The Deep Sea Peril

VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER III-(Continued.)

He could trace the movements, as of some invisible body. He saw the ripples glide forward along the surface, strike the glass wall opposite, and continue at a right angle, turning again and again as the creature continued on its stendy course. The sensation was uncanny. Captain Masterman's words came back to Donald: "I've brought my specimen home." He was aware of an impulse to bolt. Instend of which, however, he concen-

trated all his attention on the tank. The movements in the water subsided. Donald had the impression that the invisible creature had stopped and was regarding him. He saw a gentle swirl as if a body stood upright within the tank. Then a sound from the second tank drew him toward it.

It was a musical ringing, exactly like that produced by drawing the finger tip around the top of a bowl of water-a long-drawn sound, sweet and clear. Donald looked into this tank, which was open at the top and not connected with the apparatus. But he could see nothing there, either.

He turned back to the first tank, and all at once he perceived two black specks, close together, halfway between the top of the water and the glass roof. Each was about the size of a small current. Donald went nearer. He saw them move. Then he started backward, overcome with hor-

The black specks were the pupils of n pair of eyes fixed on his and following them!

Like all sailors, Donald Paget was hot free from superstition. Any known danger he could have faced bravely, but this unknown thing was terrify ing. He felt his knees give under him. His impulse was to fly.

He turned, and at that moment something descended upon his head and struck him, half conscious, to the

Dimly, through the gathering mists. he made out the form of a middlenged bearded man. He saw the red face, the shrewd gray eyes that looked Into his, and recognized MacBearel. Beside him lay the sandbag with which the man had felled him.

Unable to move, Donald felt Mac-Beard rifling his pockets one by one, until he same upon the envelope con- hastily. MacBeard's past, though it taining Masterman's communication. MacBeard drew it forth with a grunt' and stood up under the gas to examine it.

A brief survey satisfied him that he had found what he was seeking. He grunted again and looked down at Donald. Apparently satisfied with his work, he turned toward the water tanks. He must have heard the splashing of the monster as it re-sumed its journeyings, for he started an Instant, and then, as if curious, he drew nearer to the first of the tanks with the air-pipe attachment. He stood quite still, looking at the thing in the water. Donald wondered ewhether he had discovered it, and whether he had perceived the eyes.

He knew in a moment, for with a yell MacBeard started backward. He stumbled against one of the palms and sent it crashing to the floor,

MacBeard, who had fallen with it, picked himself up and ran in terror, Donald heard his footsteps pattering along the flags outside. He heard the slam of the creaking gate. He knew that the professor, having obtained the document, was not likely to return. And he could not blame him for his nervousness, for he had almost done the same thing himself.

Donald staggered to his clutched at the wall to steady himself, and remained thus, while the swimming room gradually grew still. The light from the gas-jet fell upon the water tanks. And, looking at the farther tank, Donald had a queer illu-

He thought he saw the very misty outlines of the body of a beautiful woman, the merest shadowy shape, which swam before his eyes and was gone, and reappeared, velled in a sort of prismatic blend of coloring.

But before he had time to convince himself that it was or was not the result of his injury, to his horror he perceived very clearly a cloudy form beginning to take shape within the nearer tank.

The outlines grew clearer momen tarily. He saw what seemed to be the body of a hairless monkey, supporting itself upon webbed feet, or flappers. Budding out from the sides were two similar arms, the webbed hands pressing against the sides of

The outlines were at first so vague as to be almost imperceptible; then the crystalline body became opalescent and milky, resembling the white of an egg. It hardened and, as it hardened, swelled. Donald saw the chest heave, the gaplike mouth con-

And suddenly he realized that this grotesque, pitiful thing was suffering! He saw immediately that the professor's fall had disarranged the tubes that led from the tank. That, and the removal of the glass lid, which MacBeard's tumble had knocked to the floor, had reduced the air pressure to normal. The creature was suffering because there were only 16 pounds of air upon each square inch of its shiver. surface. It suffered just as a human being suffers on a high mountain.

flapped convulsively. Donald could his stand beside the lookout man, he do nothing. He knew that it was seemed to assume a dual personality. as happens with the crystalline crabs ically to its task. The other was ad other invisible denizens of the thinking over the events of the past to anything in sight you can

MACBEARD ROBS PAGET OF MASTERMAN'S DOCUMENTS PERTAINING TO THE STRANGE RACE.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget. The recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist.

ternal pressure would disrupt it.

