

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"She went inside the cave, I think," said Davies.

"Yes, I'm sure of it," answered Donald; and he entered farther into its recesses, calling "Ida! Ida!"

They began to be alarmed. They hurried from point to point. The cave was a wide one, but tapered, some distance back, into the neck of a bottle. It seemed evident that Ida could not have gone farther than this point.

"Run back, Davies, and see if she can't be outside," said Donald.

And, while he called, Davies took up the search without. Donald waited in terror. He did not dare go farther into the cave just then.

Ten minutes later Davies returned. A glance at his face told that his mission had been entirely fruitless. They looked at each other.

"There's light ahead," said Davies. They proceeded cautiously, and suddenly they came upon a little entrance leading up from the sea. Close by was the point around which MacBeard had disappeared in his motorboat.

Davies saw Donald shaking with mixed terror and rage. He stared out hopelessly toward the sea. Then, brushing past Davies without a word, he almost ran into the bottle neck of the interior. The middy followed him.

The ground grew damp, the floor seemed to descend abruptly. Davies could hardly keep his feet. All at once he heard Donald's muffled voice calling to him. He saw the spurt of a match flame.

Ten paces further Donald pulled him back as his foot slipped on the edge of a precipice. Donald struck another match and looked down.

Under them was the level of the ocean bed. They were upon the very verge of a precipitous descent, a sheer wall having, however, natural footholds at regular intervals.

Something white fluttering near drew their attention. Donald picked it up and held it out. It was a woman's handkerchief.

"She slipped here," began the little middy, but Donald took the words from his mouth.

"No!" he cried furiously. "She was caught in the cave by that damned scoundrel MacBeard. He put his boat in at the tiny cove and came on her from behind. And he's taken her—my God, he's taken her. That's her message to me, that handkerchief."

His voice grew incoherent and he broke down. Then he raised it in furious declamation.

"But I'll follow that cur until I die!" he swore. "I may not rescue her—I don't know, Davies, and I hardly dare to hope. But I'll stay here and give my life."

He broke off suddenly, a spasm passed across his features, and all at once he became completely calm once more.

"No, I won't, Davies," he said. "It's my duty now to fly to England with all speed. You'll stay here and do what you can. It may be very little, old man, but we mustn't think of anything but our jobs."

"No, sir," said Davies.

There was nothing more to be done but prepare for the journey. Donald felt reasonably sure that the F55 was safe against the herd. The terrific upward pressure of the night had not started a rivet; lying as she was upon the beach, she was unassailable.

They filled her oil-tanks and carried the stores aboard. Then Donald filled the gasoline tank of the hydroplane, and, entering, made a short trial flight out to sea and back. The machine was in perfect condition.

A grasp of the hand, and Donald was gone upon his journey. From his post in the conning tower Davies watched the hydroplane rise and fall to the wind, and sweep into the distance, to dwindle and disappear.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Swarming of the Herd.

Davies had correctly divined the secret of the air under the sea. Nature, who does nothing in haste, had prepared the sea monsters for their change of environment by bestowing upon them the property of condensing the hydrogen in the water in such a manner as to separate it from the other constituent of water—oxygen.

But, being too unstable to exist as a separate gas, except under high pressure, the oxygen combined with the nitrogen that sustained the crinoids and other plant life at the bottom of the sea. The resulting combination was oxygen and hydrogen, or air in lieu of water.

Masterman, who overlooked nothing, had explained all this in his letter to Donald. He had also told him of the means of controlling the sea monsters. Their auditory apparatus being still in its most rudimentary stage, they heard sounds only as vibrations.

Masterman had discovered, during those weeks of exploration and imminent danger, that G was the signal for dispersal. A, on the contrary, was the assembly call. The sacrificial bone knife vibrated to the sound of A, and

It was this which had given the herd the key-tone of their language.

Unfortunately for MacBeard, he had been unable to learn much more than this. The last page of the manuscript, as well as the first, was missing. MacBeard was sure that Donald had kept possession of them.

