

The DEEP SEA PERIL

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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MASTERMAN'S LIFELONG ENEMY APPEARS AND THE FORMER IS SEIZED WITH A FATAL APOPLECTIC STROKE.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of the F-55, a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

"I know it, my boy," the captain answered. "I've been called crazy ever since I saw the sea serpent off Aberdeen. I have to thank MacBeard for that. Ever since he learned that I was on the track of something big, he has been trying to queer me. And when I discovered mammalian life on the sea floor, I was called an impostor, which hurt more. But as I see it, lieutenant, a man can only be true to himself, and I stand for truth and fair play, moderation and courteous dealings, not mudslinging and invective, and calling names, like that pigeon-brained, pot-faced porcupine, MacBeard."

"But at least you won't mention these matters to people who—haven't open minds," pleaded Donald. "No, sir. I wash my hands of them all. That's why I have told you about this. But if you don't listen, if you don't warn the world—"

"It!" exclaimed Donald. "Good Lord, Masterman, you can't suppose that I am able to stake my professional career upon the retelling of such a story! Even supposing it true, the thing won't happen in our time. Why should a world epoch terminate in this particular generation and another begin?"

Masterman leaped out of his chair and stood beside the lieutenant. He twined his fingers convulsively in his long beard, and there was a look of fanaticism upon his face.

"Because it has already terminated and begun," he shouted. "Because I have felt them!"

"Seen them, you mean?"

"Felt them, sir! Ocean men. Monsters, between the Shetlands and the Feroes, just where the continental shelf rises to a hundred feet—feet, sir, not fathoms—and then sinks to the uttermost abysses of the sea. A natural ladder, sir, a mountain path up to the world. And if you won't tell the world—"

He broke off and stared at the door leading into the passage from which they had entered the cardroom. A man was standing there. He was perhaps fifty years of age, short, rather chubby, his round face covered with a sparse, prickly growth of hair. His figure was rotund, and like many short, round men with sparse beards, he had an appearance of pompous dignity.

Somehow Donald imagined that he had been behind the door for a long time, and that his entrance had been prompted by curiosity so uncontrollable that it overcame all sense of shame or fear of discovery.

"MacBeard!" ejaculated the captain quickly. "Donald, my lad—Donald!" He stopped and looked at Donald in a dazed way. He put his hands to his head, a look of bewilderment succeeded that of anger, and he sat down again heavily. His features were suffused with blood.

Donald sprang toward him.

"Captain Masterman! Are you ill?" he cried, shaking the old man by the shoulder.

MacBeard came into the room and stood beside him, looking down at the captain. Donald was conscious, even in that moment, of a strong personal antagonism toward this man.

"I am afraid he has had a seizure," said MacBeard.

Capt. Jonathan Roderick Masterman looked into the lieutenant's face with an expression of pathetic helplessness, smiled, sighed very deeply, stretched out his legs, and died.

CHAPTER III.

The House in Baltimore.

Life was extinct, and the doctor who was hastily summoned could only confirm what all perceived. He gave it as his opinion that heart disease was the cause of death, and stated that there would be no need of an inquest.

"Was he excited just before his seizure?" he inquired of Donald.

"Yes," answered the lieutenant. "He was worked up about a theory of his own."

The doctor nodded. "A very happy death," he said. "He didn't suffer. I suppose you know where his relatives are to be found?"

Donald was entirely ignorant. The little group that had gathered about the body, their own theories temporarily laid aside, were equally in ignorance. Nobody was much interested in anyone else at the Inventors' club.

Then Professor MacBeard stepped forward.

"I had some acquaintance with Captain Masterman," he said. "In fact, we were strong friends, although our views were divergent upon certain subjects. I shall be happy to see to the interment and to take charge of any papers that my old colleague may have left, pending the appointment of an official trustee."

Lieutenant Paget was convinced that MacBeard was lying. Why, it was hardly ten minutes since Masterman had denounced him in his characteristically unmeasured terms! And at that moment, apparently by coincidence, but doubtless on account of a slight jar to the couch on which the body had been laid, a bulky envelope fell out of the dead man's pocket.

