making signals, or repairing cars, as well or better than any one else; then "take whatever position you can get," and, after that, conceive yourself "a wedge," and look out for opportunities.

**A MODERN JONAH,**

— or —

**The New Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.**

(Concluded.)

Chapter VI.

N reaching the plesiosaurus we learned the cause of the curious appearance he presented. It seemed that in our absence the cabin-boy had gained admission to the saloon, and, with the recklessness of childhood, had begun to play with the wires which Sir John had carelessly left exposed. Fortunately for us, however, instead of starting the animal off at full speed he had merely produced the effect we noticed, and which Sir John was able to set right by a few movements of the knobs.

Several days later, as we were sailing along the shores of Newfoundland, Sir John said to me, while I was looking out through the panel in the saloon upon the shoals of fish attracted by our lamp,—

"Professor, are you at all acquainted with the language of ancient Egypt?"

"Very slightly," I replied. "I have deciphered a few inscriptions, nothing more."

"I think, then, that you are enough of an Egyptologist to be interested in what I have to show you, if you will follow me," he said, as he led the way to the library adjoining the saloon. When I had joined him there he pointed to a table on which was lying an oblong slab of stone with irregular edges, and bearing, besides numerous hieroglyphics, a rude drawing of a face, which seemed strangely familiar.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

I examined it closely for a few moments, and then said, "It evidently dates back to the time of the Pharaohs."

"It does, indeed," replied Sir John, "and it is that Pharaoh now buried under the waters of the Red Sea."

"Why! what do you mean," I cried, while Sir John went on:—

"Several years ago it occurred to me that, if possible to any man, I could find some trace of that vast host which the Red Sea doubtless overwhelmed. After careful study I set my men to digging at what is, without doubt, the exact locality of the disaster. Nothing