

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He pointed behind the mound, and, following his gaze, Donald and Davies saw something like a sun-dial, made of a large bone whetted to razor fineness, and somewhat resembling a grindstone.

It rested behind the mound, on a flat rock about the size of a large table, and it tapered in thickness from that of a sharp razor, at the curving edge, to that of a jackknife blade at the base. It was perhaps two feet in diameter.

"What's the matter, Clouts?" asked Donald, seeing the expression upon the sailor's face.

"Don't you know what that is, sir?" volunteered Clouts huskily. "It's a sacrificial stone, sir. I saw one of them in the museum at Acapulco, in British Honduras, once, sir. They said the Mayas used them, and that they learned about them from the priests that had them in Atlantis, the continent what sunk beneath the waves, sir."

"Do you see how it works, Donald?" asked Davies. "These beasts can't lift things. Of course they can't lift under the pressure of miles of sea, and so they have no lifting muscles. And so they push instead. They push their victims down upon the stone."

That was as far as he had explained when Donald touched the edge of the blade with his thumbnail. The flexible bone twanged, sending forth a sound of immense volume. Traveling four times as fast through the water vapor as through the air, it seemed to reverberate under the cloudy roof for an immeasurable time, sending forth resonant echoes. It was totally unlike the sound that they had heard before, and yet equally clear and beautiful.

The response was astonishing. Instantaneously, as it seemed, the interior of the temple was filled with the devil men. Donald had just time to catch Ida to him when they were pushed backward behind the mound, and rined with phosphorescent fire. The atmosphere seemed to have become filled with tense and resilient rubber.

The hall was crammed with the globular shapes of the monsters, that glided over the well-trodden ooze. And from the midst of them MacBeard stepped out. He touched the thing he wore about his neck, and a musical tinkle, which followed, produced an instant cessation of all movement. The ring of fire had slightly widened; the prisoners were able to move within a limited space.

"We know each other, I think," said MacBeard, with suave irony.

"What do you propose?" inquired Donald.

"I don't quite know," answered the professor thoughtfully. "You see, I never took you into consideration at all. You are, so to say, the fly on the wheel. As a part of the human race, you should meet the fate in store for the race."

"You make me sick," said Donald.

MacBeard looked rather angry.

"You can't have your life for the present," he returned, "but not as a permanent gift. I shall not single you out to bestow on you the boon of continuing that constant adjustment to external forces which Herbert Spencer has named 'life.' In other words, you can go to the devil until I am ready to take you in hand again, on one condition."

"Name it, you blackguard," said Donald.

"I want the two missing pages of Masterman's manuscript."

"Take us all back to the submarine out of this hell's kitchen of yours, then show us the way to the top of the island, and you shall have all the rest of the papers."

MacBeard eyed Donald with amusement. "I offered you your life, not the others," he answered. "One man returning with a story like Masterman's would be called a lunatic; two would awaken doubt; three would be fatal."

And then his eyes fell upon Ida.

She was standing at Donald's side, as brave and defiant as he, and their eyes met. And at that instant something happened to the professor that upset all his calculations, something at which he would have scoffed as entirely incredible.

He fell in love for the first time in his life.

Science has never succeeded in penetrating the mystery of love. It is not known why one man falls in love, at fifty and another at nineteen; one at sight and another after five years of matinee and supper parties with the object of his adoration. MacBeard did not know why it had happened to him, but he knew that it had happened. And with it there came the universal instinct to display his superiority to the man at Ida's side, in whom he intuitively sensed his rival.

"You've played your cards pretty badly," he sneered. "You had the secret in your hands, and you surrendered it to me. You think a little more highly of old Masterman now, don't you?"

"You blackguard!" cried Donald again, clenching his fists.

MacBeard stepped out of range hastily. He disliked violence, partly as an attempted violation of the principle of the conservation of energy, but principally because he was a coward.

"It is all our lives for the missing part of the manuscript, or none," said Donald.

MacBeard rubbed his hands together. In that infernal light he seemed hardly less monstrous than the creatures about him.

