

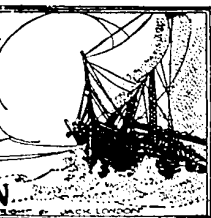


CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

As I stepped from the lazarium I found myself in Wolf Larsen's state room. I looked about and noticed the things that were scattered about the room. I saw a bottle of whisky on the table and a glass of whisky on the table. I saw a bottle of whisky on the table and a glass of whisky on the table.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Wolf Larsen had an extraordinary power of endurance. He could stand a great deal of hardship and suffering. He could stand a great deal of hardship and suffering. He could stand a great deal of hardship and suffering.



He looked at me with a steady gaze. He looked at me with a steady gaze. He looked at me with a steady gaze. He looked at me with a steady gaze.



He showed the slide part way back and rested his arms on it. He showed the slide part way back and rested his arms on it. He showed the slide part way back and rested his arms on it.

still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. It was only five feet away and directly in front of him had been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, what of my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect, but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify the impression.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which surprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in his walk. I knew it now for what it was.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"It's too bad the Ghost has lost her name. Why we could call her in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?" I sprang excitedly to my feet. "I wonder, I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a stray. "But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazarium."

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "Clear that raffle," I answered, pointing to the tangled wreckage overhead. All the decisiveness, the very countenance of the words, was good in my eyes.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—balyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through, and twined and knotted by the sea. I cut no more than was necessary, and with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, or coiling down in the boat and uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the night, it was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely, but I succeeded before night in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.



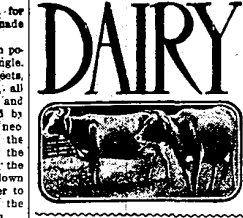
The Sound of His Voice Made Maud Quickly Draw Close to Me.

"The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as if for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed. 'Hello on deck,' I replied. 'Good morning to you.' 'What are you doing down there?' he demanded. 'Trying to scut my ship for me.' 'Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her,' was my answer.

"Why, I'm getting everything ready for restocking the masts," I replied easily, as though the simplest project imaginable. "It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Humph," he heard him say, and then for some time he was silent.

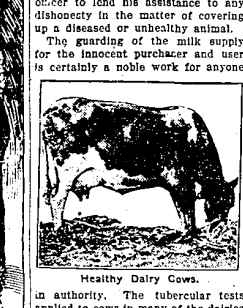
TO BE CONTINUED.

Horrors at Home. "The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale recently held in America, had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants; seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried home in stretchers in a deplorable condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of ambulance men, nurses, and nurses. Many ladies fainting at the awful cries of the injured players. The indignation of the spectators was powerful, but they were so terrorized that they were afraid to do anything.



PROTECTION OF MILK SUPPLY

Dependable Means of Determining Healthy Cows Afforded by Means of Tubercular Tests. The increasing interest in the protection of the milk supply for the consuming public is one of the encouraging features of live stock improvement, and equally so as a sanitary means of improved health among our people. It has demanded some nerve and resolution on the part of sanitary officials in all parts of the country. It has become a risky proposition now for a health officer to lend his assistance to any disheer in the matter of covering up a diseased or unhealthy animal.



Healthy Dairy Cows, in authority. The tubercular tests, applied to cows in many of the dairies furnishing milk to city and townspeople have proved to be a very dependable means of determining the health of the animal as to this particular ailment.

There is but a very small per cent of the cattle on farms and ranges that are affected by this disease, except by coming in contact with the disease distributed through the dairy cow from diseased districts. The wearing of the tag in the ear is the trademark that all cow buyers should observe. If they are especially skeptical as to a cow's lung power and general tubercular standing, it is well to be on the safe side and insist on the tubercular test.

LIABLE TO BECOME CHOKED

Trouble is Likely to Occur When Animals Attempt to Devour Vegetables Without Mastication. (By H. S. EAKINS, Colorado Station.) Of all animals on the farm, cattle are, perhaps, the most liable to become choked. Choking is most liable to result from attempting to swallow without mastication, carrots, turnips, potatoes, apples or sugar beets. Cattle frequently choke on chewing leather, boot heels, old rags and all sorts of uncleanly things which could not be digested if swallowed, and the practice indicates a depraved appetite.

In such cases, if the services of a veterinarian cannot be secured the owner will have to do the best he can alone, and the things that are usually done first should not be done at all. Attempting to pour water down the throat usually results in most of it going into the lungs, and the result is death of the animal, that might otherwise have been saved.

