

**The Deep Sea Peril**  
By VICTOR ROUSSEAU  
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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Donald turned and began skirting the crinoid bed. The sea devil had disappeared. The water was like a thin, unstable jelly. As they made their way along the bottom of the sea, the fleshy lily arms reached out toward them like children's plucking fingers. At last the bed of crinoids ended. They trod on firmer ground. Their pace became accelerated.

He had lost all sense of time. He did not know whether he had journeyed one hour or three. He halted because there seemed nothing to do. Then he began to lead the way back between the two crinoid beds, with the intention of reaching the clear ground near the entrance to the cave.

There, there might be a chance of picking up Davies and Clouts; or, at least, it might be possible from there to return to the submarine with Ida to replenish their oxygen reservoirs. These still seemed ample, but it was impossible to determine how much oxygen remained.

They threaded the mazes of the winding path between the beds, while from either side the fleshy arms stretched out to grapple them. The touch of them was like fiery velvet. The suction of the branches made them cling, and Donald had to exercise all his might to break away. Sometimes their ankles became entangled and they would stumble. Always the arms had formed a network above their heads before they could regain their feet, and these had to be broken.

Under their feet the ooze was white with the skeletons of small fish which the lilies had rejected after devouring the substance that covered them.

At length the crinoid beds ended abruptly. They rested on the bottom, seating themselves side by side. Donald felt confident that he could find the submarine. But the delay was sweet, because the disappointment in store for them might prove unbearable. Death or a little life would be the alternative, and the difference was hardly perceptible.

Donald raised Ida's hand to his glass mask and pressed the fingers against it.

She let her hand fall carelessly upon his shoulders. She rose to her feet, and he followed her. They looked into each other's eyes, and, though they could read nothing there, some message of hope seemed to pass.

They plunged together into the sea of jelly again. It clung to them, as if it, too, sought to suck them down. The light of the electric lamps was growing obscure. They wandered blindly, struggling in a medium that was almost impervious.

Donald began to realize that the action of the caustic alkali within the metallic chamber was becoming exhausted. He was beginning to choke. His breath came in deep sighs, and he gulped in the thickening atmosphere.

Their steps grew slower. Ida could hardly raise her feet. Once she stumbled and fell, picked herself up, and started beside Donald again; then she sank down exhausted. She could not go farther.

Death, horrible in form, awaited them. It was becoming imminent. Donald was growing delirious, and in fancy he was strolling with Ida through meadows, plucking flowers. They were to be married on the morrow, and he was going to get leave of absence to take her away. Where should they spend their honeymoon? Off the coast of the Shetlands. Why, he had been there once, long before—

All the while he was aware that he was lying on the bed of the sea, but his personality seemed divided, and while one part of him walked in those Elysian fields beside his sweetheart, the other suffered and choked and pleaded impotently with a blind fate for aid—not for his life's sake, but for Ida's.

The girl's hand was unresponsive in his own. Perhaps she was dead already. Donald chafed it, but was hardly able to distinguish it in that jellylike environment, which was thickening perceptibly now.

The fingers were limp and cold. They were both numbed from the exposure—and Ida was dead. He would follow her, then.

Slowly and with deliberation he unfastened the copper cylinder from about his body. At once the little electric light went out. It had grown so dim that only then did Donald remember that it had been burning.

He unbuckled the headpiece and took off the mask of glass. He flung it from him. A moment he held his breath as he felt the cool water-jelly upon his face. Then, very resolutely, he drew in his breath.

CHAPTER X.

The Cave of the Idol.  
A cry of amazement burst from his lips. He was breathing air—air at the bottom of the sea!

It was surcharged with oxygen. It invigorated him. He felt the thrill

of renewed life in his body, he felt his shrunken arteries tingle as his heart pumped the new, richened blood through them.

It seemed unbelievable. At first he thought that he had died, and that this was the soul's awakening.

