

grew cool and keen to devise a means of foiling her loathsome foe.

From her reading, she knew that the monster was some kind of octopus—something of like nature, in miniature, to that awful nightmare which Victor Hugo had depicted in his *Toilers of the Sea*. She had shuddered many times, as a child, over that terrible description; and now she was conscious of a certain relief at finding this particular devil-fish so small.

In spite of that inescapable grip on both her legs, of those suckers which seemed almost to eat into her flesh, and of that fiendish parrot-beak which she momentarily expected to feel piercing her slim foot, she had now a sense of supremacy over the creature. Frightful and altogether unnatural as its strength seemed to be, it nevertheless could not be of any great weight. Surely she could manage to drag it into the boat. Once there, out of its native element, she would soon show the bestial thing who was master!

Swiftly shifting her grasp upon the boat-side till she held it directly over the middle of the stern, where she could not possibly pull it under, she surged with every muscle of her lithe body. But she might as well have tried to lift the bottom of the bay.