

"Ned!"

"Take the paddie and work up—up the river, do you hear? I'll sit forward."

The ghost of a red moon was rising in the east. They slipped on with scarce a sound. A sort of lurid glaze enamelled the water.

All of a sudden a sleek bulk rose ahead right in thier path, wallowed a moment like a porpoise, and disappeared.

"Good God!" cried Monk.

"Keep down!" whispered his friend.

"Cantle! Did you see it? Cantle! It was he!"

"Keep down!"

They paddled on, past the last of the boats, through the bridge, on as far as the squat little bomb-ketch bulking black and menacing at the mouth of the creek.

"Hold on!" whispered Cantle. "Run her out of sight into the reeds. We must wade on board there."

"There? That fellow Spindler's boat."

"Of course, now. That was his name."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll soon know!"

They accomplished the feat, though near mud-foundered by the way, and scrambled dripping, on board The door of the cuddy yielded to their touch. Monk was beginning to gather dim light

"Don't let me," he whispered, almost sobbed. "Keep my hands off him."

"Leave him to me," said Cantle grave-

ly. Not a sound of life greeted them. They stole into the cabin and closed the door almost upon themselves.

"We must yield him to-night for the sake of to-morrow," murmured Cantle.

"Ned; if he goes again—"

"Hush! It's not probable he'd risk a second visit, knowing her watched."

The crack brightened as the moon arose; glowed into a ribbon of light. Suddenly Cantle gripped the others wrist.

A stealthy paddling, sucking sound close by reached their ears. Over the side came

swarming a great shapeless, fishy creature, that settled with a sludgy wa'op on the little triangle of foredeck almost at their feet. Monk gave a soft, awful gasp, and, with the sound, Cantle had dashed open the door and flung himself upon the monster.

"Quick!" he cried. "you've got matches. Light a candle—lamp—anything. Lie still, Mr. Spindler. I know you and your Marine Secret Service suit. A knife now, Monk! Out he comes."

He was merciless with the blade when he got it, slashing and cutting at the oil-skin suit, splitting it from top to toe. Mr. Spindler's red beard and extravagant face came out of it like a death's head out of a chrysalis.

"There goes the proud monument of a lifetime," said the madman. He had made no effort to resist. The first blow at this darling of his invention had seemed to hamstring him morally and materially.

For he was just one of Mr. Cantle's cranks—had once invented a sub-marine travelling suit, with which he had hoped to inaugurate a new system of Secret Service for the Admiralty. It was an ingenious enough device, with some scheme of floating valves through which to breathe; but the authorities, after holding him on and off would have none of it. Then the fate of many inventors had befallen him. Between practical ruin and a moral sense of wrong, he had gone crazy, and vowed warfare on the mankind which had discarded him. It should comprehend, too late, the uses of instant appearance and disappearance to which his invention could be put. He went mad, and ended his days in an asylum.

On the Monday morning Mr. Cantle posted back to the Patent Office. On the Tuesday Miss Varley was reading De Maupassant's Mademoiselle Fifi under the awning of the Mermaid's roof; and on the Wednesday Mr. Ivor Monk got her to nan-