IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

The SEA WOLF

By JACK LONDON

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

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

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"Wolf Larsen," I said sternly, for the first time addressing him by this his most familiar name, "I am unable to shoot a helpless, unresisting man. You have proved that to my satisfaction as well as yours. But I warn you now, and, not so much for your own good as for mine, that I shall shoot you the moment you attempt a hostile act. I can shoot you now, as I stand here; and if you are so minded, just go ahead and try to clap on the hatch."

"Nevertheless, I forbid you, I distinctly forbid your tampering with my ship."

"But, man!" I expostulated, "you advance the fact that it is your ship as though it were a moral right. You have never considered moral rights in your dealings with others. You surely do not dream that I'll consider them in dealing with you?"

I had stepped underneath the open hatchway so that I could see him. The lack of expression on his face, so different from when I had watched him unseen, was enhanced by the unblinking, staring eyes. It was not a pleasant face to look upon.

"And none so poor, not even Hump, to do him reverence," he sneered.

The sneer was wholly in his voice. His face remained expressionless as ever.

"How do you do, Miss Brewster?" he said suddenly, after a pause.

I started. She had made no noise whatever, had not even moved. Could it be that some glimmer of vision remained to him? or that his vision was coming back?

"How do you do, Captain Larsen," she answered. "Pray, how did you know I was here?"

"Heard your breathing, of course. I say, Hump's improving, don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she answered, smiling at me. "I have never seen him otherwise."

"You should have seen him before, then."

"Wolf Larsen, m large doses," I murmured, "before and after taking."

"I want to tell you again, Hump," he said threateningly, "that you'd better leave things alone."

"But don't you care to escape as well as we?" I asked incredulously.

"No," was his answer. "I intend dying here."

"Well, we don't," I concluded defiantly, beginning again my knocking and hammering.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Next day, the mast-steps clear and everything in readiness, we started to get the two topmasts aboard. The maintopmast was over thirty feet in length, the foretopmast nearly thirty, and it was of these that I intended making the shears. It was puzzling work. Fastening one end of a heavy tackle to the windlass, and with the other end fast to the foretopmast, I began to heave. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down the slack.

But when the butt of the topmast was level with the rail, everything came to a standstill.

Instructing her how to hold the turn and be ready to slack away at command, I laid hold of the mast with my hands and tried to balance it inboard across the rail. When I thought I had it I cried to her to slack away; but the spar righted, despite my efforts, and dropped back toward the water. Again I heaved it up to its old position, for I had now another idea. I remembered the watchtackle—a small double and single block affair—and fetched it.

While I was rigging it between the top of the spar and the opposite rail, Wolf Larsen came on the scene. We exchanged nothing more than good mornings and, though he could not see, he sat on the rail out of the way and followed by the sound all that I did.

Again instructing Maud to slack away at the windlass when I gave the word, I proceeded to heave on the watchtackle. Slowly the mast swung in until it balanced at right angles across the rail; and then I discovered to my amazement that there was no need for Maud to slack away. In fact, the very opposite was necessary. Making the watchtackle fast, I hove on the windlass and brought in the mast, inch by inch, till its top tilted down to the deck and finally its whole length lay on the deck.

In less than an hour I had the maintopmast on deck and was constructing the shears. Lashing the two topmasts together, everything in readiness, I made a line fast and carried it directly to the windlass. The shears rose in the air. Before I finished guying it fore and aft and to either side twilight had set in. Wolf Larsen, who had sat about and listened all afternoon and never opened his mouth, had taken himself off to the galley and started his supper.

"I wish it weren't so late," I said, "I'd like to see how it works."

"Don't be a glutton, Humphrey," Maud chided me. "Remember, tomorrow is coming, and you're so tired now that you can hardly stand."

"And you!" I said, with sudden solicitude. "You must be very tired. You have worked hard and nobly. I am proud of you, Maud."

