

“ Chuck it out, chuck it out.” Acting on this excellent advice we made a supreme effort and heaved it out of the window on to the embankment, knowing that a submarine cannot live out of water (my sister had studied Zoology at M.H.S.G.).

Unfortunately at the side there ran a little ditch from which engines were wont to draw their water supply. Into this crawled the submarine, only to be sucked up by an express engine which was rushing in our wake. And now the express was alongside of us, and we were racing it. All of a sudden we saw the submarine shot out of the funnel in a cloud of steam. It fell with a thud, the horse caught its foot in the gun, plunged forward, and shot Kitchener over its head. He fell with a tremendous rattle and crash——!! * * *

What can my valet be up to now?

By the author of “ Jacob’s Ladder.”