"You will think differently in a few moments," he answered. And taking the implement that he had used before, into his hands, he struck another note.

Instantly the resilient wall closed in about them, and, with the same slow, steady pressure, they were urged forward, Clouts in the lead. The note sounded again; they stopped. Clouts was now immediately in front of the sacrificial knife of bone. And, very slowly, he began to lean forward.

At any other time he would have presented an appearance distinctly ludicrous. He seemed to be waddling slowly, and with great dignity, toward the razor-edged weapon. He stood stock still, planted his legs hard in the ooze, and began to bend forward, as if he were about to undertake some calisthenic exercise.

Donald understood what was happening. The monsters were urging Clouts' body downward in such a way that the edge of the bone knife would lie immediately against his breast. Then, with an increased pressure, Clouts would be forced down until the keen bone sliced his body in twain.

He plunged his hand into the mound and drew out a bone. Whirling it



MacBeard Stepped Out.

about his head, he struck out right and left with it. He heard the skulls of the monsters crack under the impact.

He clove a path to Clouts' side. He reached him just as the edge of the knife lay across Clouts' breast. As he beat back the sea devils, Clouts straightened himself with a jerk and looked up mournfully.

"It ain't no use, sir," he said, and plunging his hand into his breast, he drew out his mouth organ.

The relief was only momentarily achieved. The monsters came crowding back. They pincioned Donald's arms to his sides by pressure. In another instant Clouts would have paid the debt he never owed MacBeard.

It was then the ruling passion asserted itself in Clouts. Perhaps it was because he thought his chance would never come again, or it might have been mere habit. Setting his hand to his lips, he struck out the reedy notes of "Sally in Our Alley."

Donald saw the phosphorescence run from them along the cave like liquid fire. He heard MacBeard's deep note, saw the fire quiver and vanish in the darkness outside the cave. Meanwhile Sam Clouts played on.

Donald seized Davies' arm in wild excitement.

"Don't you see?" he cried. "It's music, not the sounds, because they can't hear those, but only the vibrations. That's their language. And MacBeard learned somewhere that they wouldn't hurt him if he brought—do you know what he brought? Do you know what it was that he struck?"

"A tuning fork!" shouted Davies.

With their arms linked, they ran into the throng of scurrying monsters, Ida between Donald and Davies, and Clouts in the van, blowing his mouth organ like a madman. The monsters hurried before them in evident panic. The contact with the slippery bodies no longer produced resilience. The elusive phosphorescent gleams shot here and there like will-o'-the-wisps. MacBeard was nowhere to be seen.

At the cave's entrance Sam Clouts paused and turned to Donald.

"I wish I'd brought my bass concertina aboard, sir," he said.

"Never mind; you're doing very well indeed, Clouts," answered Donald.

"Play, man! Play!"

The lights, which had remained stationary during the moment's interlude,

grew dimmer again as Clouts struck out with his lips the tune of "Cock of the North."

"The submarine!" gasped Donald, pointing before him as he ran.

But, even as he heard it, it began to grow dim. Not more than a hundred paces away, the vessel sank into obscurity as they raced toward it. It seemed gradually to be blotted out before their eyes.

And slowly, almost imperceptibly, the cloudy curtain began to descend and to dissolve.

Donald gasped for air. He heard Clouts coughing, and saw the middy stagger as he ran. Ida fell back into his arms. The submarine was still fifty paces away, and she was nothing more than a cloudy image upon the night.

On they ran, groping through the complete blackness. The air was like wine jelly. Donald had almost ceased to breathe. He ran with his lungs full of a little reservoir of air, which he exhaled slowly.

He could see neither Clouts nor Davies, but he believed that they were struggling toward the submarine.

And he found it, and them, almost by a miracle. He had the good fortune to blunder into them as they tugged at the outer door of the airlock.

Somehow they opened it. They got Ida inside and followed. The outer door was closed. Clouts, reeling forward, opened the inner one, and the stale, worn-out air within the conning tower seemed like ozone.

CHAPTER XI.

The Interloper.

