

# THE DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Of course I love you," he responded sadly. Somehow his heart was utterly overcast; it was as if he had looked into the face of immortal beauty. "Of course I love you. Won't you try to sleep, Ida?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, releasing herself. "But you don't love me, Donald—I know!"

And slowly she withdrew into her cabin, leaving Donald a prey to intense bewilderment and despair.

Who was she, this almost invisible beauty? Had she followed him here, aboard the ship, or—swimming behind the submarine? Was she another species of the sea devils?

Suddenly, for the first time since their conversation, he recalled Masterman's words:

"I brought my specimen home with me. Think of that, lad! She didn't want to eat. They don't eat after they are mature, Donald."

Now it came to Donald with conviction that the old captain had had reference to—this woman!

And, straining his eyes through the darkness, he saw her again.

But this time there was visible upon her face an expression so pitiful that it almost brought the tears to Donald's eyes.

She was watching him with a dumb yearning of inexpressible pathos. That look reminded Donald of the old legend of the mermaid who could obtain a soul only from some human lover.

An idea came to him. He would go up into the conning tower; in that narrow space he could see her better and understand what she was.

But as he stood in the passage, at the bottom of the trapdoor, Clouts appeared before him. It occurred to Donald afterward that he had been there for a considerable time.

"It's all right, sir," said Clouts. "You told me to call you when you was to go on duty, and it's all right."

"What's all right?" demanded Donald.

"It's all right, sir. I understand such things," said Clouts.

"Clouts, what the devil are you talking about?"

"It's all right, sir," replied Clouts for the third time, pointing before him.

And in the passage, not more than a dozen feet away, Donald saw the woman's form.

His anger vanished. He took the sailor by the arm.

"Clouts," he said, "do you suppose we could get her into the conning tower?"

"I don't know, sir," said Clouts, shaking his head. "If she's willing to go, sir. That's the question, sir."

"Clouts—Donald's voice sank to a whisper—"you must understand that this isn't a woman—at least not a human one. She's—she's—"

"Quite so, if I might say so, or thereabouts," said Clouts.

"And do you think you could get her there?"

Clouts scratched his head. "I suppose so, sir," he answered. "But she'd have to come out again, you know."

"That's what I intend," said Donald desperately. "Back into the water—through the airlock."

"Push her in, sir?"

"Lead her in, Clouts. Put on my coat and let her follow you. Then, when you've got her inside, put on the last diving dress and see that she—that she doesn't come back. I don't mean you to hurt her. She can live under the water, you know. And, while you're about it, Clouts, you might see if you can adjust the rudder."

For a moment Clouts and his captain looked hard into each other's eyes. Then Clouts' grim face softened. Putting his hands in his pocket, he drew out his mouth organ, and the soft strains of "Annie Rooney" went up into the air. Clouts played it through with quiet resolution.

"I'll do it, sir," he said.

Donald turned and saw that the woman of the sea stood exactly where she had been throughout that interview. She had not stirred.

He waited while Clouts found the last diving suit in the storeroom, and then the two went back into the mess-room. Presently Clouts emerged, encased in his cylinder, and holding the glass mask in his hand. About his shoulders he wore Donald's coat. Donald waited within.

He heard the conning tower trapdoor close, and after that he could hear nothing. He waited an indefinite time. Suddenly a soft splashing of water told him that the lower levels of the sea were being agitated by the condensed oxygen in the airlock. There followed silence. The sounds were cut off abruptly, and for a long time Donald waited.

His nerves were so tense that when Clouts opened the door he started violently. He peered into the sailor's face.

"I've done it, sir," said Clouts. "She followed me like—like a dog, sir. And I saw her eyes when I pushed her into the water, and I don't want to see a look like that again. It felt like murder, sir."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Donald an-

grily. "You know perfectly well, Clouts, that she wasn't on board when we started. Therefore, she must have come in with us from the sea bottom."

"I know, sir," said Clouts, shaking his head mournfully. Then, unable to control himself, he clapped his hand to his mouth organ.

And Donald waited alone, sleepless, while the dreary night wore on.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Afloat and Ashore.

