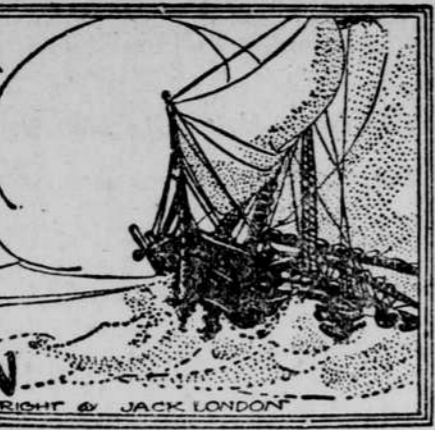


The SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Wolf hizes a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Hump. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brain. Hump is made mate on the bell-ship and proves that he has learned "to stand on his own legs." Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maude Brewster, the rescued girl, begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maude. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam sealer Macedonia, "hogs" the sea, and Wolf captures several of his boats. The Ghost runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the prisoners. He attacks Maude. Van Weyden attempts to kill him and fails. Wolf is suddenly stricken helpless by the return of a blinding head trouble, and with all hands drunk and asleep Van Weyden and Maude escape in an Endevor boat together. They land on Endeavor Island.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"Oh," was all she replied; but I could have sworn there was a note of disappointment in her voice. But "my woman, my mate" kept ringing in my head for the rest of the day and for many days. Yet never did it ring more loudly than that night, as I watched her draw back the blanket of moss from the coals, blow up the fire, and cook the evening meal. It must have been latent savagery stirring in me, for the old words, so bound up with the roots of the race, to grip me and thrill me. And grip and thrill they did, till I fell asleep, murmuring to myself over and over again.

It was a dark and evil-appearing thing, that but, not fit for aught better than swine in a civilized land; but for us, who had known the misery of the open boat, it was a snug little habitation. Following the housewarming, which was accomplished by means of seal-oil and a wick made from cotton calking, came the hunting for our winter's meat and the building of the second hut. It was a simple affair, now, to go forth in the morning and return by noon with a boardload of seals. And then, while I worked at building the hut, Maude tried out the oil from the blubber, and kept a slow fire under the frames of meat. I had heard of jerking beef on the plains, and our seal meat, cut in thin strips and hung in the smoke, cured excellently.

The second hut was easier to erect, for I built it against the first, and only three walls were required. But it was work, hard work, all of it. Maude and I worked from dawn till dark, to the limit of our strength, so that when night came we crawled stiffly to bed and slept the animal-like sleep of exhaustion. And yet Maude declared that she had never felt better or stronger in her life. I knew this was true of myself, but hers was such a lily strength that I feared she would break down. Often and often, her last reserve force gone, I have seen her stretched flat on her back on the sand in the way she had of resting and recuperating. And then she would be up on her feet and toiling hard as ever. Where she obtained this strength was the marvel to me.

"Think of the long rest this winter," was her reply to my remonstrances. "Why, we'll be clamorous for something to do."

We held a housewarming in my hut the night it was roofed. It was a pleasant evening indeed, and we voted that as a social function on Endeavor Island it had not yet been eclipsed. Our minds were at ease. Not only had we resigned ourselves to the bitter winter, but we were prepared for it. The seals could depart on their mysterious journey into the south at any time, now, for all we cared; and the storms held no terror for us. Not only were we sure of being dry and warm and sheltered from the wind, but we had the softest and most luxurious mattresses that could be made from moss. This had been Maude's idea, and she had herself jealously gathered all the moss. This was to be my first night on the mattress, and I knew I should sleep the sweeter because she had made it.

As she rose to go she turned to me with the whimsical way she had, and said:

"Something is going to happen—is happening, for that matter. I feel it. Something is coming here, to us. It is coming now. I don't know what, but it is coming."

AMBER RICH IN LEGENDS

Except for Decorative Purposes, However, It Is No Use in World's Economy.