MacBeard stooped hastily and was about to transfer it to his own when Donald intervened.

"Excuse me, but is that not addressed to me?" he asked. "My name is Paget—Lieutenant Paget."

He was sure that he had seen his name upon the envelope, and it occurred to him that this must be the document about which Masterman had spoken. Donald felt greatly touched to think that Captain Masterman had had him in his crazy mind, even before their accidental meeting, out of all his acquaintances.

MacBeard had placed his hand over the envelope, as if to hide the address; but, seeing that it was impossible to deny Donald's assertion, he replied:

"I suppose that you are the man you claim to be, and can prove it? A good many persons are anxious to profit by Captain Masterman's discoveries."

The insolent challenge, and the sneering tone awakened Donald's anger. He grasped the professor by the wrist which held the letter.

"I am not accustomed to having my identity questioned," he answered. "You'll hand over that envelope, and



A Man Was Standing There.

afterward I will submit my proofs to whoever is qualified to receive them—and you can do the same."

MacBeard's hand opened and Donald took out the envelope.

"Why, my dear sir," said the professor with an embarrassed laugh. "I really had no intention of withholding anything that is legitimately yours. I assure you, nor of questioning your good faith. I was a little startled at the moment. Perhaps, as mutual friends of the late Captain Masterman, we may take care of his interests jointly."

As Donald made no reply of any nature, MacBeard turned to the physician, and had soon completed the arrangements for the removal of the body. Then he went to the clerk's desk.

He held the envelope in his hand still, and he was about to place it in his pocket when his glance fell upon a sentence of the manuscript within. Donald drew it forth and read:

In the event of your hearing of my sudden death you must not delay a moment, but go to my house at 166 street Baltimore. Above all, beware of MacBeard. He is an enemy of the human race. So much I have learned, but—

Donald thrust the loose sheet into his trousers pocket and replaced the envelope, containing the rest of the manuscript, in the inner pocket of his coat just as MacBeard returned.

He would go to the house in Baltimore, and see what there was to be

done. He knew Masterman had lived there alone for years, in the intervals between his voyages.

MacBeard came up to Donald with a smile of affected friendliness.

"I understand that there is no record of our friend's address," he said. "Poor Masterman was a very retiring man. No doubt we shall learn from his friends in a day or two. I will have an announcement published, and have arranged for the funeral to be held from Byam's undertaking establishment the day after tomorrow at noon. Is there anything further to be done?"

"I hardly think so," answered Donald.

"Then if you can look in here tomorrow at eleven, we may talk matters over. And now permit me to wish you good evening," said the professor cordially.

Donald took the proffered hand and felt a sense of disgust at the touch of the limp fingers. He strode out of the club and took a taxicab to the station.

The Baltimore train was just about to leave. Late that night Lieutenant Paget found the captain's house. It proved to be in a little old-fashioned thoroughfare flanked by neat two-story houses. Each had a tiny back garden surrounded by a high wall. There was about it an atmosphere, if not of mystery, at any rate of the retirement common to such backwaters in the roaring streams of city life.

The captain's was the last house in the street. It stood a little farther back than the rest, and was turned slightly askew, facing them obliquely, as though it knew itself to be out of place and was watching its neighbors apprehensively over its shoulder.

There was no light behind any of the drawn shades. A small dome on a flat roof seemed to contain a telescope.

Donald climbed a fence, walked round to the back, and went up the weed-grown path. The grass had not been moved since it sprouted in spring; the garden was unkempt and ragged. Donald felt sure that there was nobody within.

As he trod the flags of the garden walk, he fancied he heard the footsteps of a man in the street, following him. He stopped and listened, but now no sound was to be heard. He peered back into the darkness, but saw nobody. Doubtless it was a hallucination—it was a pince of echoes and hauntings. And it seemed singularly appropriate for old Masterman to have had his lonely residence here, matching his lonely life.

As Donald had anticipated, the front door was locked, and the window of the living room was apparently nailed up. He traversed the narrow path that led to the back of the house. To his surprise, the kitchen window was open.