He must have fallen into a light doze at last, for he awakened to find Davies at his side. The middy's voice cleft the thick darkness like a knife.

"We're done for, old man!" he whispered. "We'd better not awaken her. Listen!"

Heretofore no sound from without had penetrated the thin plates of the submarine, but now Donald distinctly heard a cracking noise, as if some pressure were being exerted against the sides of the vessel.

"We're breaking up, sir."

"You mean—?"

"It's that gang of devils, Donald. Do you mind letting me grip your arm a minute, sir? It's in a way disturbing."

The sounds grew louder. The plates were groaning under pressure, and it seemed every instant that the rivets would start and the water rush in.

"It's the weight of the ocean over us, Davies," said Donald, without the faintest faith in this diagnosis.

"But this pressure is horizontal, not vertical, Donald. And water has no horizontal pressure at all."

Donald was silent. He would not voice what was in his own mind, for he knew that his explanation was nonsense, meant to deceive not only Davies, but himself also. The sea monsters must be pushing against the bottom of the F55, to break her by their own weight and get at their prey within.

Maddened by hunger in those barren solitudes of darkness, they were a frenzied army of destruction.

He wondered whether Clouts' act was in any way the cause of this new activity.

The pressure increased. The steel plates cracked as trees snap in zero weather.

Donald looked up and saw Ida standing in the doorway.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, coming forward to Donald.

He could not answer her, and she did not repeat the question, but stood



Looking Over the Rocks, They Saw a Man in a Large Motorboat.

looking intently at the two men, who watched each other. It was impossible that Ida could help understanding the meaning of the sounds without.

She came close to Donald. "Forgive me for what I said, dear," she whispered, clinging to his arm. "I was so afraid—not of death, dearest, but of the loneliness in that room. I was afraid for you."

He patted her arms without speaking, and led the way to the conning tower again. It was preferable that they should die, if they must, by suffocation, rather than in the maw of the monsters. Inclosed within those stout walls of steel, they could at least hope to find a perpetual tomb there.

The pressure was still increasing. The floor of the conning tower began to tilt. Surely this was the end!

But the floor righted, tilted, righted once more. A sense of movement succeeded that of pressure. Then, to their utter amazement, a white light shot through the observation port, flooding the inside of the conning tower, and the F55 scraped the rocks.

Donald grasped at Davies. "Davies! We are at the surface again!" he cried.

There was no doubting it. The moonlight flooded the interior of the tower, and before their eyes, seen through the port, were the rugged outlines of Fair Island. The monsters must have raised the submarine by the united force of their massed bodies.

"This time," said Donald, "we are going ashore to stay."

"Amen!" said Davies solemnly, and the three grasped hands.

A few moments later they emerged upon the drying deck of the D55. She was back in her old position upon the shelving beach, at the very edge of the waves. The moon, which rode high in the sky, was already paling before the increasing luster of the dawn.

"Where's Clouts?" asked Donald suddenly.

"Isn't he below?" queried Davies.

Donald raised his voice and shouted. He ran below, calling for Clouts. But there came no answer. It soon became evident that Clouts was not on the submarine.

"Good Lord!" said Donald.

It occurred to him then that he had told Clouts to look at the rudder, but he had never supposed that the man would be able to adjust it. Had he forgotten, gone back to adjust it, and failed to return?

He took a couple of revolvers and gave one of them to Davies. They went ashore. The firm rocks underfoot seemed the most delicious part of their strange fortune, and gave reality to what was still hardly more than a dream.

They knew that there was no danger of attack in the moonlight. Nevertheless, they remained near the boat. And each of them called for Clouts, firing his revolver, and listening for any response.

But there was no response. It was evident that, for some reason unknown, Clouts had gone into the sea.

They went to a cave and began to make a quick examination of it. In the midst of this work a whirling sound came to their ears. It was that of a gas engine.

Looking over the rocks, they saw a man in a large motorboat hurrying round the promontory. Donald hailed him with a yell. There came no answer, but the boat continued to make toward them.