"Not half so proud as I am of you, nor with half the reason," she answered, looking me straight in the eyes for a moment with an expression in her own and a dancing, tremulous light which I had not seen before and which gave me a pang of quick delight—I know not why, for I did not understand it. Then she dropped her eyes, to lift them again, laughing.

"If our friends could see us now," she said. "Look at us. Have you ever paused for a moment to consider our appearance?"

"Yes, I have considered yours, frequently," I answered, puzzling over what I had seen in her eyes and puzzled by her sudden change of subject.

"Mercy!" she cried. "And what do I look like, pray?"

"A scarecrow, I'm afraid," I replied. "Just glance at your draggled skirts, for instance. Look at those three-cornered tears. And such a waist! It would not require a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that you have been cooking over a camp-fire, to say nothing of trying out seal blubber. And to cap it all, that cap! And all that is the woman who wrote 'A Kiss Endured.'"

She made me an elaborate and stately curtsy, and said, "As for you, sir—"

And yet, through the five minutes of banter which followed, there was a serious something underneath the fun which I could not but relate to the strange and fleeting expression I had caught in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXX.

The next day we did no work.

In the morning following we had breakfast and were at work by daylight. There was no wind, the tide was high, and the schooner floated. Casting off the shore lines, I kedged her out by main strength, lowered the big starboard anchor, giving plenty of slack; and by afternoon I was at work on the windlass.

Three days I worked on that windlass. Least of all things was I a mechanic, and in that time I accomplished what an ordinary machinist would have done in as many hours. I had to learn my tools to begin with, and every simple mechanical principle which such a man would have at his finger ends I had likewise to learn. And at the end of three days I had a windlass which worked clumsily. It never gave the satisfaction the old windlass had given, but it worked and made my work possible.

In half a day I got the two topmasts aboard and the shears rigged and guyed as before. And that night I slept on board and on deck beside my work. Maud, who refused to stay alone ashore, slept in the forecastle. Wolf Larsen had sat about, listening to my repairing the windlass and talking with Maud and me upon indifferent subjects. No reference was made on either side to the destruction of the shears; nor did he say anything further about my leaving his ship alone. But still I had feared him, blind and helpless and listening, always listening, and I never let his strong arms get within reach of me while I worked.

On this night, sleeping under my beloved shears, I was aroused by his footsteps on the deck. It was a starlight night, and I could see the bulk of him dimly as he moved about. I rolled out of my blankets and crept noiselessly after him in my stocking feet. He had armed himself with a draw-knife from the tool locker, and with this he prepared to cut across the throat-halyards I had again rigged to the shears. He felt the halyards with his hands and discovered that I had not made them fast. This would not do for a draw-knife, so he laid hold of the running part, hove taut, and made fast. Then he prepared to saw across with the draw-knife.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," I said quietly.

He heard the click of my pistol and laughed.

"Hello, Hump," he said. "I knew you were here all the time. You can't fool my cars."

"That's a lie, Wolf Larsen," I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to kill you, so go ahead and cut."

"You have the chance always," he sneered.

"Go ahead and cut," I threatened ominously.

"I'd rather disappoint you," he laughed, and turned on his heel and went aft.

"Something must be done, Humphrey," Maud said, next morning, when I told her of the night's occurrence. "If he has liberty, he may do anything. He may sink the vessel, or set fire to it. There is no telling what he may do. We must make him a prisoner."

"But how?" I asked, with a helpless shrug. "I dare not come within reach of his arms, and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly. She waited.

I picked up a seal club.

"It won't kill him," I said. "And before he could recover I'd have him bound hard and fast."

She shook her head with a shudder. "No, not that. There must be some less brutal way. Let us wait."

But we did not have to wait long, and the problem solved itself. In the morning, after several trials, I found the point of balance in the foremast and attached my hoisting tackle a few feet above it. At the end of an hour the single and double blocks came together at the top of the shears. I could hoist no more. And yet the mast was not swung entirely inboard. The butt rested against the outside of the port rail, while the top of the mast overhung the water far beyond the starboard rail. My shears were too short. All my work had been for nothing. But I no longer despaired in the old way. I was acquiring more confidence in myself and more confidence in the possibilities of windlasses, shears and hoisting tackles. There was a way in which it could be done and it remained for me to find that way.

