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ed on the bridge. "She carries our hve submarines and a holdful of Whiteheads. Your friends are after her."

"And after you, too, captain," answered Bronson. "Look there." He pointed to the upper end of the strait, where, far out over the gray sea, were two grayer spots from each of which, even as they looked, came a twinkle of "That scout boat has reported

you." "And you, too, lieutenant," answered the captain grimly. "She rescued one of your men. What will happen to you for losing that boat?"

"The salt mines of Siberia for me," answered Bronson. "I am pondering on the ethics of desertion."

The captain glanced inquiringly at

him, then said, "I will release you from parole if you wish." "Thank you, sir. I accept the release officially, but will always maintain it personally between you and my-

The captain smiled. "No." he said.

"You cannot escape." Being a prisoner no longer under parole. Bronson left the bridge, and by this time two fountains of water had Argyll. arisen on the smooth waters of the strait perilously near to the Argyll. proving that the men behind those

twinkles of flame had the range

Then two booming reports came over the sea, but the Argyll remained at anchor and waited.

The gunfire from behind the head land below had not ceased, and soon appeared, three miles out, howeverthe scout boat of the day before. She passed slowly across the opening, firing at the mother ship, but maintaining a safe distance. Then a three funneled, high sided, armored cruiser battleship and another smaller cruiser. mother ship, coming on in her smoke, bad told the news. her crew working at the heavy forward crane.

"Only three submarines on her deck," remarked the captain as he viewed her through his glass. "She has left two of them somewhere. I wonder if over the performances of an enemy. they're near by."

And now the two ships coming on from above, battleships evidently, changed their fire from the Argyll to the other, and their range finders were good, and their aim was good, and the shell that they sent were heavy, and when one lifted a shower of water over the whole slanting deck of the mother ship the Argyll acted.

She was caught in a trap, but that unarmored, unprotected mother with her five small ducklings needed her care, and, lifting her anchor, she steamed out to meet her, the secondary battery silent the while, but the after turret guns belching at the two ships at sea, the forward ones at the battleship, the two cruisers and the scout. And her range was good and her range finding excellent, and the shere mins had straightened around. The

She separated into fragments.

sion. Beginning at the stern, she wonder if she fired a torpedo." cigar shaped submarine boat swung went away signaling." wise from the shattered halves of the is again."

sound as of a repeated drum call of yer eyes!"

cloud had thinned there was nothing He began dancing about in the water, left of the mother shop but a few floating fragments of wood and, showing for one instant before it sank, the round conning tower of a single sub- running away. Then the captain spoke.

gunfire of the three ships, one but a mile below her, the other two, breast to breast, coming down the strait. The cruisers and the scout boat were still going. They seemed to be agitated, smoking hard from their funnels and flying numerous small flags in different combinations. The battleship they had deserted, though weaker than the Argyll, steamed boldly into the strait, and, as she was already close enough, the latter stopped her engines and drifted with the tide. Then the two ships above slowed down, and, the Argyll in the center, there ensued one of the hammer and tongs, give and take conflicts from which the big English battleship had ever emerged victorious, because no shell was made that could penetrate her eighteen inch armor and no armor that could withstand her thirteen inch

Bronson, gloomy of face, appeared in the conning tower, where the imperturbable captain and his aids had taken refuge from the storm of steel. He waited until the captain had with-On drawn his eyes from a peephole, then

"Your master-at-arms will not confine me, captain." "Are you still pondering on the eth-

ics of desertion?" asked the captain, again gluing his eye to a peephole. "The probable is unsolvable," said Bronson. "By the laws of honor and of Russia I should be fighting against you; by the laws of nature and blood I should be with you. There are pen-

alties for violation of law." "What do you mean?" asked the captain, without looking around. "I notice that your fighting top bat-

The captain paid no more attention

to him, and Bronson climbed the ladder that led up the mast to the lower top. It is an axiom in the world's navies that no man may live through an aca tion in a fighting top, and Bronson, aloft with the dead, could not but have been impressed by the sight of the fall of the lower Russian ship's self. But I am still pondering. I can foremasts, tops, guns, dead men and not desert yet. Please put me in living, and the small signal yard to which, even as the mast crashed down, small flags were ascending. But the ship went on, a man now exposed on her forward bridge waving a wigwag

> And now, though her heavy shells still came toward the big, invulnerable Englishman, it was noticeable that her whole secondary battery of quick fire and machine guns was directed astern at something which only Bronson, high in air with a pair of service binoculars, could make out.