Then, with quick fingers, he unfastened Ida's body-piece and tore the mask from its fastenings. He heard her sigh.

She sighed and stirred and sat up on the ocean bed.

"Donald!" she murmured. "I thought—I thought you were dead. Where are we?"

"I don't know," he answered, in absolute bewilderment.

At that moment he heard the mellow, gonglike sound that they had heard aboard the F55.

And slowly, as if in answer to the call, the jellylike medium that surrounded them began to drift away, to be hung up, as if it were a curtain, and before their astonished gaze there evolved the strangest stage setting that could ever have been conceived.

First there came into view the submarine, occupying, as it were, the center of this stage, her bow sunk in the ooze, her stern still lower. They had been lying within a hundred paces of her.

Next appeared the sloping edges of the crater, seen, not through water but through clear air, with a border of yellow crinoids, ceaselessly stirring, as though a breeze ruffled them. Then there began to be visible, in the flanks of the mountain, structures, apparently of hardened mud, taking the shape of fantastic temples, with pillars and doorways with low lintels, a submerged city of cliff dwellers, and yet each identical with its neighbors, so that they seemed to have been fashioned with the same unchanging precision as the cells of the bees.

And the whole crater swarmed with the sea-monsters, no longer invisible, but outlined in phosphorescent fire.

And, standing in front of Donald and Ida, his features clearly visible through the glass of his own diving mask, surveying them with a cool, dispassionate gaze, was Ira MacBeard!

As they stared at him, he raised his hand and struck something suspended from his neck, giving out the mellow sound which they had heard before. Immediately he disappeared from view in the midst of a swarm of the monsters, which, surrounding Donald and the girl, began to push them toward the cavern in the mountain side.

The push was gradual, and apparently the result of some natural quality not known on land. There was no sense of muscular movement. It



"Look!" Exclaimed Donald.

seemed to be momentum devoid of the accompanying factor of speed. Irresistibly, and yet quietly, the two were pushed toward the entrance in the flank of the island.

In vain Donald resisted. In vain he tried to force a path toward the submarine, dashing his fists against the bodies of the monsters. He made not the least impression upon those half-spherical forms.

A sea-man under water and one in the air had very different powers of resistance. He might as well have fought an army of animated feather-beds.

Slowly, without strain or attack, he felt himself being forced forward. He was held tightly on every side, except for the narrow gap that opened in front of him. He was forced to devote himself to supporting Ida.

On every side the globular, translucent, phosphorescent forms seemed to crowd in on him, leaving only a tiny way in the direction of one of the mud-pillared entrances. Yet, even thus, Donald had the impression of some unconscious force that animated these monsters; it seemed like the scouting expedition of a colony of red ants, returning with its booty. He could sense no conscious impulse in the sea monsters.

His pace became accelerated, and suddenly, swept off their feet, Donald and Ida found themselves within a huge cavern, faintly illumined by phosphorescence, and roofed with the same cloudy substance that they had seen upon the ocean bed without.

The monsters left them. The two stood there together, still in bewilderment. But they were not alone, for, with a shout, Davies emerged from the dim recess, and ran toward them, followed by Clouts. Their cylinders and headgear had been removed. The four stared at one another in incredulous joy.

"They nabbed us the moment we left the air-lock," cried Davies, grabbing the lieutenant by the hand and

forgetting his discipline for the first time. "And Clouts, too. They sort of edged us in here. We were afraid you were dead."

"They gave us a little longer respite," answered Donald. "Davies, am I mad or dreaming, or are we breathing under water?"

"If you're dreaming, then Clouts and I are too," said the little middy. "Hello! There Clouts goes again! I've tried to keep him resigned, but he gets frantic occasionally."

With a sudden howl that seemed to rise from the depths of an outraged nature, Clouts, lowering his head, rushed like a battering ram into the doorway. The watchers saw him recoil as if he had butted a feather bed. He looked up, rubbed his head in perplexity, and then, retiring a few paces, repeated his experiment more furiously than before.

