



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

SYNOPSIS. — Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat, on coming to his senses, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy for the good of his soul. He begins under the cockney cook, Mugridge, who steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf, a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Humphrey. He entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Humphrey. Cooky and Humphrey meet at each other. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases. Wolf sketches the story of his life, discusses the Bible, and Omar, and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Humphrey nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute. Wolf is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the logline and wins clear in a fight in the forecastle. Humphrey dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the hell-ship. Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Wolf hates the men who tried to kill him. Van Weyden proves his conduct in a blow, with all hands out in the boats among the seal herd, that he has learned "to stand on his own legs."

CHAPTER XVII.

The remainder of the day passed uneventfully. Miss Brewster, we had learned her name from the engineer, slept on and on. At supper I requested the hunters to lower their voices, so she was not disturbed; and it was not till next morning that she made her appearance. It had been my intention to have her meals served apart, but Wolf Larsen put down his foot. Who was she that she should be too good for cabin table and cabin society? had been his demand.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Then they were gone astern. The spritsail filled with the wind, suddenly, careening the frail open craft till it seemed it would surely capsize. A whitecap foamed above it and broke across in a snow-white smother. Then the boat emerged, half swamped, Leach flinging the water out and Johnson clinging to the steering-oar, his face white and anxious. Wolf Larsen laughed, at the same time beckoning them with his arm to follow. It was evidently his intention to play with them, a lesson, I took it, in lieu of a beating, though a dangerous lesson, for the frail craft stood in momentary danger of being overwhelmed.

Johnson squared away promptly and ran after us. There was nothing else for him to do. Still we increased our lead, and when the boat had dropped astern several miles we hoisted and waited. All eyes watched it coming, even Wolf Larsen's; but he was the only unperurbed man aboard. Louis, gazing fixedly, betrayed a trouble in his face he was not quite able to hide.

The boat drew closer and closer, hurling along through the setting green like a thing alive, lifting and sending and upsetting across the humped breakers, or disappearing behind them only to rush into sight again and shoot skyward. It seemed impossible that it could continue to live, yet with each dizzying sweep it did achieve the impossible. A rain squall drove past, and out of the flying wet the boat emerged, almost upon us.

"Hard up, there!" Wolf Larsen shouted, himself springing to the wheel and whirling it over.

Again the Ghost sprang away and faced before the wind, and for two hours Johnson and Leach pursued us. We hoisted to and ran away, have to and ran away, and ever astern the struggling patch of sail tossed skyward and fell into the rushing valleys. It was a quarter of a mile away when a thick squall of rain veiled it from view. It never cleared again, but no patch of sail broke the troubled surface. I thought I saw, for an instant, the boat's bottom show black in a breaking crest. At the best, that was all. For Johnson and Leach the travail of existence had ceased.

The men remained grouped amidships. No one had gone below, and no one was speaking. No were any looks being exchanged. Each man seemed stunned—deeply contemplative, as it were, and not quite sure, trying to realize just what had taken place. Wolf Larsen gave them little time for thought. He at once put the Ghost upon her course—a course which meant the seal herd and not Yokohama harbor. But the men were no longer eager as they pulled and hauled, and I heard curses amongst them, which left their lips smothered and as heavy and lifeless as were they. Not so was it with the hunters. Smoke the irrepressible related a story, and they descended into the steerage, below with laughter.

As I passed to leeward of the galley on my way aft, I was approached by the engineer we had rescued. His face was white, his lips were trembling.

"Good God! sir, what kind of a craft is this?" he cried. "You have eyes, you have seen," I answered, almost brutally, what of the pain and fear at my own heart. "Your promise!" I said to Wolf Larsen.

CAN GROW BULBS IN ROOMS

Prepared Fiber Enables Flat Dwellers to Have Choice Flowers at Their Pleasure.