Amber, used for pipe stems, is a substance that has disappointed countless ages. The ancients believed it possessed a soul. There have been many legends connected with it, and it was supposed to have mysterious properties, but nothing has come of it all. It merely has a sort of negative electricity which is developed when a piece of the substance is rubbed, but that is all. It is the same property which the fur of a cat possesses when you rub it the wrong way on a cold day. A rubber comb passed over a human's hair, especially on a cold, dry day, develops the same amount of electricity. Beyond being ornamental, a sort of semiprecious stone, as it were, it has been of no use to the world, says a writer in an exchange.

The old Greeks believed it came from the tears of the sisters of Phaëton, who wept into the sea, and their tears were petrified into amber. How-

"Good or bad?" I asked. She shook her head. "I don't know, but it is there, somewhere." She pointed in the direction of the sea and wind.

"It's a lee shore," I laughed, "and I am sure I'd rather be here than arriving, a night like this." "You are not frightened?" I asked as I stepped to open the door for her. Her eyes looked bravely into mine. "And you feel well?" perfectly well, "I never better," was her answer. We talked a little longer before she went.

"Good night, Maude," I said. "Good night, Humphrey," she said. This use of our given names had come quite as a matter of course, and was as unpremeditated as it was natural. In that moment I could have put my arms around her and drawn her to me. I should certainly have done so out in that world to which we belonged. As it was, the situation stopped there in the only way it could; but I was left alone in my little hut, glowing warmly through and through with a pleasant satisfaction; and I knew that a tie, or a tacit something, existed between us which had not existed before.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I awoke, oppressed by a mysterious sensation. There seemed something missing in my environment. But the mystery and oppressiveness vanished after the first few seconds of waking, when I identified the missing some-



It was the Ghost. thing as the wind. When I had dressed and opened the door, I heard the waves still lapping on the beach, garrulously attesting the fury of the night. I had slept late, and I stepped outside with sudden energy, bent upon making up lost time as befitted a dweller on Endeavor Island.

And when outside, I stopped short. I believed my eyes without question, and yet I was for the moment stunned by what they disclosed to me. There, on the beach, not fifty feet away, bow on, dismasted, was a black-hulled vessel. Masts and booms, tangled with shrouds, sheets, and rent canvas, were rubbing gently alongside. I could have rubbed my eyes as I looked. There was the home-made galley we had built, the familiar break of the poop, the low yacht-cabin scarcely rising above the rail. It was the Ghost.

It came upon me suddenly, strange, that nothing moved aboard. Wrecked from the night of struggle and wreck, all hands were yet asleep. Maude and I might yet escape. I would call her and start. My hand was lifted at her door to knock, when I recollected the smallness of the island. We could never hide ourselves upon it. There was nothing for us but the wide raw ocean. I thought of our snug little huts, our supplies of meat and oil and moss and firewood, and I knew that we could never survive the wintry sea and the great storms which were to come.

And then, in a flash, the better solution came to me. All hands were asleep. Why not creep aboard the Ghost—well I knew the way to Wolf Larsen's bunk—and kill him in his sleep? After that—well, we would see. But with him dead there was time and space in which to prepare to do other things; and besides, what ever new situation arose, it could not

PAID FOR HIS OFFICIOUSNESS

Display of a "Little, Brief Authority" Cost the Good Citizen Just One Five-Dollar Bill.

A few days ago an officious gentleman, who is a member of one of the pestiferous property owners' associations over in Queens, was walking by a home near where he lives when he heard sounds of a domestic quarrel within. "Officer," he exclaimed excitedly, when he found a uniformed representative of the law, "enter at once and stop that disturbance. This is a respectable neighborhood." "I have no power to enter a home," said the officer. "You'll have to get a warrant or a summons." "Nothing of the kind," exclaimed the irate citizen, swelling with importance. "I order you to stop that trouble. I guess you don't know who I am. I am the vice-chairman of the Property Owners' association. You'll stop that trouble or I'll report you." Still the policeman was not impressed and the citizen plucked out a notebook and proceeded to take down the cop's number. "Now,

possibly be worse than the present one. My knife was at my hip. I returned to my hut for the shotgun, made sure it was loaded, and went down to the Ghost. With some difficulty, and at the expense of a wetting to the waist, I climbed aboard. The forecastle scuttle was open. I paused to listen for the breathing of the men, but there was no breathing. I cautiously descended the ladder. The place had the empty and musty feel and smell usual to a dwelling no longer inhabited. Everywhere was a thick litter of the worthless forecastle dunnage of a long voyage. I noted that the boats were missing. The steerage told the same tale as the forecastle. The hunters had packed their belongings with similar haste. The Ghost was deserted.

