



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 Hump and hates him. Wolf Larsen, a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump'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 Hump 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. Hump 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 to 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 XV—Continued.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen and I—reefed, first one and the other, the jib and mainsail. And when all was done, I gave up like a woman and rolled upon the deck in the agony of exhaustion.

In the meantime Thomas Mugridge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the forecastle head, where he had cravenly ensconced himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whisky and crunched hardtack.

"To hell with a lookout," I heard Wolf Larsen say when we had eaten and drunk our fill. "There's nothing can be done on deck. If anything's going to run us down we couldn't get out of its way. Turn in, all hands, and get some sleep."

The sailors slipped forward, setting the side-lights as they went, while the two hunters remained to sleep in the cabin, it not being deemed advisable to open the slide to the steering compartment. Wolf Larsen and I, between us, cut off Kerfoot's crushed finger and sewed up the stump. Mugridge, who, during all the time he had been compelled to cook and serve coffee and keep the fire going, had complained of internal pains, now swore



Wolf Larsen and I, Between Us, Cut Off Kerfoot's Crushed Finger.

that he had a broken rib or two. On examination we found that he had three. But his case was deferred to next day, principally for the reason that I did not know anything about broken ribs and would first have to read it up.

"I don't think it was worth it," I said to Wolf Larsen, "a broken boat for Kelly's life."

"But Kelly didn't amount to much," was the reply. "Good night."

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the Ghost was cutting, I should have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head

NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Investigation Has Shown That Agriculture May Very Well Be Carried On in the Region.

That crop production may be practiced north of the Arctic circle is one of the interesting facts brought out by a report on a reconnaissance soil survey in Alaska. This embodies the results of a study of the soils of a vast area in Alaska by experts of the bureau of soils, made for the purpose of determining the possibilities of agricultural development.

It was found that gardening is carried on and grass thrives in Alaska, up to and north of the Arctic circle. In addition it is shown that the climate and soils of Finland are very similar to those of Alaska, the latitude of the two regions being practically identical. In Finland a number of crops are grown at a considerable distance north of the Arctic circle. Barley, for example, is generally grown as far north as 65 degrees 30 minutes, or 2 degrees north of the circle. Almost 7,000,000 acres in

touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, while the Ghost, lonely and undisturbed, fought her way through the storm.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I crammed anatomy and surgery and set Mugridge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where we had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being repaired and new sails made and bent. Sealing schooner after sealing schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats, and most of which were carrying boats and crews that had picked up and which did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the Cisco, and to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, Nilson and Leach, from the San Diego. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men—Henderson, Holyoak, Williams and Kelly—and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

But Wolf Larsen, as was to be expected, being a boat short, took possession of the first stray one and compelled its men to hunt with the Ghost, not permitting them to return to their own schooner when we sighted it. I remember how he forced the hunter and his two men below, a rifle at their breasts, when their captain passed by at biscuit-toss and hailed us for information.

I was learning more and more seamanship; and one clear day—a thing we rarely encountered now—I had the satisfaction of running and handling the Ghost and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region, and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future. We must have been well in the path of the Trans-Pacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of the seals—a second herd, or sort of rear guard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the boom-boom of guns, and the pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach. I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard, when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-northwest and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. Wolf Larsen was furious. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack to raise that tiny boat out of the blue immensity. But he put the Ghost through her best paces so as to get between the deserters and the land. This accomplished, he cruised back and forth across what he knew must be their course.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail, and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck. We squared away and ran for it. I looked at the gleam of triumph in Wolf Larsen's eyes, his form swam before me and I felt almost irresistibly impelled to fling myself upon him. The boat was near enough now for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing boat and built on different lines. Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by

my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled. "Don't you see there, in the stern-sheets, on the bottom. May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman. We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the main sheet flat, and came up into the wind. I now caught my first glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw; and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burnt the face scarlet. When one of the sailors lifted her into Wolf Larsen's down-curved arms, she looked up into our curious faces and smiled amusedly and sweetly, as only a woman can smile, and as I had seen no one smile for so long that I had forgotten such smiles existed.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

"Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men. The boat was cast adrift, though one of them called it a "bloody shame" with Yokohama so near.

"No need to go to any great trouble for me," she protested, when I had seated her in Wolf Larsen's armchair, which I had dragged hastily from his cabin. "The men were looking for land at any moment this morning, and the vessel should be in by night; don't you think so?"

