

THE DEEP SEA PERIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Of course I love you," he responded madly. Somehow his heart was utterly unsteady; it was as if he had looked into the face of Immortal Beauty. "Of course I love you. Won't you try to keep, Ida?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, releasing herself. "But you don't love me, Donald—I know!" And slowly she withdrew into her cabin, leaving Donald a prey to intense bewilderment and despair.

Who was she, this almost invisible beauty? Had she followed him here, aboard the ship, or—swimming behind the submarine? Was she another species of the sea devils?

Suddenly, for the first time since their conversation, he recalled Masterman's words: "I brought my specimen home with me. Think of that, lad! They didn't want to eat. They don't eat after they are mature, Donald."

Now it came to Donald with conviction that the old captain had had reference to this woman! And, straining his eyes through the darkness, he saw her again.

But this time there was visible upon her face an expression so pitiful that almost brought the tears to Donald's eyes.

She was watching him with a dumb pining of inexpressible pathos. That look reminded Donald of the old legend of the mermaid who could obtain a soul only from some human lover.

An idea came to him. He would go up into the conning tower; in that narrow space he could see her better and understand what she was.

But as he stood in the passage, at the bottom of the trapdoor, Clouts appeared before him. It occurred to Donald afterward that he had been there for a considerable time.

"It's all right, sir!" said Clouts. "Go on duty, and it's all right."

"What's all right?" demanded Donald. "It's all right, sir. I understand such things," said Clouts.

"Clouts, what the devil are you talking about?" "It's all right, sir," replied Clouts for the third time, pointing before him.

at his side. The middy's voice cleft the thick darkness like a knife.

"We're done for, old man!" he whispered. "We'd better not awaken her. Listen!"

Heretofore no sound from without had penetrated the thin plates of the submarine, but now Donald distinctly heard a cracking noise, as if some pressure were being exerted against the sides of the vessel.

"We're breaking up, sir." "You mean—?" "It's that gang of devils, Donald. Do you mind letting me grip your arm a minute, sir? It's in a way disturbing."

The sounds grew louder, and it seemed every instant that the rivets would start and the water rush in. "It's the weight of the ocean over us, Davies," said Donald, without the faintest faith in this diagnosis.

"But this pressure is horizontal, not vertical, Donald. And water has no horizontal pressure at all."

Donald was silent. He would not voice what was in his own mind, but he knew that his explanation was nonsense, meant to deceive not only Davies, but himself also.

The sea monsters must be pushing against the bottom of the F55, to break her by their own weight and get at their prey within. Maddened by hunger in those barren solitudes of darkness, they were a frenzied army of destruction.

He wondered whether Clouts' act was in any way the cause of this new attack. The pressure increased. The steel plates cracked as trees snap in zero weather.

Donald looked up and saw Ida standing in the doorway. "Is anything wrong?" she asked, coming forward to Donald.

He could not answer her, and she did not repeat the question, but stood looking intently at the two men, who watched each other. It was impossible that Ida could help understanding the meaning of the sounds without.

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each of them called for Clouts, firing his revolver, and listening for any response.

But there was no response. It was evident that, for some reason unknown, Clouts had gone into the sea. They went to a cave and began to make a quick examination of it.

In the midst of this work a whirring sound came to their ears. It was that of a gas engine.

Looking over the rocks, they saw a man in a large motorboat hurrying round the promontory. Donald hailed him with a yell. There came no answer, but the boat continued to make toward them.

The man in the boat raised his head. It was MacBeard. He stopped the engine and lay to, about a couple of hundred yards away. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and waved it.

"The d—n rogue!" muttered Davies, raising his revolver. "It was indeed Professor MacBeard. And he appeared distressed. At least he flew the distress, or parity, signal, and his movements seemed altogether more agitated, and his demeanor less bland than on the preceding afternoon."

Whatever his nocturnal work had been, it seemed to have been cut short by the dawn, which had driven the monsters to seek shelter in the ocean depths. He seemed to have come from the other side of the island.

"Truce!" he seemed to shout, although the sound, echoing from rock to rock, was not clearly audible. "Truce!" He waved the handkerchief frantically.

Donald and Davies fired together. They saw the bullets strike the water. MacBeard crouched down behind the engine. There could be no parleying with such as he.

They emptied their weapons in their fury. MacBeard was just out of range. He started the engine again and came to a halt fifty yards farther at sea.

"Truce! I want to speak to you," he yelled. They aimed their empty revolvers. MacBeard started for safety. His boat disappeared round a distant point of the island.

"The devil!" said Donald. Then he turned to Davies. "We'll take on supplies, at any rate," he said. "One thing is sure: those devils might raise the submarine, but they can never sink her, once the tanks are blown."

