

The SEA WOLF

By Jack London

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CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

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

"Where did you get that phrase?" I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked.

"One small woman."

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment. But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for my mother."

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

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered, and she questioned no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

With the foremast in, the work now went on apace. Almost before I knew it, and without one serious hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A derick-boom, rigged to the foremast, had accomplished this; and several days more found it stays and shrouds in place, and everything set up taut. Top-sails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I heaved the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the Ghost.

"But they'll work!" Maud cried jubilantly. "We'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had crammed navigation from text books aboard; and besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

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

The last line was down. Somewhere within that tomb of the flesh still dwelt the soul of the man. Walled by the living clay, that fierce intelligence we had known burned on; but it burned on in silence and darkness. And it was disembodied. To that intelligence there could be no objective knowledge of a body. It knew no body. The very world was not. It knew only itself and the vastness and profundity of the quiet and the dark.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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

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

But Maud and I had a way of voicing each other's thoughts, and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsail:

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

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

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

"I can never get them clean again," she wailed. "nor soften the weather-beat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said.

MARBLES IN ANNUAL DEMAND

Each Spring, It Is Estimated, More Than 200,000,000 Are Used in the United States.

It has been estimated by statisticians that more than 200,000,000 small clay marbles are used by the boys of the United States every springtime. It is a known fact that 125,000,000 marbles are made every year by one clay marble manufacturer whose plant is in Summit county, Ohio. And these marbles are made or rolled by young girls, the Cleveland Plain Dealer states.

The marble manufacturer does not devote all his attention to the manufacturing of the "game marble." There are various uses to which the marble is put, and as a matter of fact, the size varies according to its intended use. The Standard Oil company is one of the largest buyers of marbles, and these are used for oil cans and larger sizes are started in graded pipelines to clean out the paraffin which gathers on the side of the pipe as it flows to the tanks.

holding them in mine; and, in spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Willfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue—ay, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had toiled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of deck-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the mainsail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Slip it," was my answer. "And when I do you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

This maneuver of getting under way I had studied and worked out a score of times, and, with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackle-bolt loose the chain roared out through the hawse-hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The Ghost seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled the Ghost's bow swung off and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet, which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety, for the Ghost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind.

I Raced Aft, Putting the Wheel Up.



There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the Ghost headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom-breathing of the ocean, and was herself a-breath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and shone upon the curving beach where together we had laid the lords of the harem and slain the hullschickles. All En-

deavor island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

TRAITS OF ANIMAL CREATION

Even the Most Famous Naturalists Have Been Unable to Explain Satisfactorily.

There are a great many strange facts about animals and insects that seem to defy explanation. Here are a few, an exchange says:

A fly will crawl to the top of a window pane, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. Hardly ever does it fly up and crawl down. It has been known to repeat this former act over thirty times before stopping.

Hens always scratch for food with the sun behind them. A blind hen always manages to get the sun behind her when scratching, and she will miss but hardly of food.

Cats hardly ever lie with their feet to the fire. In most cases they lie instead with their left side to it. Dogs invariably lie with outstretched paws to the fire.

A mouse overlooks a perfectly safe food supply, sufficient for a meal or two, to enjoy the perilous pleasures of an unlimited store. It will hide near

Morning had evidently not come, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I woke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder! I was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the Ghost, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

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

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

"His life flickered out in the storm," I said.

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

"He had too great strength."

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

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

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

"I remember only one part of the service," I said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.'"

Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, compelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man.

I lifted the end of the hatch cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit," Maud whispered, so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The Ghost, at the moment, was up-tossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching head on to the sea, as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

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

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

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

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

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

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush, hush."

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

"My man," she said, looking down at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

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

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."

"And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

THE END.

the food and come out to nibble when hungry, for it is not true that a mouse will seek its hole at the first alarm.

If a small snake is kept in captivity and fed and cared for, it will become tame, and after a few months crawl to its captor for food, when approached. This is true especially of the small and harmless varieties.

The unerring ability of the homing pigeon to find its former abode is not due to a sense of location, but rather to a natural instinct, which cats and dogs have displayed when taken from their homes.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF TRAINS.

The boasted "Balkanzug" brings back holiday memories of all those different kinds of trains which the German language, after its habit, describes in one word. There were the Vergnuegungszug, the pleasure or excursion train; the Personenzug, corresponding to our parliamentary train; the Schnellzug, or express train; and, above all, that impressively named Blitzzug, the "lightning" train, which achieved the 105 1/2 miles in three and one-half hours.—London Chronicle.

