



CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

"Peigning again!" I demanded angrily. He shook his head, his stern mouth shaping the strangest, twisted smile. It was indeed a twisted smile, for it was on the left side only, the facial muscles of the right side moving not at all.

"That was the last play of the Wolf," he said. "I am paralyzed. I shall never walk again. Oh, only on the other side," he added, as though driving the suspicious glances I flung at his left leg, but lines of which had just been drawn up and elevated the blank.

"It's unfortunate," he continued. "I'd liked to have done for you first, Bunt, and I thought I had that much left in me."

"But how can you account for it?" I asked. "Where is the seat of your trouble?"

"The brain," he said at once. "It was those cursed headaches brought it on."

"Symptoms," I said. He nodded his head. "There is no cure for it, and I have never said to my life. Something's gone wrong with my brain. A cancer, a tumor, or something of that nature—a thing that devours and destroys. It's attacking my nerve centers, eating them up, bit by bit, cell by cell—from the pain."

"The motor centers, too," I suggested. "So it would seem, and the cause of it is that I must lie here, consciously unimpaired, knowing that the lines are going down, breaking bit by bit communication with the world. I cannot see, hearing and feeling are leaving me, at this rate I shall soon cease to speak; yet all the time I shall be here, alive, active and powerless."

"When you say you are here, I'd suggest the likelihood of the soul," I said.

"Booh!" was his retort. "It simply means that in the attack on my brain the higher psychical centers are unscathed. I can remember, I can think and reason. When that goes, I go. am not. The soul!"

He broke out in mocking laughter, then turned his left ear to the pillow as a sign that he wished no further conversation.

"Maud and I went about our work oppressed by the fearful fate which had overtaken him—how fearful we never fully realized. There was one advantage of retribution about it. Our thoughts were deep and solemn, and we spoke to each other scarcely above whispers."

"You might remove the handcuffs," he said that night, as we stood in consultation over him. "It's dead safe. I'm a paralytic now. The next thing to watch out for is his bed sores."

He smiled his twisted smile, and Maud, her eyes wide with horror, was compelled to turn away her head.

"Do you know that your smile is crooked?" I asked him, for I knew that she must attend him, and I wished to see her as much as possible.

"Then I shall smile no more," he said calmly. "I thought something was wrong. My right cheek has been numb all day, yes, and I've had warning of this for the last three days, by spells, my right side seemed going to sleep, sometimes arm or hand, sometimes leg or foot."

"Do my smile is crooked?" he queried a short while after. "Well, I shall henceforth that I smile internally, with my soul, if you please, my soul. Consider that I am smiling now."

And for the space of several minutes he lay there, quiet, indulging his grotesque fancy.

The man of him was not changed. It was the old, indomitable, terrible Wolf Larsen, imprisoned somewhere within that flesh which had once been so invulnerable and splendid. Now it found him with insistent fetters, rattling his soul in darkness and at once, blocking it from the world which no more would be confinate the verb "do" in every mood and tense, and to be was all that remained to him—to be, as he had deduced death, without movement; to will, but not to execute; to think and reason and in the spirit of him to be at all at all at all.

And yet, though I even removed the handcuffs, we could not adjust ourselves to his condition. Our minds revolted. To us he was full of potentiality. We knew not what to expect of him next, what fearful thing, rising above the flesh, he might break out and do. Our experience warranted this state of mind, and we went about our work with anxiety always upon us.

I had solved the problem which had arisen through the shortness of the sheets. It was the morning of the third day that I swung the foremast from the deck and proceeded to secure the butt to the stop. Here I was especially awkward. I sawed and chopped and chiseled the weathered wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic beaver. But it fitted.

"It will work, I know it will work," I cried.

"Do you know Doctor Jordan's final test of truth?" Maud asked. I shook my head and paused in the act of dislodging the shavings which had drifted down my neck.

"Can we make it work? Can we trust our lives to it?" is the test. "He is a favorite of yours," I said.

"When I dismantled my old Pantheon and cast out Napoleon and Caesar and their fellows, I straightway erected a new Pantheon," she answered gravely. "And the first I installed was Doctor Jordan."

"A modern hero," she added. "And a greater because modern," she added. "How can the Old World heroes compare with ours?"

I shook my head. We were too much alike in many things for argument. Our point of view and outlook on life at least were very like.

"For a pair of critics we agree famously," I laughed. "And as shipwright and able assistant," she laughed back. But there was little time for laughter in those days, what of our heavy work and of the awfulness of Wolf Larsen's living death.

she was relieved from holding the turn, crying, "It works! We'll trust our lives to it!"

Then she assumed a rueful expression. "Yes, that was no response. This hand was dead."

"I noticed the lips slightly moved," Maud said.

