

It was good that men should be specialists, I mused. The peculiar knowledge of the pilot and captain sufficed for many thousands of people who knew no more of the sea and navigation than I knew. On the other hand, instead of having to devote my energy to the learning of a multitude of things, I concentrated it upon a few particular things, such as, for instance, the analysis of Poe's place in American literature—an essay of mine, by the way, in the current Atlantic.

From out the fog came the mournful tolling of a bell, and I could see the pilot turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which had seemed straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. Our own whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to us from out of the fog. An unseen ferryboat was blowing blast after blast, and a mouth-blown horn was tooting in terror-stricken fashion.

A shrill whistle, piping as if gone mad, came from directly ahead and from very near at hand. Gongs sounded on the Martinez. Our paddlewheels stopped, their pulsing beat died away, and then they started again. The shrill whistle, like the chirping of a cricket amid the cries of great beasts, shot through the fog from more to the side and swiftly grew faint and fainter.

I glanced up. The captain had thrust his head and shoulders out of the pilot house, and was staring intently into the fog as though by sheer force of will he could penetrate it. His face was anxious.

Then everything happened, and with inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, and the bow of a steamboat emerged, trailing fog-wreaths on either side like seaweed on the snout of Leviathan. I could see the pilot house and a white-bearded man leaning partly out of it, on his elbows. He was clad in a blue uniform, and I remember nothing how trim and quiet he was. His quietness, under the circumstances, was terrible. He accepted destiny, marched hand in hand with it, and coolly measured the stroke. As he leaned there, he ran a calm and speculative eye over us, as though to determine the precise point of the collision, and took no notice whatever when our pilot, white with rage, shouted, "Now you've done it!"

We must have been struck squarely amidships, for I saw nothing, the strange steamboat having passed beyond my line of vision. The Martinez heeled over, sharply, and there was a crashing and rending of timber. I was thrown flat on the wet deck, and before I could scramble to my feet I heard the screams of women. This it was, I am certain—the most indescribable of blood-curdling sounds—that threw me into a panic. I remembered the life preservers stored in the cabin, but was met at the door and swept back by a wild rush of men and women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not recollect, though I have a clear remembrance of pulling down life preservers from the overhead racks, while a red-faced man fastened them about the bodies of a hysterical group of women.

It was the screaming of the women



that most tried my nerves. It must have tried, too, the nerves of the red-faced man, for I have a picture which will never fade from my mind. A stout gentleman is stuffing a magazine into his overcoat pocket and looking on curiously. A tangled mass of women, with drawn, white faces and open mouths, is shrieking like a chorus of lost souls; and the red-faced man, his face now purplish with wrath, and with his arms extended overhead as in the act of hurling thunderbolts, is shouting, "Shut up! Oh, shut up!" These women, capable of the most sublime emotions, of the tenderest sympathies, were open-mouthed and screaming. They wanted to live, they were helpless, like rats in a trap, and they screamed.

The horror of it drove me out on deck. I was feeling sick and squeamish, and sat down on a bench. In a hazy way I saw and heard men rushing and shouting as they strove to lower the boats. It was just as I had read descriptions of such scenes in books. The tackles jammed. Nothing worked. One boat lowered away with the plugs out filled with women and children and then with water, and capsized. Another boat had been lowered by one end, and still hung in the tackle by the other end, where it had been abandoned. Nothing was to be seen of the strange steamboat which had caused the disaster, though I heard men saying that she would undoubtedly send boats to our assistance.

I descended to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast, for the water was very near. Numbers of the passengers were leaping overboard. Others, in the water, were clamoring to be taken aboard again. No one



"An' 'Ow Yer Feelin' Now, Sir?"

heeded them. A cry arose that we were sinking. I was seized by the consequent panic, and went over the side in a surge of bodies. How I went over I do not know, though I did know, and instantly, why those in the water were so desirous of getting back on the steamer. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful. The pang, as I plunged into it, was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It bit to the marrow. It was like the grip of death. I gasped with the anguish and shock of it, filling my lungs before the life preserver popped me to the surface. The taste of the salt water was strong in my mouth, and I was strangling with the acid stuff in my throat and lungs.

How long this lasted I have no conception, for a blankness intervened, of which I remember no more than one remembers of troubled and painful sleep. When I awoke, it was as after centuries of time; and I was, almost above me and emerging from the fog, the bow of a vessel, and three triangular sails, each shrewdly lapping the other and filled with wind. Where the bow cut the water there was a great foaming and gurgling, and I seemed directly in its path. I tried to cry out, but was too exhausted. The bow plunged down, just missing me and sending a swish of water clear over my head. Then the long, black side of the vessel began slipping past, so near that I could have touched it with my hands. I tried to reach it, by my arms were heavy and lifeless. Again I strove to call out, but made no sound. The stern of the vessel shot by, dropping, as it did so, into a hollow between the waves; and I caught a

weight, less adapted to work, but are for slaughter. There are oxen of the Chianina breed weighing from 3,360 to 3,520 pounds each.