Had he possessed them, he would have learned that the power of uttering these calls rested with the queen of the swarm alone, a human organism, the type of the race toward which the monsters tended, differentiating from them as the queen bee differs from the worker or the drone.

He had discovered that the search for food was the one purpose of the creature's existence. It had assumed a religious aspect. Their god, their altar stone, the sacrificial rite were all the soul's instinctive groping upward, based upon the dominating animal impulse.

The tune that Clouts had played, with its discords, had been the deep-sea equivalent of an artillery salvo. The terrified monsters had dispersed in all directions, letting down the curtain of condensed hydrogen. Fortunately for the professor, the main portion of the herd had kept together, and this afforded him a medium in which he could, with difficulty, breathe. But their rapid movement kept the hydrogen stirred up, and he was nearly asphyxiated before he reached his refuge within the cave. He did not like inhaling carbonated jelly.

Seeing Donald and Davies upon the island, he had attempted to open negotiations with them. Repulsed, he fled in terror, and on rounding the point saw Ida alone at the cave's mouth. At once his scheme was born in his mind.

Pushing ashore, he entered the cave by the narrow way toward the rear. He came upon Ida suddenly, and grasping her in his arms, he placed one hand over her mouth, preventing her from crying for aid. Then, dragging her to the top of the precipice, he sounded the assembly call.

Instantly the water beneath began to dissolve. Thick clouds of steaming hydrogen rolled up to the cave's roof. Soon there was a natural passage, three hundred feet deep, from the interior of the cave to the crater below.

He carried Ida down the descent. The girl, who had contrived to drop her handkerchief, was no match for the professor. She screamed once or twice, but the echoes of the cavern absorbed the sound of her voice. And so she found herself again within the submarine temple.

MacBeard released her and stood in front of her, devouring her with his gaze. He could not understand whence this novel emotion in his heart derived its power; and, now that she was his captive, he did not know what to do. Geometry, physics, mathematics and the calculus all failed to help solve his problem.

Overcome by the presence of the woman he loved, the professor stammered like a youth with his first sweetheart.

"Why have you brought me here?" asked Ida.

"Because—because I—er—I love you," answered MacBeard.

Ida burst into ironical laughter. The situation was so impossible that there was room for no emotion but amusement. And in that laugh the professor felt a thousand arrows of jealousy rend him.

"Listen to me!" he exclaimed passionately. "You don't know who I am or what I am trying to do. I am going to obliterate the earth, as it is known to you. I command the Men of the Future. The Man who is to come. The new race of the sea, which is to sweep away the puny monkey-man. And I want you to share my power with me."

Ida laughed hysterically. She could not help herself. MacBeard glared at her. He did not know what to do.

"You shall see!" he cried, beside himself with anger. "You don't believe what I tell you? I'll prove it."

"It doesn't make any difference, professor. I am not a blackboard," answered Ida. "Will you kindly take me back to the place you brought me from?"

"No!" shouted MacBeard. "You'll stay here until you learn to love me. Why can't you love me?"

Ida's look was touched with pity. She did not answer him.

MacBeard sounded his tuning fork, and immediately the monsters gathered about them. The hydrogen haze rolled higher, disclosing the entire interior of the cave, and the idol. MacBeard sounded another fork, and the creatures began edging Ida toward the recesses of the cave.

"If I sound the sacrificial note you die," snorted MacBeard.

Ida, perfectly passive, waited. The monsters guarded the entrance. She was alone. Outside MacBeard peeped up and down beneath the sea in fury. He had encountered a problem which seemed insoluble.

As Ida waited, all at once a most remarkable object broke upon her gaze. Advancing through the midst of the lullulous, vague monsters outside the entrance there came a perfectly human figure, a man with a square beard.

He passed through the monsters without the slightest difficulty and entered the cave. He was walking exactly as a boy walks when he drives a flock of geese or a herd of pigs; that is to say, there was a straddle in his step quite different from the rolling gait of a sailor, and he had his arms extended. With his lips he made a hissing sound which resembled, "Shoo!"