"They were blown when we submerged, sir," answered the middy. "The deflected rudder kept us down. But we can't go down unless we try to start her."

"Miss Kennedy!" Donald called to Ida, who had disappeared within the cave. She did not answer him, and the two men approached to summon her. But just within the cave they saw something that revived for a moment the old horrors which they had escaped.

They were two human skeletons, with fragments of clothing near them. Donald stooped and picked up a morsel. "Khaki—government khaki!" he said. "I wonder who—"

But the explanation became too obvious when, projecting from behind a rock near by, they saw the wing of an airplane. The missing aviators had been found. And the manner of their death was too clear. They must have been seized, while sleeping, by the sea devils.

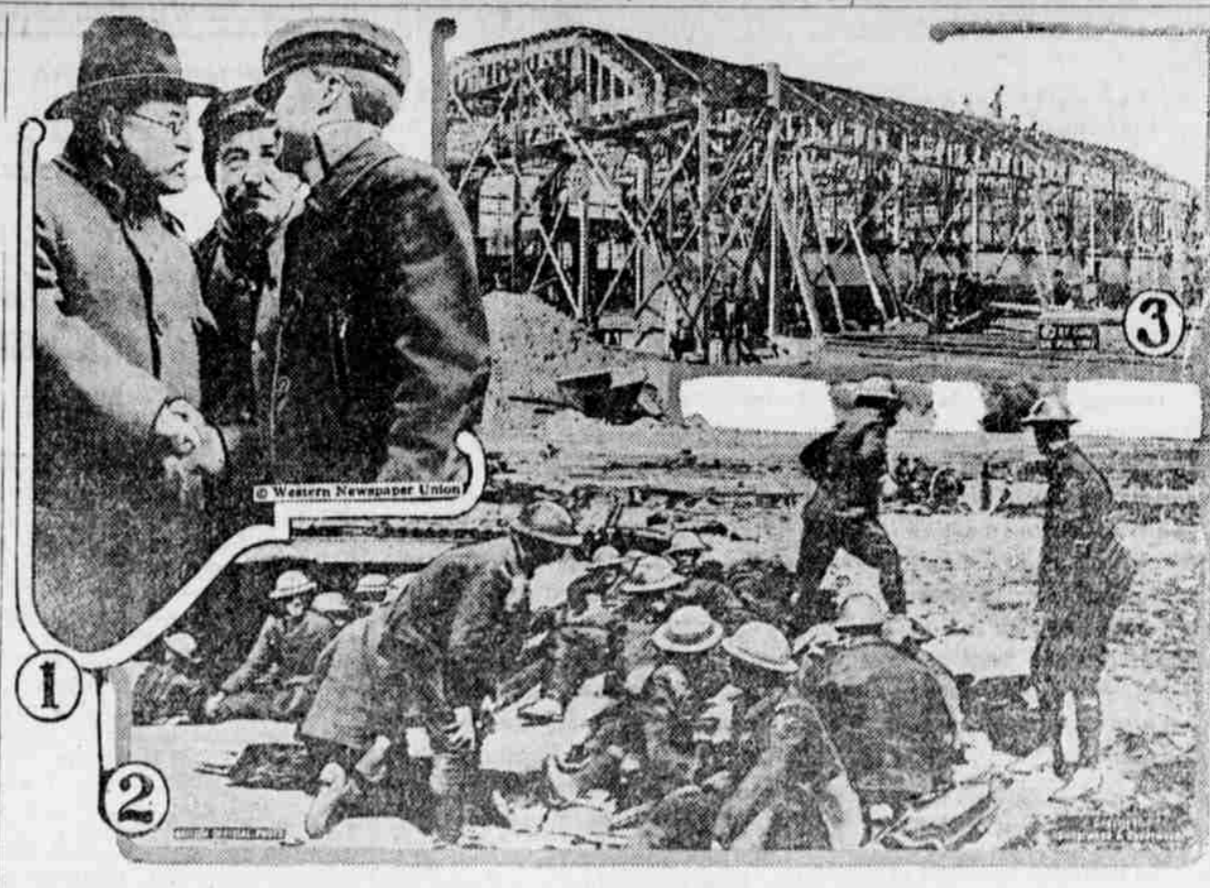
The airplane, which was of the hydroplane type, had evidently been drawn within the cave and left there by the aviators. A hasty examination showed Donald that it was uninjured. Perhaps MacBeard had intended to make use of it; or it was possible that he had not seen it, for it was hardly distinguishable among the shadows.

"Miss Kennedy!" called Donald. "Ida! Where are you? Don't go too far!" No answer came, and they began to grow uneasy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PICTURE WRITING ON WALLS Ranchman, While Hunting for Lost Cow, Makes Important Archaeological Discovery in Canyon.

