

HAUNTED OCEAN

A Doc Savage Adventure by Kenneth Robeson

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HAUNTED OCEAN

From across the seas came a force of evil so great it could turn night into day—so powerful the President of the United States called on Doc Savage to protect the peace of the world!

A Complete Book-length Novel

By **KENNETH ROBESON**

Chapter 1 DEAD MAN AT THE DOOR

"THERE'S a dead man just outside your door."

The voice was calm and controlled. Its tone might have indicated the owner was accustomed to encountering dead men just outside of doors. Certainly the man who spoke was not greatly perturbed.

Doc Savage was facing the man as he entered. Except for a quick stirring of his flaky gold eyes, the bronze adventurer himself did not betray great surprise. Yet, until the visitor had announced it, neither Doc Savage nor his four companions then present had known of any presence in their corridor, dead or otherwise.

That is, with the exception of the man who had made the announcement. And this visitor had pressed the buzzer and

He moved back beside the corpse on the couch in the library.

The arms of the dead man were sticking out stiffly. His legs were rigid. The face was a cold, blood-drained mask. The eyes were open and staring.

“Must have been dead some time, the way he felt,” said Renny.

Professor Callus was looking at Doc, but he did not see his lips move. But Doc’s companions knew their bronze leader was on the eve of some important discovery.

“Yes, *rigor mortis* seems to have set in,” said Doc, quietly. “It would mean this Professor Jasson was dead some hours ago. But the man died within the past half hour.”

“Why, that would seem impossible!” said Professor Callus. “I thought *rigor mortis* would not take place for from two to five hours?”

“This man has been killed instantly by a poisonous injection,” stated Doc. “And *rigor mortis* was artificially induced to make it appear he had been dead for some time. He must have been at the door only a short time; perhaps a few minutes.”

Chapter II WOMAN OF VIOLENCE

WHILE Doc Savage was examining the dead man and finding him so thoroughly equipped for violence, the ungainly Monk was encountering another form of violence. But this was very much alive. It was in the form of a slender girl.

The girl’s face would have been beautiful, under normal conditions. But when the young woman encountered the terrifying figure of Monk before her on the stairway, her countenance was a strained, desperate mask.

The girl was red-headed. The hair was naturally and vividly red. Her deep-brown eyes were sparkling with menace. Undoubtedly she was scared, but being red-headed, she intended doing something about it.

Monk had been unusually quiet about ascending the stairs. No person had recently descended by elevator. The arrival of Professor Callus had apparently been

the only movement of a passenger to the eighty-sixth floor.

The red-headed girl must have seen Monk first. The apelike figure of the chemist moved around an upward turn in the stairs. The Cold steel of an automatic’s snout jammed right into his hairy throat.

“Don’t move!” said a low, tense voice. “You’re him, and I’ll shoot!”

Monk did not know who he was supposed to be. But it seemed plainly evident the girl would shoot. The automatic’s snout quivered against Monk’s tough hide.

“Howlin’ calamities!” he squealed in his childlike voice. “Where’d you come from? You musta killed that guy upstairs!”

“I said, don’t move!” repeated the girl. “So you know about the murder? You were trying to get away, and you heard Barton! Barton! Come on up here!”

The young man called Barton must have been a floor or two below where Monk had started to ascend the stairs. His feet pounded quickly upward. He was a thick-browed, black-haired young fellow. When he saw the position of the young woman, his face became very pale.

“Lora!” exclaimed the young man. “Who is he? Wait! Give me the gun!”

The red-headed girl shook her head determinedly.

“You walk behind me, Barton,” she directed. “Here, take this. If he makes a break, you’ll have to shoot!”

Monk’s small eyes bulged. The red-headed girl produced another automatic pistol. She pushed it into the young man’s hands.

“But lady, dag-gone it!” yelped Monk. “Whatcha think you’re doin’? What’s the—”

“Shut up!” snapped the red-headed girl, emphatically. “Now you just march ahead of us up these stairs! Barton, be sure about the safety catch! Perhaps Mr. Savage will like to see this hoodlum!”

There was a metallic *click*. Monk knew the sound of a safety catch on an automatic when he heard it. The weapon had been shifted around to the back of his neck. It was no more reassuring there than it had been against his throat.

Monk’s short legs jerked. Step by step, he mounted toward the eighty-sixth floor. At the first corridor above, which

next below." Doc did not say whether he believed or disbelieved the young woman.

"You had some definite purpose in coming to me?" he said.