While I was considering the problem, Wolf Larsen came on deck. We noticed something strange about him at once. The indecisiveness, or feebleness, of his movements was more pronounced. His walk was actually

His Free Hand Went to My Throat.

tottery as he came down the port side of the cabin. At the break of the poop he reeled, raised one hand to his eyes with the familiar brushing gesture and fell down the steps—still on his feet—to the main deck, across which he staggered, falling and flinging out his arms for support. He regained his balance by the steerage companionway and stood there dizzily for a space, when he suddenly crumpled up and collapsed, his legs bending under him as he sank to the deck.

"One of his attacks," I whispered to Maud.

She nodded her head; and I could see sympathy warm in her eyes.

We went up to him, but he seemed unconscious, breathing spasmodically. She took charge of him, lifting his head to keep the blood out of it and dispatching me for a pillow. I also brought blankets, and we made him comfortable. I took his pulse. It beat steadily and strong, and was quite normal. This puzzled me. I became suspicious.

"What if he should be feigning this?" I asked, still holding his wrist.

Maud shook her head and there was reproof in her eyes. But just then the wrist I held leaped from my hand, and the hand clasped like a steel about my wrist. I cried aloud in awful fear, a wild inarticulate cry; and I caught one glimpse of his face, malignant and triumphant, as his other hand compassed my body and I was drawn down to him in a terrible grip.

My wrist was released, but his other arm, passed around my back, held both my arms so that I could not move. His free hand went to my throat and in that moment I knew the bitterest foretaste of death earned by one's own idiocy.

My face was against his chest and I could not see, but I heard Maud turn and run swiftly along the deck. Everything was happening quickly. I had not yet had a glimmering of unconsciousness, and it seemed that an interminable period of time was lapsing before I heard her feet flying back. And just then I felt the whole man sink under me.

Maud's footsteps were very near as his hand fluttered for the last time and my throat was released. I rolled off and over to the deck on my back, gasping and blinking in the sunshine. Maud was pale but composed—my eyes had gone instantly to her face—and she was looking at me with mingled alarm and relief. A heavy seal club in her hand caught my eyes, and at that moment she followed my gaze down to it. The club dropped from her hand as though it had suddenly stung her, and at the same moment my heart surged with a great joy. Truly she was my woman, my mate-woman, fighting with me and for me as the mate of a caveman would have fought, all the primitive in her aroused, forgetful of her culture, hard under the softening civilization of the only life she had ever known.

"Dear woman!" I cried, scrambling to my feet.

The next moment she was in my arms, weeping convulsively on my shoulder while I clasped her close. I looked down at the brown glory of her hair, glinting gems in the sunshine far more precious to me than those in the treasure chests of kings. And I bent my head and kissed her hair softly, so softly that she did not know.

Then sober thought came to me. After all, she was only a woman, crying her relief, now that the danger was past, in the arms of her protector or of the one who had been endangered. Had I been father or brother, the situation would have been in no wise different. Besides, time and place were not meet, and I wished to earn a better right to declare my love. So once again I softly kissed her hair as I felt her receding from my clasp.

"It was a real attack this time," I said; "another shock like the one that made him blind. He feigned at first, and in doing so brought it on."

Maud was already rearranging his pillow.

"No," I said, "not yet. Now that I have him helpless, helpless he shall remain. From this day we live in the cabin. Wolf Larsen shall live in the steerage."

I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him to the companionway. At my direction Maud fetched a rope. Placing this under his shoulders, I balanced him across the threshold and lowered him down the steps to the floor. I could not lift him directly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body, balanced him across the edge and rolled him into a lower bunk.