And in front of him, retiring backward, Ida thought she saw a phantom woman's form. But it must have been a delusion, because it was only by straining her eyes that she could discern anything at all; and now and again the figure seemed to vanish into the air.

The man was Clouts. As he passed her, Ida called to him. Clouts jumped. He looked at her with a comical expression of fear on his face.

"Clouts! Where is Donald? Can you get me out of here? Take me to him at once!"

Clouts looked terrified.

"Certainly, marm," he said. "But that isn't nobody. There's all sorts of shapes and things here, but it isn't a real person, marm. I'm telling you this so you'll understand, marm."

He hastened past her, and, far ahead of him, Ida discerned the shadowy shape of the queen.

"Clouts! Help me! You aren't going to leave me?" cried Ida pitifully.

She heard Clouts' muttering tones come back to her, and he was lost in the hydrogen haze. She was astounded at his abandonment. Hadn't he understood?

To do the sailor justice, Clouts had one of those minds which are open to only a single impression at a time. Just then his mind was open to the necessity of keeping Donald's elusive sweetheart from Ida's knowledge.

He could see only the faintest luminosity now, and he stood with his arms stretched out to prevent her slipping past him. Suddenly he heard a singularly melodious sound proceeding from her throat.

It was a note unknown even to MacBeard. It was, in fact, the demi-semitone between G sharp and A, which is



"You Don't Believe What I Tell You? I'll Prove It."

unknown to the Bach scale, though the bagpipers and Oriental music in general are acquainted with these subdivisions.

It was the swarming note. The queen was ready to lead the brood forth upon its adventures. The spirit, emanating from her, made itself felt simultaneously throughout the herd.

Instantly, from all quarters of the crater, the monsters rushed together. The hydrogen haze rolled far away. The ocean opened to its summit. Ida could see the sky above her, and the daylight. The air became surcharged with oxygen.

MacBeard, amazed by this development, rushed in. He sounded the dispersal. But the swarming note took precedence of the dispersal, and the monsters, gathering into a gigantic circle, ignoring the professor's call, began to scurry wildly about the crater, seeking their leader.

MacBeard saw that the creature were beyond his control. For the first time his tuning forks had failed him. He was afraid of being torn in pieces.

And up in the cave Sam Clouts found himself engaged in the most furious tussle that he had ever known.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Teaching for Future Endeavor.

If the teacher knew what field of endeavor each pupil would seek in later life, he would be greatly helped in making school plans. In the case of boys he can rarely know, for the employment of men are many and unlike and unforeseen circumstances often determine what their vocation is to be. In the case of girls, however, the difficulty is not so great, for of a hundred girls more than eighty will become homemakers; they constitute so large a group with a common life business that special studies and methods adapted to their needs may fairly be required of all.—Youth's Companion.

Korean Gods Under German Influence

Koreans are great rumor mongers. Some stories they spread are fantastically absurd. One recently prevalent among the country people, because it fell for many days, was to the effect that the long drought was due to German influence with the gods, in revenge for the part Japan has taken in the war, says East and West News. Predictions of famine were current among the Korean farmers and recent heavy rainfall has not altogether removed the anxiety felt among that class of people on the peninsula.

PAGE IS SEEKING AID OF MINISTERS

TO AROUSE PEOPLE TO REALIZATION OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

DISPATCHES FROM RALEIGH

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

The Increasing Seriousness of the Food Situation Has Led State Food Administrator Henry A. Page to make a stirring appeal to the Christian ministers of North Carolina to arouse their people to a realization of what the situation holds and of their individual responsibility in meeting the situation. Other letters have been written to the hotels and restaurants of the state and to the educational institutions and other places where food is handled in considerable quantities. Mr. Page in some of his letters has made two particularly startling statements:

First: The United States has already exported to its allies and neutral Europe this country's normal export surplus of wheat, while the same is approximately true of beef and pork and fats; and we have drawn largely on our normal supply of sugar to help out the French and English.

Second: Tens of thousands of women and children are old men must die in Europe this winter from starvation in spite of all we can do.