Then it occurred to him that Masterman had, of course, gone directly home on his return from his last earthly voyage. He swung himself across the window sill and dropped to the kitchen floor. He lit a match and found the gas.

The yellow flare disclosed a very ordinary kitchen. Masterman's coat hung on a nail beside the window, and he had been cooking porridge upon the range. Donald went through into a room at the back of the house, which had apparently been built out at a date subsequent to the completion of the structure in its original form.

He stopped short at the threshold, hearing the "swish, swish" of water.

It was not falling water, but a gentle and continuous rippling. It occurred to him that it was, on a smaller scale, the sound that a seal makes in the course of its ceaseless peregrinations around its tank.

There was a palm tree in a huge pot on either side of what looked like an enormous goldfish bowl. Behind this was a second bowl, even larger. In the middle of the room was a complicated apparatus resembling a retort. He saw a chandelier close to the wall.

Donald lit three gas-jets.

The light flickered and sputtered as the air rushed out. Then, when it had grown steady, Donald saw that a sort of photographic lens was attached to a box in front of the apparatus, directed toward the great tank between the palms.

Approaching, he perceived that the top of the tank was covered with glass. A slender tube of the same material entered the water from above, where it was supported upon an arm extended from a wall. There was a connection between the tube and another which ran upward from the top of the retort.

Presently Donald caught sight of a barometer attached to the front of the mechanism. Now he began to understand. The object in the tank, whatever it was, was under a pressure of a number of atmospheres.

He approached the tank and walked round it, peering into it from every side. He saw the ripples on the water, and there was a faint sound as of a fin brushed against the glass. But he could see nothing in the nature of a living thing.

Lieutenant Paget sees a specimen of the strange race which Masterman has described.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Generosity.
Jeweler—"For cash, madam, I give 5 per cent discount." Customer (airily)—"Oh, charge it. I've no desire to reduce your profit."

Fee to Waste.
"Are you a tramp?" "No, mum, I'm a food conserver. Have you got any old food you don't want wasted?"

DANGEROUS CALOMEL IS SELDOM SOLD NOW

Calomel Salivates! It Makes You Sick and You Lose a Day's Work—Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Better Than Calomel and Is Harmless for Men, Women, Children—Read Guarantee!

Every druggist here, yes! your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling-off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it while Dodson's Liver Tone is safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist. A large family-sized bottle costs only 50 cents and if you find it doesn't take the place of dangerous, salivating calomel you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night, and wake up feeling fine, no sick headache, biliousness, ague,

sour stomach or clogged bowels. Dodson's Liver Tone doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all next day like calomel.

Take a dose of calomel tonight and tomorrow you will feel sick, weak and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work!

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up with your head clear, your liver active, bowels clean, breath sweet and stomach regulated. You will feel cheerful and full of vigor and ready for a hard day's work.

You can eat anything afterwards without risk of salivating yourself or your children.

Get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and try it on my guarantee. You'll never again put a dose of nasty, dangerous calomel into your stomach. Adv.

SERUM FOR RAT-BITE FEVER

Japanese Physicians Declare Cure Is Obtained From Veins of Persons Who Have Recovered.

A group of eminent Japanese doctors has been busy studying rat-bite fever ever since Futaki, Ishiura and their associates reported two years ago the discovery of the microbe that causes it. This is a spirochete, so-called because its form is spiral or zig-zag. Several types of this spirochete were found in men who had been bitten by rats, and in guinea pigs that had been experimentally inoculated. These were identified by Futaki as in all probability identical.

Doctors Renjro, Kaneko and Kikuzo Okuda of the Imperial university in Kyushu, Fukuoka, Japan, contribute to the Journal of Experimental Medicine a confirmation of Futaki's belief; Doctor Rokichi Inada contributes a description of the disease; Doctors Yutaka Ido, Rokuto Holt, Hiroshi Ito and Hidetsune Wani describe experiments that prove the rat to be the common carrier of the spirochete tetraerhombica, as the microbe of the disease is called; and Doctors Yutaka Ido, Hiroshi Ito, Hidetsune Wani and Kikuzo Okuda discuss the possibility of producing immunity.