But this was not to be all. I recollected the handcuffs in his stateroom, which he preferred to use on sailors instead of the ancient and clumsy ship irons. So, when we left him, he lay handcuffed hand and foot. For the first time in many days I breathed freely. I felt strangely light as I came on deck, as though a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt, also, that Maud and I had drawn more closely together. And I wondered if she, too, felt it, as we walked along the deck side by side to where the stalled foremast hung in the shears.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At once we moved aboard the Ghost, occupying our old staterooms and cooking in the galley. The imprisonment of Wolf Larsen had happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian summer of this high latitude was gone and drizzling stormy weather had set in. We were very comfortable and the inadequate shears, with the foremast suspended from them, gave a businesslike air to the schooner and a promise of departure.

And now that we had Wolf Larsen in irons, how little did we need it! Like his first attack, his second had been accompanied by serious disablement. Maud made the discovery in the afternoon while trying to give him nourishment.

"Do you know you are dear to me right ear!" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a low, strong voice, "and worse than that. My whole right side is affected. It seems asleep. I cannot move arm or leg."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chicory Cultivation.

Chicory, so extensively raised in France, is harvested either by hand or by plowing. As fast as the plants in one line are pulled the roots are gathered in heaps after the removal of the leaves and are roughly cleaned. They are then transported to the factories, where they are mechanically washed in flowing water and dumped on a perforated conveyer that permits them to drain while traveling toward the root-cutters. The roots, when cut in small pieces, are conveyed to the malt kilns or special driers, where they remain thirty-six hours or more, and after cooling are bagged. The chicory, having now become friable, passes into a series of crushers; after each crushing the broken material is passed through sifters that divide it into four grades. From the crushers the chicory goes to the roasting retorts and then receives a final manipulation, that of tinting, which consists in giving the grains a coating of impalpable chicory dust. The last operation is that of packing the chicory, either by hand or by machinery.

Vom Schauplatze des europäischen Völkerkrieges.

Am Ostermontag begann ganz plötzlich der Kampf um die irische Freiheit. Die Freischärler, die 10,000 Mann stark waren, besetzten in ganz kurzer Zeit alle wichtigen Plätze und Gebäude in der irländischen Hauptstadt Dublin einschließlich Postgebäude, Schloß, Four Courts und St. Stephens Green. In den Straßen wurden Barrikaden gebaut, Schützengräben aufgeworfen, Drahtverhaue gelegt und der Kampf entbrannte. Irland wurde zur Republik erklärt und P. J. Pearce zum Präsidenten ernannt. Trotzdem der Aufstand sich schnell auch auf andere Provinzen ausdehnte und die Freischärler mit Todesverachtung kämpften, mußte der Kampf doch bald eingestellt werden. Große britische Truppenmassen mit Feldartillerie und Maschinengewehren unterdrückten die Rebellion. Die Führer ergaben sich und wurden sofort nach England genommen, wo sie nach kurzem Prozeß vom Kriegsgericht verurteilt und wenige Stunden darauf erschossen wurden.

Die Bedeutung der irischen Erhebung hängt nicht von deren Ausgange ab. Mag sie auch blutig unterdrückt worden sein, die Tatsache bleibt bestehen, daß England, während es den Kampf um seinen Fortbestand als Weltmacht führt, im eigenen Hause keine Ruhe zu halten vermochte. So sehr nun ein glücklicher Ausgang seines Befreiungsversuches Irland zu wünschen wäre, so wenig kann man ihn ihm versprechen. Es ist ja nicht der erste Versuch 1594 Aufstand, von Spanieren unterstützt, erst 1602 unterdrückt. Im Jahre 1641 folgte eine weitere Erhebung gegen die Engländer. Durch drei Jahre, 1649—1652, blutige Unterdrückung des Aufstandes durch den Diktator Cromwell. Damals wurde die Insel tatsächlich entvölkert. 1689 und 1690 Aufstand unter Jakob II. mit französischen Hilfstruppen und lange Jahre hindurch geheime Verschwörungen mit blutigen Gewalttaten. 1796 abermals Aufstand unter Beihilfe von 25,000 Franzosen; 1798 neue Aufstände und Erstickung derselben in Blut. Auch Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts Gewalttätigkeit, Boykott u. s. w. Aber der Geist der Freiheit lebt weiter und eines Tages wird auch Irland vom Joche England's befreit.

