

The Deep Sea Peril

By 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 steady course.

The black specks were the pupils of a pair of eyes fixed on his and following them! Like all sailors, Donald Paget was not free from superstition.

He turned, and at that moment something descended upon his head and struck him, half conscious, to the floor. Dimly, through the gathering mists, he made out the form of a middle-aged bearded man.

Donald scanned the rest of the page hastily. MacBeard's past, though it seemed shady and criminal, had little 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 remembered 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.

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 momentarily. 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 tank.

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 gape-like mouth contracted.

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.

MACBEARD ROBBS 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.

deep sea. Soon the force of the internal pressure would disrupt it. He turned off the gas and staggered out through the kitchen into the little garden.

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.

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

Under the light of the next lamp he read the page. "My dear friend Donald," it began. Then followed the lines which Paget had begun in the Inventors' club, but never finished.

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He was proceeding west-nor-west, evidently purposing to round the Shetlands and so gain the shelter of the open sea.

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.

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few days, and pondering on their significance. On the day following his visit to Baltimore, Donald had telegraphed repeatedly to New York, but no news had been received of the Beota, and he had been unable to obtain any information concerning her from any of the port officials.

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.

Relinquishing the wheel to Clouts, he watched the stranger. Gradually the smoke thickened; then there came 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.

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Nerves All Unstrung? Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatism, pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy.

Two Thanksgiving Proclamations of Revolutionary Days

THE last Thanksgiving proclamation of the revolution was reported to congress October 18, 1783, by Duane, Samuel Huntington and Holten.

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.

The first national Thanksgiving to be promulgated after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States was written by Washington and issued 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 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 experience.

"Deeply penetrated with this sentiment, I, George Washington, president of the United States, do recommend to all religious societies and denominations, and to all persons whomsoever within the United States, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 19th day of February next, as a day of public 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 possession of constitutions of government which unite and by their union establish liberty with order, for the preservation of our peace, foreign and domestic; for the reasonable control which has been given to the spirit of disorder in the suppression of the late insurrection."

By the President, Edmund Randolph

BE THANKFUL AT ALL TIMES Too Few of Us Think of Gratitude in Connection With Our Everyday Mercies.

Genuine thankfulness is one of the sweetest, richest and holiest 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 utterly that he has been taking care of us at all other times, when our eyes discovered no danger.

How many of us awake in the morning after riding all night in a sleeping car, and especially 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 unhurt, 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 an expression of gratitude as an escape from a burning house or shipwrecked vessel would deserve. I suspect that when God said "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," he had reference to the habitually thankful souls who recognize his loving kindness every hour, and under every kind of providences. A graceless sinner might thank God after being dragged up from drowning into a lifeboat; a devout and "through Christian only would thank him "in whose hands our breath is," for every breath that he draws.—Theodore Cuyler.

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

Heavy Responsibility



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Season for All to Magnify Blessings and Forget Crosses

WE CELEBRATE that great holiday, Thanksgiving, at this season. In the 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.

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 in number.

Who has not read 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, disillusionments 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 daily 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 it once again, instead of slipping off past God's best gifts as men so often do. Thus thanksgiving involves the recognition: All this good is from God, and this recognition reacts on our own mood, creating conscious joy and humble trust in the God who will continue to bless in things both great and small.

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 unimpeded on our offspring.

RAW FURS WANTED BUY SAW FURS—DIRECT FROM THE BREASTS OF THE COUNTRY HUNTERS, or the best dealer. I'll buy one hide or ten thousand hides.

TROOPS AT SO MUCH A MA Soldiers Furnished British Government by German States at Beginning of Revolutionary War.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the British government made treaties with several of the German states by which they were to furnish troops at so much a man to assist subjugating the Americans. Applications for assistance made to Prussia and Holland were rejected, but several of the German states responded favorably.

There was no united German or imperial government, no Kaiser or autocratic power, but each independent state had a separate government. English historian says: "Finding it difficult or impossible to obtain the necessary recruits at home and that the existing English and Irish regiments embarked with such reluctance that it was necessary to hire a guard upon the transports to keep them from deserting by wholesale, ministry applied to Russia, the state general (Holland), and finally to several of the German states for mercenaries. The infamy of filling up British armaments was reserved for princes of three or four petty German states." Contracts were made with rulers of seven German states in which an aggregate of about the troops were furnished at so much head, cash down, and an annual stipend to the rulers of the different states furnishing them.

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

"The whole number of men furnished in the war by Brunswick equal to one-twenty-seventh part of total population; by the landgrave Hesse, to one out of every twenty his subjects, or one in four of the bodied men, a proportionate contribution in 1770 would have shipped America from England and alone an army of more than 80,000 men. Soldiers were impressed from the plow, the workshop, the field; no man was safe from the hands of the agents of the princes, who killed without scruple."

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

"Is it after eight yet?" asked B— of her one morning as she in from the kitchen on some errand. "Yes, mum," replied Bridget, "fully weighing her words. 'It ther it all right, but it hasn't got yet! It has five minutes yet to tra—"

Two Great World Grains are combined in the perfected ready-cook cereal— Grape-Nut

This appetizing blend of Wheat and Barley is over 98% Food

ECONOMICAL HEALTHFUL DELIGHTFUL

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USE DR. SLIMMS 'ANTI-FAT' NEVER FAILS AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"H'm, I guess I'll get about a barrel of that stuff."