The man in the boat raised his head. It was MacBeard. He stopped the engine and lay to, about a couple of hundred yards away. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and waved it.

"The d—n rogue!" muttered Davies, raising his revolver.

It was indeed Professor MacBeard. And he appeared distressed. At least he flew the distress, or parity, signal, and his movements seemed altogether more agitated, and his demeanor less bland than on the preceding afternoon.

Whatever his nocturnal work had been, it seemed to have been cut short by the dawn, which had driven the monsters to seek shelter in the ocean depths. He seemed to have come from the other side of the island.

"Truce!" he seemed to shout, although the sound, echoing from rock to rock, was not clearly audible.

"Truce!" He waved the handkerchief frantically.

Donald and Davies fired together. They saw the bullets strike the water. MacBeard crouched down behind the engine. There could be no parleying with such a foe.

They emptied their weapons in their fury. MacBeard was just out of range. He started the engine again and came to a halt fifty yards farther at sea.

"Truce! I want to speak to you," he yelled.

They aimed their empty revolvers. MacBeard started for safety. His boat disappeared round a distant point of the island.

"The devil!" said Donald. Then he turned to Davies.

"We'll take on supplies, at any rate," he said. "One thing is sure: those devils might raise the submarine, but they can never sink her, once the tanks are blown."

"They were blown when we submerged, sir," answered the middy. "The deflated rudder kept us down. But we can't go down unless we try to start her."

"Miss Kennedy!" Donald called to Ida, who had disappeared within the cave.

She did not answer him, and the two men approached to summon her. But just within the cave they saw something that revived for a moment the old horrors which they had escaped. They were two human skeletons, with fragments of clothing near them. Donald stooped and picked up a morsel.

"Khaki—government khaki!" he said. "I wonder who—"

But the explanation became too obvious when, projecting from behind a rock near by, they saw the wing of an airplane. The missing aviators had been found. And the manner of their death was only too clear. They must have been seized, while sleeping, by the sea devils.

The airplane, which was of the hydroplane type, had evidently been drawn within the cave and left there by the aviators. A hasty examination showed Donald that it was uninjured. Perhaps MacBeard had intended to make use of it; or it was possible that he had not seen it, for it was hardly distinguishable among the shadows.

"Miss Kennedy!" called Donald. "Ida! Where are you? Don't go too far!"

No answer came, and they began to grow uneasy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THIS STATE LEADS IN TOBACCO RAISING

FAR AHEAD OF OTHER STATES IN MANUFACTURE OF FINISHED PRODUCTS.

## DISPATCHES FROM RALEIGH

Doings and Happenings That Mark the Progress of North Carolina People, Gathered Around the State Capital.

Raleigh.

Special from Washington.—The annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, carries interesting facts about North Carolina.

The tax collections for Uncle Sam in North Carolina amounted to \$30,898,082.01. That sum is divided as follows: \$29,104,283.37 from ordinary sources, including emergency and other revenue; \$1,232,609.13 from the corporation income tax, and \$661,189.51 individual income tax.

The division according to districts is: From the western district (A. D. Watts, collector), \$22,287,186.37, and the eastern district (J. W. Bailey, collector), \$8,610,895.64.

North Carolina led off states in the production of cigarettes not weighing more than three pounds per thousand. She was taxed for 10,743,467,940 New York cents next, but was 3,000,000,000 less than North Carolina.

North Carolina also led in the quantity of manufactured tobacco, both chewing and smoking. She produced 117,337,285 pounds. Misouri came next with 73,420,745 pounds.

Some of the taxes North Carolinians paid last year were: On wines, \$1,825.40; special taxes relating to the manufacture and sale of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, \$35,090.30; special taxes, including corporations, bankers brokers, theaters, etc., \$88,459.94; documentary stamps, etc., \$40,522.55; perfume, cosmetics, etc., \$73.72; estate tax, \$223,072.37.

North Carolina made 4,991 returns under the corporation income tax. A later publication will show the individual income tax returns.