Ida went into Donald's cabin. Donald himself arranged to sleep in the messroom. Davies had his cabin, and Clouts the first watch. Presently Donald found himself alone.

He got into his hammock, but he could not grapple with the situation. It seemed so unreal that he half expected to awake and find that he had been delirious, and that he was just coming to after rescuing Ida from the wreck of the Beotia. He felt more and more nervous. He got up and sat down at the table, staring into the darkness in front of him.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet with a choked cry. Across the messroom, at a distance of about eight paces, he saw, mistily outlined, the face and body of the woman whom he had imagined he saw in the house in Baltimore—and again outside!

He stared at her incredulously. He saw her so faintly that once again he believed himself the victim of a hallucination. The faintest illumination played about her, showing only the ethereal spirit that seemed incarnate in a vapory cloud.

But this was no monster such as those devils of the sea. It was the most beautiful woman whom Donald had ever seen or imagined.

He stumbled toward her. He put out his hand. As he did so, the figure moved, and he heard unmistakably the faintest slide of feet upon the floor.

He tried to catch her, to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming, but she eluded him with ease, seeming to float before his eyes, now here, now there.

Suddenly the door opened. Donald saw Ida standing in the doorway, by the light of the candle within her cabin.

"Donald!" she cried. "I thought—I thought I saw a woman pass my door."

"Ida!"

The denial died on his lips. He was not sure. He glanced hastily about him, and, at the far end, he thought he saw the dim outlines of his visitor again.

Ida peered through the darkness. She saw nothing, but she interpreted Donald's movements correctly.

"Donald! Who is she? How did she come here?"

"There is nobody, Ida." He heard the desperation in his voice; and at that instant a yearning toward the ethereal loveliness of that uncanny wraith filled his whole heart. He took a match from his box and struck it.

The spurt of flame illuminated the messroom. It was entirely empty.

"You see, dear," said Donald, turning to Ida with an embarrassed laugh. "You have been dreaming, dear."

"Yes, I suppose I have been dreaming," she answered. But she spoke without conviction. And suddenly she was crying upon his shoulder.

"Donald, you were disappointed when I came in!" she sobbed.

"Dear, you are hysterical. In the morning it will be all right."

"You don't love me any more, Donald."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scanty Fare.

William Snyder, head keeper at the Central park menagerie, is willing to answer any question regarding animals at any hour of the day or night. That readiness frequently gives him an insight into domestic tragedies affecting the life or liberty of birds, dogs, cats, monkeys and even turtles kept as pets in New York homes, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Snyder was called to the telephone the other afternoon and questioned by an agitated woman who sought to know the proper food for a turtle. Mr. Snyder explained that it depended upon the type of turtle, and upon being informed that it was a little one, 2 inches in diameter, suggested that it be fed one lettuce leaf a week.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the woman, "and I've just sent the maid over to get it a pound of chopped meat."

Daily Thought.

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—Beecher

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 9

EZRA AND NEHEMIAH TEACH THE LAW.

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 8:1, 4, 5, 6, 8-12. Read entire chapter.

GOLDEN TEXT—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119:105.

The first day of the seventh month (8:2) was about October 444 B. C. Seven days (vv. 15-18) was the feast of the Tabernacles beginning the 15th of the seventh month (October) and continuing for seven or eight days (Lev. 23). Nehemiah was the governor; Ezra the scribe; chief priest; and Artaxerxes, king of Persia, ruler over Palestine. It would be interesting to look up the sudden interjection of Ezra's name into this discourse; also the special reasons for teaching the Bible. There is in this chapter a record of a full week and of the daily events of that week.

I. The Preparation. Go back to verse 70 of the preceding chapter, and you will find that the temple had just been receiving some large gifts. The task of finishing the wall was also completed, all of which gives point to verse one, where it says that the people gathered themselves together as one man. This was an ancient open-air meeting, one we do well to study. The people requested Ezra to "bring the book." It needed no catch-penny operations to draw the crowd together. The writer of Nehemiah calls the book "the law which the Lord hath commanded unto Moses." (See v. 1 cf. v. 14.) This, of course, would include Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, an indication as to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, which is in line with the statement that Jesus Christ made that it was God who had written it as he had commanded Moses. It was not a mob; there was organization and equipment. (See v. 3 and 4.) The Bible was also read so that the people could understand it (v. 2); certainly something that is in demand in our present day. Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, for he stood on an elevation above them (v. 5) and read "distinctly."