Lovers of flowers who live in flats, apartment or uptown houses where there are no yards for bulb planting, can have their plants in their rooms. The wizards of the flower world have discovered that the rarest bulbs, as well as the common ones, grow their best in prepared fiber. This is fertilized and is cheap. Bulbs can be planted in this fiber in vases and bowls. The fiber is dampened from time to time and nature does the rest.

In the last 25 years bulbs have never been as cheap as they now are, nor has the American market been supplied with a better quality than can be bought this season, the Memphis Commercial-Appeal observes.

Holland, the greatest bulb producing country of the world, is a neutral nation, but the countries engaged in war have no time to think of flowers. In years of peace England, France



"Good God, Sir, What Kind of a Craft Is This?"

what you may call an authority on such things as rights. Now I, who am only a sailor, would look upon the situation somewhat differently. It may possibly be your misfortune that you have to remain with us, but it is certainly our good fortune.

"I may be taken off by some passing vessel, perhaps," she suggested. "There will be no passing vessels, except other sealing schooners," Wolf Larsen made answer.

"I have no clothes, nothing," she objected. "You hardly realize, sir, that I am not a man, or that I am unaccustomed to the vagrant, careless life which you and your men seem to lead."

"I suppose you're like Mr. Van Weyden there, accustomed to having things done for you. Well, I think doing a few things yourself will hardly dislocate any joints. By the way, what do you do for a living?"

She regarded him with amazement un concealed.

and Germany were great patrons of the bulb market. They had the first choice of the select bulbs. Today these markets practically are closed. The Holland bulb growers look to this country to buy their output and for this reason are offering the choicest bulbs at prices so cheap that bulb planting is placed in easy reach of nearly every person.

It is to the thoughtful lover of flowers of the early spring that the present cheapness of bulbs will appeal. Once planted in the open air, the bulbs will bloom patiently for years and years. They never die naturally, and will yield their fragrant harvest each spring.

English Coroners. The office of the English coroner is one of the oldest recognized by the common law, having been mentioned as "coronator" in the rule of King Athelstane, in the tenth century; but his duties no longer include inquests into the death of "royal fish," such as the whale and the sturgeon, that function having been repealed by the coroners' act of 1887.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I mean no offense, believe me. People eat, therefore they must procure the wherewithal. These men here shoot seals in order to live; for the same reason I sail this schooner; and Mr. Van Weyden, for the present at any rate, earns his salty grub by assisting me. Now what do you do?"

"At present," she said, after slight pause, "I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year."

With one accord, all eyes left the plates and settled on her. A woman who earned eighteen hundred dollars a year was working at Wolf Larsen was undisguised in his admiration.

"Salary or piecework?" he asked. "Piecework," she answered promptly. "Eighteen hundred," he calculated. "That's a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Well, Miss Brewster, there is nothing small about the Ghost. Consider yourself on salary during the time you remain with us."

She made no acknowledgment. She was too unused as yet to the whims of the man to accept them with equanimity. "I forgot to inquire," he went on suavely, "as to the nature of your occupation. What commodities do you turn out? What tools and material do you require?"

"Paper and ink," she laughed. "And, oh! also a typewriter." "You are Maud Brewster," I said slowly and with certainty, almost as though I were charging her with a crime. Her eyes lifted curiously to mine. "How do you know?"

"Aren't you?" I demanded. She acknowledged her identity with a nod. It was Wolf Larsen's turn to be puzzled. The name and its magic signified nothing to him. I was proud that it did mean something to me, and for the first time in a weary while I was convincingly conscious of a superiority over him.

"I remember writing a review of a thin little volume—I had begun carelessly, when she interrupted me. "You!" she cried. "You are—"

She was now staring at me in wide-eyed wonder. I nodded my identity, in turn. "Humphrey Van Weyden," she concluded; then added with a sigh of relief, and unaware that she had glanced that relief at Wolf Larsen, "I am so glad."

"I remember the review," she went on hastily, becoming aware of the awkwardness of her remark; "that too, too flattering review."

"Not at all," I denied valiantly. "You impeach my sober judgment and make my canons of little worth. Besides, all my brother critics were with me. Didn't Lang include your 'Kiss Endured' among the four supreme sonnets by women in the English language?"