"Yes, oh, yes!" exclaimed the red-headed girl. "You see Mr. Savage, I am Lora Krants. This is my brother, Barton. We were informed you were seeking the cause of some unusual oceanic upheaval."

"That is correct," stated Doc Savage.

Behind him, Ham murmured to Renny, "And I thought this thing was somewhat of a government secret."

"Then you are the daughter of Cyrus Krants," said Doc, instantly. "We are indebted to your father for many discoveries of importance. His new form of bathosphere has penetrated to unusual depths of the ocean."

"Oh, I'm glad you do know about him!" said the girl. "We have been told you are informed on nearly all subjects. So perhaps you can give us some information that will help."

The young woman had spoken the truth. There were few subjects on which Doc Savage was not fully informed.

"If you will tell me in what way I can be of assistance," Doc suggested.

The red-headed girl spoke more softly and with deep feeling.

"It's about my father," she said. "He has been missing now for more than a week. The last word we had was a radio message from his yacht in the vicinity of the lower Florida Keys."

"Yes?" said Doc. "We will go into that in just a moment, Miss Krants. Long Tom, you and Renny had better continue checking at once on the radio short waves. If you can fix the latitude and longitude of the broadcasting blind spot, I'm sure we will be getting close to something."

Doc then spoke again to the red-headed girl.

"And if you'll permit Monk here to examine that hypodermic, we then may know the character of the poison which probably has been employed for murder."

"You'll have to trust the big ape," suggested Ham, dryly. "He is good for one thing, Miss Krants, and that's why we keep him around."

Monk glared speechlessly. Now that her first fear and her anger had

subsided, Lora Krants was undeniably a very pretty young woman. Monk was extremely susceptible.

"That is strange about your father," said Professor Callus. "I am quite well acquainted with him, Miss Krants. But I never had the pleasure of meeting his daughter, or his son."

"Tell us more about this radio message," suggested Doc.

"THERE isn't much more to tell," said Lora Krants. "More than a week ago, we had a radio message. It seems the boat engines were disabled then for no reason the engineer could discover. And another message said that while the trouble was being traced, the motors suddenly resumed functioning."

"And you have not heard from the yacht since then?" questioned Doc. "No radio or other messages?"

"None, Mr. Savage. The yacht seems to have vanished. We have wired all possible ports."

"I imagine he may be all right," said the man of bronze. "How did you know of the work we are doing?"

"I have a friend employed in the Coast and Geodetic Survey," said the red-headed girl.

Monk appeared in the door of the laboratory.

"It's hydrocyanic, and plenty of it!" he said. "And the needle has traces of human blood. It has been used recently."

Doc Savage's short, trilling note suddenly startled the girl and her brother. Barton Krants had taken no part in the conversation. His dark eyes had glowered at every one.

The young man seemed to have a suspicion his sister might not get fair treatment. Only when he looked at Doc Savage was there any hint of friendliness in his features. And his face remained too white and pasty to be natural.

Professor Callus apparently had taken a deep interest in the young woman. He moved to her side and engaged her in conversation.

Long Tom came to the door of the library.

"Doc, I believe we've got it," he announced. "We've eliminated everything

before. Other instruments were beginning to oscillate. But those recording the weather showed no atmospheric changes.

Professor Callus seemed to take Mr. Kama under his wing. Now he was explaining also to Mr. Landson the purposes of the variety of gadgets.

Renny heard Mr. Kama say he came from San Tao. The engineer had heard of San Tao while he had been supervising a great tunnel in western China. He recalled San Tao was an isolated, little known, but immensely wealthy, mountain province of southern China.

THE telephone buzzed. Long Tom took the call. He looked up with quick suspicion.

"It's for you, Miss Krants," he said. "So others know you came here?" The red-headed girl smiled calmly.

"Oh!" she said. "I was hoping perhaps a cable might come from my father! I left word with the telegraph company!"

A few seconds later, she replaced the telephone.

"There's been a steamer report of father's yacht," she said. "I must go at once to pick up the message. If I leave a telephone number and anything happens, would you call me?"

Though the instruments were in increasing confusion, Renny put on his coat.

"I shall go with you," he announced. "You can give me the telephone number later."

"Why—" began Lora Krants. "You are so busy here—I had thought that—"

"I could very well escort Miss Krants to her home," offered Professor Callus. "There seems nothing more to be learned just now. I have my car."

"Thanks," said Renny. "But I think I had better take her home."

