

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The captain had spent weeks on the island. He had put all the results of his investigations into his letter to Donald. He described elaborately the structure of the monsters, tracing the modifications of the gills, air bladders, fins and flippers.

Unfortunately, two pages were missing, and these contained part of the instructions for keeping the monsters in subjection. And what alarmed MacBeard, the manuscript ended with the statement that the eruption was not likely to prove of permanent injury to humanity, because—

However, MacBeard cared little for this in his supreme joy. His dreams took definite shape at last, rushing into the concrete with a violence that sent him into an ecstasy. "He saw the man of the future, the superman, who was already at hand, irresistible by reason of his numbers, strength and cunning. And he saw himself, the ruler of a new world which had never heard of the eighth commandment."

Next morning he left Baltimore in his motorboat. It was constructed so as to be practically unsinkable, and he had stored it with provisions, gasoline and instruments. He had several weeks' supplies on board. He was dependent on no one.

He started northward at once, passed within a few miles of the F55 upon his course, and reached Fair island. When he set foot upon its rocky, lonely shores, he knew that at last his time had come. His revenge upon the race was ripening, and he meant to exercise it to the full.

His first act was to explore the island. He discovered with his plummet that Masterman had been correct in tracing the prolongation of the south spur of the continental shelf. He discovered that Fair island was the peak of a subterranean range ascending sharply from a great depth.

At a distance of about three hundred feet beneath the surface there was a sort of cup or crater in the mountain, teeming with unknown forms of submarine life.

He found the stores which had been left by the oil-ship, but there was no sign of any airplane. However, since MacBeard did not know that one was to have been sent, he did not expect to find one.

Stocking a cave with provisions, he made himself at home there, and at once set out to investigate the presence of Masterman's monsters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Donald's Diving Party.

Donald took a match from his silver box and struck it. The water had not penetrated—it burst into flame. He looked at his watch and saw that it was half past eight.

"It must be growing daylight above," he said to Davies. "I am sure that the beasts are gone. I think I'll go and see whether I can start the engine."

"Let me go, sir," said the middy. "You will remain here in charge," said Donald. "Give me your back, Clouts!"

Hoisting himself upon the shoulders of the sailor, Donald clambered up the pipe and reached the passage above. There was a stench of fishy bodies, but he was certain that the monsters were gone.

He ascended the ladder into the conning tower and threw off the hatch. Instantly a gust of fresh air, driving in, made him reel dizzily. He realized that he had been breathing the depleted, vitiated atmosphere of the torpedo room all night.

He waited till he had recovered; then he unfastened the door and clambered out upon the deck, which lay almost level with the surface of the ocean.

He found that the F55 was stranded upon a shelving beach that extended from the Fair island rocks. The tide was rising, and they would soon be afloat. An immense elation filled his heart as he realized that the horrors of the night were past.

From the electric engines he went to the petrol motors. These appeared to be in good order. The oil fuel was low, but there seemed to be a sufficiency to take the F55 to Lerwick without the necessity of delaying in order to search for a deposit on the island. The run would be of a few hours only, and Donald was anxious not to delay. Davies and he and Clouts could manage the boat during the brief journey, and there would be no need of the electric engines, since no danger was apprehended which might necessitate their submerging.

During his journey about the boat he convinced himself that the sailors had been dragged overboard. This was more merciful for the survivors. There was not a trace of any of the seven who had died.

Donald went back to the torpedo room escape hatch.

"You can all come up," he called.

"The coast's clear and the sun is shining."

The people below needed no second invitation. One by one they came scrambling out—Clouts and Davies helping Ida between them. She seemed bewildered by the day, and advanced unsteadily toward Donald.

"What was it, dear?" she asked. "I don't know whether I have been delirious since my rescue, but I thought the most dreadful thing had happened. Tell me truly, Donald!"

"It is not necessary, dear," he answered. "We shall be in Lerwick this afternoon, and you need never think about yesterday all your life."

"You need not tell me, of course," she answered. "But I thought some sea-beasts, something unknown before, something half human, attacked us in the boat, and afterward the sailors here."

She saw by his face that she had guessed correctly.

"And invisible, Donald?"

"Transparent, dear. Nothing that we cannot cope with, now that we have taken measures against surprise. And they have gone now."