"You are very kind, I am sure," she murmured; and the very conventionality of her tones and words, with the host of associations it aroused of the old life on the other side of the world, gave me a quick thrill—rich with remembrance but stinging sharp with homesickness.

"And you are Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, gazing back at me with equal solemnity and awe. "How unusual! I don't understand. We surely are not to expect some wildly romantic sea story from your sober pen?"

"No, I am not gathering material, I assure you," was my answer. "I have neither aptitude nor inclination for fiction."

"Tell me, why have you always buried yourself in California?" she next asked. "It has not been kind of you. We of the East have seen so very little of you—too little, indeed, of the Dean of American Letters, the Second."

I bowed to, and disclaimed, the compliment. "I nearly met you, once, in Philadelphia, some Browning affair, or other—you were to lecture, you know. My train was four hours late."

And then we quite forgot where we were, leaving Wolf Larsen stranded and silent in the midst of our flood of gossip. The hunters left the table and went on deck, and still we talked. Wolf Larsen alone remained. Suddenly I became aware of him, leaning back from the table and listening curiously to our alien speech of a world he did not know.

I broke short off in the middle of a sentence. The present, with all its

CHAPTER XIX.

The chagrin Wolf Larsen felt from being ignored by Maud Brewster and me in the conversation at table had to express itself in some fashion, and it fell to Thomas Mugridge to be the victim. He had not mended his ways nor his shirt, though the latter he contended he had changed. The garment itself did not bear out the assertion, nor did the accumulations of grease on stove and pot and pan attest a general cleanliness.

"I've given you warning, Cooky," Wolf Larsen said, "and now you've got to take your medicine." Mugridge's face turned white under its sooty veneer, and when Wolf Larsen called for a rope and a couple of men, the miserable cockney fled wildly out of the galley and dodged and



He Was Carried Aft and Flung Into the Sea.

ducked about the deck with the grinning crew in pursuit. Few things could have been more to their liking than to give him a tow over the side, for to the forecastle he had sent messes and concoctions of the vilest order.

As usual, the watches below and the hunters turned out for what promised sport. Mugridge exhibited a nimbleness and speed we did not dream he possessed. Straight aft he raced, to the poop and along the poop to the stern. So great was his speed that as he curved past the corner of the cabin he slipped and fell. Nilson was standing at the wheel, and the cockney's hurtling body struck his legs. Both went down together, but Mugridge alone arose. By some freak of pressure, his frail body had snapped the strong man's leg like a pipestem.

Parsons took the wheel, and the pursuit continued. Round and round the decks they went, Mugridge sick with fear, the sailors hallooing and shouting directions to one another, and the hunters below encouraging and laughing. Mugridge went down on the fore-batch under three men; he emerged from the mass, bleeding at the mouth.

The battle was over, and Wolf Larsen rove a bowline in a piece of rope and slipped it under his shoulders. Then he was carried aft and flung into the sea. Forty, fifty, sixty feet of line ran out, when Wolf Larsen cried "Belay!" Oofy-Oofy took a turn on a bit, the rope tautened, and the Ghost, lunging onward, jerked the cook to the surface.

I had forgotten the existence of Maud Brewster, and I remembered her with a start as she stepped lightly beside me. It was her first time on deck since she had come aboard. A dead silence greeted her appearance.

Her eyes lighted on Oofy-Oofy, immediately before her, his body instinct with alertness and grace as he held the turn of the rope.

"Are you fishing?" she asked him. He made no reply. His eyes, fixed intently on the sea astern, suddenly flashed.

"Shark ho, sir!" he cried. "Heave in! Lively! All hands tall on!" Wolf Larsen shouted, springing himself to the rope in advance of the quickest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kind Words.

Belle—I think the short skirts are so becoming to most girls, and that's why I like them. Nell—That's real noble of your dear, with your feet, too.

Woman Loose in Argument

It is Difficult for Her to Concentrate on Central Idea, According to Writer.