The reaction from my fear, and the knowledge that the terrible deed I had come to do was no longer necessary, made me boyish and eager. I sprang up the break of the poop, and saw—Wolf Larsen. What of my impetuosity and the stunning surprise, I clattered three or four steps along the deck before I could stop myself. He was standing in the companionway, only his head and shoulders visible, staring straight at me. His arms were resting on the half-open slide. He made no movement whatever—simply stood there, staring at me.

I began to tremble. The old stomach sickness clutched me. I put one hand on the edge of the house to steady myself. My lips seemed suddenly dry and I moistened them against the need of speech. Nor did I for an instant take my eyes off him. Neither of us spoke. There was something ominous in his silence, his immobility. All my old fear of him returned and by new fear was increased a hundred fold. And still we stood, the pair of us, staring at each other.

I was aware of the demand for action, and my old helplessness strong upon me. I was waiting for him to take the initiative. Then, as the moments went by, it was at last impressed upon me that I was there, not to have Wolf Larsen take the initiative, but to take it myself.

I cocked both barrels and leveled the shotgun at him. Had he moved, attempted to drop down the companionway, I knew I would have shot him. But he stood motionless and staring as before. And as I faced him, with leveled gun shaking in my hands, I had time to note the worn and haggard appearance of his face. It was as if some strong anxiety had wasted it. The cheeks were sunken, and there was a wearied, puckered expression on the brow. And it seemed to me that his eyes were strange, not only the expression, but the physical seeming, as though the optic nerves and supporting muscles had suffered strain and slightly twisted the eyeballs.

All this I saw, and my brain now working rapidly, I thought a thousand thoughts; and yet I could not pull the triggers. I lowered the gun and stepped to the corner of the cabin, primarily to relieve the tension on my nerves and to make a new start, and incidentally to be closer. Again I raised the gun. He was almost at arm's length. There was no hope for him. I was resolved. There was no possible chance of missing him, no matter how poor my marksmanship. And yet I wrestled with myself and could not pull the triggers.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently. I strove vainly to force my fingers down on the triggers, and vainly I strove to say something.

"Why don't you shoot?" he asked. I cleared my throat of a huskiness which prevented speech. "Hump," he said slowly, "you can't do it. You are not exactly afraid. You are impotent. Your conventional morality is stronger than you. You are the slave to the opinions which have credence among the people you have known and have read about. Their code has been drummed into your head from the time you lisped, and in spite of your philosophy, and of what I have taught you, it won't let you kill an unarmed, unresisting man."

"I know it," I said hoarsely. "And you know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar," he went on. "You know me for what I am—my worth in the world by your standard. You have called me snake, tiger, shark, monster, and Caliban. And yet, you little rag puppet, you little echoing mechanism, you are unable to kill me as you would a snake or a shark, because I have hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like yours. Bah! I had hoped better things of you, Hump."

He stepped out of the companionway and came up to me.

"Put down that gun. I want to ask you some questions. I haven't had a chance to look around yet. What place is this? How is the Ghost lying? How did you get here? Where's Maude?—I beg your pardon, Miss Brewster—or should I say, 'Mrs. Van Weyden'?"

I had backed away from him, almost weeping at my inability to shoot him, but not fool enough to put down

the gun. I hoped, desperately, that he might commit some hostile act, attempt to strike me or choke me; for in such way only I knew I could be stirred to shoot.

"This is Endeavor Island," I said. "Never heard of it," he broke in. "At least, that's our name for it," I amended. "Our?" he queried. "Who's our?" "Miss Brewster and myself. And the Ghost is lying, as you can see for yourself, bow on to the beach."