He turned off the gas and staggered out through the kitchen into the little Baltimore, Donald had telegraphed regarden. He knew now that Master- pentedly to New York, but no news man's story had some germ of truth: had been received of the Beotia, and he had discovered some species of he had been unable to obtain any indeep-water-seal, and his mind strained formation concerning her from any of by his privations, had imagined the the port officials. He had finally gone rest. Why, he himself had almost aboard at Newport News in a very imagined he had seen a woman in the disappointed frame of mind, hopeless second tank!

He reached the gate, opened it, slammed it, and ran down the road, He did not cease running till he pulled himself up under a street light. He realized then that he was hatless; people were staring after him.

And, looking back, he imagined that he saw the shadowy outlines of the girl's body beneath the light of the

"I'm going crazy!" he muttered. "It's been a crazy night. I wonderwonder how much of it happened and how much was the result of the

And he half believed MacBeard had longitude. never existed, and that a burglar had assaulted him.

But, as he thrust his hands into there was at least some basis for the remembrances that surged through his busy brain.

he read the page.

"My dear friend Donald," it began. had begun in the Inventors' club, but the earth. never finished. There was the warning against MacBeard, "the enemy of the human race." Then Masterman the smoke thickened; then there came had written:

So much I have learned, but I know lit tle. He has the shrewdest brain of the century, and it is capable of infinite evil. Not as a tale-bearer. Donald, but out of duty to humanity, I here set down what I have discovered about him. If he knew that his past was revealed, my-life would be worth less than even the two months ich my doctor gives me.

He has been tracking me, spying on me. I learned only today that he has a fast motorboat in readiness off the coast to make the journey to the Shetlands as soon as he has discovered all that I know You must thwart him, and under no cir-cumstances let him get hold of this manuscript. His history is as follows:

Donald scanned the rest of the page



He Stumbled Against One of the Palms and Sent It Crashing to the

interest for Donald then. He resolved to put Masterman out of his mind in attention to his duties.

Of one thing only he was sure: he was not going back to the house to see whether there were any more specimens.

Somehow-he never quite remem bered how-Donald found a hotel, explained his appearance to the landlord, obtained fresh clothing, sent for his valise, drank three hot whisky toddies, and got to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

The Quest of the Sea Shark.

Lieutenant Donald Paget stood on the upper platform of the F55, which ran awash in the waves of the North Atlantic, far from the mother ship which had convoyed her and others of the flotilla almost to the north of Scotland.

The frall little craft hummed noisily as her petrol motors drove the twin screws through the water. The F55, one of the older type of submarine, was making ten knots through a difficult sea. Within her 250 feet by 15 she held an amazing potentiality for destruction.

Above the conning tower rose the single periscope for the captain or lookout man-now almost useless, should the F55 submerge herself, on account of the washing seas. Within the tower were the observation port, depth meter, and tubes connecting with the engine room and torpedo station. The platform quivered incessantly as the periscope motor underneath throbbed, and the vibration of the engines made the entire vessel

In the few days that he had been at sea the sense of responsibility for tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury It squirmed and writhed, and the his ship and the lives of his men had water was churned up by its flappers, weighed on Donald heavily. Now, en-The gill openings beneath the ears tering the conning tower, and taking growing visible because it was dying. One part of him bent itself automat- help?"

deep sen. Soon the force of the in- | few days, and pondering on their significance

> On the day following his visit to of meeting Ida Kennedy until after the war.

The chances of his surviving it did not appear to him to be brilliant ones. A last message from the mother ship informed him to keep his course toward the Shetlands. He was instructed that a battle cruiser had slipped out of the Kiel canal and was lurking somewhere among the Norwegian fjords, with a view to evading the blockade, making for the Atlantic, and harassing shipping there. The inference from this statement was an obvious one, for the American fleet's patrol joined the British in this "Smoke to start oard, sir!"