"I am not afraid of them if you are with me, Donald," she answered, stepping out bravely beside him.

Donald turned to the middy.

"Davies," he said, "I am going to try to make the run to Lerwick at once. I think that it will be best for Miss Kennedy to remain in the conning tower, where she will be safest. Clouts will run the engines, and you

will take up your post at the diving station to look after the vertical rudders. We are awash now, and shall have to rise a little more."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Clouts, hurrying off toward the petrol engines.

"Do you know, Davies," said Donald as they remained together for a minute or two, "I have a theory about those beasts."

"What, sir?" inquired the middy.

"Well, I remember that yesterday they seemed to attack us more savagely when the sun went down, or at least when the fog made the air obscure. And last night there was a moon. It occurs to me that possibly they can't bear light. Of course that would be natural, and they left us about the time the moon rose. So if they are nocturnal in their habits that would account for our immunity now. If I am right, we are learning their limitations fast."

"You're right, sir," replied the middy with conviction. "Only—"

"We'll have some information to carry back then, Davies, besides a scare. And it looks as if humanity won't have to fight so very hard to save itself. I beg your pardon—you were going to say something?"

"I was thinking, sir, that they seemed to go when the whistle blew."

"What whistle, Davies?"

"That one note that sounded like—I can't remember what it was like, but I know I've heard a sound like that before, only much softer."

"So have I," answered Donald, musing. "Well, get to your post, Davies. Raise her a trifle, then lock the rudder and come into the conning tower to take care of Miss Kennedy."

He returned to the girl. "Miss Kennedy, I don't think you have met Lieutenant Davies," he said formally. "Now, Davies, I'll go and help Clouts with the engines. Don't be alarmed to be alone for a minute or two, Ida."

The middy saluted, and went to his post at the diving station. Already the F55 was throbbing with the vibration of the engines, and the sound was the most grateful that their ears could have imagined.

"Don't open the doors," said Donald, kissing Ida hastily.

He was off, and the girl remained alone within the tower of steel. She glanced about her in dismay. It felt like a steel prison. She felt the floor quivering, and then it began to dip. The sea splashed the observation port.

Quickly the green translucency that followed gave place to darkness. Ida slipped on the tipping floor. Donald ran in; she heard him calling to her through the darkness, and felt his arms grope for her.

"It's all right, dear," he said hastily. "Davies has probably got tangled up with the diving rudders. It's a bit stiff for him to handle alone. It doesn't mean anything particular—"

But Ida could read the fear in his voice, and she knew that it meant everything. The diving apparatus had, in fact, jammed when the F55 grounded upon the beach, and the rudder had become twisted. Under Davies' hands it had been released, and had worked in the wrong direction.

With her bow pointing downward at an angle of 30 degrees, the F55 sank until her nose dug into the ooze 300 feet beneath the surface, into the cup-shaped crater of the submarine peak.

Then, slowly settling under the weight of the water, the stern followed, and the little craft remained submerged on the seabed. Darkness covered her. The inmates felt their eardrums throb under the pressure.

At the first indication of danger Clouts had contrived to shut off the petrol engines. That alone prevented an explosion when the sea rushed through the aft escape hatch.

Fortunately, the after part of the ship remained above the surface for a few moments after the bow went under, and only a couple of sweeping seas came in. Short as the period of respite was, it enabled Donald and Clouts to grasp the hatch and replace it. They fought in a deluge of water that swept them from their feet and dashed them, half stunned, against the walls of the engine room. But they got the hatch into place.

Clouts came in, and presently Davies joined them. He began to stammer brokenly, but Donald laid his hand in kindly fashion on the lad's shoulder.

"You are not to blame, Davies," he said. "It was my own fault for trying to run the old boat instead of putting you all ashore. No doubt the vertical-rudder blades are bent and fouled the rocks. Now we've got to think, and harder than we have ever thought before."

"We ain't a-going to drown like rats in traps, sir," said Sam Clouts heartily.

"Not if I know it, Clouts," Donald returned. "Now, first, it isn't possible to adjust the rudder, and we can't rise without it. That's self-evident. I think we are comparatively safe for some time to come, because we have just taken on a supply of natural air, and we haven't opened the air-flasks yet. But, of course, it means only two days' respite."