SANITARY DAIRY MILK PAILS

Old-Fashioned Habit of Using Open Bucket Has Been Discarded—Quality Now Counts. A time-honored practice is to use an open pail and bring it into the house peppered with an unpleasant assortment of stable dirt and refuse. That may have been good enough for grandfathers, but you can't get away with it in these days of sanitation. Instead, you use a closed pail, milking through a strainer packed with an absorbent cotton filter. Sure! They cost a little money, but so does anything worth while. For the fellow who believes in "Quality" such an investment will pay more than 10 per cent interest if a trifle of good sense is used to dispose of the superior output.

BETTER FEEDING OF CATTLE

Best Method of Treating Manure Is to Scatter It Over Fields in Winter or Summer. The better feeding of live stock, the more valuable is the manure; and the more manure is worth, the more used is there for the proper hands of it. The best method of treating manure is to haul it out as soon as made and scatter it over the field, whether the season be winter or summer.



A LAND PROBLEM AHEAD

(FROM THE PEORIA JOURNAL.) The Nebraska State Journal calls attention to the fact that Uncle Sam's opening of a 4,000-acre tract in the North Platte irrigation district for settlement practically winds up the "free land distribution" of the nation. It adds:

"Free or cheap land has been the American safety valve. A population straining for self-betterment has had its own remedy—so to speak and grow up with the country. With the government reduced to advertising an opening of forty-three farms, the safety valve may be considered forever closed. The expansive energy formerly exerted outward, must be exerted work itself in the market. Increasing land speculation, with rapidly rising prices of land and proportionately increasing dissatisfaction among the landless would seem inevitable. The tone of rural politics and the intensity of our social problems cannot but be vitally changed under the strain of dealing internally with a social pressure which hitherto has been the wilderness to vent itself upon."

"Land hunger" will soon become a reality in this rapidly growing country and the constant pressure of population, increasingly higher than the ratio of production, is bound to bring us face to face with economic problems that we have heretofore considered remote. The far-sighted statesman and publicist must devote his thought earnestly to the consideration of these questions if we are to escape the extremes which curse the older nations of the world."

In the above will be found one of the reasons that the Canadian Government is offering 150 acres of land free to the actual settler. There is no dearth of homesteads of this size, and the land is of the highest quality, being such as produces yields of from 30 to 60 bushels of wheat per acre. The oats run from fifty to over hundred bushels per acre. It is not only a matter of free grants, but in Western Canada are also to be found other lands at prices ranging from \$12 to \$20 per acre, the difference in price being largely a matter of location and distance from railway. If one takes into consideration the scarcity of free grant lands in the United States, it is not difficult to understand why there has been most material advances in the price of farm lands.

A few years ago, land that now sells for two hundred dollars an acre in Iowa, could have been bought for seventy-five dollars an acre. The increased price is warranted by the increased value of the product raised on these farms. The lands that today can be had in Western Canada at their low prices quoted will in a less time than that taken for the Iowa lands to increase, have a proportionate increase. In Nebraska the lands that sell for sixteen to twenty dollars per acre seven years ago, find a market at one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, for the same reason given for the increase in Iowa lands. Values in these two States, as well as in others that might be mentioned, show that Western Canada lands are going at a song at their present prices. In many cases in Western Canada today, there are American settlers, who realize this, and are placing a value of sixty and seventy dollars an acre on their improved farms, but would sell only because they can purchase improved land at such a low price that in another few years they would have equally as good farms as they left or such as their friends have in the United States.

The worth of the crops grown in Western Canada is of higher value than those of the States mentioned, should the land not be worth fully as much. Any Canadian Government Agent will be glad to give you information as to homestead lands or where you can buy—Advertisement.

Nonsensical.

A naval officer said in a naval argument at a Washington reception: "Some of these naval critics show such appalling ignorance of the simplest sea terms—their criticisms become in consequence such arrant nonsense—really, it reminds me of the recipe for shirred eggs: 'The humorous recipe for shirred eggs runs: "Shirred eggs: Take six eggs; peel carefully; remove the yolks and baste with milk; mix No. 40 cotton, cut yolks into quarter sections; sew them to the white at regular intervals, fastening with knots of orange silk. Gather top edge with pink twine and draw to a circle. Roast before open gas jet."'

Not Altogether a Success.

"Yes," the young medico sighed, "the healing profession is full of difficulties. The other day, for instance, I had a patient who ought to have gone to a warmer climate. Couldn't afford it. I decided to try hypnotism. I painted a large sun on the ceiling and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun." "And how did it work?" inquired the Hater. "The doctor passed a hand wearily over his brow. "He's down with a sunstroke," he said, sadly.

Wouldn't Hurt Him.

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."