Again he was hurled back, as a ball rebounds from the cushion of a billiard table. The monsters' bodies blocked the entrance as effectively as if they were of rubber.

Slowly Sam Clouts withdrew, looking back with a puzzled expression. Meanwhile the three glanced about.

They were in a huge natural cave, in which the sea monsters had evidently been at work, for the interior was coated with mud, hardened in some peculiar manner to resist the water. And yet Donald had the same impression of a beehive. There was something of sameness everywhere, the same sense of automatism.

It was quite bare, except at one end, where arose a mud mound, decorated with seashells, and upon this was what looked like the upright skeleton of a small mammal.

"Look!" exclaimed Donald. "It came from—from behind the curtain!" said Davies in awe. "Something keeps rolling back . . . ?"

They looked at each other, still unconvinced that they were awake and alive. Then they went toward the object at the end.

Sam Clouts, who had preceded them, fell back with an exclamation of horror.

"Yes, Clouts?" said Donald. "I beg your pardon, sir, but don't you see that it's meant to be a person, sir?"

He spoke the truth. The figure was a rough pile of bones, but high above them a grinning human face, made of the same plastered mud, looked down. It was the first sign of conscious process among the monsters, and some devil craftsman had contrived to catch, not so much the form as the humanness of it.

It was upon a larger scale, precisely such a figure as a child or a savage might have made in its first efforts to reproduce the human figure. There were even the drawings of art in the shape of whales' ear-bones, string, braceletlike, across the breast.

The mound beneath the figure consisted of innumerable bones, a sort of kitchen midden such as Neolithic man left behind him as a testimony to his oyster feasts.

Davies picked up one of the bones and looked at it intently. "Donald!" he said softly, not to attract the attention of Ida, who, seated on the floor against the mound, seemed on the point of falling asleep from weariness. "He held out the bone."

Both looked at it. It was the bone of a flipper heel. The monsters were cannibal, beyond any doubt.

"Davies!" cried Donald, a moment later. "Don't you see what that figure is? It's an idol. And the bones are those of creatures of their own species, and others, sacrificed to it by the monsters in their abominable feasts. It's the first drawings of self-consciousness, the awakening of the religious perceptions!"

There could be no other interpretation. They looked at each other in horror and something of awe.

The thing had been fashioned, perhaps, after an ideal never seen, or perchance some forgotten ancestor, cast up on an inhabited shore, had seen man and returned, to embody him in his remembered guise.

So these half-blind and voiceless devils of the sea were groping slowly upward, as our ancestors had done many a hundred thousand years ago, toward hope and endeavor. The Spirit of God stirred in the dull souls of these cannibal monsters, as everywhere.

Donald felt somehow humbly elated at the thought. Even here they were not cut off from the sheltering hand of Providence.

"Look, sir!" Clouts exclaimed suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Picked Up a Living.

Sir John Kirk, who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of work in connection with the Ragged School union, tells an amusing anecdote of how he once questioned a London walf whom he had befriended as to his method of earning a living.

The young fellow's reply was typical of the London street arab.

"Well, guv'nor," he said, "it's like this, I picks strawberries in the summer, I picks 'ops in the autumn. In the winter I picks pockets, and, as a rule, I'm pickin' oakum for the rest of the year."

Manifold Uses for Cotton.

In calling attention to the manifold uses for cotton, cotton seed and cottonseed oil, the Boston Herald mentions the following products: Photographic films, automobile windows, buttons "ivory," artificial silk, combs, knife handles, trunks, book bindings, shoes furniture, headwear, handbags, lacé soap, butterine, paints, rubber, gun cotton and smokeless powder used in explosives.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE, Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 2

NEHEMIAH BUILDS THE WALL OF JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 4:7-21. GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is my Helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—Hebrews 13:6.

