

THE DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"I'm your master! Do you know it now?" he demanded.

She did not answer him. He looked at the red marks left by his fingers on her cheek, and the slight arousal in him a fresh, demonic passion. He raved. He shouted all the secrets of his life to her. He, the thief, the outlaw, had conquered the world!

Why should he fulfill his compact to keep the monster within the bounds of Skjold fjord?

He had at first intended to. He had abandoned, under the sway of his passion for the girl, his dreams of world conquest. With Ida's love, he had even indulged in the idea of becoming an ordinary man. He had meant to take her to America and lose his identity there in some peaceful existence.

He had recognized that it is the same impulse which fills the hearts of men with oxen for men, patient beasts who might, with single-hearted purpose, become lords of their fate. But he had weighed his new hopes with the past and found them heavier.

Then the girl's coldness, her indifference, had convinced him that winning love was quite different from inventing scientific apparatus and discovering new laws. During the long, silent voyage to Norway he had realized that he could never win her. He could embrace only a cold form whose heart was another's.

And, with the awakening from his dream, the worst in the man—if one quality was worse than another—had come to the top. He meant to keep Ida and still achieve his purpose.

Donald's maneuver in bringing the herd to Norway by the submarine method had completely deceived MacBeard. He had thought all along that the monster had followed his motorboat in obedience to his tuning fork. He had not heard the call of the queen, because its swift vibrations were audible as sound only for a very limited distance, in spite of their effect upon the men of the F55.

Now he resolved to lead the herd back to the European shores and complete his work of destruction. He had scattered the obsolete navy that was sent out against him. He would annihilate humanity. He would make himself sole master of mankind.

And Ida should be his mate, but not his equal, as he had planned. He would vent his rage on her. He would teach her his powers. When he was the only other human being existent, then perhaps she would begin to understand. He shouted all this to her. He overwhelmed her with sarcasm and rhetoric.

Ida, however, missed the keenness of the points he made. She saw only a madman, foaming at the mouth, and she took pride in her sacrifice. She looked back toward Donald. She saw him between the two other figures upon the shore, very little, and very far away.

MacBeard saw the look and understood. He raised his hand again to strike her, but he refrained. Instead, he reached into the cabin of the motorboat and took his tuning forks from under the seat. And by that act of treachery he wrote the last page of his history.

He slung them about his neck, and, taking the rod, he sounded the G note to call the swarm together.

The note rang true across the waters. Exhausted by their efforts, the monsters were incapable any longer of condensing the hydrogen, but the impulse to reply remained. From every part of the inland sea they swarmed toward him.

The sea rose into a choppy surge. The motorboat, riding the waves like a cork, heaved and pitched. Ida saw MacBeard, his eyes alight with triumph, his face blazing with hatred, now above her, and now below, as he sat in the pitching stern.

But the death of the queen had been the death-call of the swarm; instinctively they were aware of it, and the single purpose that had animated the herd was gone. Anarchy had replaced order. The swarm had become mere blind mechanism, and devoid of purpose.

Anarchy possessed them, and it was furious, as everywhere. So it is in the state, when it obtains power. So in the human body, when the cells rebel and organized life flares out. The swarm came on, a mere discordant multitude.

MacBeard, seated in the stern, felt five sharp pricks upon the hand that dangled toward the water. He drew it back hurriedly. He imagined that some insect had stung him. Then a slipper lashed him across the face. Two more seized him about the body.

An instant later, and he was out of the boat, which, released from his weight and from the sea devils, righted itself again. Then he began the struggle for life which he had always feared. The nightmare that had brooded over his dreams had at last come true. The infuriated monsters had turned upon the author of the call!

He clung to the gunwale, calling wildly for aid. He heard Ida's screams. He knew that her impulse was to save him. Perhaps that was as bitter as

the physical torment; perhaps some inkling of a higher law did reach his mind before the end.

But if it did, it was only a momentary flash of insight.