"If I might say so, sir," said Clouts, "it means that we must put on the diving suits."

"You're right," answered Donald. "We aren't in a hopeless position by any means if we manage to keep our heads. Miss Kennedy, we'll get you out of here in a jiffy if you don't mind getting your feet wet."

"You see," he continued, in explanation, "fortunately—very fortunately for us—we have the new Siebert diving apparatus aboard, which was to have been used for a special purpose in connection with our work for the government."

"One moment, sir," said Davies. "Have you a match?"

Donald handed him one of the few that remained. Davies struck it, looked at the depth meter, and whistled expressively.

"Two hundred and eighty feet, sir," he said in a low tone.

"Yes, that was about what I imagined," replied Donald. "It is about as much as the old F55 would stand without buckling."

"But two hundred is the extreme limit of deep-sea diving, sir," Davies protested.

"The Siebert apparatus is especially devised for going deeper than that," returned Donald. "In fact, Siebert himself went down to six hundred, though he was all in when he came up. You see, Davies, the new factor in the Siebert dress is that it has a compensating pressure. I didn't specialize on it, but I understand it is a sort of internal oxygen arrangement, compressed, which partly neutralizes the pressure outside. It has enough compressed oxygen to last six hours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Infants' Food to Shella.

When Mr. Lloyd George in England undertook to organize the ministry of munitions a glazier began to stamp out cartridge clips, says the World's Work; a manufacturer of music rolls used his equipment to make gauges; a concern engaged before the war in preparing infants' food began delivering plugs for shells; an advertising agency manufactured shell adapters; watchmakers began adjusting fuses; a manufacturer of baking machinery became a contractor for six-inch high explosive shells; a jewelry house devoted itself exclusively to periscopes; a phonograph concern sent millions of delicate shell parts to the assembling stations; a firm which made nothing but sheep-shearing machinery started turning out shell cases; a cream separator factory manufactured shell primers. Among other producers of finished shells were candlemakers, flour mills, tobacco manufacturers, siphon makers and the manufacturers of sporting goods.

They Come High.

A North Vernon youngster had several clerks in a local grocery guessing the other day when she called for a quarter's worth of hycoprites. Later it was learned that she wished 25 cents worth of up-croets.—Indianapolis News.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 18

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 2:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT—Ask and it shall be given unto you.—Matthew 7:7.

It was four months after Nehemiah learned of the desolation of Jerusalem that he had the opportunity to make known his request to the king. Just why he did not test the king's attitude toward him and his project earlier, we have no information. Perhaps there was no great function at which he was called upon to minister in this interval, or his turn of service had not arrived, or his duties were so exacting that no opportunity was afforded for him to unbosom his grief to the king.

I. Nehemiah's Request to the King (vv. 1-8). (1) Its occasion, v. 1. As cup-bearer he was ministering before the king. The cup-bearer was more than a mere valet. He entered very closely into the life's interests of the king, so that the inner life and spirit of the cup-bearer was known. It was expected of such servants that they manifest perfect happiness while in the presence of the king. To appear in his presence otherwise would likely be to the displeasure of the king. Nehemiah's sad countenance while thus serving awakened the king's suspicion. The matter was serious for Nehemiah was afraid under the circumstances.

(2) The king's inquiry, v. 2. The king perceived that Nehemiah's countenance was sad, though he was not sick, and he knew that something extraordinary had come into the life of his cup-bearer.

(3) The effect upon Nehemiah, v. 2. His heart was filled with fear. He did not know but what this impropriety was so great as to cause his dismissal. His fear was more than that of losing his position; to be dismissed from being cup-bearer would mean the loss of an opportunity to present his request to the king; and, without the king's sanction and aid, his enterprise would fail.

(4) Nehemiah's tactful reply, v. 3. He seeks to conciliate the king by expressing a deep interest in the royal life and person. He says: "May the king live forever," and then tells that the cause of his grief was the desolation of the city where his fathers were buried.