### Savings Stamp Campaign On.

The conference here of Director Frank H. Fries of the war savings stamp campaign in this state with the chairmen in the various counties of the state as he has appointed them proved highly successful. The net outcome is that the state will at once be honeycombed by workers in a most strenuous campaign in a combined patriotic and commercial effort.

Colonel Fries, Governor Bickett, Judge R. W. Winston and Gilbert Stephenson were special speakers for the conference.

Fifty-nine of the counties were represented by chairmen. Each of these was informed as to just exactly the amount of these savings stamps and certificates their counties are expected to absorb. At the same time the details of the operation of these savings stamps and certificates were explained.

### State's Allotment.

The county chairman throughout the state will be advised at once as to the amounts their counties are to take in rounding out the \$48,538,538 that North Carolina is assessed in the nationwide campaign for these war savings stamps and certificates which are confidently expected to mark a new era in the thrift development of the state and nation.

In his spirited address endorsing the movement and appealing for the fullest possible support for it, Governor Bickett expressed confidence that the "lights would be kept brightly burning." In this state for the return of the boys who are being rushed to the war fronts and that this movement of savings in support of the government, with stamps and certificates in the names of those who have gone to the front, along with others at home, would serve a wonderful purpose in making available funds for the war for the homecoming soldiers, and the hosts of other investors in these stamps and certificates also.

Colonel Fries, in his address stressed the tremendous benefit this fifty millions of savings will be for the people of the state after the war when there will be the greatest need for it. He also spoke of the lessons in savings and general thrift that will be learned by the people while rendering this great aid to the nation in time of war.

In making a great success of the conference Colonel Fries was assisted by Gilbert Stephenson, and R. O. Self of the state committee staff.

### Health Officers for Rowan.

Dr. L. J. Smith of Burlington has been appointed health officer for Rowan county under the three-year plan of county health work adopted this year by the state board of health and the international health board. Dr. Smith will begin work in Rowan, January 1, 1918. Medical school inspection which will include the treatment of children for the various defects they are found to have will be the first unit of health work Dr. Smith will take up in his new field.

### 1,398 Rural Routes in N. C.

Special from Washington.—North Carolina rural carriers and patrons of rural mail routes will be interested in Postmaster General Burleson's recommendations for that branch of the service in his annual report submitted. "At the close of the fiscal year," said Mr. Burleson's report, "5,832,705 families representing a total population by 27,060,857 persons, were being served by rural carriers at an annual cost of \$52,920,408, as compared with 5,719,062 families, the equivalent of 26,307,686 persons on the close of the previous year, and at an annual rate of expenditure of \$51,715,616; that is, in 1917 there were 753,171 additional persons served, at an increase in expense of \$1,204,792, or a unit cost of \$1.60 per patron.

"At the end of the fiscal year 43,463 rural routes were in operation, covering 1,112,556 miles, and averaging 25.60 miles to the route, an increase of 536 routes over last year.

"During the year 387 tri-weekly routes were established and 36 tri-weekly routes were discontinued. Service on 778 tri-weekly routes was made daily, and the service on two daily routes was reduced to tri-weekly.

"There was an increase of 572 rural carriers as compared with the previous year.

### In North Carolina.

North Carolina has 1,393 rural routes with a mileage of 32,863, which are maintained at an annual cost of \$1,638,525. The number of patrons served by these routes total 1,075,310. The annual cost per patron is \$1,524.

### New Mills For Forest City.

Charters have been issued for two new textile manufacturing corporations, both for Forest City, Rutherford county, and the incorporators of both companies are the same parties. The Wingo Manufacturing company has \$200,000 capital authorized and \$300 minimum for organization purposes subscribed by J. F. Alexander, W. C. Bostic and J. H. Thomas. The company is to manufacture hosiery, underwear, shirts and the like.

The Alexander Manufacturing company has \$500,000 capital authorized and \$300 subscribed for organization purposes by Alexander, Bostic and Thomas for manufacture of twine, yarns, cloths and cotton fabrics generally.