It is the opinion of breeders and dairymen in this district that none of the above breeds of cattle have been exported to North America. There are many breeders in Italy of the several classes of white cattle, but there are none who raise them especially for export.

Bobby Meant Well. "It can't be possible, Bobby," said his mother, "that you have been wicked enough to eat the whole rhubarb pie in the closet?" "Yes, ma. The doctor told you, you know, that my system required rhubarb, an' I thought I'd better get a good dose of it down me before I got any worse."

Gloom for the Early Riser. "It's always darkest just before dawn," quoted the ready-made philosopher.

"And yet," rejoined his pessimistic friend, "some people say 'early to bed and early to rise.'"

glimpse of a man standing at the wheel, and of another man who seemed to be doing little else than smoke a cigar. He slowly turned his head and glanced out over the water in my direction.

Life and death were in that glance. His face wore an absent expression, as of deep thought, and I became afraid that if his eyes did light upon me he would not see me. But he did see me, for he sprang to the wheel, thrusting the other man aside, and whirled it round and round, hand over hand, at the same time shouting orders of some sort. The vessel seemed to go off at a tangent to its former course and leapt almost instantly from view into the fog.

I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness, and tried with all the power of my will to fight above the suffocating blackness and darkness that was rising around me. A little later I heard the stroke of oars, growing nearer and nearer, and the call of a man. When he was very near I heard him crying, in vexed fashion, "Why in hell don't you sing out?" This meant me, I thought, and then the blackness and darkness rose over me.

## CHAPTER II.

I seemed swinging in a mighty rhythm through orbit vastness. But a change came over the face of the dream, for a dream I told myself it must be. My rhythm grew shorter, and shorter. I was jerked from swing to counter-swing with irritating haste. I could scarcely catch my breath, so fiercely I impelled through the heavens. I gasped, caught by breath again, and opened my eyes. Two men were kneeling beside me, working over me. My mighty rhythm was the lift and forward plunge of a ship on the sea. A man's hard hands were chafing my naked chest. I squirmed under the pain of it, and half lifted my head. My chest was raw and red, and I could see tiny blood globules starting through the torn and inflamed tissue.

"That'll do, Yonson," one of the men said. "Can't yer see you've bloomin' well rubbed all the gent's skin off?"

The man addressed as Yonson, a man of the heavy Scandinavian type, ceased chafing me, and arose awkwardly to his feet. The man who had spoken to me was clearly a Cockney, with the clean lines and weakly pretty, almost effeminate face of the man who has absorbed the sound of Bow bells with his mother's milk. A dragged muslin cap on his head and dirty gunnysack about his slim hips proclaimed him cook of the decidedly dirty ship's galley in which I found myself.

"An' 'ow yer feelin' now, sir?" he asked, with the subservient smirk which comes only of generations of tip-seeking ancestors.

For reply I twisted weakly into a sitting posture, and was helped by Yonson to my feet. The cook grinned and thrust into my hand a steaming mug with an "Ere, this'll do yer good." It was a nauseous mess—ship's coffee—but the heat of it was revivifying. Between gulps of the molten stuff I glanced down at my raw and bleeding chest and turned to the Scandinavian.

"Thank you, Mr. Yonson," I said; "but don't you think your measures were rather heroic?"

"My name is Johnson, not Yonson," he said, in very good, though slow English, with no more than a shade of accent to it.

There was mild protest in his pale blue eyes, and with a frankness and manliness that quite won me to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," I corrected, and reached out my hand for his.

He hesitated, awkward and bashful, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, then blunderingly gripped my hand in a hearty shake.

"Have you any dry clothes I may put on?" I asked the cook.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with cheerful alacrity. "I'll run down an' tye a look over my kit, if you've no objections, sir, to wearin' my togs."

"And where am I?" I asked Johnson, whom I took to be one of the sailors.

"What vessel is this, and where is she bound?"

"Off the Farallones, heading about sou'west," he answered, slowly and methodically, as though groping for his best English, and rigidly observing the order of my queries. "The schooner-

the pests. They prevent sleep, they infect the food, they carry in their trail microbes and germs of destruction.

Many missionaries believe that the mosquito is actually responsible for the vicious and deceptive traits of character which prevail among the natives. They can't possibly be happy or moral under the continued assault of such an enemy to physical comfort, it is argued.