Sam Clouts, the lookout, was speaking, and instantly the two parts of the pockets of his trousers, he pulled Donald's personality fused. Ida Kenout the single page of Masterman's nedy was forgotten. Upon the horimanuscript, and then he knew that zon, through his glasses, Donald could see a tiny spiral of curling smoke.

He flung over the surface steering wheel and headed the F55 straight for Under the light of the next lamp the stranger. From that distance he knew that, while he could see the funnels of the ship, the submarine was Then followed the lines which Paget invisible, owing to the curvature of

Relinquishing the wheel to Clouts, he watched the stranger. Gradually into view two funnels, and a hull half invisible among the chopping waves.

It was impossible to mistake the oncoming ship. She was a battle cruiser of the Bluecher class, and she could only be escaping westward to harry commerce along the Atlantic trade route. With her fast heels and 12inch guns, she could match any unit afloat except those of the home squad-

Donald's luck was with him after

She was proceeding west-nor'-west, evidently purposing to round the Shetlands and so gain the shelter of the open seas. It was a daring maneuver, and she would certainly be sighted by the British destroyer flotilla. Still, though she could hardly outsteam these fast little craft, she might beat them off and escape before either the British or the American blockading vessels could come upon the scene.

Donald spoke a sharp command into the tube of the diving station. The hatch was jammed down. The horizontal rudders at the bow were deflected, the water rushed into the diving tanks, and the F55 began to dip. The surface running light slanted seaward as the bow went under, and slowly regained poise as the stern followed, bringing the F55 back to an even keel. The hum of the petrol motors ceased, the hull was filled with the roar of the inrushing water; then the electric motors took up their steady throbbing.

"Five meters!" announced the man at the depth indicator. "Six meters!

Paget sinks a German cruiser and Ida Kennedy enters the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Physician Has Provided Safeguard Against Accidental Poisoning by Bichloride of Mercury.

TABLET HARD TO SWALLOW

At the annual meeting of the American Pharmaceutical association, Louis Spencer Levy described a "safe bichloride tablet." The user is safeguarded against mistaking it for a headache tablet, probably the most frequent mistake, by the addition to the ingredients of about 1 per cent of pungent oils, such as capsicum or mustard, and by shaping the tablet so that it is practically impossible to swallow.

Regarding the latter form of protection the author says: "Very few persons find much difficulty in swallowing pieces of food of considerable size, but anything of rodlike shape, about 11/4 Inches long, cannot be swallowed without great difficulty, if at all, even with water. I have, therefore, designed a tablet of this length, about one-fourth inch wide and about oneeighth inch thick, weighing about 1.6 grammes. If you try to swallow anything this shape, you will get the surprise of your life,"

Instruments of Precision.

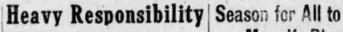
Accuracy is one of the most necessary qualifications of the present-day business girl-or so It would appear from the following conversation overheard the other day in the park: "So I answered the 'phone, and he said, 'Is Mr. X. there?' and I said, 'Yes, do you want to see him?' and then what do you think he said? He said, 'My dear girl, this is not a telescope; this is a telephone."-Manchester Guardian.

Where Looks Count,

Lawyer (to handsome female defendant)-"Sob a whole lot, but shed no against you like a red nose and watery

A Practical One. "Have you any theories as to helf-"Cerminy. Mine is to help yourself

"H'm, I guess I'll get about a barrel



inations, and to all persons whomso-

ever within the United States, to set

apart and observe Thursday, the 19th

day of February next, as a day of pub-

lic thanksgiving and prayer, and on

that day to meet together and render

their sincere thanks to the great ruler

of nations for the manifold and signal

mercies which distinguish our lot as

a nation, particularly for the posses-

sion of constitutions of government

which unite and by their union estab-

lish liberty with order, for the preser-

vation of our peace, foreign and do-

mestic; for the seasonable control

which has been given to the spirit of

disorder in the suppression of the late

BE THANKFUL AT ALL TIMES

Too Few of Us Think of Gratitude in

Connection With Our Every-

day Mercies.

Genuine thankfulness is one of the

weetest, richest and hollest of the

Christian graces; and yet we fear that

it is one of the rarest. We take a

large portion of our daily exercises as

a matter of course, and hardly think

of thanking God especially for them.