Because of the transportation situation practically all the food which reaches Europe during the next few months must come from America and with our ordinary surplus already gone a marked reduction in our normal consumption of wheat, beef and pork products, fats and sugar, must be made in order to save our allied countries from a collapse and to save as many as possible of the people of neutral Europe from starvation.

The situation has sifted down to where it can be very clearly and definitely stated that every ounce of wheat and beef and pork and every particle of fats or sugar which is saved by any individual by substitution of other products or through economy will help not only to win the war but to save the life of some starving woman or child in Europe.

"The heartrending part of it all," declares Mr. Page, "is that our people have not waked up to a realization of the horrible death that threatens several hundred thousand individuals in Europe, or even to the terrible menace of a complete German victory if our European allies should collapse because we do not supply them with the foodstuffs which they must have if they are to hold out. The critical period is NOW."

It has been announced by the Food Administration that the price of \$0.446 a pound for the new crop of raw sugar in Cuba will mean 8c sugar to the consumer during the coming year. The Cuban crop, which is now being harvested, is estimated at three millions, three and a half million tons which, added to our own crop of 600,000,000 tons of beet sugar and 200,000,000 tons of Louisiana cane sugar will be more than ample for our needs with the exercise of reasonable economy in using sugar.

The raw sugar from Cuba will begin reaching our refineries within the next two or three weeks and the sugar problem will be very largely solved so far as any actual sugar famine is concerned. The utmost economy in the use of sugar, however, will be necessary during the period of the war on account of the very great decrease in the beet sugar crop of France and Italy.

Thrift Stamps Prove Popular.

The Thrift Stamps are proving very popular wherever they are understood. The buying of these stamps ought to help materially those who have had steady wages, but have not gotten into the saving frame of mind, and ought to help vastly the men and women who are just beginning to be wage earners. The small sum at the beginning is an allurement; the fact that each investor may suit his own convenience in the time of buying each stamp; the perfect safety; the good return—these and other considerations make a happy form of saving. Cannot each one of us explain these stamps to some one who needs to save? It will be as patriotic to sell one of these blocks of stamps as it will to buy one. N. C. Council of Defense.

Federal Court Clerk Dead.

Leo D. Heart, clerk of the federal court for the eastern district of North Carolina, died at his home here. The death was entirely unexpected although he had been suffering somewhat from heart trouble for some time. He was 68 years old and was for many years a prominent banker of Durham and Raleigh, and for more than a year served as clerk of the federal court succeeding the late Mr. Blow of Greenville. He is survived by Mrs. Heart and three daughters and one son.

Interested in Pork Production.

Returning from a trip to the South eastern counties of North Carolina, Mr. J. C. Anthony, special agent in swine production for the Agricultural Extension Service, reports that growers in Columbus, Sampson, Bladen and Brunswick counties have become very much interested in the question of pure bred swine will be brought for Columbus county at an early date. New Hanover county has been greatly interested in the pork question since the establishment of the packing plant at Wilmington and since one of the banks in the city sold a good number of pure bred pigs to several young men of the county taking their unsecured note until the boys had become established in the swine business.

Sampson county has also made good strides in pork production and Mr. Anthony states that he was somewhat surprised to find so many pure bred animals in the county. It is his intention to procure a number of bogs from this county for farmers who wish to take up the work in other adjacent counties. Both Mr. Anthony and Mr. J. E. Moses, Pib Club agent, have expressed themselves as being very much gratified with the way the farmers of the state are taking up the work of more pork production and are securing pure bred animals for breeding stock. Several banks over the state are now making plans to finance the pig club work in their counties, containing the practice begun during the last two or three years.

Will Take Soldiers Word.

The executive offices of Governor Bickett and the office of the adjutant general here are being flooded by letters of inquiry as to the federal aid for dependents of soldiers. The state authorities appealed to the headquarters at Washington for definite information and brought reply from the Washington bureau as follows:

"Every enlisted man is required to make a truthful statement of his relatives and only in case the wife or the representative of the child in class A dependents believe the soldier will not make a truthful statement of such relations, should application be made by them, as the statement of the soldier is sufficient on which to warrant action by this bureau.