Right About It. "Dr. Frank Gunsaulus declares that Americans think in blobs, and—"

"He is right about it!" interrupted the Old Coder. "The man who differs with me as to how to stop the war, who attempts to offset my theories on politics, religion and the weather, who hasn't any more sense than to call a wet moon a dry one, who talks 'bout share my apprehension of the awful abyss toward which this country is drifting; in short, anybody who don't agree with me merely thinks in blobs, and the blobs are very far apart. Doc What's-his-name is correct!"—Kansas City Star.

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

er Ghost, bound seal hunting to Japan."

"And who is the captain? I must see him as soon as I am dressed."

Johnson looked puzzled and embarrassed. He hesitated while he groped in his vocabulary and framed a complete answer. "The cap'n is Wolf Larson, or so men call him. I never heard his other name. But you better speak soft with him. He is mad this mornin'. The mate—"

But he did not finish. The cook had glided in.

"Better sling yer 'ook out of 'ere, Yonson," he said. "The old man'll be wantin' yer on deck, an' this ain't no d'y to fall foul of 'im."

Johnson turned obediently to the door, at the same time, over the cook's shoulder, favoring me with an amazingly solemn and portentous wink, as though to emphasize his interrupted remark and the need for me to be soft-spoken with the captain.

Hanging over the cook's arm was a loose and crumpled array of evil-looking and sour-smelling garments.

"They was put aw'y wet, sir," he vouchsafed explanation. "But you'll 'ave to make them do till I dry yours out by the fire."

Clinging to the woodwork, staggering with the roll of the ship, and aided by the cook, I managed to slip into a rough woolen undershirt. On the instant my flesh was creeping and crawling from the harsh contact. He noticed my involuntary twitching and grimacing, and smirked.

"I only hope yer don't ever 'ave to get used to such as this in this life, 'cos you've got a bloomin' soft skin, that you 'ave, more like a lydy's than any I know of. I was bloomin' well sure you was a gentleman as soon as I set eyes on yer."

I had taken a dislike to him at first, and as he helped to dress me this dislike increased. There was something repulsive about his touch. I shrank from his hand; my flesh revolted. And between this and the smells arising from various pots boiling and on the galley fire, I was in haste to get out into the fresh air. Further, there was the need of seeing the captain about what arrangements could be made for getting me ashore.

"And whom have I to thank for this kindness?" I asked, when I stood completely arrayed, a tiny boy's cap on my head, and for coat a dirty, striped cotton jacket which ended at the small of my back and the sleeves of which reached just below my elbows. The cook drew himself up in a smugly humble fashion, a deprecating smirk on his face.

"Mugridge, sir," he fawned, his effeminate features running into a greasy smile. "Thomas Mugridge, sir, an' at yer service."

"All right, Thomas," I said. "I shall not forget you—when my clothes are dry."

"Thank you, sir," he said, very gratefully and very humbly indeed.

Precisely in the way that the door slid back, he slid aside, and I stepped out and staggered across the moving deck to a corner of the cabin to which I clung for support.

The schooner, heeled over far out from the perpendicular, was bowing and plunging into the long Pacific roll. The fog was gone, and in its place the sun sparkled crisply on the surface of the water. I turned to the east, where I knew California must lie, but could see nothing save low-lying fog banks.

In the southwest, and almost in our course, I saw the pyramidal loom of some vessel's sails. Beyond a sailor at the wheel, who stared curiously across the top of a cabin, I attracted no notice whatever.

Everybody seemed interested in what was going on amidships. There, on a hatch, a large man was lying on his back. His eyes were closed, and he was apparently unconscious.

A sailor, from time to time, and quite methodically, as a matter of routine, dropped a canvas bucket into the ocean at the end of a rope, hauled it in hand under hand, and sluiced its contents over the prostrate man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saving Her Voice. The Impresario—Certainly, madam, I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep.

But you sing so perfectly yourself.

The Prima Donna Assoluto—But my singing is worth \$5,000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.—Houston Chronicle.

## IMPROVED METHODS OF STOCK FEEDING



Excellent Beef Specimens.

(By D. B. GREEN, Ohio.) The man who had the forethought to provide plenty of good carrots and mangels, is exceedingly well fixed for bringing the farm animals through the winter in good condition.

A good many dairymen are feeding skim milk to their cows. The animals seem to relish it; and, as it is not a fattening food, it does them no harm.

Whether or not it pays to grind corn for fattening pigs depends upon the price of the corn and the facilities and cost of grinding, which vary with the seasons and the conditions on the farms.

If skim milk is added to the ration fed to young chickens it will increase the consumption of other foods given.

Feed which has been allowed to get wet will ferment or sour readily and cause intestinal disorders. Don't feed it to your stock.

During the years when corn brought a very low price, cattle feeding could be conducted on very loose principles and still pay fair profits, but conditions have since changed and methods must be varied to meet the new conditions in beef production. We are forced to adopt more economical methods of production.