Letzte Woche berichteten wir, daß die Lage der Townshend Armee in Kut-el-Amara kritisch war. Tatsächlich hatte der General sich schon ergeben ehe dieser Bericht unseren Lesern unterbreitet wurde. General Townshend hatte die Stadt 143 Tage lang gegen den Ansturm der Türken gehalten. Mangel an Lebensmitteln und die Unmöglichkeit einer Hilfe von außen zwangen ihn dann zur Uebergabe. 13,000 Mannschaften, darunter vier Generäle, 240 britische Offiziere und 270 indische Offiziere, fielen den Türken als Gefangene in die Hände.

Vermutlich hätte Townshend noch einige Tage aushalten können, wenn es gelungen wäre, ihm Nachrungsmittel zuzuschicken. Nachdem aber die Türken ein den Tigris heraufgeschicktes Schiff mit solchen versenkt hatten, war diese Hoffnung vorüber, und die Uebergabe mußte erfolgen. Für die Briten besonders beschämend ist, daß das Entsatzheer seit Wochen nur einige 20 Meilen von Kut lag, aber durch die vorzüglichen Stellungen der Türken nicht durchzubrechen vermochte. Als 1914 die Expedition Townshend vom Persischen Golf aus den Tigris hinaufzog, wurde ihre Zahl auf 50,000 Mann angegeben, aber sie ist wahrscheinlich kleiner gewesen, vielleicht nur 35,000; die Verluste durch Schlachten und das furchtbare Klima müssen enorm gewesen sein.

Im Dezember 1915 hatte Townshend beinahe Bagdad erreicht, als er 18 Meilen davon, bei Ktesiphon, eine schwere Niederlage erlitt, sich nach Kut zurückziehen mußte und dort eingeschlossen wurde.

Nur durch drahtlose Telegraphie war er noch mit der Außenwelt verbunden. Ständig fanden Gefechte zwischen den Briten und den Türken statt, aber letztere blieben die Sieger, auch als eine Entsatzarmee den Tigris hinaufkam. Die Gesamtverluste der Engländer in dem ganzen mesopotamischen Feldzuge müssen 25,000 überschritten haben. Wie auf Gallipoli, wurden diese Truppen einem von Anfang an falsch berechneten Feldzuge geopfert, der, übereilt, kaum ein gutes Resultat hätte haben können. Denn daß nun der Feldzug endgiltig für die Türken gewonnen ist, bedarf keiner weiteren Erläuterung.

Ein nicht zu unterschätzender Fortschritt liegt darin, daß keine Nationen mehr zu finden sind, die für England die Kastanien aus dem Feuer holen wollen.

Die belagerten Ver. Staaten.

Die Klagen werden beständig häufiger und lauter, daß die amerikanische Industrie sich in einem höchst gefährdeten Zustande befindet, weil entweder die Rohstoffe unerschwinglich teuer werden oder völlig ausbleiben. Daß der Krieg das verschuldet, wäre eine ebenso oberflächliche, wie irreführende Erklärung. Wir können trotz des Krieges die Waren, deren wir bedürfen, erlangen, wenn die alliierten Mächte es nicht verhinderten. Ihre Flotten blockieren unser Land, als wenn sie mit diesem im Kriege ständen und kapern alle Waren, die uns den verbündeten Ländern kommen und es sind das Waren, die wir selbst nicht herzustellen vermögen und ohne welche die Industrie nichts fabrizieren kann. Zumeist sind es Chemikalien. Diese spielen bekanntlich im modernen Fabrikbetrieb eine sehr wichtige Rolle. Tatsächlich gibt es sehr wenige Industrien, die nicht der in Deutschland hergestellten chemischen Präparate bedürfen und wenn diese ausbleiben, sind die übrigen Rohstoffe wertlos. Deswegen haben bereits eine Anzahl Fabriken ihren Bankerott angekündigt, weil sie durch das Ausbleiben der deutschen Chemikalien den Betrieb nicht fortsetzen konnten und es sieht bevor, daß sich aus dieser Ursache ein Massen - Bankerott ergibt, als wenn wir uns in einer großen Finanzpanik befänden.