Her simple faith in the immediate future took me aback. How could I explain to her the situation, the strange man who stalked the sea like Destiny, all that it had taken me months to learn? But I answered honestly:

"If it were any other captain except ours, I should say you would be ashore in Yokohama tomorrow. But our captain is a strange man, and I beg of you to be prepared for anything, understand?—for anything."

"I confess I hardly do understand," she hesitated, a perturbed but not frightened expression in her eyes. "Or is it a misconception of mine that shipwrecked people are always shown every consideration? This is such a little thing, you know. We are so close to land."

"Candidly, I do not know," I strove to reassure her. "I wished merely to prepare you for the worst, if the worst is to come. This man, this captain, is a brute, a demon, and one can never tell what will be his next fantastic act."

I was growing excited, but she interrupted me with an "Oh, I see," and her voice sounded weary. To think was patently an effort. She was clearly on the verge of physical collapse. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunderclap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead.

There were swift commands on deck, a stamping of feet and a slapping of reef-points as the Ghost shot into the wind and about on the other tack. As she filled away and heeled, the armchair began to slide across the cabin floor, and I sprang for it just in time to prevent the rescued woman from being spilled out.

Her eyes were too heavy to suggest more than a hint of the sleepy surprise that perplexed her as she looked up at me, and she half stumbled, half tottered, as I led her to her cabin. Mugridge grinned insinuatingly in my face as I shoved him out and ordered him back to his galley work; and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "lady's maid" I was proving myself to be.

CHAPTER XVII.

I came on deck to find the Ghost heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar spritsail close hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The catlike springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and snappy.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat

pullers at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

"I know not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long, quizzical whistle.

"What's her name?" he demanded. "I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I was waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mall steamer," he answered shortly. "The City of Tokyo, from Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh—maid, wife or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way, and regarded me with laughing eyes.

"Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked. "What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head. "Really, Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions I've about all the crew I want."

"And they're about all the escaping they want," I said. "Why not give them a change of treatment? Take

One of the Sailors Lifted Her into Wolf Larsen's Downstretched Arms.

them aboard and deal gently with them. Whatever they have done they have been hounded into doing."

"By me?"

"By you," I answered steadily. "And I give you warning, Wolf Larsen, that I may forget love of my own life in the desire to kill you if you go too far in mistreating these poor wretches."

"Bravo!" he cried. "You do me proud, Hump! You've found your legs with a vengeance. You're quite an individual. You were unfortunate in having your life cast in easy places, but you're developing, and I like you the better for it."

His voice and expression changed. His face was serious. "Do you believe in promises?" he asked. "Are they sacred things?"

"Of course," I answered. "Then here is a compact. If I promise not to lay my hands upon Leach and Johnson, will you promise, in turn, not to attempt to kill me?"

I could hardly believe my ears. What was coming over the man? "Is it a go?" he asked impatiently. "A go," I answered.

His hand went out to mine, and as I shook it heartily I could have sworn I saw the mocking devil shine up for a moment in his eyes.

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now, and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach balling. Mugridge grinned insinuatingly in my face as I showed him out and ordered him back to his galley work; and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "lady's maid" I was proving myself to be.

Between Friends. "Say, old chap, you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?" "Sure. And you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?" "Sure. And say, I want to borrow ten dollars."

"Quiet, Major, quiet. Listen. So do I, and if you can find anybody with a few bucks to spare, let me know, will you."—Judge.

Spent Life on the Ocean. Six million miles or more on the Atlantic highway without shipwreck is the record of Howard Ernest Hingley, purser of the American liner St. Louis. Having reached the age of sixty, he gave notice, on the last trip of the vessel, of his determination to retire from the sea. He claims the record of having crossed the Atlantic 2,500 times.

could write as fast as the minister spoke.

When Sandy had finished, and the good lady had expressed her thanks for the privilege of hearing the sermon, she asked him to let her look at the book he had been reading from. She seemed much disappointed, however, because she could make nothing of it.

Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Old Sailing Ships Return to Port of New York

NEW YORK.—Bill Quigley, the battery boatman, looked with earnestness across the waters that stretched away toward the narrows the other day. He was viewing a greater sight than he ever expected to see. To him the miracle had happened. Before him, just visible against the lines of the Staten Island shore, was the four-masted ship, the Lancing, that has one of the most unusual histories of any boat on the seas; beyond was the Edward Sewall, with four great masts, on three of which there were square yards; at the eastern anchorage were several other square riggers, and just behind him, tied up to a North river dock, was the four-masted bark, the Valerie, three hundred and fifty feet long.