"There are seals here," he said. "They woke me up with their barking, or I'd be sleeping yet. I heard them when I drove in last night. They were the first warning that I was on a lee shore. It's a rookery, the kind of a thing I've hunted for years. Thanks to my brother Death, I've lighted on a fortune. It's a mint. What's its bearings?"

"Haven't the least idea," I said. "But you ought to know quite closely. What were your last observations?" He smiled inscrutably, but did not answer. "Well, where's all hands?" I asked. "How does it come that you are alone?" I was prepared for him again to set aside my question, and was surprised at the readiness of his reply. "My brother got me inside forty-eight hours, and through no fault of mine. Boarded me in the night with only the watch on deck. Hunters went back on me. He gave them a bigger lay. Heard him offering it. Did it right before me. Of course the crew gave me the go-by. That was to be expected. All hands went over the side, and there I was, marooned on my own vessel. It was Death's turn, and it's all in the family anyway."

"But how did you lose the masts?" I asked. "Walk over and examine those lanyards," he said, pointing to where the mizzen rigging should have been. "They have been cut with a knife!" I exclaimed. "Not quite," he laughed. "It was a neater job. Look again."

I looked. The lanyards had been almost severed, with just enough left to hold the shrouds till some severe strain should be put upon them.

"Cooky did that," he laughed again. "I know, though I didn't spot him at it. Kind of evened up the score a bit."

"Good for Mugridge!" I cried. "Yes, that's what I thought when everything went over the side. Only I said it on the other side of my mouth."

"But what were you doing while all this was going on?" I asked. "My best, you may be sure, which wasn't much under the circumstances."

I turned to re-examine Thomas Mugridge's work.

"I guess I'll sit down and take the sunshine," I heard Wolf Larsen say.

There was a hint, just a slight hint, of physical feebleness in his voice, and it was so strange that I looked quickly at him. His hand was sweeping nervously across his face, as though he were brushing away cobwebs. I was puzzled. The whole thing was so unlike the Wolf Larsen I had known.

"How are your headaches?" I asked. "They still trouble me," was his answer. "I think I have one coming on now."

He slipped down from his sitting posture till he lay on the deck. Then he rolled over on his side, his head resting on the biceps of the under arm, the forearm shielding his eyes from the sun. I stood regarding him wonderingly.

"Now's your chance, Hump," he said. "I don't understand," I lied, for I thoroughly understood. "Oh, nothing," he added softly, as if he were drowsing; "only you've got me where you want me."

"No, I haven't," I retorted; "for I want you a few thousand miles away from here."

He chuckled, and thereafter spoke no more. He did not stir as I passed by him and went down into the cabin. I lifted the trap in the floor, but for some moments gazed dubiously into the darkness of the lazaretto beneath. I hesitated to descend. What if his lying down were a ruse? Pretty, indeed, to be caught there like a rat. I crept softly up the companionway and peeped at him. He was lying as I had left him. Again I went below; but before I dropped into the lazaretto I took the precaution of casting down the door in advance. At least there would be no lid to the trap. But it was all needless. I regained the cabin with a store of jams, sea-biscuits, canned meats, and such things—all I could carry—and replaced the trap door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Contrary.

Mrs. Closest—Let's stroll down the boardwalk and visit the shops.

Mr. Closest—Why—er—don't you think the sun makes these boards too hot?

Mrs. Closest—Not so hot but that you get cold feet when I want to shop.

if you're finished," said the policeman. "I'll do a little writing myself. Here is a summons for you to appear in court for having with you a dog that is unleashed, unmuzzled and unlicensed." It cost the good citizen just \$5 when he got before the judge.—New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.

After the War.

Somebody reports having seen lately in the Bois de Boulogne (a sad sort of place in these days and little frequented) the Beau Brummel of boxers, George Carpentier. He was wearing his uniform of dark blue with the emblem of the French flying corps on his sleeve, and he was walking with another soldier on brief leave like himself. The person who encountered the famous George learned from Carpentier's own lips that he expected after the war to give up boxing and devote himself to aviation—moving pictures. A French paper chronicles this important bit of news, but feels bound to add that the hero's intentions remain for the present intentions only. For where is the man who can say what he will do after this war?

