the voice, then clattered to the n a tone which moyance. "Jack are you doing d gone to New

I'll tell you the use I wanted to efore I cleared you took from in so doing you g I had in the secret revenge-

In those past laugh at me; peaceable exursed you, yes,

em's my sentis with a sneer. our audacity in g in this free-And what, may hich you're go-

with me," said le on you, toc,

ble revenge on

Mr. Scriggs, carrying it a adn't preferred ve got her. If culties I could As for going entirely out dy cut off, for n gun and now overed with it. wled, "I can't ou chewin' the

Get out of nd shut this or

p the revolver himself rolled ggs could say ound and gaging him and oulder, strode s to the street. n electric car n tumbled his self and in a

sped. Out of t of the city ion. The car et and stopped uilding. l picking Mr.

were a child, cked the door. ' feet and told stairs. Blindrealized that an who would if his motive venge.

ghts of stairs, corridor till ron door. ton and the ı, noiselessly.

oor closed as ed. ut him. The d place, was electric lights. ut of the way . At one end

iron,—leading

Dawson told

ric plant. oom consisted ll table and a d Mr. Scriggs high-backed

lid iron. This the plant in f two or three

Scriggs and chair he told

ing," he said as inclined to criggs a push chair with a thump, "Just sit down, please, and be

Winnipeg, February, 1911.

sociable." Then with a satisfied grunt he continued, "You see, this chair is connected with that electric plant. A new kind of connection which I have invented. I am going to experiment on you." He pressed a button on the chair and in a moment Mr. Scriggs felt a prickling sensation all over his body. This changed to a contracting feeling of his skin, while convulsive shudders passed through him from head to foot.

He tried to rise, but he couldn't budge an inch. Some powerful magnetic influence held him there, and, in the meantime, the pain and convulsions became so near being unbearable that his face writhed and he shrieked and prayed for mercy. At least he tried to shriek and pray, but his efforts seemed to end in a kind of whining sound.

Dawson, seeing all this, laughed with a kind of fiendish glee and said, "You see, this is what one can do with electricity when he tries. I have converted it into a kind of compound of magnetic and electric power. The magnetic powervery much stronger than ordinary applications- holds you to the chair while the electric power-well, you know what it does.

His words seemed to come from a great way off to Mr. Scriggs. A roaring sound filled his ears and his past life came to him as clear as though he were living it over again. It was then that he recalled the fact that Jack Dawson used to be always talking about electricity, and its probable power.

The truth suddenly flashed on him.

that he had "got it on the brain" and now he was a maniac of the worst kind -one who would sacrifice anybody or anything to attain his own ends.

The pain had suddenly vanished from Mr. Scriggs and he had come back to his former self. He realized that Dawson was telling him to get up, that the "experiment" was over and he (Dawwas highly satisfied with the re-

Mr. Scriggs lost no time in getting up from the—what seemed to him—hell of orture. As he set his foot on the floor, however, his heart came into his throat, then sank to his boots. For he realized with a thrill of dismay that he had stepped on a trap door which had promptly given way and now he was falling, falling, God alone knew where. It seemed to him that it was an abyss, how deep he could not tell. Looking up he saw a bright light where he had fallen though the floor and a face—Dawson's it seemed-was there, the eyes looking at him. He watched those eyes, for they gradually changed their expression, and where a moment ago he had fancied he saw the wild light of a maniac's eye, he now seemed to see only tenderness and

Gosh! The face suddenly changed from that of Dawson to Marion's and she seemed to be calling him.—"John! John!" he heard quite plainly, then "Marion!" he cried and woke up to find the sun shining brightly through the window and his wife looking down into his eyes.

"My dear!" he said, clasping her in his Heavens! the man had been so enthusiastic over electricity and its possibilities "Gosh! and that was a dream after all?" arms. She seemed so dear to him now.



Waiting the Master's command.

The Captain of The Tertius.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly by Alec Lambie, author of "Kandahar," "Old Pip," etc.

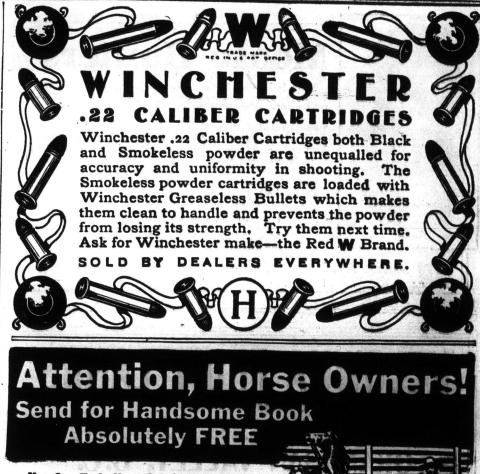
CHAPTER I.-A Deep Depth.



CCORDING to the A sailing bills, we were to have left Sydney, at noon of the 5th June, 1895. At the last moment, however, Brimlow, our agent, had seen fit to

accept a rather large consignment of wool for delivery at an intermediate port, and the stowing of the numerous bales of which it was composed had detained us several hours. For the last ing on to a passenger gangway which forty minutes. Captain Hayman had was the last medium of communication paced the bridge in undisguised impatience, squirting tobacco juice to right | proceeded to push it over the side. Aland left of him and firing heavy oaths though no time was lost in the action, at the toiling lumpers above and below, the steamer was already too far out

But the last of the bales disappeared at \length in the capacious hold, the gang-planks were removed, and the hawsers unhitched and thrown on deck. The captain, still vomiting fire, had N.S.W., for London signalled to the engine-room, and the screw of the Tertius had given an answering turn. The dockers, perspiring from their labors, were lined along the edge of the wharf watching our departure. My position as second officer held me near the deck-house. We were already standing out from the quay when I heard a sudden outery, and looking up beheld a number of grimy laborers seizto be unshipped. Turning it round they



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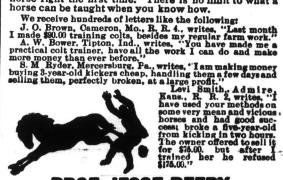
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