

CHAPTER: XVII-Continued.

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Then they were gone astern. The spritsail filled with the wind, suddonly, careening the frail open craft till it seemed it would surely capsize. A whitecap foamed above it and broke across in a snow-white smother. Then the boat emerged, half awanged. Leach flinging the water out and Johnson clinging to the steering-oar, his face white and anxious. Wolf Larsen language and the state of the st

ing wet the boat emerged, almost upon "Hard up, there!" Wolf Larsen shouted, himself springing to the wheel and whirling it over. Again the Ghost sprang away and raced before the wind, and for two hours Johnson and Leach pursed us. We hove to and run away, hove to any any property of the state of the st



'Good God, Sir, What Kind of a Craft

dollars a year."

With one accord, all eyes left the with one accord, all eyes left the that was all. For Johnson and Leach the travail of existence had ceased.

The men remained grouped antispine, No one was speaking. No were one with Jokes being exchanged. Eight man seemed stunned—deeply contemplative, as it were, and not quite sure, trying to realize just what had taken place. Wolf Larsen gave dues to the word of the state of the word of the state of the word of the state of the word of the

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

and as heavy and lifeless as were they. Not so was it with the hunters. Smoke

Not so was it with the hunters. Smoke the Irrepressible related a story, and they descended into the steerage, beliaving with laughter.

As I passed to lesward of the galley on my way aff, I was approached by the engineer we had rescued. His face was white, his lips were trembling. "Good God! sir, what kind of a craft is this?" be cried. "You have eyes, you have seen," I answered, almost brutally, what of the pain and fear at my own heart.

pain and fear at my own heart.
"Your promise?" I said to Wolf Lar-

sam and teef at my own heart.

"Your promise" I said to Wolf Laraen.

"I was not thinking of taking them
aboard when I made that promiso." he
answered. "And anyway, you'll agree
I've not isid my bands upon them."
"Far from it, far from it, "he laughed
a moment later.
I made no reply. I was incapable
of speaking, my mind was too confused. I must have time to think. I
knew. This woman, sleeping even
now in the spare cabin, was a responsibility which I must consider,
and the only rational thought that
flickered through my mind was that I
must do nothing hastily if I were to
be any help to her at all.

and the only rational thought that must do nothing hastily if I were to be any help to her at all.

The remainder of the day passes were depart, and the name from the engineer is all unwerentuity. Miss Brewster, we had be a passed to the control of the control

She regarded him with amazement unconcealed.

"I mean no offense, believe me. People cat, therefore they must procure the wherewithal. Those men here shoot seals in order to live; for the same reason I sail this schooner; and Mr. van Weyden. for the present at any rate, carns his sailty grub by assisting me. Now what do you do?"

"At present," she said, after elight pause, "I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year."

With one accord, all eyes left the plates and settled on her. A woman who earned eighteen hundred dollars a year was worth looking at. Wolf Larsen was undisguised in his admiration.

"Salary or plecework!" he asked.

"Plecework," she answered prompti-

suavely, "as to the nature of your occupation. What commodites do you
turn out? What tools and material do
you require?

"Paper and ink," she laughed. "And,
oht also a typewriter."

"You are Maud Brewster," I said
slowly and with certainty, almost as
though I were charging her with a
crime.

Her eyes litted curiously to mine.
"How do you know?"

"Aren't you! "Aren't you!"

"Aren't you!"

"Aren't you!"

"Aren't you!"

"The name and
for the first time in a weary while I
was convincingly conscious of a superiority over him.

"I remember writing a review of a
tinh little volume." I had begun
carolessly, when she interrupted me
"You!" she cried. "You are."

She was now staring at me in wide
eyed wonder.

I nodded my identity, in turn.

"Humphray Yan Weyden," she con"Humphray Yan Weyden," she con-

eyed wonder.

I nodded my identity, in turo.
"Humphrey Van Weyden," she concluded; then added with a sigh of relight and unaware that she had glanced
that relief at Wolf Larsen, "I am so
glad."

the popp and along the poop to the serious popular was his moved that can be great was his moved that can be great was his moved that can be great was his moved that can be greatly and fell. Nilson was standing at the wheel, and the cockmark was the greatly and the cockmark was the greatly and the greatly greatly and the greatly gre



He Was Carried Aft and Flung Into the Sea.

beside me. It was her first time on deck since she had come aboard. A dead silence greeted her appearance. Her eyes lighted on Oofty-Oofty, immediately before her, his body instinct with alertness and grace as held the turn of the rope.

"Are you fishing?" sho asked him. He made no reply. His eyes, fixed intently on the sea setera, suddenly fixed the company of the sea setera, suddenly fixed the season of the season of

Bashed.
"Shark ho, sir!" he cried.
"Heave in! Lively! All hands will on!" Wolt Larsen shouted, springing himself to the rope in advance of twe quickest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIMBERING MINES IS COSTLY

Owners Compelled to Put Millions of Dollars Underground Every Year of Operation.

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Nearly 30,000,000 cubic feet of time ber are placed in the anthractic mines of Pennsylvania every year, if an estimate in the Colliery Engineer, lately acquired by Coal Age, that the amount of timber in anthractic mines is approximately one cubic foot for every ton of coal mined, is correct. The timbered gangways and drifts cover a vast extent, exceeding 7,000 miles, and the closely timbered hantles with their miles of heavy guide miles heavy guide miles heavy guide miles heavy guide miles of heavy guide miles heavy guide mi

Varied Uses for Wide Ribbons



Besides playing an important part I in the property of the playing and hew lingerie, ribbons, in obedience to fashion's call, the property of the playing and hew lingerie, ribbons, in obedience to fashion's call, the mother. It is a simple matter to make them, and plain soft satin ribbons are the property of the prop

New Models in Nightgowns



miles of cheavy guide timbers which with a many through the order of the constantly replaced, form as the old not three the constantly replaced, form as the coal problem of the coal problem of the coal problem of the coal problem of the coal pr