Patrol boat No. 2 on her speed trials in Lynn bay, making an average of 24 miles an hour. The trials were pronounced satisfactory under the direction of Stewart Davis, who is commander of the Volunteer Patrol squadron. The No. 2 is the first of the fleet of four now under way. These new type patrol boats are 40 feet over all, 8 feet 8 inches beam, and 3 feet draft, fitted with 135-horse-power engines.

GATHERED INFORMATION

Quicksilver is 13 1/2 times heavier than water.

Bananas can best be ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.

The true shape of the earth still awaits accurate determination.

Sheep used as beasts of burden in northern India carry loads of 20 pounds.

There are 8,000 places in New York city which have two or more bowling alleys each.

Each whale carries about half a ton of whalebone about with him.

The Pacific island of Midway is importing shiploads of soil in order to produce land capable of feeding cattle.

More than 20,000 feet of good lumber was made last year from trees caught while floating down the Missouri river.

Plans to introduce reindeer in the Peace river valley have failed. The animals could not stand the attacks of the bull flies.

A Real Sorrow.

"Alas!" she wailed, "I cannot face this trouble before me!"

"Why not?" asked her sympathetic listener.

"Because I cannot get anything like a match for this skirt to face it with."

No Place for It.

"I have plenty of grit," declared the grocery clerk, boastfully.

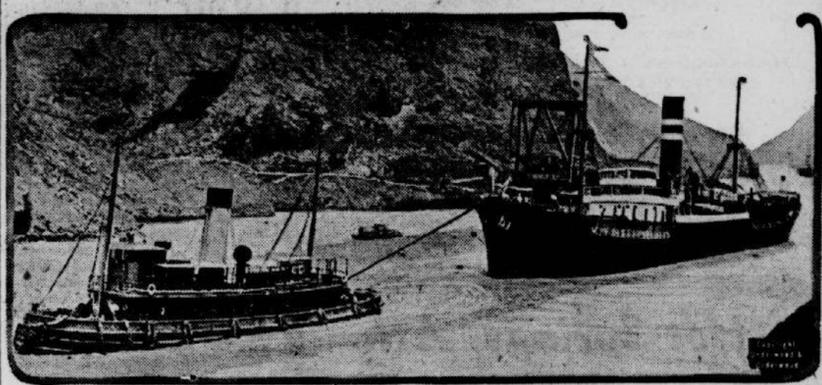
"No doubt," replied his customer, "but I wish you would find another place for it than in the sugar."

APACHE SCOUTS ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN PERSHING



These Apache scouts were hurried over the border and on south to join General Pershing's forces in the pursuit of Villa. As the railway could not be used, they were transported in motor trucks.

PANAMA CANAL ONCE MORE OPEN TO TRAFFIC



The St. Veronica of Liverpool, England, followed by scores of other vessels, passing through the cut in the Panama canal where the great slide of September 15-17 occurred. This steamer was the first vessel to go through the channel since the slide from Culebra hill blocked passage for all boats. It has taken many months to clear the cut, the passage having been declared navigable only a few weeks ago.

AMERICAN CAMP BEHIND A STONE WALL



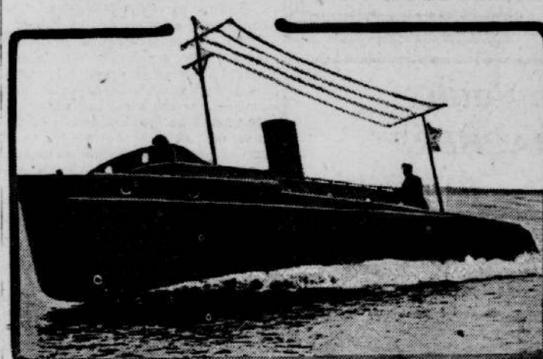
View of a small part of the camp of the American troops at Espila, Mexico, protected by a stone wall.

GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE VILLISTAS



Machine guns and rifles taken by United States troops in a recent encounter with a band of Villa's bandits.

NEW PATROL BOAT ON SPEED TRIAL



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LADY ANGLESEY.



Lady Anglesey is one of the most beautiful women in the British court circles. She is the wife of Sir Charles H. Faget, sixth marquis of Anglesey. Lady Victoria Marjorie is daughter of the duke and duchess of Rutland, and has a little girl, Alexandra Mary Caroline, three years old, who inherits much of her mother's attractiveness and good looks.

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