The engineer was following Doc's instructions to see Miss Krants safely home. Also, the big engineer, who wasn't usually susceptible, liked this snappy red-headed girl very much.

"Very well," bowed Professor Callus. "I shall be leaving soon, anyway."

"I should like very much to have the honor of remaining," said Kama, "but I have other urgent matters to which I must attend."

"Me, too," grunted Hjalmar Landson.

The very blond Norwegian and the very dark Oriental followed Renny, the girl and her brother closely, as they got to the lower floor.

ONE of Doc's armored roadsters provided ample space for Renny, Miss Krants and her brother. The thick-browed brother did not talk. The red-headed girl chattered her hope the message at the telegraph office might mean something.

Renny's hands looked big and clumsy on the steering wheel. But the girl gasped at the speed with which the car flicked past the steel pillars of the elevated tracks. The telegraph office from which the notification to the girl had come was about ten blocks from Doc's headquarters.

In the fourth block, Renny shaved a steel pillar. He swung at high speed around a street car on the wrong side. His eyes were fixed on the rear-view mirror.

At the next corner, Renny twisted suddenly into a wider street and drove fast through a block. He rounded through the city canyons and came back to the elevated tracks.

"Thought so!" he grunted. "We've got company, Miss Krants!"

"What do you mean?" said the red-headed girl.

"Closed car, sedan, has been following us," announced Renny. "Now we'll show that driver something."

For the next minute or two, the redhead let out occasional gasps. Her brother swore under his breath.

There was little traffic. But even that didn't seem to make seventy miles an hour safe. Elevated pillars swished past like a row of close-set fence pickets.

If the girl or her brother said anything for the next few seconds, it couldn't be heard. The motor of the car was only a sibilant rush, but the pillars crashed sound with their speed.

Renny grunted with satisfaction. The pursuing sedan apparently hadn't the speed to overtake them. Then they whizzed

"We'll turn him loose then," he said. "We haven't any time to waste. Anything might happen in the next hour or two."

Men came into the room. They pulled Renny to his feet.

"Think you're able to navigate?" said one.

"Untie my hands and you'll think I can!" boomed Renny.

"Guess he's all O.K.," said another man.

"It would be best to gag him until you are out of the way," said the cool voice of Lora Krants. "We don't want to get the police in on this. They'll be tracing those smashed cars right now."

A gag was slapped over Renny's mouth. He was carried down several flights of stairs. After a short ride in a car, he was rolled out onto a grassy plot. A knife slid along the cords around his arms.

Renny was compelled to waste time untying the knots around his legs. He pulled the gag from his mouth. The tape blindfold took some hairs with it. A car purred away.

Renny stood up and blinked. He was in the approximate middle of Central Park. The car had made only two turns. Renny fixed a location that might be the apartment house from which he had been brought.

That would have to keep. He considered it more important to get back to headquarters. Long Tom was probably alone now. Professor Callus had said he would be leaving soon.

Renny wished he knew why Doc had insisted he escort Lora Krants to her home. Well, anyway, he reflected grimly, he had carried out the order. Hailing a taxicab, Renny headed for the midtown skyscraper.

THE buzzer at Doc Savage's headquarters sounded faintly. It was but a few minutes after Renny and Lora Krants, with the others, had departed. Long Tom had been unsuccessfully trying to make something out of the radio jumble.

"Good gosh!" he exploded impatiently. "More visitors?"

Professor Callus wagged his shiny head and smiled.

"It would seem that secrecy no longer attaches to this investigation of the disturbed ocean," he said.

The man who came in was tall and of the same Oriental coloring as the recently departed Kama Dbhana. His teeth flashed in a pleased smile.

"I have been informed only tonight," he said, "that Clark Savage has been investigating—"

"Sure, I know!" snapped Long Tom. "Your friend in the Coast Survey told you! Now what do *you* want?"

The dark-skinned Oriental continued to smile. Long Tom stepped back suddenly, slowly putting up his hands. The outside door had remained open. Other men with yellow faces seemed to glide in without walking.

There were six of these men. All were smiling. But the guns in their hands brought no smile to Long Tom's face. The electrical expert made a quick movement to reach for a pocket.

But he was not quick enough. Six unwavering guns were fixed upon his middle. Combined fire could have sliced him to pieces.

"We know you are alone here, with only this man who is not one of Doc Savage's companions," stated the dark-skinned leader. "You will not be harmed."