The woman, as a rule, finds it difficult to retain a grasp upon a central idea, to clear away the side issues which obscure it. She can seldom carry an idea to its logical conclusion, passing from term to term; somewhere there is a solution of continuity. W. L. George writes in the Atlantic.

For this reason arguments with women, which have begun with the latest musical play, easily pass on from its alleged artistic merit to its costumes, their scantiness, their undesirable scantiness, the need for inspection, inspectors of theaters, and, little by little, other inspectors until one gets to, mining inspectors and possibly to mining in general.

The reader will observe that these ideas are fairly well linked. All that happens is that the woman, tiring of the central argument, has pursued each side issue as it offered itself. This comes from a lack of concentration

METHODS OF FEEDING SWINE FOR MARKET



Berkshire Sow.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) There are three general methods of producing hogs for market: Dry-lot feeding; feeding on pasture and forage crops; and feeding on dairy by-products. By dry-lot feeding is meant feeding in confined pens; forage crops include alfalfa, Bermuda grass, blue grass, etc., and the crops which require to be planted each year; and dairy by-products are skim milk, whey and buttermilk.

A ration for a young, growing animal requires a larger percentage of protein than one for fattening or for mature animals. As the shote increases in age and size the protein may be gradually cut down until the standard for a fattening hog is reached. Forage crops have been used more economically as a source of protein than purchased feeds and have the advantage of supplying it in a palatable, succulent form. Alfalfa probably furnishes the cheapest and best forage for swine when it can be grown. Even during winter alfalfa hay can be fed in racks and with ear corn furnishes a well-balanced feed for almost all kinds of hogs.

Clover, cowpeas, soy beans, peanuts, rape, rye, oats, wheat, vetch and Canada field peas are all valuable forage crops for swine of any age. The proper grain ration to feed with them consists of such feeds as corn, barley, etc., with the legumes, and with the nolegume plants the use of a small percentage of tankage and oil meal will be found advisable. The amount to feed will depend on the rate of gain desired. If rapid gains are sought, a full ration of grain should be used, but if economy is more desirable smaller proportions of grain will be better, while if it is only desired to carry the pig crop over a period of low prices they can be kept on a minimum grain ration. It is best, however, to keep them growing, and to do this a small amount of grain, two or three per cent

MOST OF FALLACIES REGARDING ANIMALS

Prevention and Treatment of Diseases Bound to Result in Failure—Cases Cited.

(By E. R. HAEBNER, Idaho Experiment Station.) There is no doubt that the more complete our knowledge of the cause of a disease the more perfect will be our means of prevention and the more rational our treatment of the same. The reverse is equally true. If our knowledge is based on a fallacy, our prevention and treatment is bound to result in a failure.

Most of the fallacies regarding animals and their diseases have been handed down from one generation to another, and the most of them haven't the least ground for existence. The following ones belong to this class:

- 1. That there are certain signs of the zodiac during which castration of animals is highly unsafe. 2. That there is a drug or combination of drugs which is specific for a certain disease, regardless of its form, intensity or complications. 3. That we can cure systemic diseases by such magical treatment as pouring water or other fluids into the ear. 4. That medicines to be effective must have a noxious odor, taste or origin. 5. That we have such diseases as "hollow horn," "lost cud" and "wolf in the tail." 6. That animal life from its origin to death is in great part influenced by mysteries.

REASONS HOGS DIE FROM VACCINATION

Much Loss Caused by Treating Pigs With Impotent Serum and by Careless Methods.

(By DR. C. C. LIPP, South Dakota Experiment Station.) Losses are caused often by using impotent serum, or serum not properly tested.

Giving too small doses, even of good serum. Underestimating weights; making doses too small. Vaccinating sick pigs already infected with cholera and which may not visibly show sickness. Careless methods. Vaccinating dirty pigs. Unclean quarters after vaccination. Failure to disinfect instruments. Failure to disinfect skin at site of vaccination. Exposure of serum to dirt. Storing serum in warm place. Pouring serum in unsterilized vessel.