back and forth until abreast of the

"A submarine!" he called. "They're running away from it! Now it has

Gunfire on the upper ships suddenly :eased, and the Argyll's captain and sids came out of their refuge to see appeared in view, then a short, bulky these two, with a furious turmoil of water at their sterns, backing and All directed their fire at the reeling turning in their lengths. The wigwag

"There it is again!" shouted Bronson excitedly. "It's up for a peep around. Now it's under again." Professional excitement and enthusiasm are excusable, even when aroused Bronson, who had gone aloft to die,

had a new interest in life. "The mother boat must have dropped one somewhere," said the captain, "or else it's the one they had hoisted when she blew up. Just in time too," he added calmly as a crash sounded and a quiver went through the ship, while a cloud of smoke and splinters went up from the stern.

A shell from the lower ship had

"Steering gone, sir!" called a quartermaster from within the conning

"Thought so," remarked the captain. "We're hit in our weak spot. We're helpless, but praise God for that submarine! Look at them ge!" The two backing and turning Rus-

she sent so much heavier than those other, still waving the wigwag from sent at her that with a little more her bridge, had passed them and was time she might have saved that dis- leading the parade. Behind was an tracted mother, for the two cruisers occasional glimpse of a small, circular and the scout withdrew from range conning tower, which appeared for as fast as their horsepower would ad- only an instant and then dived.

The big, helpless ship swung slowly But the battleship remained broad- around, steering, after a manner, with side to the target, flame, smoke and her twin screws, but helpless to mapointed steel coming from her turrets, neuver. Yet her batteries were intact, and every fountain of water raised by and she continued her hammering these pointed steel shells closer to blows on the fleeing ships. The subthe fleeing mother ship than the last, marine's conning tower now seemed until finally one struck her in the to be approaching the Argyll, which stern and raked through her length. had swung end on to it. Then it dived

It was not an instantaneous explo- "She's coming," said the captain. "I

seemed to split in two, while a line of "Don't think she got near enough, rising flame and smoke traveled for- sir," answered one of the lieutenants. ward. Then the two sides disintegrat- "But consider the moral effect of these ed and sank. The masts leaned-one boats, captain. She frightened away forward, the other aft-and fell. A the scout boat and the cruisers. They

high at the forward derrick went high- "Yes, one such boat is worth a whole er in air and fell into the turmoil be- fleet until fighting begins. She has neath, while two others, lifted side- frightened them all away. Here she

hull, whirled end over end and fell The small conning tower again arose, a hundred yards ahead.

Up and out from this riot of destruc- "Ship aboy!" yelled a man standing tive forces came a huge expanding knee deep in the water ahead of the cloud of black and yellow smoke, while ship. "Why d'ye run away fur? Hey, over the sea, echoing and reverberat- ye brass bound, murtherin' sons ov a ing against the wooded shores of the codfish a-rishtocracy! Lemme out o' strait, went a crashing continuity of this contrapshion! D'ye hear me, blast

"Finnegan!" yelled a chorus of voices Every Whitehead in the hold bad from gunports and apertures, and the exploded separately, and when the beloved name went through the ship. shaking his fist and reviling his officers profanely and unkindly and rebuking them for their heartlessness in

"He's drunk," he said, an expression And now the Argyll received the of awe and wonder on his smoke stained countenance, "and still an instrument of Providence. But how did

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he raise that boat alone, and how dia he get drunk?"

As the small submarine boat came abreast men on the main deck went over after Finnegan. Yelling and shoutand abusive old man off into deep water and held him up, finding him at last an inert and lifeless load on their and he was pulled abboard.

But in the confusion in the water no one had noticed that one man had climbed up the submerged deck of the submarine, floundered along to the tower and entered it. It was only when the noise of the hatch snapping down came to their ears and they saw the small conning tower disappear before their eyes that they suspected who had entered the boat.

But as to how Finnegan had raised the boat they did not learn from him. He knew nothing about it, he insisted, when the surgeon had revived him. Months later the explanation came in a letter, part of which the captain read to his officers.

"I was released from parole, you remember," said the letter, "and took a chance that Finnegan had weathered: that's all. Five torpedoes going out did not lighten her enough, but five men, nearly a thousand pounds more, going out did the business, and she must have floated up with Finnegan. "He only had to start the motor, but the water awash in her destroyed ber

trim. That is why she dived so often. He turned on the oxygen too, and I nearly suffocated before I got things straight." "Oxygen," murmured the surgeon.

"That's what made him drunk." The next Morgan Robertson story

will be "From the Darkness and the

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