

# Home School

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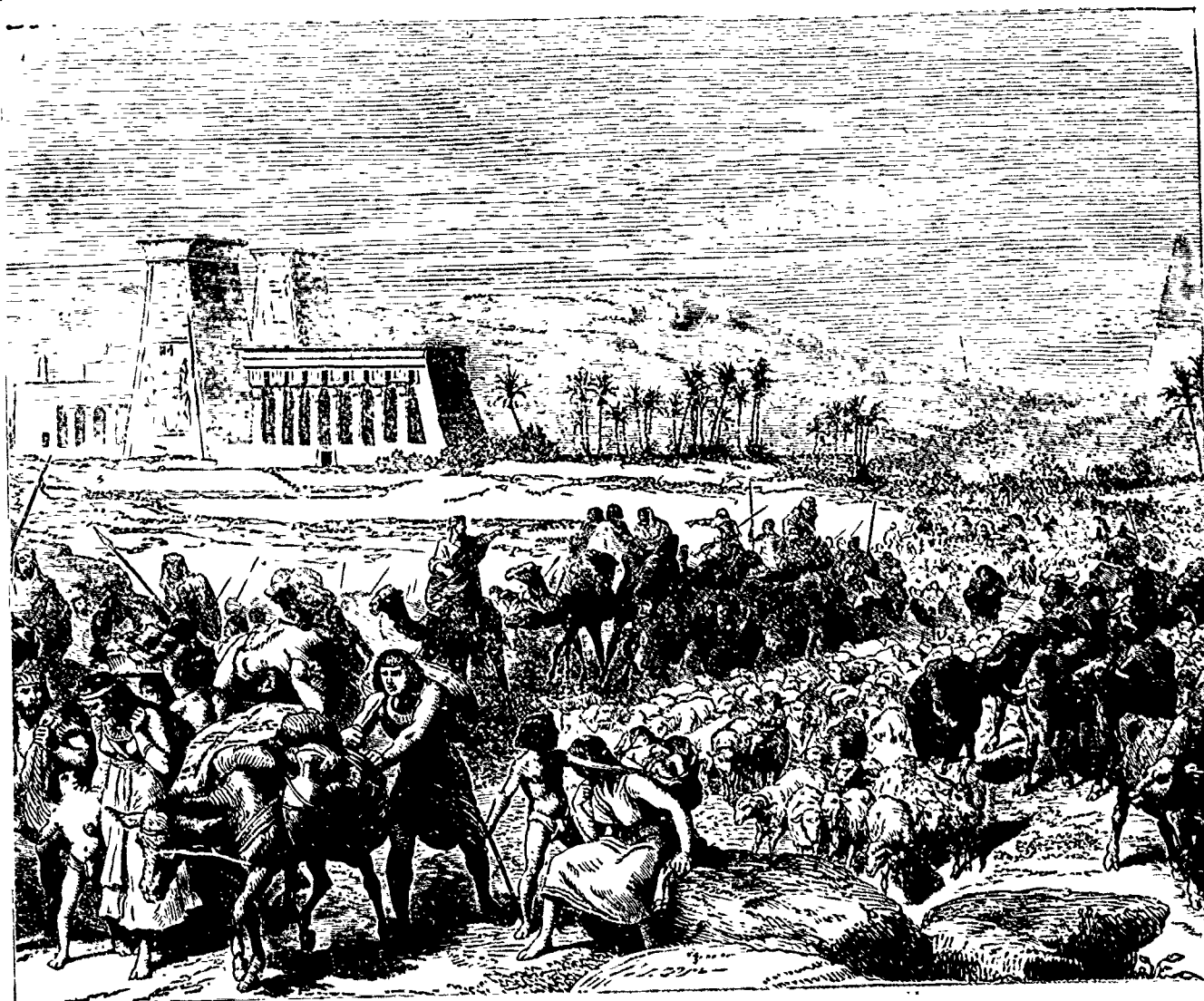
## A Monster of the Deep.

THOSE who have seen a diving-suit are aware of the frightful appearance of a man arrayed in it. The front of the head-piece is a large circular pane of glass, giving the wearer the appearance of a hideous Cyclops. From the top of the head runs a rubber tube for supplying air to the diver, and there is also a rope for hauling him up.

which he could procure, and the decision was reached that he should go and bring it. This he did, arriving with it after some time. Mr. Potts' partner arrayed himself in the suit. Lying across the hole was a fallen tree, and Mr. Potts and his partner walked out upon the log, and the partner slipped down into the water and was instantly out of sight. Mr. Potts held the rope by which to pull

The old chief was evidently much interested in the scene, and without more ado he squatted on the bank and awaited developments, his squaws following his example. Pretty soon there came a jerk of the rope that rippled the surface of the water.

Keweah became greatly excited when he saw Mr. Potts pulling heavily on the line, and the old chief



THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.—(See Exodus xiii-xiv.)

In the early days of the gold excitement in California a Mr. Potts and his partner, both miners, decided that there was gold at the head-waters of the San Joaquin. They discovered a deep hole in the bed of one of the forks, and concluded that if there was gold anywhere in the bed of the stream it was in that hole. They tried diving to the bottom, but the water was too deep, and they found themselves in a dilemma. Mr. Potts' partner be-

thought himself of a diving suit in San Francisco him up. The signal agreed upon was a jerk of the rope. While Mr. Potts was thus sitting on the log and holding the rope he appeared to be fishing with a stout line for big fish. He was thus engaged when Chief Keweah and his squaws came down from the mountains, where they had been gathering nuts. He stopped, and thus addressed Mr. Potts: "You ketchum fish?"

"No, not yet," was the reply, "but I expect a bite pretty soon."

raised himself to his feet and watched the procedure with the deepest interest. Presently the monster of the deep came to the surface, with its hideous Cyclopean eye turned in Keweah's direction.

"Ugh!" shouted the old warrior; and he and his squaws turned suddenly and fled panic-stricken over the plains.

PREVARICATION is a base practice, akin to falsehood.