Professor Callus sputtered. But he was seized with Long Tom. Steel cuffs of intricate design clinked onto their wrists behind their backs. Damp cloths were slapped over their faces.

The drug was not chloroform. Long Tom had never before smelled this perfumed odor. He did not puzzle over it long. He and Professor Callus were bundled to one side. Both were peacefully sleeping.

Directed by their still smiling leader, the six dark men went to work methodically. Strangely, they seemed to be acquainted with the most vital parts of all the delicate apparatus with which Doc had been seeking the origin of the ocean haunt.

In less than five minutes, the wreckage was as complete as if one of Professor Homus Jasson's bombs had been touched off.

Weather instruments, light recorders, the radio were ripped apart and smashed. The Orientals touched nothing in

"Dag-gone it!" piped Monk. "An' you'll shut up or I'll be makin' mincemeat outta you!"

Doc was watching the lights of Baltimore, a mile below.

A shrill grunt accompanied Monk's irate exclamation. An animal that looked to be all ears and legs, seemed to sympathize with the apelike chemist's remarks. This was Habeas Corpus, Monk's pet pig.

"That shote's a fine thing to be taking to a conference at Washington," grinned Ham. "At that, he'll probably make about the same impression as his master."

"Is that so?" sputtered Monk. "If you had his brains, you danged shyster, you'd talk a lot less and think more!"

Doc interrupted the pleasant exchange.

"That's strange," he said, quietly. "It is just after midnight, but it would seem the sun has decided to come up. Look over to the eastward."

"Howlin' calamities!" exploded Monk. "Looks like daylight's bustin' on us, an' comin' fast! What's happened to the radio, Doc?"

"Um— um— bum— ulbum— ulbum!" squawked the loudspeaker in the plane.

"It has been going bad for some time," remarked Doc.

The man of bronze had figured he would make Washington well within two hours. Suddenly he was not so sure about it.

The eerie dawn at midnight was spreading. The east took on a brighter hue. But it was not as if the sun were rising. Usually, an ocean sunrise is varied in color. This was much like a white fan spreading across the horizon.

"Looks something like the northern lights," suggested Ham.

HABEAS CORPUS, the pig Monk had picked up in Arabia, was an animal of acute instincts. Now he was standing rigidly. He sniffed and quivered.

"Something about it Habeas Corpus don't like," said Monk.

"I don't like that hog, but he is smarter than any ape," grinned Ham.

The radio squawking suddenly was cut off. There had been a sound like a tremendous burst of static. Then silence.

"I don't like that," stated Doc. "Sounds as if something has smashed things at headquarters."

From the plane's motor came a sputter. The engine of finest alloy metal seemed to hesitate. But its cylinders picked up again. Doc's hand moved a lever. This closed shutters around the motor.

These shutters were of a special material made to resist magnetic influence. It was insulated against any known form of interference by any of the rays thus far invented.

More than just a false sunrise had become apparent over the ocean. The plane was passing over a vast expanse of shore marshes. No human habitations showed.

Above the hissing of the plane's motor, a low humming became audible. Doc Savage had been hearing this for some time. His ears were easily three times as acute as those of Ham and Monk.

"It might be well to put on the 'chutes," advised Doc. "Those bogs provide a poor footing for setting the plane down."

"Are we going to land out here?" piped up Monk.

The plane's motor gave the answer. Its muffled explosions ceased suddenly.

Doc Savage stared at the switch for a few seconds. The propeller rotated slowly. The man of bronze pushed a button. This should have lighted the instrument board. There was no light. The electrical current had been lost.

"Something wrong with the wires?" questioned Ham. Doc did not reply. The interior of the cabin now had no lights. They were not needed while daylight had flooded the space. In the uneven line of the shore, the low caps of the ocean swells, a fishing launch sprang into view.

Monk and Ham had hastily slipped their arms through the harness of parachutes. The skilled hand of Doc Savage kept the plane winging in a wide, descending spiral.

They were in daylight. Broad daylight at the hour of midnight. The plane was as silent as if it never had been

efforts got no results. The battered farm machine had no power. The farmer looked up with an oath. Once more, he whirled the crank savagely by hand.

Then something happened. It was like some one suddenly switching off a brilliant flashlight. The darkness of midnight shut in the countryside. The small motor of the car started so suddenly it backfired and kicked the farmer onto his haunches.

Night had returned. From the direction of the railway substation came the sudden humming of a dynamo. The power was on. The three fishermen shouted and started back toward the shore.