Our whole system of cattle feeding has been largely built up upon cheap grain foods and we have been making but little use of forage and hay in the production of our beef. Feeders must introduce better methods of producing their beef and not go out of business for the reason that grain foods are high.

Pork production returns to the soil the grain food elements that are consumed by the hogs, but cattle and sheep feeding make possible the use of clover, alfalfa and corn fodder and return them to the soil in a manner that will encourage the growth of



Junior Champion Angus Bull.

more clover, alfalfa and grain in the crop rotation and thus preserve the fertility of the soil.

The men who are most interested are the ones who raise their own feeders and make a practice of taking the very best of care of their animals. No man can go out and buy the class of young feeders that are demanded in the production of baby beef.

The advocate of baby beef has as his chief argument that young and growing animals make cheaper gains than older ones, or that the cost of a pound of grain increases with the age of the animal. This law is well established, and is primarily due to the fact that growth and lean meat requires less food for its production than does fat, for lean meat is a watery tissue compared with fat and fat is a less concentrated product. Fat is the most concentrated animal product we have.

For generations English farmers have made extensive use of dwarf Essex sows as a chick food. This plan may be described as a rutabaga run to head. The seed is sown like rutabaga turnip and cultivated, without thinning.

Experiments at the Kansas and Indiana stations show that the continued feeding of moldy corn to horses, causes nervous and intestinal troubles of a serious nature.

A ration consisting of two-thirds corn and cobmeal and one-third bean meal may be fed to dairy cows with good results.

A feed of roots, especially carrots, is greatly relished by the colt, if when they are cut up, a little oil meal is scattered over them.

Good protein hay from clover or

For Profitable Colts. Sell the undersized, unsound mares and geldings as soon as possible and replace them with carefully selected, heavy graded mares. Carefully managed, such brood mares should easily do the work of the farm. From them it is possible to raise profitable foals.

To Prune Fruit Trees. In cold climates the ideal time to prune fruit trees is not in the fall or winter; wait till the severe weather is over.

Cautious in Feeding Horses. Be cautious in feeding very hot or tired horses.

Destroy the White Grub. Damage from white grubs in 1912 was estimated at \$12,000,000. It bids fair to be greater next year and in 1917-1918, unless extra efforts are put forth to get rid of the grubs now and here spring. Three means of keeping them in check are suggested: Flow in the spring, rotate crops.

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## "HELP WANTED"

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The Lack. "Ah, Jones, are you here?" "You don't need an answer; you need an oculist."

## SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicate "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

More than half the newspapers published in the world are printed in the English language.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Send Eye Book on request.

More than 4,800 persons have applied to join the latest British polar expedition.

## It's Foolish to Suffer

You may be brave enough to stand backache, or headache, or dizziness. But if, in addition, urination is disordered, look out! If you don't try to fix your sick kidneys, you may fall into the clutches of kidney trouble before you know it. But if you live more carefully and help your kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, you can stop the pains you have and avoid future danger as well.

**A Nebraska Case** Samuel Bixler, Gordon, Neb., says: "Four years' service in the army left me with a chronic case of kidney complaint. I had to get up at night to pass the kidney secretions and my whole body ached. My joints swelled and I had a d d fainting spells. Doan's Kidney Pills have corrected these ailments and I can't be too grateful."

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**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## HAVE MANY FINE QUALITIES

Italian Cattle, It Is Thought, Might With Profit Be Imported into the United States.

The white cattle which predominate in northern Italy are of the Piedmont breed, and are particularly suitable as work animals. A yoke of these oxen of large size weigh 3,520 to 4,400 pounds. The weight of a fine white cow of the Piedmont breed is 1,210 to 1,540 pounds. Steers attain about 1,980 pounds. The Piedmont bull reaches about 2,200 to 2,420 pounds.

Another breed of white cattle is also found in Italy, known as Chianina. These cattle are of enormous size and

weight, less adapted to work, but are for slaughter. There are oxen of the Chianina breed weighing from 3,360 to 3,520 pounds each.

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"And yet," rejoined his pessimistic friend, "some people say 'early to bed and early to rise.'"

## VICE CHARGED TO MOSQUITO

Natives of Tropics Can't Be Moral, Is Argument Made by Some Missionaries.

"Those who complain of mosquitoes here ought to be thankful that conditions here are not the same as in Central America," a returned traveler said. "As soon as a man sets foot in the wide down there he is introduced to this insatiable pest. The mosquito will cling to him in waking and sleeping hours, testing all his powers of endurance and leaving him so thoroughly scarred that many a missionary acquires the appearance of one who has barely emerged from the throes of some deadly and pernicious disease."

In the annual report of the American Bible society, which is now being prepared for publication, many Bible distributors testify to the suffering caused by contact with mosquitoes in the hot belt countries. The insect, not heathenism, is the missionaries' worst enemy. Even the natives are engaged in constant battle with