J. L. Ford, a ranchman of the Peñon neighborhood on the west side of the Rio Grande, near Las Cruces, N. M., reports what may be an important archaeological find.

In hunting for a lost cow he was led into a deep canyon where his attention was attracted by picture writing on the canyon walls. These were done in a yellow pigment and were apparently very old. They represented a lightning bolt, deer and spearheads.



1—Col. Theodore Roosevelt urging to greater efforts the men of the shipyards at Chester, Pa. 2—British dressing station under fire on the west front. 3—Type of the hangars that are being built in this country and France for America's great air fleet.

NEWS REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK

ASTOUNDING ORDER BY GARFIELD STOPS NATION'S INDUSTRIES FOR FIVE DAYS.

CAUSED BY THE COAL FAMINE

NINE ADDITIONAL HOLIDAYS DECREED—STORM OF PROTESTS IS UNAVAILING—ATTACKS ON SECRETARY BAKER CONTINUE—CENTRAL POWERS REJECT RUSSIAN PEACE PROPOSALS.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

"It is the earnest desire of the fuel administration to prevent entirely any dislocation of industry or of labor." With these words, Fuel Administrator Garfield closed his summary of the most drastic and startling experiment in domestic and war economy made by this or any other government.

For five days beginning January 18 every factory and workshop in the region east of the Mississippi and including all of Louisiana and Minnesota, was ordered closed, with the exception of those manufacturing perishable food or food for immediate consumption.

Ten successive Mondays beginning January 21 are ordered to be observed as holidays when the consumption of coal shall cease except in specified cases.

Secretary Baker and his management of the war department are still the objects of sharp attack and the demands for his resignation or removal increase daily.

The British labor party came to the front on Tuesday with a message to the Russian people announcing that the British people accepted the principle of self-determination of peoples and no annexations for the British empire, especially in the middle East, Africa and India.

The German submarines have not been very active of late, the weekly report of the British admiralty showing only six large British vessels and four smaller ones sunk.

Further evidence that the submarine service is most distasteful to the German sailors is contained in the report from Geneva of another mutiny among the submarine crews at Kiel.

France is in the throes of a new Callaux scandal, the former premier being now under arrest on a charge of treason. The affair was brought to a crisis by information supplied by Secretary Lansing.

Turkestan announced its independence on Tuesday. Petrograd announced that after ten days of the armistice on the eastern front, the Roumanians stopped the Russian supplies, disarmed the soldiers and arrested the regimental committee.

The incident, the correspondent says, suggests a German agency, because nothing would suit the Germans better than an excuse to break with Russia over a breach of the armistice instead of over an important point in the peace negotiations.

It is insisted by the correspondent that the visit of the allied and neutral diplomats to Premier Lenin constitutes a de facto recognition of the bolshevik government.

He says the general tone of the conversation at the meeting was friendly. The Italian ambassador took the opportunity to protest against the looting of his wine cellars. Lenin replied that the ambassador should have telephoned him. The conversations at the meeting, the correspondent of the Daily News says, confirmed his view that more is to be feared than gained from a replacement of the bolshevik by the social revolutionists.

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HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrborg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial. For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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When you are wheezing and sneezing, coughing and hawking, you're facing a cold proposition. Handle it right. Hals Honey of Horsewood and Tar quickly relieves bad cases. All druggists, 25c. a bottle.

TRIPLE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS GIRLS Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura Soap 25c Ointment 25 and 50c

When a man does wrong it's a poor excuse to say that there are others.

"Cold in the Head" is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

Life's pleasures are too so numerous that you can afford to snub one. Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

He who reflects obtains ample joy. Body Terribly Swollen Mr. Madara's Condition Was Critical Until Doan's Were Used. Health Was Restored.

"For six months I couldn't walk, I was so swollen as the result of kidney trouble," says Geo. T. Madara, 15 Mt. Vernon Ave., Pitman Grove, Camden, N. J.: "Backache drove me nearly wild and big lumps formed over each kidney. If I lay down I bloated until I weighed 407 pounds, and I was a sight to behold. The water in my system pressed around my heart and I sometimes felt as if I was being strangled. The kidney secretions were scanty and contained a thick sediment."

"No one can imagine how I suffered. I finally went to the hospital, but when an operation was suggested I would not consent and came home. I heard how Doan's Kidney Pills had helped others, so I discarded all the other medicines and started taking them. The second day I began to improve and as I continued, my back stopped aching and the swelling went down. The other kidney troubles left, too, and I was soon as well as ever."

Sworn to before me. Philip Schmitz, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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