(5) The contents of Nehemiah's request, vv. 5-8. (a) To be sent to Judah to build the walls of Jerusalem, vv. 5, 6. This request virtually meant to be granted a leave of absence from the Persian court and to be appointed military governor of that part of the kingdom of Artaxerxes. The king, doubtless, saw that such a move would be of particular benefit to his kingdom politically, owing to the strategic position of Jerusalem, between Babylon and Egypt. In the case of the breaking out of hostilities between these powers, to have a fortified city in Palestine would be of immense importance. At the king's request, a definite time was set for this leave of absence, v. 6. He remained in Jerusalem for twelve years. A side light on the king's gracious attitude toward Nehemiah is given in this: "The queen also sitting by him." She is not named, but in all probability it was Esther.

(b) For letters to the governors beyond the river, v. 6. Doubtless the path of his journey was a dangerous one, and the travelers' safety depended upon having credentials from the king. These letters were more than mere credentials. They were orders for actually conveying him and his party to Judah. Ezra, years before, had desisted from asking a band of soldiers, but Nehemiah was free to ask such a favor. It was right in both cases, but not expedient in that of Ezra. Many problems are clear, if we distinguish between that which is lawful and that which is expedient.

(c) A letter of requisition for supplies of timber, v. 8. This timber was needed, first for the palace or castle, that is, for the fortress near the temple; second, for the walls and gates of the city; and third, for the king's official residence.

II. Nehemiah's Request Granted, v. 8. Nehemiah was a tactful diplomat. He exercised sound sense and prudence in all things, but he supremely depended upon God and prayed for God's disposal of the king's heart as he made his request known, v. 4. The king granted his request "according to the good hand of my God upon me," v. 8. He ascribes the success of his undertaking to God.

III. Nehemiah's Journey to Jerusalem, vv. 9-11. He journeyed from Shushan to Jerusalem under the protection of a military escort. This was of double value: protection and safety. When it was known that Nehemiah was undertaking this work with the consent of the king, Sanballat and Tobiah were greatly grieved. It always is a grief to the enemy when that which will further the interest of God and his people is being made to succeed. When he reached Jerusalem, he did not at once make his purpose known. He waited for three days and then, viewed the situation at night.

ACID POISONING!

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of gout and rheumatism, that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called An-uric, which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, pains here or there, you can obtain An-uric, double strength, at any drug store for 50 cents, and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid; or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. An-uric which you will find many times more potent than lithia and eliminates uric acid almost as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you. Send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce and it will be tested free of charge.

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No Cause for Action.

The arrest of Peter Leach was brought about by the activities of his buxom wife, relates an exchange. The couple were facing the judge.

Peter was a ne'er-do-well, come-dry-go-day, shiftless sort of a chap, his main object in life seeming to be that of evading honest toil. Not only that; he had contracted the habit of coming home "gill of booze" and beating his thrifty wife.

The testimony, to which the judge had listened patiently for an hour, was brought to a close after which his honor said: "It seems to me, Mrs. Leach, that is a case where prosecution is possible for nonsupport."

The woman drew herself up to her full and massive height and exclaimed in tones filled with honest rebuke: "Oh, your honor, they can't bring that up agin me! I've took in washin' an' gone out scrubbin' for th' last ten years an' give him what you might say was a fine livin'! No, he can't bring that agin me, judge."

Spotted the Winner.

A gentleman who lived in central Africa for many years possesses an amusing drawing of a "once meeting" out there. A leopard is chasting, and rapidly overhauling, a fat old white man, and two gaily appareled natives are lookers-on.

"Can you spot the winner?" murmurs one to the other.

"The winner," is the solemn reply, "is spotted already!"

Gave Her a Tip.

It was her first voyage, and she had made herself disliked by the officers because of her many foolish questions. It fell to the lot of the steward to silence her.

"Doesn't this ship tip a good deal, sir?" she asked that official.

"Perhaps it does, madam; it is no doubt trying to set a good example to the passengers."

Contrary Advantage.

"How was it that Jones came so rapidly to the front?"

"He had the backing."

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Gift to Britain!

A magnificent gift to the British nation is being made by a Leeds gentleman, in the form of his famous collection of old Dutch and Flemish masters, including notable examples by Rubens and Van Dyck. There are upwards of fifty pictures in the collection, which will be handed to a trust to be known as the National Collection Trust; and they will be shown all over the country. It is estimated that the value of the collection is something like three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

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