II. The Reading of the Word. They read the book, not from some commentary or quarterly, though these have value in their place. The reading began with reverence. Reverence for but not a worship of the book. The Bible is not a fetish or a charm against sickness or accident. The verse "caused the people to understand the law." (v. 7) probably means that it was translated into the vernacular, the language of the common people. While God's word is a plain book and easy to read, nevertheless men of spiritual understanding are needed to "rightly divide" it unto the people (v. 7). However, the great interpreter of the Bible given by the Father is the Holy Spirit himself (John 16:12-15; 1 John 2:20-27). This method of beginning the study of the word and its continuance as presented in these verses is a good suggestion for modern Sunday school workers.

III. The Hearing of the Word. (vv. 9-17). As Ezra and Nehemiah and their associates and Levites taught the people, there was a five-fold result. First: There was conviction and mourning. The word of God always convicts of sin, but the people were told not to mourn over the past, nor were they to weep for all the people wept (v. 9). When men hear the words of the law there will be conviction of sin. (See Eph. 6:7; Heb. 4:12.) Weeping may not, however, be conviction (2 Cor. 7:10). Weeping weakens, but that was not designed, rather the exhilaration of joy. Moreover, they were to seek the refreshment of food and drink. Indeed, the joy of the Lord was to be their strength (v. 10). "And there was very great gladness" (v. 17). In verse 11 we are told that the Levites exhorted the people to hold their peace, that the day was holy and that they should be grieved. To this the people responded (v. 12), and made great mirth, because they had understood the declaration of the word of the Lord. Notice that joy and gladness came after obedience, also that Nehemiah, the governor, had a part in the teaching. It is a great thing for any people when their civil rulers are genuine, intelligent and spiritual leaders. The people were instructed to show their gratitude as well as their piety by remembering "those for whom nothing had been prepared" (v. 10). The fourth result was peace (v. 11)—the peace of right relation with God (Rom. 5:1; Phil. 4:7).

Fifth Result: Service. Mourning can very easily be continued too long, and, therefore, it was necessary to employ the emotion of mirth and the exercise of work that the people might enter into this peace. The fifth result, therefore, was service (v. 12). Notice that their thanksgiving portions and their service were based upon an intelligent knowledge of God's word. If there is anything that present-day social service needs, it is the illumination which comes from a knowledge of God's word. Last of all, worship (vv. 13-18). Worship is a compound of "worth" and "ship."

45 NURSES PASS EXAMINATION

Announcement Made of Nurses Passing North Carolina State Board for Nurses.

Raleigh.—Announcement has just been made of the forty-five young women who passed the examination of the North Carolina State Board for Nurses held in Asheville November 20-22.

The highest average in the examinations was made by Miss Ethel Brownsburger of Fletcher, her average being 94 1-3. Miss Maimmie Bell, of Wilson, was second with an average of 94 1-3. Nurses successfully passing the board follow:

Misses Virginia Addison, Willie Covington, Annie Crook, Carrie Lawing, Marie Langston, and Ephraim Beaman, of Charlotte.

Misses Isabel Joenie, Rachael Martin, Marjorie Pierce and Ada Robertson, of Wilmington.

Misses Roela Bevan and Annie Dooly, of Greensboro.

Misses Vera Cunningham, Pauline Oliver and Kathleen Griffin, of Durham.

Misses Harriet Broom, Anna Case, Minnie Kirkpatrick, Nannie Higgin Chatham, of Asheville.

Misses Evelyn Parsons and Bonnie Pendland, of Morganton.

Misses Vienna Hill and Mamie Bell, of Wilson.

Misses Jessie Cooper, Eva Mayo and Grace Arendell, of Rocky Mount.

Miss Eva Jordan, of High Point.