He felt the cold embrace of the leathery bodies. He heard the snapping jaws. He was torn from his hold, shrieking, and tossed into the air, from which to beat. His cries were so frenzied that they even reached the ears of those who watched on the shore.

He shrieked and fought, but he had as much chance for life as primitive man caught by a herd of dinosaurs. For a few moments his bobbing body was visible, grotesquely sprawled upon the reddening waves. Then it was rent limb from limb.

It disappeared, and, fighting over their prey, the sea devils played the last act of their own drama. They fell upon each other. It was the tragedy of the hive—the annual massacre of the drones; only they were all drones. Nature had no more use for them, now that their queen was gone.

Never had such a spectacle been seen by man before. The entire face of the inland sea was a tumult of fighting monsters. The dead grew into visibility as they became thicker. The floating patches of white almost obscured the waves. And still the fight became more frenzied.

They tore each other and themselves, they lashed the waves into foam; animal debris floated from end to end of the fjord. As the dead drifted toward the shore the struggle became more furious in the heart of the sea.

Gradually it subsided. The last of the herd was gone. The battle that was to decide the fate of the world had been a civil one, and fought out without man's agency.

The lash of the waves drove the light motorboat toward the cliffs. It stranded not five hundred feet from where Donald and his friends, awestruck, had watched the progress of the titanic conflict. They ran toward it and pulled Ida from the thwarts. It had seemed incredible that she could have survived.

For a long time she lay motionless. Drenched with the brackish water, her

hair unbound, she seemed to sleep in Donald's arms, while he and Davies worked frantically to revive her.

Davies raised his head at last and looked at Donald fixedly. Donald refused to meet his gaze.

They set to work again. For two hours longer they went through the movements of the resuscitation of the drowned. They stopped at last, exhausted. Davies laid his hand on Donald's shoulder; this time it was he who could not meet his friend's look. Suddenly they heard Clouts shouting, mad with joy.

"Look, sir! Mr. Davies, look!" he screamed.

They swung around. The girl's eyes had opened, and there was recognition in them.

She drew the first faint breath; her weak arms stole round Donald's neck. And in the universal joy nobody minded Clouts' mouth organ, as he blew "Home, Sweet Home."

"Hooray!" he yelled, tossing up his cap at the finale. "Mr. Davies, sir, it's just as I told you, isn't it? We've brought her back to life, and now we're going to wake up ourselves."

"What do you mean, Clouts?" asked Davies.

"Why, sir, don't you see? We've just been picked up and landed from the Beotia. And we've been dreaming all sorts of deliriums about sea monsters, and suchlike. If I might be allowed, sir, I'll put it to Captain Paget. Ain't we just been rescued after torpedoing the cruiser, sir?" he asked.

"Ain't the whole thing a dream?"

Donald looked up. "I don't know, Clouts," he said. "I think you may be right. But it's a happy one."

Davies looked at him in dismay.

"Do you really mean that, Donald?" he asked. "Do you honestly think that we have dreamed all this?"

"It's as plausible as any other ex-

planation," Donald replied. "I can't see why we shouldn't have. It's too preposterous—all that about the sea devils and that harmless crank MacBeard, who used to have newspaper rows with poor old Masterman. As likely as not we'll see him haunting the inventors' club when we get back, quite ignorant of the part he has played in our lives. You know dreams do do that—they put inconsequential people into absurdly important positions."

"But—hang it, Donald, how does Miss Kennedy happen to be here?"

"Why, wasn't she on board the Beotia?" Donald replied. "At any rate, if it's all true, what have we got to show for it?"

He had placed his arm across his breast, and at that moment he felt the crinkle of dampened paper in his inner pocket. He pulled out—the two pages of Masterman's letter.

Donald unfolded it. It was quite legible, in spite of the stains of sea water; but now for the first time he realized that he held not one page, but two. They had become stuck together in some manner, and Donald had not perceived the second page.

