

Then she realized that the monster was employing only four of his tentacles to hold her by, while with the other four he was anchoring himself, with like tenacity, to the bottom.

Panting, she relaxed for a second, and in that second one of the tentacles shifted like lightning, securing a higher and more hampering grip. Passionately she condemned herself for having come on a boating trip without a knife. Her eyes searched the boat desperately, on the chance of discerning something that might be converted into a weapon. There was nothing but the oars—and they were useless in this emergency, for in order to use one of them she would have to employ both hands, and she dared not let go of the boat for an instant lest she should be pulled down.

Then she thought of her hat-pin—she had just one in the crown of her grass bathing-hat. Plucking it forth, she ran it through the tentacle which held her waist, stabbing the tense fibres again and again. The tentacle only shivered and tightened its clutch.

Disgusted with so ineffectual a weapon, Elsie jabbed it into the thwart so savagely that she snapped it in two. Her repentance was instant and bitter; for just as the slim