

down into the water over the vessel's stern. Trevelyan's heart sank. Were his plans to be defeated on the very eve of their successful accomplishment? "I tell you," said the marine in German, turning to a sailor who appeared at his side, "there's something on the water there. We had better take one of the boats and see. There was no answer to my challenge."

"Fool!" replied the sailor, "Can you expect a fish barrel to speak?"

A lively altercation ensued between the two men, but the marine's fears were quickly allayed, and very soon he resumed his steady pacing of the deck. Trevelyan breathed again. During the discussion he had been hanging on to his little raft. Sending the latter adrift he made a final inspection to see that the mines touched the sterns of the enemy's ships and also that the wires were all connected together.

Dawn was breaking when thoroughly exhausted he got back to "the Snake." Hurriedly swallowing some brandy he ordered a flag of truce to be placed on the bow of his gig, which was already in the water manned and ready to start. Just before stepping into the boat, he gave his final orders. "Men," he said, "I thank you for the great services you have just rendered to England. I am now going to demand from the German admiral the surrender of his fleet. If in twenty minutes the six vessels have not struck their flags, put the electric current on and blow them out of the water. I shall fire my revolver twice should the enemy attempt to tamper with the submarines. You will then, of course, immediately turn on the electric current. "But what about yourself?" said the old petty officer, to whom Trevelyan had entrusted "the Snake" in his absence.

"Think of England, not of me," was the immediate reply, and next moment, as it began to grow light, the gig