

barred grating over them.

Then there was my bulging breast-plate of tinned copper, which helped to carry out the impression of some fabulous monster. Occasionally I kicked my legs out of the water; they were incased in thick black sheet india rubber, and my feet were clad in very thick soled boots.

My hands, protected at the wrists with tightly fitting india rubber cuffs, were free. They were the only portion of my body that was visible, and the only thing about me probably which suggested my human character. But no doubt they had the effect to scare the Chinamen the more. But for the hands, they might have imagined I was some sort of marine monster. Now they were sure that I was the dreadful demon.

As soon as I became possessed of this idea, I resolved to make the most of it. I began to throw my arms wildly about, to kick vigorously with my feet and to roll my head from side to side.

The effect was marvelous. On the top of another wave I could see that the whole fleet was breaking away to starboard—and running free, straight out into the east China sea.

Before long the whole fleet was getting well to seaward and leeward of us. I got a little more water through the air pipe just here and had some little difficulty in breathing, but at the same time I felt myself pulled with a new movement.

I guessed what was the cause of it. The boys in our boat had ceased to give all their attention to rowing, and for the first time since they got under way began to pull me in with the lifeline. Presently, rolling over, I saw the gunwale of the whaleboat just in front and was hauled aboard.

It did not take me a half minute, with George Cowles' help, to get my helmet off, and to breathe the open air with a deep breath.

It was like a starving man taking too much food all at once. I felt faint, but the sight of Cowles' honest face bending over me revived me.

"Thank God, man, you're alive!" said he.

"I was afraid," said John Reese, whom I saw next, "that you'd saved our lives at the expense of your own."

"Did I—did I save your lives?" I asked, still a little dazed.

"That's the very thing you've done," said Reese. "You've scared that pack of pirates back to their dens with your old goggle eye. Such a sight as you made on the water they never saw before, and they'll never forget it. You were the demon that the cowardly dogs are always looking for, and they turned tail and went off with the wind, like a flock of swifs."

"We may thank your mate here,"

with a weight of machinery and gold, and dragging behind them a man from the bottom of the sea, and they were chased by a fleet of pirates, sailing on a quartering but very good breeze.

Meantime I was being dragged through the water on my back. Through my bit of plate glass I could see the pirates in advance, who seemed to be bearing down upon me rapidly.

The more I realized the situation the more frightened I became. Our men could never row away from those junks. They would overhaul me first, and when they had done that the men in the boat would cut me off. Then I should drown in a moment from the water rushing into the air pipe and through the inlet valve into my breast-plate.

I own that I hoped the boys would do that very thing—my situation was so horrible. And I actually welcomed a little dash of water that I got in my face, though my heart stopped beating for an instant when I felt the water. But it was only a little which I shipped through the outlet air valve.

When the pirates should have overhauled me, they would go on after the boat and the recovered treasure, the taking up of which they must have somehow got wind of, though they knew nothing of diving. I hoped from my heart that the boys had already thrown the gold overboard—though what should happen after my air pipe was cut was of very little consequence to me.

I came upon another full view of the fleet from the top of the wave. I could see the pirates looking at me as their sailing craft steadily overhauled me. Their black eyes were almost bursting from their sockets as they looked at me. It occurred to me that they were frightened at something.

I went under a wave again, and the whole scene was out of sight for two or three minutes.

When I came to the surface again, and saw the same thing—pale visaged Chinamen and the staring round eyes painted on the bows of their vessels bearing down on me—the truth flashed upon me. The pirates had taken me for the demon of the ocean, which they are always fearing and fighting away, with offerings and incantations, on board their junks.

A man in a diving suit—especially flat on his back in the water that way—was a new sight to them. I had simply frightened them out of their wits.

There was my great, glittering head of red copper, three times as large as the head of an ordinary man. In its front was a big staring eye of plate glass, with a bright brass ring around it. My ears were represented by two more glass windows with a sort of

had not parted company with my consciousness for gold and all, and that fact proved that they were getting air to me. I came to my senses at the surface and found myself half out of the water, half in it, still in my diving suit.

I was being drawn backward through the water, and through the front window of my helmet I saw the strangest sight that ever met my eyes.

Not 40 rods away, and plowing toward me, were a great many vessels of singular construction, having tall sails that looked to me like the side of an outstretched accordion, and upon the prow of every boat was painted a huge, staring eye, with black streaks diverging from it.

The more I looked at those strange objects the more I became convinced that they were Chinese junks, such as I had seen a few days before in the Wosung river off Shanghai. On the forward junks I saw several armed men gesticulating wildly. They were evidently Chinamen, and they were greatly excited.

After watching their movements for a few moments, it occurred to me that the men were acting as if they did not like my appearance. If it were possible, I might even have supposed that they were afraid of me, but the fact that they were pursuing me at a good rate of speed shut out any such supposition as that.

As I rose upon a crest of a wave, and at the same instant came into a position almost erect, I was astonished to see, behind these vessels in advance, a large fleet of others like them.

Then the whole situation flashed upon me. The vessels which were pursuing me were manifestly pirate junks, which at that time occasionally warmed up, seemingly out of nowhere, in the Chinese seas. While I had been at the bottom, this fleet of pirates had suddenly hove in sight around the cape. There were, in fact, 200 or 300 junks.

The people in our boat, when they saw the pirates swoop down upon them, had no course but to take to flight. But what were they to do with me down there at the bottom? It was a wonder they did not cut my lifeline and leave me to my fate. As the laws of human conduct go, they would have been justified in sacrificing my life in order to save their own.

I learned all this afterward, when Cowles told me how he stood at the gunwale with his revolver in one hand, keeping the men off the line, while with the other hand he now jerked crazily at the rope to signal me, and now worked the airpump.

Then, with all hands at the oars that could grasp them, they bore away for the forts of the Wosung. Of course they really had no chance to get there. They were 10 men in a big whaleboat,