The latter go into details of their experiments and come to the conclusion that the "serum of persons who have recovered from rat-bite fever contains an immune body which destroys the spirochetes of that disease."

The importance of these articles lies in the final proof that this spirochete is the cause of the fever, that rats are the carriers, and that the disease can be cured.

Minimum of Waste.

"No waste, now, ma; no waste. We all gotta help."

"You attend to your own business," snapped ma, with some acerbity. "The only things I throw away are tea leaves and egg shells."

The man who borrows trouble is generally pretty good about paying it back.

Willing to Participate.

Willard was napping when his young brother came and begged him to play train. With unusual indulgence he said, "All right, I'll be the sleeping car," and continued his rest.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

No Other Place Would Do.

A dentist, who had been made nervous by frequent burglaries in his vicinity, was somewhat startled recently by having a man come regularly at the same hour every evening and sit on his doorstep. He finally suggested that, if it would be all the same to him, he would be pleased to have him divide his attention and sit on some neighbor's doorstep for a while.

"But it wouldn't be the same," shouted the visitor, "nor anything like it. You are a dentist, and I have an aching tooth that I haven't the courage to have pulled out. I come here every afternoon trying to make up my mind to have it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching, but when I sit on your doorstep, and the confounded thing knows it can be pulled out if it gives me trouble, I have some rest."

Being Just to Husband.

Mollie had very pronounced ideas regarding the rights and wrongs of her sex.

"Don't you think, Sallie," she asked one day of her dearest friend, "that a woman should get a man's pay?"

"Well," replied Sallie, after a moment of deliberation, "I think she should let him have car fares and lunches out of it."—Youth's Companion.

Happy Thoughts.

"What was uppermost in your mind the first time you went 'over the top'?"

"I seemed to hear someone saying, 'Doesn't he look natural?'"

Over the Fence and Out.

At the Gibson county fair at Princeton there are places where the fences must be guarded to keep boys and others from swarming over and in, says the Indianapolis News. This year one of the amateur policemen appointed for a long strip of fence sat down in the shade and fell asleep. Ben Murphy, president of the association, chanced to see a long, gangling youth climb the fence there. "You'll have to pay or get out," he told the youth. "Got no money; guess I'll get out," was the response. "No, on second thought," said Murphy, "I'll let you stay in on condition. You go wake that policeman and tell him you climbed in over the fence."

"Shucks, then he'll throw me out."

"Try it, anyway," said the president; you'll get to stay."

Long Boy did as bidden. "I climbed over the fence," he told the aroused watchman.

"What!" exclaimed that individual. "Then right out you go."

He dragged the youth toward a gate, but the youngster yelled lustily to Mr. Murphy and he came up.

"I'm putting this hoodlum out," explained the policeman; "he climbed the fence."

"He said he did," snapped back the association head, "but I told him to stay and have appointed him to keep you awake. Turn him loose."

Long Boy saw the fair, but no more of his kind got over the fence that day.

Fastidious Eater.

"Alas!" said the drummer at the dinner table, "kindly look closely and you will observe four flies swimming about in my coffee."

"Too true," replied the gentle waitress of Huckabuck tavern. "It is indeed unfortunate, sir, but if you will let the cup set, or sit, as the case may be, for a few minutes the insects will drown and then sink to the bottom, and you will soon forget all about them. How ischavezay-eggs?"—Judge.

Practice doesn't always make perfect, but it makes some lawyers and doctors wealthy.

Eat More Corn!

When you eat corn instead of wheat you are saving for the boys in France.

Corn is an admirable cool weather food.

Whether or not you like corn bread, corn muffins, "Johnny Cake", or corn pone, you are sure to like

Post Toasties

The newest wrinkle in corn foods—crisp, bubbled flakes of white corn—a substantial food dish with an alluring smack—and costs but a trifle.

Make Post Toasties Your War Cereal