"It has happened," he said, with a little element of delight in his voice. "The sailing ship has come back. I never believed that I or anyone would live to see it."

Those who are most used to New York Bay share the astonishment of the noted boatman who, for almost half a century, has rowed his dory out and handled the lines that dock very many of the ships, sail and steam, that come to the port. If one had said two years ago that the sailing vessel would ever again be a factor in the life of the port he would have been laughed at. But war has intervened and one of its strange results has been that there is today a shortage of dock room in New York and the bay is dotted with sailing craft—more than have been seen here in a score of years before.

One of the most unusual occurrences that has ever taken place in the history of a ship was that which has been undergone by the Lancing. Here is a sailing ship that was built as a steamship and had a long and notable career as a passenger vessel. In latter days sailing ships have become barges and many a vessel that was meant to be pushed about by the winds has had engines put into it, but this is one of the few instances where a steamship ascended the scale, so far as beauty and smartness are concerned, and became a full-rigged ship with hundreds of square yards of white canvas to spread to the breeze and a great bowsprit to comb the waves.

Trained Lobster Bites Philadelphia Policeman

PHILADELPHIA.—An attempt to kidnap Felix, a trained lobster, which has done duty outside a restaurant near Eighth and Vine street several years was frustrated by the police of the Eleventh and Winter streets station. Before Felix was rescued he bit his would-be kidnaper and several policemen.

Felix is a healthy-looking crustacean, and his appearance as he crawls along the baskets of oysters outside the restaurant has been the means of inviting many inside the place to enjoy a little snack of Felix's relatives, near and distant. Felix has been trained to look his best when a prospective customer approaches.

John Johns, who claims his home is in Camden, strolled by the restaurant at night, and, viewing the lobster, put him under his coat and started out Vine street. One of the waiters ran after the fleeing man and the chase led to Ninth street, to Race and thence into Chinatown, where Johns ran into the arms of Gilligan, a policeman.

Johns pleaded with Gilligan to take him off. Gilligan, thinking the man was crazy, tried to soothe him. There was nothing the matter with Johns, only he wanted Gilligan to relieve him of the lobster, which had hold of him by the right thumb. Gilligan reached to take the lobster from Johns, but Felix had another pair of claws left, and as Gilligan tried to grab him he reached out and clutched the index finger of Gilligan's right hand. Gilligan's yell brought Hunt, a fellow policeman, to his aid.

Hunt tried to release both men, but was unsuccessful. Finally, with the aid of the lobster, Gilligan and Johns were brought to the station house, where the waiter talked to the lobster in crustacean language and Felix released his hold.

In the meantime Hunt tried to get friendly with Felix by trying to pat him on the back for capturing a prisoner. Felix has a certain antipathy toward policemen, and he did not like Hunt's familiarity. He took hold like the anchor man in a tug-of-war on the middle finger of the hand in which Hunt carries his club. Hunt yelled and again the waiter had to come to the rescue.

Waycross Man Hopes to Be Biggest Congressman

WAYCROSS, GA.—W. T. Brinson of Waycross has made formal announcement of his candidacy for congress from the Eleventh district. When he gets actively in the race he will be known throughout the nation as the "biggest" politician in the United States. Brinson already holds the distinction of being the biggest man in the United States, and the largest Elk in the world.

Brinson now weighs 535 pounds in his stocking feet, and complains dimly that he is being worn to a shadow by overwork. He has weighed as high as 600 pounds. It took him fifteen years to lose the fifteen pounds. He will make his canvass in a buggy built specially to accommodate his immense bulk. It is more on the lines of an army wagon than a pleasure vehicle. A great Percheron draws it.

When visiting, two chairs are required to accommodate Brinson. The furniture in his home had to be built specially. He reads and smokes in a rocking chair that would accommodate an elephant. The bed in which he sleeps has been double re-enforced. All the doors in his house have been enlarged. He has a special tailor who makes his clothes.

In spite of his size, Brinson is an active business man and enjoys perfect health. He superintends a large cotton plantation, is a big turpentine operator, and owns extensive lumber interests. He enjoys wide popularity. He says he proposes to be known among the politicians as the "biggest man in Washington."