The lesson of November 18 spoke of Nehemiah journeying to Jerusalem. After his arrival he spent three days in looking over the work; then he told the priests and other leaders his plans. Enthusiasm was awakened, all classes were aroused, the work of the building of the wall of the city was apportioned among the people, and soon half of the wall was completed "for the people had a mind to work."

I. The Wrath of the Enemy, vv. 7-9. The progress of the work kept up the anger of Sanballat the Horonite and his friends who formed an alliance to hinder the wall being built (vv. 7, 8). When God begins to work through his people, Satan is aroused and tries to interfere. It is no sign that a Christian is out of the will of God when opposition is felt. The enemy will always be on hand to try to hinder whenever a real work for God is going forward. Dead formal Christianity runs smoothly and with deadly monotony and Satan lets it alone, but as soon as some results of real work are seen, opposition is at once felt. Thus it was when God sent his Son into the world, and so it has been in every movement for God in the church, and so it will be in the individual Christian life. For the next verse (9) we would almost think that Nehemiah had heard our Lord's injunction to "watch and pray." Many do much watching and fall; many do much praying and fall; but none ever turns to watching and praying without finding victory. Prayer alone means sloth; watching alone means pride; but watching and praying victory.

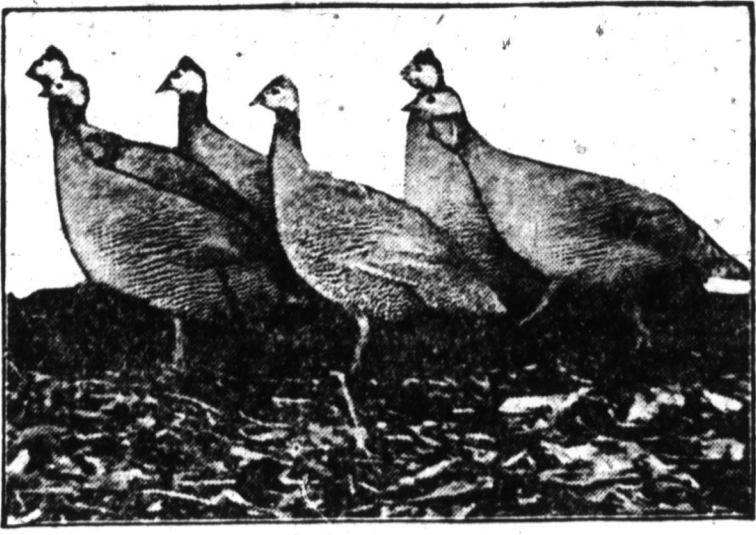
II. Internal Opposition, vv. 10-14. Sanballat and his friends were not the only ones Nehemiah had to contend with. Among those that worked on the wall were some shirkers and grumblers. They had become discouraged in the work and began to say they could never complete it (v. 10). If Satan fails to hinder the work from the outside, he will attempt to create dissatisfaction on the inside. Internal confusion of the church is more to be dreaded than open opposition from a known enemy. Dissension and confusion in the church can usually be traced to workers becoming discouraged. The plot of the enemy to make a surprise attack was discovered by the Jews who lived outside the city. They reported it not once, but ten times, with the suggestion that the work on the wall be stopped, and safety sought by leaving the city altogether (vv. 11, 12). When the enemy's open opposition fails and discouragement has been tried, an attempt is made to bring fear upon the workers. But the Bible is full of exhortations for Christians to "fear not." Could these workers on the walls of Jerusalem have seen the unseen, it would have made little difference to them whether the enemies were numbered by tens or thousands, and could Christians today realize that God is for them, all opposition would be as nothing. (1 Cor. 10:13; Rom. 8:31; Phil. 4:13). Nehemiah at once proceeded to allay the fears (13, 14). Armed forces were arranged about the walls to guard against the reported surprise attack. The warriors were placed so that in the event of battle they would be protecting their own particular families. Then Nehemiah made a short speech of encouragement to the people, the heart of which was "Remember, the Lord which is great and terrible." Remembering him would drive the fear away. They who are on the Lord's side are already victors even before the battle has begun. Someone said to a great general before a certain battle began: "I hope the Lord is on our side." The reply was: "I trust we are on the Lord's side." When this is true, there need be no fear whether the enemies be few or many. Nehemiah then exhorted them to fight for their families and their homes. This two-fold secret of the victory is presented to us over and over in this book of Nehemiah, and nowhere is so prominent as in this lesson. Victory for the Christian depends on two things: We must trust in the Lord as though all depended on him, and we must work and fight as though all depended on us. This is the secret of the success of Nehemiah.