### Using Soy Bean For Food.

While the Food Administration of the United States is advocating the use of soy bean flour in many recipes to take the place of scarce and much needed wheat flour, it is significant that the British government has also authorized that soy bean flour may be added to other flours made from wheat, rye or oats, to the extent of five per cent for human consumption. This order, like Mr. Hoover's recipes, was no doubt made for the purpose of conserving England's supply of cereals, while at the same time allowing the addition of a nutritious product like soy bean flour or meal to these foods. Since many mills are crushing the beans for meal in North Carolina this season, it is probable that this will be used to a greater extent in making breads.

### Judges to Exchange Courts.

An exchange of courts between Judges George W. Connor, W. A. Devin and W. M. Bend is authorized by Governor Bickett so that Judge Connor holds the courts of the ninth judicial district January 7 to the week of February 25; Judge Devin holds the courts of the tenth district January 7 to the week ending March 4 and Judge Bond the courts of the first district December 31 to the end of the week of March 4.

### Agricultural Clerks Get Raise.

The state board of agriculture adopted a 2,000,000 \$ budget for the next year's departmental work. It included \$14,000 for cattle tick eradication, the federal government to expend an additional \$41,000 for this work. Increases of 10 per cent on the salaries of departmental clerks receiving less than \$2,000 and 10 per cent on salaries of \$2,000 and more are allowed.

### Norris Gets a Pardon.

L. J. Norris, Raleigh pressman, convicted in 1911 of second degree murder in the killing of J. B. Bissett, just east of the Raleigh ball park, and sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison was pardoned conditionally by Governor Bickett after it has been presented to him that there was considerable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt and that he had made a most exemplary prisoner.

### Woman Food Head for Wake.

Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain has been appointed county food administrator for Wake county, succeeding J. M. Broughton, Jr., who resigned because of his inability to give justice to the increasing duties of the position and at the same time attend to his duties as president and chairman of the Wake county council of defense.

### Charters for New Corporations.

The Highland Terrace Fruit Company, of Raleigh, capital \$25,000 authorized and \$1,500 subscribed by C. E. Mitchell, J. M. Broughton, Jr., and A. L. Bashford, for the operation of a general bindery business.

The Highland Terrace Fruit Company, of Southern Pines, capital \$50,000 authorized and \$7,000 subscribed by S. B. Richardson, Mrs. F. S. Herr and others for a general orchard business.

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Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 50c.

**Knife Is Necessary.** The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the pencil isn't much good without the help of a knife.

**NOTHING SO EFFECTIVE AS ELIXIR BABEK** For Malaria, Chills & Fever. Chief of Police, J. W. Reynolds, Newport News, Va., says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Babek for chills and fever. Have used it when necessary for 20 years and have found no remedy as effective." Elixir Babek 50 cents, all drug stores, or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kioscopek & Co., Washington, D. C. A Good Move—Babek Liver Pills. 50 pills 50 cents

**Pity Father.** Carl, aged three, and his baby sister of eighteen months slept in the same room as their parents. Carl woke up early and tormented his still sleepy father with questions.

"Father, can a cow speak?" "No, my child."

"Father, can a dog speak?"

The father, thinking Carl was going through the entire list of animals that he knew, said severely:

"No animal can speak. And you must now keep quiet, for father wants to sleep."

For a long time the child remained quiet; then being no longer able to restrain his curiosity, he asked timidly:

"Father, what kind of an animal is baby?"

**Making Enemies Envious.** "I don't see why you want to hire a large hall for your musicale. You've only got about a score of friends that you're going to invite."

"I know, but I've got several score of enemies I am not going to invite, and I want them to know that I had plenty of room."

**Family Pride.** "My dear, in writing to our boy in the army, remember that your letter will be read by the censor," said Mr. Dubwaite.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Dubwaite. "Then I'll have to look up the dictionary. I'm not going to have any strange man seeing what a poor spell-er I am."

**Still Another Saving.** Hazen J. Titus, the food expert, says: "We could save \$50,000,000 worth of food a year by omitting our daily luncheons."

**Japan's Waterfalls Menaced.** The constant danger of earthquake stands in the way of the development of the waterfalls in Japan.



## Six Minute Pudding