I repeated the question. The lips moved. She placed the tips of her fingers on them. Again I repeated released the hand. The fingers spread slightly, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

"Do you still hear?" I shouted, holding the fingers and waiting for the single response which would signify "Yes." There was no response. This hand was dead.

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If the day looks kinder gloomy And your chances kinder grim If the situation's puzzling Use the Kitchen Cabinet! All perquisites keep present! Till all hope is nearly gone. Just write up and get your teeth And keep on keepin' on!

DISHES CHILDREN LIKE.

Those of us who have not left childhood too far behind will recall the enjoyment of the good old supper dish of milk toast.

There are those who like toast with a rich milk and butter, with no thickening poured over it; but that is not the old New England way of preparing it. The bread is toasted crisp and brown, the edges of the crusts softened by dipping them into hot water, then the toast was spread generously with butter, laid on a platter or in a large tureen, and the delicious white sauce is poured over it piping hot, and served at once.

To make the sauce, two tablespoonfuls of flour was added to two of bubbling hot butter, a half teaspoonful of salt and a pint of rich milk; simmer for a few minutes to cook the flour, when it is ready to pour over the toast.

Cooked dough or ginger bread made into animals or gingerbread boys never tastes half so well in the ordinary form. Prunes and figs with raisins for heads and cloves for feet make lovely turtles, but little people should not be allowed to eat these things.

Snicker Doodles.—Take a cupful of light brown sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half cupful of milk, a half cupful of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two cupfuls of flour. Drop by spoonfuls on a baking sheet, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and chopped nuts.

Whiff.—Soak over night three tablespoonfuls of tapioca. In the morning add a cupful of cold milk, a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Cook until clear, stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and remove from the fire as soon as they are well heated. Whip the whites of the eggs very stiff and fold them into the pudding. When cold pour over four sliced bananas.

Rough It Pudding.—Take two cups of Graham flour, one cupful each of molasses, sweet milk and raisins, a half teaspoonful of soda and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Cover and bake in a slow oven three hours. Serve with a foamy egg sauce.

TABLE DELICACIES.

When a little cold farina or cream of wheat is left from breakfast mix it with finely chopped meat, using half as much meat as farina; and a beaten egg, season with salt and pepper and celery salt, and divide into portions; roll into balls or cylinders, dip in egg and crumbs and place in a wire basket or a fry, served in the apple-shaped ones to represent the blossom end of the apple.

Pineapple Delight.—Heap cooked rice that has been seasoned with butter, salt and sugar on a platter and surround with shredded pineapple; over the rice and the pineapple put a generous amount of sweetened whipped cream.

Stuffed Apples.—Wash and core nice, red apples and color until tender; then carefully remove the skin, leaving the beautiful red color on the cheek of the apple, fill with chopped pineapple and almonds and serve with whipped cream. This is a most attractive dish to set before an invalid.

Devil's Kidneys.—Take eight lamb's kidneys, split and put butter in each hollow; mix a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, one of minced parsley, one-half a teaspoonful of beef extract, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread the mixture on the kidneys with cracker crumbs and put into the oven to bake. Baste often and cook 20 minutes.

On Your Casters. Oh the casters of your furniture occasionally and see how much easier it will move. Be sure to wipe off all surplus oil. If you are annoyed by casters slipping out of the furniture, wind a rubber band around the shank of the caster before slipping in its place. A good rubber band will last a long time.

The Good Workman. A good workman never feels that the government is getting him down a great deal.—Archibald Globe.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overeat, overwork and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case

William H. Helling, 305 Alderman St., Helling, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble after I left the army and I was getting worse. The kidney secretions were painful and too frequent in passage. I had backache and rheumatic pains. My limbs were so stiff I had to be helped around. Medical treatment did not help. I almost gave up hope when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Crompt's Relief—Permanent Cure CROPTON'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable, but gently and surely. Stop after dinner. Stop after dinner. Stop after dinner.

Indigestion, improves the complexion, brightens the eyes. SMALL PILLS, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Every Woman Wants Partine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Dissolved in water for douches, stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham.

A healing powder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. See extraordinary changes and cures in the use of Partine. Sold by all druggists.

How it Happened. "I got hung up dish-uh-way at de white folks' place meetin' last night, sah."

Go long! "White folks wouldn't let a nigger shuttles round deir meetin'."

"No, sah. But I was listenin' outside de open window and two gentlemen dat was tryin' to choke each other to death dese fell out onto me!"—Kansas City Star.

Costly. "Did yez give yer wote anything on her birthday, Pat?"

"O' did." "Purwad did it cost yez?" "Tio dollars on tin days."

Many Children are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweetest Powders for Children Break up Colic in 24 hours, relieve Flatulency, Stomach, Headache or a Croup, pressed in the apple-shaped ones to represent the blossom end of the apple.

When two men are talking, each tries to win his hobby first, so as to reach the other off.