Miss Nannie Baxton, Ledia Jones and Pearl Britt, of Kinston.

Miss Elizabeth Elkins, of New Haven.

Miss Marie Hendren, of Concord.

Miss Erroll Henderson, of Gastonia.

Miss Alice Buckner, of Rutherfordton.

Miss May Elke, of Conway, S. C.

Misses Louise Melton and Helen Kenworthy, of Washington, D. C.

Miss Carrie Allen, of Rock Hill, S. C.

Editors Pledge Support.

Winston-Salem.—The newspapers of North Carolina are solidly back of Col. F. H. Fries, director of the North Carolina war savings committee. This note was expressed in no uncertain terms at the meeting of editors held in this city at the call of Colonel Fries for the purpose of preparing to wage a campaign for war savings certificates. There were present editors of morning and afternoon dailies, weeklies, semi-weeklies and monthly publications.

The sentiment of the papers of the state was expressed by Sanford Martin, president of the North Carolina Press Association, who officially announced that "there is not a slacker newspaper in North Carolina." Mr. Martin's address was received with much enthusiasm.

Writes About Interned Germans.

Salisbury.—In a letter received by Senator Overman from Secretary of War Baker, the secretary says German prisoners held at Hot Springs, N. C. and about whom there has been so much said recently, are under the jurisdiction of the department of labor and that the war department has no jurisdiction or official knowledge concerning them.

The secretary denies the current story that private German prisoners are being paid \$30 a month or anything like that amount, and says that what is being expended on them and also the small amounts being paid commissioned prisoners is to be paid back at the conclusion of the war by the prisoners' own government. This rule of international law is being observed by all present belligerents, says the secretary, including Germany.

Hosiery Mill for Cherryville.

Cherryville.—Application has been made for a charter for a hosiery mill for Cherryville. The authorized capital stock is \$100,000 but the company may begin business when \$10,000 has been subscribed, and of this the full amount has already been taken by Messrs. A. B. Cook, of Gastonia, J. W. Kendrick, N. B. Kendrick and M. L. Mauney, of Cherryville. The name given the enterprise will be the Gaston Hosiery Company. Machinery has been ordered by the promoters that within 60 to 90 days they will be in operation.

NORTH CAROLINA BRIEFS.

Robeson farmers have gone "over the top" this year. A change that seems almost impossible has come about among the people of the rural districts since last spring. Many of the farmers grew tobacco and received unheard of prices for their crop and they all grow cotton, which means that they have all got money. There are hundreds of farmers in the county who never had a dollar in a bank before who now have good sized bank accounts.

"Chatham rabbits are fat, but they are scarcer than usual," said Mr. A. C. Ray, a Pittsboro lawyer and member of the House of Representatives from Chatham, who is in Raleigh attending court. "The Chatham rabbit," Mr. Ray added, "has acquired a reputation almost equal to that of the Smithfield ham."

Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Frank Siler has been appointed presiding elder of the Winston-Salem district of the Methodist church, Mrs. Siler will remain as dean of Greensboro College for Women until the end of the present scholastic year.

Had To Give Up Was Almost Frantic With the Pain and Suffering of Kidney Complaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1838 Margaret St., Frankford, Pa., says: "A cold started my kidney trouble. My back began to ache and got sore and lame. My joints and ankles became swollen and painful and it felt as if needles were sticking into them. I finally had to give up and went from bad to worse."

"My kidneys didn't act right and the secretions were scanty and distressing. I had awful dizzy spells when everything before me turned black; one time I couldn't see for twenty minutes. Awful pains in my head set me almost frantic and I was so nervous, I couldn't stand the least noise. How I suffered! Often I didn't care whether I lived or died."

"I couldn't sleep on account of the terrible pains in my back and head. Nothing seemed to do me a bit of good until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I could soon see they were helping me; the backache stopped, my kidneys were regulated and I no longer had any dizzy spells or rheumatic pains. I still take Doan's occasionally and they keep my kidneys in good health."

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Lansdowne, Pa., new St. Vincent's home for orphans cost \$3,000,000 or more.



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