

deck, espied a trail of smoke on the north eastern horizon. He very soon had his glass fixed on the vessel, which was evidently coming in his direction. After a quarter of an hour's scrutiny he shut up the glass with a bang.

"Clear the boat for action, and get the machine guns ready," he shouted. "Load the torpedo tubes."

The vessel coming up was a large German destroyer, evidently sent out to reconnoitre, and the lieutenant's face paled, as he thought of what would happen if a shot struck any of the submarine mines on deck.

Another half an hour and the two destroyers were within one hundred yards of one another. On they came, the smoke belching out of their funnels in great black clouds, as they seemed to almost fly through the water in their mad haste for the conflict. Behind each stretched a long foaming wake like a huge hissing sea serpent, while nothing broke the summer stillness but the screams of the seagulls and the throb, throb, throb of the engines. Eighty yards; sixty yards—a flash from the deck of the German destroyer, and a perfect hail of bullets whistled above Trevelyan's head.

The latter raised his cap.

"Aim for their bridge," he cried, "and show the devils how Englishmen shoot!" An almost instantaneous flash followed, and the German officer fell. Forty yards.—Trevelyan rang his engines dead slow.

The wisdom of this course was apparent, for at that moment a gentle ripple seemed to start from the side of the German destroyer, and come quickly and silently towards the starboard bow of "the Snake."

"A torpedo, as I expected," muttered Trevelyan, signally his engine room hard astern.

He stood and watched the torpedo pass harmlessly by five yards in front of the Snake's bow.

"Give her a torpedo," he yelled, at the same time