In Woman's Realm

Frock of Taffeta Should by All Means Be Included in the Outfit of the Girl Graduate—Dainty Touches That May Be Achieved by the Proper Selection of Pretty and Appropriate Neckwear, of Which There is Plenty.

Outfitting the girl graduate for the closing of her school days and for her summertime occupations will certainly include providing her with one pretty frock of taffeta. There is no end to the variety in dresses of this kind, but among them all none more suited to a young girl could be found than the simple, cool-looking and graceful model which is shown in the picture. The straight-hanging skirt is merely four lengths of the silk stretched together and hemmed. It is gathered with a narrow waistband. Two bands of taffeta, about four inches wide, are cut on the straight of the goods and



PRETTY FROCK OF TAFFETA.

edged with a narrow ruffle of the silk. This edging is set on to the band with a small piping and is cut on the bias of the silk. A plain underbodice of chiffon or crepe has long easy-fitting coat sleeves. The skeleton underbodice is narrowed at the back and front except about the waistline, where the back is joined to the front pieces. It blouses a little and is fastened into the belt at the front. There is a wide crushed girdle of the silk, and a



ONE OF THE NEWEST CAPES.

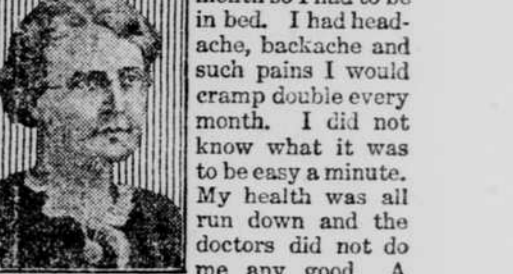
gandies are used. These capes prove to be gems as accessories. Demure and quiet looking as they are, they succeed in focusing attention on themselves and are to be worn for outdoor dress as well as in the house. They are larger than the capes and cape collars similar in style but not intended for street wear. Plain borders and hemstitching or plaited frills and hemstitching finish them. Rufts are made of malines for wear with tailored or silk suits and often

will be, preferably taupe colored, of very fine, transparent hexagon or lattice mesh, with a dainty hand-run leaf pattern or infinitesimal dot scattered over the surface. To Restore Woolens and Furs. Make large bags of unbleached muslin with drawstrings at top and bottom. Soak the bags in turpentine and hang in the air until the odor disappears. Place the clothes on hangers, adjust the bags over them and draw the strings tight.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 16th St.

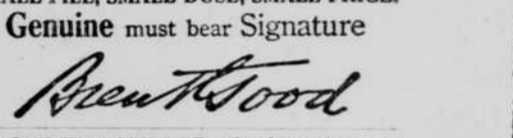


"When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, it is not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit? If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

SWAMP-ROOT Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it may be found just the remedy you need. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample bottle of this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of wood, can't split or tip over, will not soil or stain. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct correspondence for 25c. HAZARD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP THE BOYS TO SUCCEED

Few Things a Man Can Do Are More Worthy or Will Give Him Greater Pleasure.

Are you doing your duty by the boys in your neighborhood? You were a boy yourself once, you may remember, and you know some things which might make them grow into better men.

You know the sort of influences which would have been good for you when you were a youngster. Why not put your experience and knowledge to some good use? Boys must be kept busy, mentally and physically. If the right sort of employment is not forthcoming, they are likely to select the wrong amusements. Why not, with your past experience, try to help them along? You could not be engaged in a better work. Being a "big brother" to some younger fellow pays better dividends than you have ever realized. When a boy knows that you take an interest in helping him for his own sake, he is quick to respond, and to start one boy in the right direction is worth all the trouble in the world.—Chicago American.

The German standard of light measurement is but nine-tenths that of the international candle power.

GLASS OF WATER Upset Her.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs. Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble. "There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once. "The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day. "Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed 'so heavy,' I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me and that my return to health is due to it. "I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food. "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.