Bright for Him.  
She—Brother Jack lost at cards last night.  
He—Oh, well, every misfortune has its bright side.  
She—I'd like to know the bright side of that?  
He—I won it.

Enterprising.

"That man who runs that store has got the right idea, all right."  
"How so?"  
"He advertises: 'Bagpipes and musical instruments.'"

RAISING GUINEA FOWLS IS PROFITABLE



GUINEA FOWLS STEADILY INCREASING IN DEMAND.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Guinea fowls, which have suffered unpopularity with farmers because of pronounced propensities for noise-making during the sleeping hours of humans, are likely to rise above this objection in view of the steadily increasing demand for their delicious flesh, in the opinion of a poultry specialist of the United States department of agriculture. With Eastern markets offering 75 cents to \$1.50 a pair for these fowls, guinea-fowl raising now is a profitable side line on Eastern farms, and many offer opportunities to the commercial poultryman in a few cases. In Farmers' Bulletin 858, "The Guinea Fowl," the specialist discusses the guinea business from the starting of a flock to marketing the produce, which is largely the meat.

Demand is Increasing.

The increasing demand for guinea fowls, the specialist says, comes from hotels and restaurants in the large cities, which are always eager to buy prime young stock. These they particularly like to use as a delicacy in banquets and club dinners, guineas being a good substitute for game birds such as grouse, partridge, quail, and pheasant. The present supply comes largely from small farm flocks of 10 to 25 fowls. Such flocks require little care and expense to raise; consequently the marketing price is largely profit.

And as for that undesirable cry of the guinea fowl, the department specialist admits that this is a rather objectionable habit, but declares that it might often be listed as an asset. It gives warning of marauders in the poultry yard and also, backed by a pugnacious disposition, constitutes an effective show of fight against hawks and other enemies. In fact, says the poultryman, some farmers raise a few guinea fowls with their turkeys and allow them to roost together so that a warning will be given if any theft is attempted during the night.

Develop Private Trade.

Guinea fowl raisers who are near the large Eastern markets or who have developed a trade among private customers are now receiving prices that make this industry very profitable. One poultryman near a New England summer resort has raised as many as 400 guinea fowls in one season, selling them in August when they weighed about one pound each at \$1.25 a pair. Wholesale prices in New York usually range from 75 cents to \$1 a pair for dressed spring guineas weighing two pounds to the pair, and from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a pair for those weighing three to four pounds to the pair. Old guinea fowls are not wanted and seldom bring more than 50 or 60 cents a pair.

Of the three varieties of guinea fowl—pearl, white and lavender—pearl is by far the most popular. It has a purplish gray plumage regularly dotted or "bearded" with white and is so handsome that frequently the feathers are used for ornamental purposes. Breeding stock of the various varieties usually sells for \$2 to \$3.50 a pair, or from \$3 to \$5 a trio. Eggs from purebred birds for hatching can be obtained for 75 cents to \$1 for 15. During the last few years a limited market for guinea eggs has developed among commercial hatcheries which have an outlet for a few day-old guinea chicks along with their ordinary chicks, ducklings, goslings, and turkey poults. While guineas can be kept in the best condition upon free range, they can be confined if necessary and satisfactory results obtained.