If our neighbors would mind their own business we would be more apt to mind ours.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease. Flies are the most common carriers of disease. Kill them with Fly Killer.

WANTED. A representative in each county to represent us selling our UP TO THE MINUTE Excelsior. Exclusive territory. Must furnish references. We want producers only. W. & C. SALES COMPANY DETROIT 612-43 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

For Piles Use Abell's Formable Balm. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money Refunded. For sale by all Druggists, or sent upon receipt of 25c. free sample. HOME REMEDY CO. South Haven, Mich.

Help Digestion To keep your digestive organs in good working order—tostimulate your liver, tone your stomach and regulate your bowels, take—

BEECHAM'S PILLS Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A toilet preparation of merit. For sale by all Druggists. For sale by all Druggists. For sale by all Druggists.

CALLISTONES FREE. A good workman never feels that the government is getting him down a great deal.—Archibald Globe.

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COULD MAKE A GOOD GUESS

Young Man Was Not Sure as to Size, but Was Willing to Take a Chance on It.

Into a men's furnishing store stepped a young man warily, almost timidly. He lacked the air of confidence of the man who is about to purchase a tie or a handkerchief or a collar. Eagerly the genial floorwalker pounced upon him and the customer's first words explained everything.

"Have you anything suitable for a young lady?" he asked, looking about dazedly at the rows of shirt buttons, "something for her birthday, you know?"

"Well, I should say we have. Step right this way, please. Miss Apperson, will you show this gentleman some of our latest ties, or—"

As he noted the inquirer's pitiable confusion, "perhaps he would prefer to see some of those near-silk ladies' coat sweaters?"

He would, he certainly would, as when he found a man in charge at the sweater counter he became almost himself again. The sweater idea seemed to strike him favorably, and for several minutes he inspected color combinations and felt fabrics. Finally the clerk dropped him into hot water again.

"About what size does the young lady wear?"

It was a poser and entirely unexpected. The young man gazed at a dummy figure on which a sweater coat was displayed, then walked up to it, circled it with his arm, and nodded: "About this size, I think."

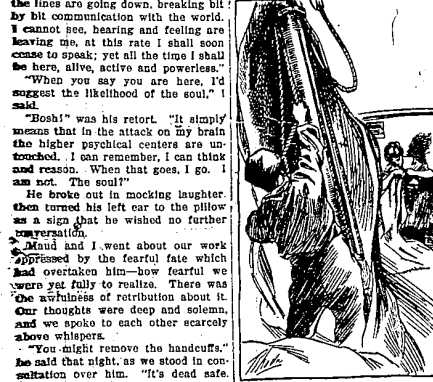
In Kings' Housar. The German emperor's palace at Corfu, recently a subject of newspaper discussion, is described as a magnificent white marble edifice, one of the most luxurious royal residences ever built. It was formerly the property of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who lavished vast sums on its embellishment. It contains over a hundred rooms and is surrounded by wonderful gardens.

Answered. "Now," said the professor of cemetery, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?" The student, pondered a moment, "I know," he answered. "Marriage."

Three times the hand assisted to write that fumbled hopelessly. The pencil fell, in vain we tried to replace it. The fingers could not come on it. Then Maud pressed and held the fingers about the pencil with both hands, and so slowly that the minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H."

It was Wolf Larsen's last word, it was vital and invincible to the end. The arm and hand relaxed. The trunk of the body moved slightly. Then there was no movement. Maud



While I toiled at rigging the Fore-mast Maud Sewed on Canvas.

tion to be reestablished. He complained of great pain in his head, and it was during this period that he arranged a system of communication against the time when speech should leave him altogether—one pressure on the hand for "yes," two for "no."

It was well that it was arranged, for by evening his voice had gone from him. By hand pressures, after that, he answered our questions, and when he wanted to speak, he sprawled his thoughts with his left hand, quite legibly, on a sheet of paper.

The fierce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, and in spite of the bad weather, and the wind which especially hindered me, I was on deck from daylight till dark and made substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the sheers and then to the top of the foremast, which was just lifted conveniently from the deck. I attached the rigging, stays and sheet to peak hal yards. As usual I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task, and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was more to be done—the sails for instance, which practically had to be made over.

While I toiled at rigging the Fore-mast, Maud sewed on canvas, ready always to drop everything and come to my assistance when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she served with the regular weather, and with the three-cornered sail-head. Her hands were soon sadly blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and in addition doing the cooking and taking care of the sick man.

"A rag for superstition," I said on Friday morning. "That mast goes to town."

Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle, I went to the stop. Here I was especially awkward. I sawed and chopped and chiseled the weathered wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic beaver. But it fitted.

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"Can we make it work? Can we trust our lives to it?" is the test. "He is a favorite of yours," I said.

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