

How Lieutenant Trevelyan Saved Newfoundland —A Tale of the Final War—Concluded.

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CRA-ASH!!!

Trevelyan felt himself lifted off his feet and flung on the deck, while his whole being seemed for the moment as if it was being torn in pieces by that awful sound.

Several minutes then elapsed before he dared look up. The terrible singing in his ears almost paralysed him. At length, however, he rose and cast his eyes round on the sea. Where was the German destroyer? Gone! The Whitehead torpedo had fulfilled its deadly mission. A few minutes more, and "The Snake" resumed her usual course.

The lieutenant leaned on the rail of the bridge and looked back on the scene of the late conflict.

"There's one consolation," he said aloud. "Dead men tell no tales."

As the day wore on, a strong south westerly wind arose, the sea began to get up, and in half an hour a thick heavy rain was falling steadily. Trevelyan, as he stood on the quarter deck in his oil-skins, noted the change in the weather with great satisfaction. Nothing could have been better for the furtherance of his project. Shortly after the fight with the German destroyer, he had gathered his men together and unfolded his plans to them. His intention was to so arrange the speed of his vessel that he should arrive at St. John's in the small hours of the morning. "The Snake" was to be towed through the channel leading into the harbour by two of her boats which were to be rowed with muffled oars. Then the six submarine mines