New York Society Entertains a Pig in a Parlor

NEW YORK.—"Bless 'um, yiggins. He was a love, he was, and he never was in a place like this before, was he?" It was enough to embarrass one more sophisticated than a simple country pig. The scene was the imposing drawing room of Mrs. Payne Whitney, at 972 Fifth avenue, and about it moved New York's most wealthy and most lovely, attired in the latest styles.

The fact that he was a pioneer in a new field did not lessen the young p-r-ker's Fifth avenue debut, for it was for the social service department of the New York hospital that Mrs. Whitney threw open her home.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Anna Sands took pity on the little pig and bought him for \$25. The \$20 bantams in the next box cackled a good-by, the Alfredale puppy howled dismally, and the kittens raised a plaintive "meow."

The pig, chickens and other live stock were not the only attractions at this market new to Fifth avenue. There was butter at \$1 a pound, eggs at \$1 a dozen, olives at \$1 a small bottle, and maple syrup at \$3 a pint. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Jr., and Miss Muriel Vanderbilt presided over the pickles and cakes, and Mrs. Cornelius Bliss over the butter and eggs. Mrs. Payne Whitney herself took in money, throwing it nonchalantly into a huge silver bowl at her feet. When it overflowed she trod the bills down with her foot. She estimated the contents of the bowl at \$1,000.

CANNY HUMAN SKILL.—The ocean comes up and smashes our beaches and our piers; the wind blows down old houses and walls and trees; the rail fills up creek beds and basements and comes up over the floors of stores with some damage to silks and sugar; it is all very big and scary and horrendous; but still the puny human climbs quietly into his dry street car, the antique commuter crawls aboard his ship-sized ferry boat, the steamer swings and dances through the typhoon and the cigar-box office building laughs at the racket and the fusa. There is skill behind the car, the boat, the building; canny human skill that keeps cool and is not to be bluffed even by the winds and waters of the earth; and nature may lose its temper all it wants; it loses it quite fruitlessly. Which ought to suggest something.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The money of a miser never acquires the talk habit.

PERUNA advertisement with text: 'By assisting nutrition, increases the circulation, invigorates the system, removes the waste matter and brightens you up. OVERCOMES systemic catarrh, inflammation of mucous membrane lining the stomach, bowels, bronchia and head—tones up the whole system. Aids you to prevent Coughs and Colds. CATARRH IS STAGNATION.'

ITCH advertisement with text: 'Hunt's Cure' is absolutely guaranteed to cure Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, or any Skin Disease, or purchase price cheerfully refunded. Sold everywhere for 50c. a box, or write, A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Constipation Vanishes Forever advertisement with text: 'Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—sure indication—improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.'

PILES advertisement with text: 'are caused by a system disorder; the only relief is merely Nature's danger signal of the internal conditions which exist. To cure the protruding, itching or bleeding, the INTERNAL CAUSE must be overcome. Dr. Leonard's treatment has cured when operations failed. SEND NO MONEY. Try this treatment at our expense. DR. LEONARD'S TREATMENT, 145 Forest Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.'

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC advertisement with text: 'TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC FOR MALARIA. A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Growing Susceptible. There is a place down Third street where certain printers hang out when twilight has come and the day's work is over. And there's a reason! In lifting type from galley to form a printer uses what is called a "make-up rule." It is a thin strip of steel, and you can buy 'em for about ten cents each. But the man that runs the place where the Ben Franklin boys go has been led to believe that this little bit of steel is the printer's badge. Without it the printer can't work, according to his conception. He has been led to believe that. So, when a printer asks him for the loan of a couple of dollars and is willing to leave the "make-up rule" as security, the genial host readily passes over the coin. He has a cigar box full of the thin strips of steel at present, and is beginning to think.—San Francisco Chronicle.'

Bobble had been a naughty boy, and his father was about to administer the usual punishment. "Remember, Bobbie," he said, "this is going to hurt me more than it does you." "I hope it does, father," replied the unrepentant boy. Genius and common sense blended usually spells success.

Greatest Results advertisement with text: 'often come from simplest means. For instance—one's daily food plays a big part in deciding for success or failure. To bring out the best mental and physical forces sound nourishment is imperative.'

Grape-Nuts advertisement with text: 'made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies in splendid proportion all the rich nourishment of the grains, including the valuable mineral elements, lacking in many foods, but most necessary for vigor and activity of brain and body. "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts Sold by Grocers.'