It was in the form of a postscript, and was the last sheet of the original manuscript, which Masterman, in his characteristic way, had inserted after the first. He had written:

But thank God, Donald, my boy, man will triumph after all. I thought the monsters were invulnerable, that nothing could oppose them. But the Lord knew what he was doing when he made them. There will be only three weeks of suffering for man, Donald—three weeks. For the creatures live for their queen; they can hardly be said to have independent life. They are sterile, like the bees, and the queen has a life-span of three weeks alone. When she dies the old swarm destroys itself. If the queen can be captured, all will be well. The queen has three weeks in which to grow to maturity, fulfil the purpose of her existence, and die.

What a tragedy! Of course time may seem longer to her, but we deem our avatars only years all too short. We are saved, Donald.

The letter rambled on, but Donald, without finishing it, handed it to Davies, who read it and gave it back.

"If MacBeard had known that—" he began.

"I think that 'if' is the rock on which he foundered," answered Donald. "He worked out everything mathematically, but he ignored the larger purpose of the Creator."

"Aye, aye, sir!" interpolated Sam Clouts, feeling in his pocket. "If you'll excuse me, sir, that motorboat seems wreck-proof, and I'd like to see whether it's still in good enough order to take us home."

Which proved to be the case.

(THE END.)

IMPORTANT TO BE ON TIME

Even the Biggest Men of Affairs Arrange Their Business on Punctuality as a Safe Guide.

A young Kentuckian lost a big fortune by being 20 minutes late in keeping a business engagement, according to the Christian Herald.

The cheerless old fellow with the scythe always gets all that is coming to him. And there is many a bad scar on our fortunes where he has had to prod us up to the mark.

Time is cheap and we are apt to think we can flinch it as we will. But it is always ourselves we rob, not time.

Maybe you can waste your own time by being late in keeping engagements and feel that the loss, if any, is your own affair. But it also is the affair of the man you keep waiting. You waste his time, too. If your time is worthless, maybe his is not. He may conclude that his time is worth more to him than yours are.

In many cases it may not matter much. But one never knows until afterward whether it matters or not. And through false politeness we are usually assured that it does not matter even when it does.

Only the idle and careless, whose time is of the least value, can afford to waste it by looseness in keeping engagements.

It may be hard to acquire the fixed habit of always being on time, but it can be done, and it is worth while to do it.

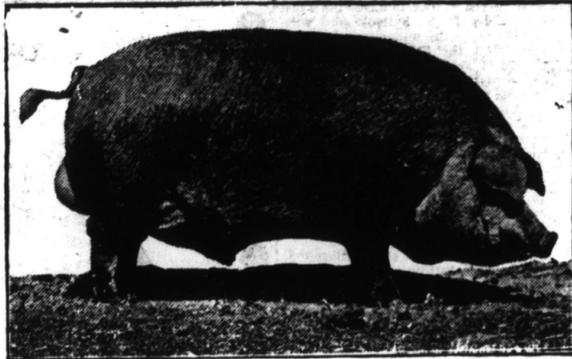
Great business men have this habit. Men of great affairs, whose time is most completely taken up, are usually on time. It is they who know best the value of time and the importance of saving it by being prompt.

Photograph Frames.

For framing a single photograph for the wall, a novel idea is to place it in the upper part of a moderately large mat. When the picture is in sepia, the mat should be in tan or brown, the frame brown or gold. When the photograph is gray the mat should be also, with a gray or gold frame. A wide gray frame sometimes takes the place of a mat.

The back board may be covered with a harmonious plain material; a wire easel may be bought for a trifle and attached to the back through a slit made just to fit its clamp. The back is included in the gimbal binding at the sides and bottom; the top is left open for the insertion of the picture.