Diese Blockierung des amerikanischen Handels geht noch weiter und gestaltet sich zu einer besonders feindlichen Handlung dadurch, daß uns auch nicht gestattet wird, Waren aus unseren eigenen Lande nach neutralen Ländern und nach den Ländern der deutschen Verbündeten zu schicken. Für das Erstere ist überhaupt eine Rechtfertigung nicht denkbar, da es gegen alles Völkerrecht verstößt, den Handel zwischen neutralen Ländern zu unterbinden und das letztere ist ebenfalls nicht gerechtfertigt, so lange keine gesetzliche Blockade besteht. Das Resultat ist demnach, daß wir von den Alliierten in einer Weise behandelt werden, als wenn sie unsere Feinde wären.

Geldbarone fürchten Verlust.

Je schlechter es den Alliierten ergeht, desto stärker wird der Druck der hiesigen Finanzkreise, die ihr Geld den Alliierten geliehen haben, und das sie bei einem entschiedenen Siege Deutschlands und Oesterreich - Ungarns zu verlieren fürchten, auf die Administration und leitende Kreise abgeordnete. Desto stärker auch die Angst aller begeisterten Britenfreunde und desto dringender ihr Wunsch, an Seite der Alliierten in den Krieg einzutreten. Die Finanzkreise wollen das von ihnen Dargeliehene durch Amerikas Finanzkraft gesichert sehen, und hoffen mit den übrigen Britenfreunden, durch den Eintritt der Vereinigten Staaten in den Kampf, den Krieg so zu verlängern, daß trotz aller Waffenerfolge Deutschlands schließlich nachgeben muß.

Die meistsprachige Kompagnie.

Die meistsprachige Kompagnie von allen Heeren der Welt, und daher wohl einzigartig in dieser Sonderbarkeit, befindet sich in der Schweizer Armee. Es ist die 4. Kompagnie des 91. Graubündener Füsilierbataillons. In dieser Kompagnie werden nicht weniger als sechs Sprachen von der Mannschaft gesprochen, nämlich Italienisch, Französisch, Deutsch, Romanisch und verschiedene Mundarten dieser Sprachen. Die Hauptsprache, in der die Kommandos erteilt werden, ist Deutsch, und wenn alle auch diese Kommandos verstehen, so können doch außer diesen Kommandoworten viele kein Wort Deutsch.

Amerika's Kupferproduktion.

Washington. Infolge der durch den europäischen Krieg verursachten ungeheuren Nachfrage ist die Kupferproduktion in den Ver. Staaten auf mehr als zweitausend Millionen Pfund gestiegen. Nach einer Zusammenstellung des geologischen Bureaus der Regierung, welche soeben bekannt gegeben wurde, beträgt die gesamte Kupfergewinnung für 1915 2,026,000,000 Pfund. Die Produktion der Schmelzwerke erreichte eine Höhe von 1,388,000,000 Pfund im Werte von $242,900,000 zum Durchschnittspreise von 17.5 Cents das Pfund.

Trotz der Not, die infolge der nun mehr schon fünf Jahre dauernden Revolution in Mexiko herrschen muß, haben die dort wohnenden Deutschen 28,000 Mark für die Unterstützung der Witwen und Waisen deutscher Krieger nach Deutschland senden können. Das verdient jedenfalls hohe Anerkennung.

Paris vertraut auf die französischen Kanonen. Auch Antwerpen hatte sich auf seine Kanonen verlassen!!