Marketing Guinea Fowls.

The marketing season for guinea fowls is during the latter part of the summer and throughout the fall. At this time the demand in the city markets is for young birds weighing from one to two pounds each. At about two and one-half months of age guineas weigh from one to one and one-half pounds, and at this size they begin reaching the markets in August. As the season advances the demand is for heavier birds.

The usual practice in marketing game birds is to place them on the market unplucked, and in most markets guinea fowls are sold in this way. They are more attractive with the feathers on and sell more readily. When dressed the small size and dark color of the guinea are likely to prejudice the prospective customer, who may be unfamiliar with the bird's excellent eating qualities. For hotel and restaurant trade, however, guinea fowls should be dressed in the same way as common fowls. Before shipping any birds to a market it is advisable to inquire of the dealer to whom they are

to be shipped whether the feathers should be removed.

Removing Feathers.

If the guinea fowls are to be marketed with the feathers on, all that should be done is to bleed them by severing the vein in the roof of the mouth, allowing them to hang head downward until bleeding is complete. If the feathers are to be removed, this should be done by dry picking. The vein in the roof of the mouth is severed first, to insure thorough bleeding, and the knife then thrust through the groove in the roof of the mouth into the brain. When the brain is pierced the feathers are loosened by a convulsive movement of the muscles and can be removed easily.

INCREASE OF POULTRY URGED

Demand Can Be Met Most Effectively by Introduction of Better Stock and Methods.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An appeal to poultry raisers to increase their production of poultry, meat, and eggs has been issued by the American Association of Instructors and Investigators in Poultry Husbandry, which met recently at Amherst, Mass. These poultry experts, in a resolution, state that there will be an unprecedented demand for breeding stock and poultry products, which can be met most effectively by the introduction of approved methods and better stock and management in each flock.

The association urges particular owners of flocks not to sacrifice valuable chickens simply because feed has become abnormally high in price. They point out that such a practice will tend to reduce the supply of breeding stock and lead to serious reduction in output.

The members of the association, who are the experts in poultry husbandry from the several state agricultural colleges and the United States department of agriculture, stand ready to help all poultry producers to get maximum results.

SEE TO REPAIRS IN AUTUMN

Get After Leaks and Cracks Before Cold Weather Sets In—Damage is Worst Enemy.

Nothing is much more dismal than a leaky hen house on a rainy day; the hens huddle in the light spots; the drip, drip of the rain splashes and spreads; the indescribable smell of the damp droppings permeates the air. After a few days of such weather comes the sickly smell of rot, and the thought of getting eggs for eating from such a place is anything but appetizing. Dampness quicker than cold will rob chickens of their "pep."

Get after leaks before the weather turns too cold. Make the house warm without being "close." Remove droppings and scum ground from a dirt-floored house, and scatter well-slaked lime in the damp places. Be sure that no lumps of lime remain. When the house is patched, the windows cleaned, and the floor renewed, the chickens become more alert; cheerfulness accompanies the busy scratching to which the hens betake themselves—always provided they have neither lice by day nor mites by night.

IT PAYS TO FATTEN POULTRY

Agricultural Department of Oxford Academy Makes Handsome Profit on Small Flock.

It pays handsomely to fatten poultry before killing. Last fall the agricultural department of Oxford academy, New York, bought a few small chickens for 57 cents each, fed them 18 cents worth of milk and mash and sold them three weeks later for \$1.19 each—a gain of 62 cents. They gained one pound four ounces each, or 35 per cent, at a cost of 14 cents per each pound of gain.

WOMEN MAKING MOST MONEY

Get Bigger Returns From Intelligent Care of Flock Than Men Get From General Farming.

No one will gainsay the statement that there are some enterprising farm wives and daughters who are making more clear money every year from the intelligent care of a flock of purebred birds, and sometimes mongrels, than the husband and father from his general farm work.