CONVERSION OF ROUGHAGE INTO MEAT



SPLENDID TYPE FOR HEAD OF SWINE HERD.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is of the greatest importance in producing pigs for the market that they gain in weight as rapidly as possible. The modern hog is a highly specialized and efficient machine for the conversion of grain and roughage into edible meat; but to obtain the greatest efficiency, to make the most pork from a given amount of feed, to make the best pork, and to make that pork most economically the machine must be kept running to capacity from birth to the time of marketing. Nothing is more important than this factor. The question of breeding, the kind of feeds fed, and the proportion of the protein to the fattening elements in the ration are all important and are all means to the same end, but if the greatest profit is to be returned to the feeder his pigs must make maximum gains at all times.

Supplement to Sow's Milk.

The first opportunity to force the pigs comes when they are a few weeks old. Up to this time they have been living solely on their dam's milk; in fact there is no successful substitute, as has been demonstrated by repeated failure to raise newly born pigs on cow's milk. The milk of the sow is much richer in protein, fat, and ash than is cow's milk, and the latter makes such a poor substitute that pigs under two weeks of age usually die of digestive troubles following its exclusive use. After growing for three weeks the young pigs begin to have an appetite for some feed to supplement the sow's milk, and they should be fed, for unless they are the strain on the sow will be a very serious one. The pigs will eat from the sow's trough, especially if she is being fed on thin, sloppy feeds. A pen should be arranged adjoining that of the dam and separated from it by a partition with sufficient room at the bottom to allow the pigs to run under. In the enclosure to be used by the little pigs place a low shallow trough to contain their skim milk or mash.

The best feeds for pigs of this age are dairy by-products, such as skim milk. These, mixed with mill feeds, as middlings, shorts, and even a cheap grade of flour, or with a meal of ground oats from which the hulls have been removed, give excellent satisfaction. Some feeders use the self-feeder at this time, placing it inside a creep that will admit the pigs to their grain at all times. This is best adapted for pigs after six weeks old, where there is a lack of skim milk and they must be prepared for the period following weaning without this feed.

Castration.

Pigs should be castrated while they are young; the best time is between six and eight weeks of age, before weaning. At this age there is less shock to the pig and possibly less check in growth. If it is still suckling its dam, the chances are that it will be more thrifty and in better condition than when the operation is performed immediately after weaning. A pig six, seven or eight weeks old is small enough to be handled conveniently, and the testicles are large enough to render the operation quite simple. For detailed information on this subject consult Farmers' Bulletin 780, "Castration of Young Pigs."

Weaning.

Breeders differ widely as to the age for weaning. The majority wean at six to ten weeks, with a considerable number at twelve weeks; some wean later than twelve weeks and a few earlier than six weeks. There should be no hurry about it; eight weeks is young enough if skim milk is available. Of course, the size and development of the pigs have a great deal to do with the weaning age. If skim milk is not obtainable, it is better to let them nurse the sow until ten weeks old. The weaning should be brought about directly, and in all cases be complete and decisive. The pigs should be placed apart from the sows in quarters secure enough to prevent communication. If the sow is still milking considerably, it is best to milk her dry by hand rather than to return the pigs to her. The pigs will be no better off and the sow infinitely worse than if weaning is brought about decisively.

Weaning Ration.

Skim milk and corn or skim milk and shorts, fed in the proportion of three to one, make an excellent ration for weanlings. If skim milk is not available, a mixture of five parts corn meal, four parts middlings and one part tankage fed as thin slop is very good. Good, succulent pasture is always in order. It will aid wonderfully in putting growth on the young pigs, and the grain expense will be lessened. After the pigs have been weaned

and are eating well the most difficult part of their care is over. The feeding and management from then on will depend much upon whether they are to be kept for breeding or fattened for the market. Soon after weaning it is best to separate those animals which are kept for breeding purposes from the fattening stock.

The Fattening Stock.