"As to dependent members of class B, parents, brothers, sisters and grand-children, it is useless for them to make application unless the soldier has made a voluntary allotment of his pay for them and requests the family allowance, as the matter can only be determined from the soldier's statement."

Fires Increased by Extreme Cold.

The increased danger of fire and the need of extra precaution to prevent fires during extreme cold spells is called to the attention of the public in a statement given out today by Insurance Commissioner Young.

"The danger of fire during extreme cold snaps like the present one is very much increased," says the statement, "this is especially true in large manufacturing plants, warehouses or stores. In plants where automatic sprinklers are used frozen pipes might render the system temporarily useless at a time when its need was most imperative. A year ago several large industrial properties throughout the country were destroyed because pipes in the system were frozen when it was called upon to do its work. The same thing applies to inside hydrants for fire protection. A frozen hydrant in a building may not thaw until the burning building thaws it and that will be just too late. Frequent inspection and every precaution to prevent freezing of fire prevention apparatus is necessary more at this time than at any other.

"When extreme cold spells come furnaces are run so as to produce the maximum heat. Dust or trash of any sort accumulated on pipes or behind and close to pipes may ignite and spread a fire which is much more difficult to handle in freezing weather.

Lenoir County Moving Ahead.

A news note the other day tells us that Lenoir county is seriously considering the plan of consolidating all her 40 or more little rural schools and establishing eight well organized, well equipped, conveniently located schools. In order to provide for those pupils living some distance from a school system of transportation will be worked out.

This would be a wonderful piece of school administration and county re-organization if it can be put through. Just consider what a splendid opportunity would then be offered to every child in the county. Better schools, longer terms, better attendance, better teaching, because there would be less shifting of the teaching force, and better health for the children and a general toning up of the whole educational system.

It is far better to sign the food pledge card late than not at all.

Farmers who chop wood to save coal in our cities this winter will be making the chips fly for freedom.

Food in the mouths of our allies is ammunition no less important than the shells in their siege guns.

The sugar that goes to waste in the bottom of American teacups would help to sweeten the life of many a French home.

Christmas candy that requires little or no sugar is a gift to our allies as well as to the receiver.

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USE FOUND FOR THE MONOCLE

Game of Chance, Where Smile Has No Part, Described as Best Place to Wear Glass.

The other day we found a monocle. Not in our own home, but elsewhere. And we immediately sought a secluded spot and tried it on. We never had worn a monocle, but we had always experienced a tremendous curiosity about the things. We inserted in our eye and walked to the mirror. Then we made our discovery, writes Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you laugh when you are wearing a monocle, it falls out. If you wrinkle your brow in thought, in fear, in merriment, it falls out. If you twitch a muscle of your face, you cannot retain the single eyeglass in position. To wear a monocle, your face must be in repose and absolutely expressionless. And the solemn thought struck us—what a fine thing the monocle would be to cultivate a poker face with!

When you come to think of it, you never saw a monocle-wearer whose face was not possessed of an absolutely vacant expression—which is a round-about way of saying that his face is expressionless. Perhaps we are confusing cause and effect. Perhaps only a person with a vacant face would wear a monocle. But, on the other hand, the monocle must produce still further absence of expression. What a camouflage!

We shall procure a monocle of our own, and then hunt up a poker game. Look out for us.

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Ugly Human Faces.

"What surprised me most when I saw the world after being blind twenty-four years was the human faces. I had imagined them much more beautiful."

This is the Yorodzu's report of the statement made by a young woman who lost her sight at the age of two years and then at the age of twenty-six had it restored by an operation, says the Tokyo New-East. The girl became a champagne, but found life too hard for her. She was saved from suicide by a policeman.

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Ought to Be.

"What is the most pronounced work you have in your library?"

"I guess it is the dictionary."

If your druggist does not have Dr. Pepp's "Dead Shot" for Worms and Tapeworm, send 25 cents to 373 Pearl Street, New York, and you will get it by return mail. Adv.

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