CLOVER BETTER FOR WINTER NURSE CROP

Late Pasturing and Cutting Are Especially Dangerous—Give Crowns Protection.

A thin seeding of grain is the best insurance of a good stand of clover. A half bushel or three pecks of grain as a nurse crop will protect the young clover plants, and at the same time give them room to grow. Winter killing is often brought about by not allowing the clover to make a good growth in the fall. If the farmer cuts his clover late or pastures it down so that it goes into the winter without good protection to the crowns, he often finds much of it dead in the spring. Late pasturing and late cutting are especially dangerous to the clover field.

Preparation for Garden. A heavy coat of barnyard manure or a liberal dressing of hen manure makes a good preparation for the garden. Plow this under early in the spring and get the land into a fine state of tilth before seeds are put in.

Arrange to Diversify. Arrange to diversify your crops, to fertilize and build up your soil and to run as many factories as possible by marketing your produce through live stock.

Bottle-Washing Machine. A Wisconsin test of milk-bottle-washing machinery shows that hand washing breaks nearly four times as many as machine washing. Where 500 bottles a day are washed the saving, according to this test, would be \$120 a year, which represents a good return on the investment.

Saves Time and Fertility. Hauling the manure direct to the field, whenever possible, saves time and labor, as well as fertility.

SOME WESTERN CANADA GRAIN REPORTS

In its issue of February 24th, 1916, the Wadena (Minn.) Pioneer Journal has the following letter from Western Canada written by Walter Goedseu, who is renewing his subscription to this home paper: "The times we are having up here are very good in spite of the war. I have had very good crops this fall and we are having very good markets for it all. Wheat went from 30 to 60 bu. to the acre, oats from 50 to 100 bu. to the acre. I had an 18-acre field of oats which yielded me 115 bu. per acre by machine measure, so I think this is a pretty prosperous quarter. I have purchased another quarter section, which makes me now the owner of three-quarters of a section of land. The weather was very nice this fall up to Christmas, then we had quite severe weather, but at the present time it is very nice again."

"I lived many years in Alberta: fled a homestead in the Edmonton district; own property in several parts of Alberta. I found it one of the best countries I ever saw; its banking system is better than that of the United States; one quarter section I own, with about \$4,000.00 worth of improvements, pays \$18.00 a year taxes. All tax is on the land; implements and personals are not taxed. I was secretary-treasurer of Aspelund school district for two years. My duties were to assess all the land in the district, collect the tax, expend it (\$1,000.00 a year), hire a teacher, etc., for the sum of \$25.00 a year. Some economy, eh!"

"All school and road taxes are expended in the districts where they are collected. There are no other taxes. Land titles are guaranteed by the government and an abstract costs fifty cents. Half of the population of Alberta are Americans or from Eastern Canada. (Sgd.) WILL TRUCKEN-MILLER." Advertisement.

Lost Attraction. He—You used to say there was something about me you liked. She—Yes; but you've spent it all now.

DON'T LOSE HOPE IN KIDNEY TROUBLE

I was troubled with what the doctor said was Kidney and Bladder trouble and after trying several doctors, gave up all hopes of ever being well again, until a friend of mine told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Before I had finished the first bottle I got relief, and after taking six bottles was completely restored to health. I say to one and all that Swamp-Root is a wonderful medicine.

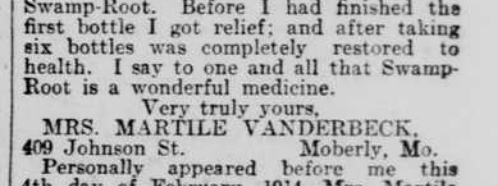
Very truly yours, MRS. MARTIE VANDERBECK, 409 Johnson St., Moberly, Mo.

Personally appeared before me this 4th day of February, 1914, Mrs. Martie Vanderbeck, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact. O. RULICK O'BRIEN, Notary Public.

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.

HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a terrible headache as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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