Other things we attribute to our own

skill, or industry, or good judgment;

we take all the credit of them, and

leave God quite out of the calculation.

For special deliverances we return

thanks to God, and seem to forget ut-

all night in a sleeping car, and espe-

cially render thanks that the train

did not shoot the track during the

hours of darkness? But if the train

had actually been pitched down an

embankment, and we had escaped un-

hurt, we should throw ourselves down

on our knees and pour out our thanks

to God for a wonderful preservation.

Common, everyday services that pass

wholly unnoticed, deserve as fervent

as expression of gratitude as an es-

wrecked vessel would deserve. I sus-

peet that when God said "Whoso of-

ness every hour, and under every kind

might thank God after being dragged

up from drowning into a lifeboat; a devout and thorough Christian only

would thank him "in whose hands our

breath is," for every breath that he

draws.-Theodore Cuyler.

of providences. A graceless sinner tinue to bless in things both great

and small.

HE lastThanksgiving proclamation of the revolution was reported to congress October 18, 1783, by Duane, Samuel Huntington and Holten. It was written by Mr. Duane and given to the people on the second Thursday in December. It expresses thanks for the discharge of

Two Thanksgiving

"Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of all human events to dispose the hearts of the late belligerent powers to put a period to the effusion of human blood, by proclaiming a cessation of all hostilities by sea and land, and these United States are not only happily rescued from the dangers and calamities to which they have been so long exposed, but their freedom, sovereignty and independence are ultimately acknowledged; and, whereas, in the process of a contest on which the most essential rights of human nature depended the interposition of divine providence in our favor hath been most abundantly and most graciously manifested, and the citizens of these United States have every reason for praise and gratitude to the God of their salvation; . . . the United States in congress assembled do recommend it to the several states to set apart the second Thursday in December next as a day of public thanksgiving."

of the union.

This document was written by Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, and bears amendments by Edmund Randolph, secretary of state. The original copy is yellow and the ink is faded, but it is yet legible. It is the engrossed copy which bears the great seal of the United States and the signatures of Washington and Randolph. The proclamation is as follows:

"When we review the calamities which afflict so many other nations, the present condition of the United States affords much of consolation and satisfaction. Our exemption hitherto from foreign war, an increasing prospect of the continuance of that exemption, the great degree of internal tranquility we have enjoyed, the recent confirmation of that tranquility by the suppression of an insurrection which so wantonly threatened it, the happy course of our public affairs in general. the unexampled prosperity of all classes of our citizens, are circumstances which peculiarly mark our situation with indications of the divine beneficence toward us. In such a state it is an especial manner our duty as a people, with devout reverence and affectionate gratitude, to acknowledge our many and great obligations to almighty God, and to implore him to continue and confirm the blessings we expe-

terly that he has been taking care of "Deeply penetrated with this sentius at all other times, when our eyes ment, I. George Washington, president of the United States, do recommend discovered no danger. How many of to all religious societies and denom- us awake in the morning after riding

JUST THE THING



Love doesn't interest a woman so much as the man concerned in it.

Proclamations of **Revolutionary Days**

troops in the following words:

The first national Thanksgiving to be promulgated after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States on October 3, 1789. This was a general recommendation of thanksgiving for the establishment of the Constitution. The whereabouts of the original of this instrument is unknown, The earliest Thanksgiving proclamation of Washington as president in the possession of the department of state is one dated January 1, 1795, and was issued in view of the suppression of the rebellion in western Pennsylvania, which for a time threatened the safety

Magnify Blessings and Forget Crosses

E CELEBRATE that great holiday, Thanksgiving, at this season. In the gay, round of pleasures the day always brings, perhaps not one of us will stop a moment and seriously look back over the past year, now rapidly drawing to a close. Many of us-in fact, all of us-should pause a moment and quietly review the past months.

Perhaps these months brought us many trials, but they also brought us many blessings. It is the blessings we should itemize and magnify and forget the crosses. We may sigh discontentedly and say, "Well, last year I had many more reasons to be thankful than I have this year," but if we are fair and honest with ourselves we will have to admit that, even if troubles came our way, the blessings that followed them were far greater

Who has not rend the story of that first Thanksgiving Day? Fancy a woman in these times enduring the hardships and worries those strong hearted New England pilgrims endured: and what a wonderful lesson, in unselfishness they have handed down to us!