Doc produced a roll of bills.

"We won't bother to hire the car," he said. "We'll buy it."

Ham and Monk piled in. Monk dragged Habeas Corpus aboard. The rickety vehicle rattled out onto the highway.

Doc pushed the old motor to the limit. In less than half an hour he had reached an airport and chartered a fast plane. This arrived in Washington after a hop of a few minutes.

Chapter VII THE WORLD THREAT

THE meeting between the president and Doc Savage was secret and informal. The president stated he had sought this conversation with the man of bronze because of his vast scientific knowledge.

"The whole thing is fantastic," stated the president, "but it suggests such great possible calamity, it cannot be overlooked! We seem to be threatened by such a power as none of our government scientists and technicians have ever believed could exist."

"Practical science has progressed in an incredible manner during the past few years, Mr. President," stated Doc Savage. "None can say what vast force may be discovered at any time. Unfortunately, the discoveries are not always made by those of balanced and straightforward minds."

They were discussing the affair that had begun with the queer disturbance of Coast and Geodetic Survey equipment. Doc had cautioned his companions against

mentioning, for the present, the occurrence on the coast.

But they had arrived in Washington to find themselves confronted with several new and serious angles. Not only had the haunted ocean become apparent, but the phenomenon was being used as a direct threat.

The purpose of that threat was of such fabulous character as to border upon the incredible.

The government had been informed that it must disarm. Further, it had been stated that all other nations would be similarly compelled to dispense with all of their armed forces.

"We received the communication in such manner as to make it untraceable," said the president. "The message apparently originated somewhere in the Northern Atlantic. It was relayed by radio from one ship to another."

"And you say the purpose of this is declared to end all war in the world?" mused Doc Savage. "I would say the object is a most worthy one. At the same time, such force as is threatened would not for long be confined to such a benevolent purpose. If the machinery of any nation, any great city could be paralyzed indefinitely, then this force would soon be in the hands of rascals."

The president nodded his head.

"That is correct, Mr. Savage," he said, gravely. "But this whole thing savors of a disordered mind. It would seem some lunatic has isolated himself in The Land of the Midnight Sun."

"Howlin' calamities!" rapped Monk.

"The lunatic's ideas of yesterday often become the great inventions of today," interrupted Doc, quickly. "You say this unknown sender of the message demands complete disarmament at once? He declared he has the power to control the destinies of all other countries?"

"Yes," said the president. "And to prove it, he declares he will demonstrate this power. He has set eight o'clock this morning. If he can do it, all of the New York area will be rendered inactive from the hour set until noon."

"WON'T that be something for the anti-noise boys?" said Ham. "Imagine New

York City without a wheel turning. No thunder of the subway, no roar of the elevated, no grind of traffic—”

“Anyway,” said the president, “the whole thing can hardly be other than the ravings of a lunatic. The whole thing is probably unworthy of our serious attention.”

Doc Savage said nothing. He was thinking of The Land of the Midnight Sun. Back there on the Maryland coast there had been daylight.

“I believe with you that this threatener may be unbalanced,” said Doc. “But I also believe he will do exactly as he says.”

The president tried to laugh. His mirth had a hollow sound.

“And we have received no further word of the war commission or the steamship *Trafalgar Square*,” he stated.

A secretary presented a message to the president.

“Then there is something, Mr. Savage! Some ships were stopped off the Maryland coast! A naval destroyer was without power for nearly an hour! They report a mysterious light like daylight!”

“Yes,” observed Doc. “One of my best planes is bogged down in a Maryland marsh.”

The president stared at the bronze man bleakly.

“You hadn’t mentioned that,” he said, gravely. “I wish we had Arne Dass with us.”

“I knew Arne Dass was missing,” stated Doc. “His knowledge would indeed be most valuable.”

“Yes,” said the president. “Dass has been gone for more than six months. His scientific work with the navy department was invaluable. We fear some foreign agency may have had a hand in his disappearance.”

The work of Arne Dass, an aged scientist, was a high spot in the history of the navy department. He had developed some of the most effective weapons of warfare.

“What steps would you advise we take?” said the president.

“I know of none that might be effective before eight o’clock this morning,” stated Doc. “That is now barely six hours away. We shall fly back to New York at once.”

DOC SAVAGE was back in his eighty-sixth floor laboratory at dawn. The man of bronze had been busy for nearly an hour. One telephone call had been a contact with an electro-chemical company plant on the Hudson River.

