

Titanic hand. The sides of the huge rocky pot in which the whirlpool boiled rose steep and craggy, creviced and treacherous. Bits of seamed granite fell continually with a plop that held some baleful fascination. A man could easily climb down the knobby projections and ascend again by using the grinning cracks for toe-holds, but the deputy sheriff knew that time had underbored the rough shelves and knobs, and that the torrent's ceaseless battering had honeycombed the walls. Descent and ascent could be accomplished, but he who made them was taking risks. A handhold might crumble unawares beneath the grasp, or a seam might bevel off unexpectedly under the boot sole. So Eviack clambered down slowly and with exceeding care, feeling his steps before he trusted to them, one arm through the bail-handle of his coffee pot in order to leave both hands free. As he descended, he hummed his song, repeating over and over the refrain: "Oh, far on the night wind your low voice calls, And your heart is as deep as the river's falls!"

It was a river song of the New Brunswick-Maine border, a carol of the wild, free life of the woodsman, and it peculiarly fitted the atmosphere and surroundings which enveloped Eviack over the face of the whirlpool. Near the base of the rocky pot the thunder of the Falls increased. The weird, voluminous cadence of the river as it slipped from the pool's embrace and roared down the black-fanged gorge below rose in strident ear-splitting tones. It tore the song from Eviack's mouth and shrieked it throughout the canyon in a thousand echoes, pitching it to demoniacal screamings and lowering it to deep-throated bellowings. Within six feet of the bottom of the wall the deputy sheriff's feet slipped upon a spray-slimed ledge. He swung backward, but saved himself by gripping a raw-edged cornice with both knees. The action threw the coffee pot from his arm into space. It fell with a slight splash near the base of the rock. Eviack swiftly found a lower foothold and grasped at it, but the pot bobbed tantalizingly beyond his

reach, sailed by, and began to circle with the foam-marked curves of the whirlpool.

Fascinated, Eviack watched it, but its movement on the outer rim of the swirling waters was so slow that he climbed up to the top of the wall again and sat there, oddly interested in the fate of his coffee pot. As he sat there, he glanced idly at his watch. It showed a minute after seven. It must have been exactly seven when the pot fell. He wondered how long it would circle before shooting over the Falls. Its progress was laggard, for the outmost swirls of the pool had an upward, jumping motion more marked than the onward draught. The tin pot rocked like a buoy on the ebb tide, while its circular motion was deliberate and scarcely noticeable from above. Seven minutes elapsed before the pot completed the first circuit of the pool. Then Eviack whimsically began to time the next. Suction set the second course some yards nearer the jaws of the champing Falls, and its speed was greater. It swung past the deputy sheriff's observation point in less than four minutes. The time was practically cut in half. And then began the giddy death race! The tremendous force of the underswell came to the whirlpool's surface some distance below the water's centre of rotation, and it rose geyser-like to arch over into the dizzy chaos of the Falls. In thirty seconds the coffee pot whisked round its third circuit near the middle of the pool, gyrating madly upon the peak of the waterspout with the horrible suggestion of a helpless person, and disappeared with a lightning plunge!

EVIACK drew breath with a sharp exclamation. Some strange and painful trend of thought had personified the tin atom in the whirlpool. Slowly he turned back to his fire and began the delayed preparation of his supper. The coffee was boiled in a pail with water brought from the end of the portage, for Eviack did not propose to send his pail after his pot. Afterwards he lit a smudge to keep away the pests with the thin wing-songs and rolled himself in his blanket under the

canoe. The balsam couch delighted his aching sides. The smudge smouldered satisfactorily. Everything was conducive to comfort, and the deputy lay back with something of philosophic calm and began to juggle into their proper places the disturbing elements in his mind. He thought first of Opio Duchabing, of his diabolic cunning and cleverness. Then the quarter-breed slipped out of his brain, and he mused upon the image of Necra Nevin, the former Necra, the girl she had been before the day of old Kale Nevin's arrest. In his pipe smoke Eviack could see her plainly, and over her he brooded long.

It might have been the new form of ennui which had overtaken him. It might have been the novel springiness of his bed, or the steady, drowsy booming of the Falls, but in an hour the deputy sheriff's propped elbow lost its muscle tension and his head slid down upon his arm in sleep. Unheard and unnoticed, the pipe fell to the rocks, and the mosquito smudge burned out. Then that anomaly of psychic impression by which trivial incidents of the day flash their repetitions through the brain in distorted and intensely magnified fancies, pounced upon Eviack. He dreamed that he and Necra Nevin were caught in the swing of the whirlpool. The canoe they were in turned suddenly to a coffee pot, and, their souls wrenched with horror, they were spinning upon the geyser spout at the edge of the Falls.

III.

THE deputy sheriff's waking reality was as hideous as his dream. His first belief was that the nightmare still oppressed him, but a pang of fear destroyed that belief. He came to himself loosely bound and half-lying in his own canoe at the bottom of the whirlpool's walls. The outer eddies drew sluggishly at the craft, but something restrained it. Eviack twisted his body and looked up to discover the something. The same rope which bound him ran up the rocks into the hands of Opio Duchabing. In the yellow light of the risen moon (Continued on page 16.)

Recent Aeroplane Photograph of the Panama Exposition



WHILE an aeroplane volplaned over the site of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, a photographer, strapped to the passenger's seat, snapped a negative, which, for the first time, gives a comprehensive idea of the progress in construction.

To the left is the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and in the extreme background the evergreen hills of Marin County rise majestically to tip the sweeping clouds. Directly beneath the aviator and in the immediate foreground of the photograph is shown the Palace of Fine Arts, with the frame just rising from the ground. Its arc-like walls half encompass a great lagoon, while in front of it lies the main group of eight main exhibit palaces, all more than one-half completed.

The structure on the right of the great mass of buildings and fronting on the lagoon is the Palace

of Education in which will be portrayed the century's advance in teaching.

Next to it stands the Palace of Agriculture, and the three buildings immediately behind it are the Palaces of Food Products, Transportation, and Mines and Metallurgy. Behind the Palace of Education, which may be recognized by the great dome in the foreground, 160 feet above the ground, are the Palaces of Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries.

A little to the rear of the centre of the photograph may be seen the immense completed Palace of Machinery, the largest wooden building ever erected. It is 967 feet long, 367 feet wide and 136 feet high. It was in this structure that Lincoln Beachey made the world's first indoor aeroplane flight.

To the fore of this palace may be seen the form of the Court of the Universe, in which will be a

great sunken garden capable of seating more than ten thousand people.

In the bay just opposite the esplanade, which may be seen about the centre of the picture, is the great roadstead in which the warships of the world will lie at anchor shortly after the formal opening of the exposition. The sailors and marines from these ships will participate in the great military and naval tournament and pageant to be held on the drill grounds, which are not shown in the photograph.

A good view of the plan of the South Gardens is shown to the right of the Palace of Manufactures, while some distance to the rear may be seen the Service Building, in which the exposition builders are planning and preparing the final details of construction.

In May of 1915 there will be held an international aeroplane meet in which aviators from all parts of the world will participate.