Argue and elaborate as we will on our burdens, we know fate has been good to us. Life is not all sunshine. If it were we would very soon grow tired of life. Disappointments, setbacks, dislilusionments come to every, one, and we must expect they will come to us. Indeed, we have no voice in the matter. They will come to us as surely as day follows night; but do we accept them patiently? That is

another story. Many women look only on the dark side of life. "What's the use?" they say dejectedly. "Everything I try to do turns out a failure." There is a tiny breath of selfishness here. "I" is very prominent in these women's thoughts. Perhaps if they did something worth while for someone else their work would be crowned with success. Doing something for another has never yet turned out a failure. There isn't a case on record showing where failure has followed a kind deed done for another. Perhaps this other did not appreciate the efforts taken in her behalf, yet the fact remains that the woman who put herself out to make another woman happy experienced a wonderful happiness herself. -New York Evening Telegram.

VERY POPULAR



The Duck-My, I'm getting popular. The whole family just watch me all the time.

Be Thankful Every Day. The purely passive contemplation of all good ought to be granted to common days on which no more has occurred than the dally round of little pleasures and the absence of more than ordinary annoyances. With the evening offering of a silent thanksgiving to God we take conscious possession of simple happiness and enjoy be from a burning house or ship- it once again, instead of slipping off past God's best gifts as men so often Thus thanksgiving involves the do. fereth praise glorifieth me," he had recognition: All this good is from reference to the habitually thankful God, and this recognition reacts on our souls who recognize his loving kind- own mood, creating conscious joy and

> Good Thought for the Day. There can be no better thought for Thanksgiving day than that which expresses honest gratitude for what our fathers won for us, and determination to confer its blessings unimpaired on our offspring.

humble trust in the God who will con-

Nerves All Unstrung?

Nervousness and nerve pains come from weak kidneys. Many son who worries over trilles a troubled with neuralgia, rhe pains and backache would find through a good kidney remedy. have nervous attacks, with head backaches, dizzy spells and shooting pains, try Doan's Pills. They have brought quick in thousands of such cases.

A Virginia Case Mrs. J. E. Par-sons, 531 Poole St., Norfolk, Va., says: "I suffered all one

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TROOPS AT SO MUCH A MA

Soldiers Furnished British Governme by German States at Beginning of Revolutionary War.

At the beginning of the Revolution ary war the British government ma treaties with several of the Germ states by which they were to furn troops at so much a man to assist subjugating the Americans. Appl tions for assistance made to Ru and Holland were rejected, but seve of the German states responded fav ably. There was no united Germ or imperial government, no kniser t autocratic power, but each indepen state had a separate government. English historian says:

"Finding It difficult or impossible obtain the necessary recruits at he and that the existing English and I regiments embarked with such re tance that it was necessary to a guard upon the transports to l them from deserting by wholesale, ministry applied to Russia, the sta general (Holland), and finally to eral of the German states for me naries. The infamy of filling up British armament was reserved for princes of three or four petty Ger states." Contracts were made with rulers of seven German states a which an aggregate of about th troops were furnished at so muc head, cash down, and an annual to the rulers of the different states

"The subsidies," says the En historian, "were to be continued one full year at least after the ended and the troops had returne their homes," The troops thus h out by German rulers to fight aga Americans were not raised easily.

American historian Bancroft says "The whole number of men nished in the war by Brunswick equal to one-twenty-seventh part total population; by the landgray Hesse, to one out of every twen his subjects, or one in four of the bodied men, a proportionate cor tion in 1776 would have shippe America from England and alone an army of more than # men. Soldiers were impressed the plow, the workshop, the high no man was safe from the in agents of the princes, who kidn without scruple."

Bridget's Answer. Although not overparticular her work, Mrs. Brownstone's mald, fresh from the Evergreet was somewhat of a stickler for sion in language.

"Is it after eight yet?" asket B--- of her one morning as she in from the kitchen on some en "Yis, mum," replied Bridget fully weighing her words. "It ther it all right, but it hasn't got



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