The stock selected for fattening is fed in two periods—first, the growing period, from weaning until approximately six weeks to two months of the marketing date; and, second, the finishing period, from that time up to marketing. During the first or growing period the ration is much the same as that given to the breeding stock—that is, all of the nutritious pasture they need but with a heavier grain ration of slightly wider nutritive ratio. The object is to grow a pig with plenty of size and scale and one that will fatten quickly and economically. Some feeders use the self-feeder at this period and obtain excellent results, giving the pigs free access to such feeds as corn, mill feeds, and tankage while on pasture. The practice tends to shorten the feeding period and produces pork with slightly less grain per unit of gain. Under these conditions pigs do not neglect their forage but really make more economical use of it than when the grain is limited. In feeding a limited grain ration on pasture more success has been attained by giving an amount equal to three per cent of the body weight than when fed in lesser amounts.

The most rapid but also the most expensive gains in the pig's life comes during the finishing period. During these last few weeks before slaughter the animal is given all the feed he will consume with relish. Much more corn and less protein concentrates are fed during this period, a representative ration being composed of ten pounds of corn to one pound of tankage. The change in rations must be gradual and the increase in feed not too rapid; otherwise the animal is apt to "go off feed," or lose his appetite. Pastures are very valuable at this time, especially those composed of feeds high in protein, for they furnish a cheap source of nitrogen and keep the pig toned up and his appetite keen. A hog will consume a three and one-half to four per cent grain ration at this time, depending, of course, on the character of the feed and the weight of the hog, a larger hog eating less in proportion to his weight than a smaller one. The self-feeder was primarily devised to finish the hog in excellent fashion. Slightly more rapid and economical gains are made by its use than can be obtained by the best of hand feeding.

WASTE IN HOLDING HOGS IN LOCAL PENS

Practice of Purchasing Animals in Small Lots and Keeping in Yards Is Wasteful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A loss of live weight of hogs and waste of feed result from the practice of purchasing local hogs in small lots and holding them in local stockyards until a carload shipment is collected, according to specialists of the United States bureau of markets. They point out that at this and other seasons when runs are light, it often takes local buyers four or five days to assemble enough small lots for a carload. As facilities for feed and watering are inferior in small yards, the hogs make no further gains on their feed and often suffer actual loss of live weight. Local buyers, therefore, would do well to specify a certain day for the delivery of lots from the various farms and load and ship without holding. Farmers also could club together to make up co-operative carload shipments on regular week days, thus saving the margin lost in individual small-lot selling.

PROTECT OUTLET OF DRAINS

Coarse Wire Screen Will Keep Small Animals From Entering and Establishing Homes.

The outlets of tile drains should be protected to prevent small animals from entering them. Such places are often selected for homes, and rubbish is carried in for nests. A coarse wire screen will keep pests out without hindering the free passage of water.

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others. I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.



Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience. If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Japanese Language Taught.

Instruction in the Japanese language in the university and high schools of New South Wales is now on the same basis as instruction in German and French. High-school pupils who desire to take a course in Japanese, and later pursue the study at the university with a view to taking a degree, must give four years in a high school and three years at the university to the subject. As many high-school pupils as desire may take Japanese. There is also a large class of about 75 drawn from business circles and other walks in life, which is now studying Japanese at the university, and the language is being taught at the military school. The increased trade between Japan and Australia has caused the average business man to realize the importance of these courses.

AN ATTACK OF GRIP USUALLY LEAVES KIDNEYS IN WEAKENED CONDITION

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Regular medium and large size bottles, for sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

Not for Judson!

A fond relative on departure gave Judson a nickel. His mother was trying to convince him that, especially during these times, if he were wise he would not want to go to the candy store, but would save his nickel.

"Nope! I'm goin' down for gum!"

"But, Judson, don't you think it would be much nicer for you to put that nickel away and save it?"

Judson swelled up with indignation. "Well, what do you think I am? A papa?"

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Occasionally a couple marry and live happily ever after—they are divorced.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is not a "fencer" or "grub," but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose. Adv.

Bristol, England, factories in 1916 made 1,000,000 pairs of army boots.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

Administering the draft law cost the United States \$8,000,480.

IRRITATING COUGHS

Preventive of colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and other ailments of the throat with a tested remedy.

PISO'S