The man of bronze owned a controlling interest in this works. For ten minutes he talked with one of the machinery designers. The plan for what he desired was being copied by the designer in elaborate detail. The intricate design had been evolved and mapped in the amazing brain of the bronze giant.

“Put all the men necessary on this to have it ready within twelve hours,” instructed Doc.

The man of bronze returned to chemical experiments he had been making. He was clad in a cloak of gray rubberized fabric. His head was encased in what might have been a diver’s helmet of crystal.

The chemicals Doc was employing were of a deadly character. It lacked two hours until eight o’clock.

A red light glowed and a buzzer whined. Doc removed the glass helmet and picked up the telephone.

“The White House speaking,” said a voice. “We have received word of two lifeboats from the *Trafalgar Square* being picked up. Our information says they were in the vicinity of the Lofoten Islands, off the coast of Norway.”

“The islands are a thousand and more miles north of the English Channel,” stated Doc. “It sounds rather fantastic. But the commission? What have you learned?”

“Very little. Washington is trying to get a clear story of what happened to the *Trafalgar Square*. The steamer was abandoned. And it is reported the war commission has been abducted. A lifeboat carrying them vanished into the north. That may be only a wild tale.”

“I fear you will find it is true,” stated Doc.

The conversation was terminated.

Doc summoned the others to the laboratory.

“Whatever affairs you may have at hand should be adjusted quickly,” he stated. “Brothers, we are soon to journey

into the Arctic regions, so equip yourselves."

DOC had left off his helmet. The door buzzer whined. Doc threw a switch. A square of frosted glass was illuminated. In that glass was a man crawling. Scarlet liquid oozed from his mouth and dripped slowly from his chin.

The frosted glass gave a detailed view of the corridor in front of Doc Savage's door.

"Great Scott!" rasped Ham. "Another one!"

Renny and Long Tom were staring.

"It's that fellow who said he was a Norwegian," declared Long Tom. "He left here with that fellow, Kama."

Hjalmar Landson, the blond Norwegian, had staggered from the elevator. Likely he had fallen after the car started downward. For he now was making a second effort to reach the door. Doc glided through the library into the outer room. The door opened by the radio contact.

The big Norwegian half arose to his feet. His eyes were like hard, blue ice. But they were beginning to glaze a little. One big hand wiped the oozing blood from his lips.

"Doc—Doc Savage—" he mumbled. "You must—must know about this—Knut Aage—he will—"

Hjalmar Landson slid forward on his face. The ornamental handle of a dagger stuck gruesomely from between his shoulders. Nearly all of a queerly curved blade had been sunk beside his spine.

Doc Savage made a quick injection from a syringe. Hjalmar Landson appeared to come back from death itself.

"They'll get it—find Knut Aage—Saltan Fjord—Moskenes—north passage in Satan's Gateway—this professor—who died—Kama wanted to buy—my country—go there—"

The Norwegian's last words were only liquid gurgling. What he might have meant by his reference to the dead professor, Homus Jasson, he now could never reveal.

Stretched in death, Hjalmar Landson more than ever resembled a blond Viking of the Far North.

"Whatever he might have been, he was loyal to his country to the last," stated Doc Savage. "Moskenes is one of the Lofoten Islands."

"Kama!" exclaimed Ham. "That would be his murderer!"

"Thunderation!" growled Renny. "I wouldn't be so sure! There is that bogus red-headed Krants girl!"

But at this moment, Doc and his companions had another matter to claim their attention.

The heart of Hjalmar Landson, the Norwegian, had ceased beating at precisely eight o'clock in the morning.

And with it, the heart of Greater New York City also halted its loudly pulsing stroke.

Chapter VIII WHEN A CITY STOPPED

NEW YORK CITY, Manhattan and all of its environs, had been warned from Washington. Several million persons were cautioned to be on their guard.

Trains might stop. Ferries might be disabled. Subways could become unsafe. Elevated tracks might cease to thunder.

In other words, advised Washington by radio and early edition newspapers, a few million persons should be careful of their activities at eight o'clock this morning.

New York at eight o'clock in the morning was going about its customary business. In the eighty-sixth floor headquarters of Doc Savage could be heard the humming thunder of the active city.

So great and constant is this roar of traffic, its beat ceases to be recorded by the ears of the average New Yorkers. These waves of sound were rolling up when Hjalmar Landson staggered to his death in Doc Savage's corridor.

Now another wave arose. More appalling perhaps than anything else that could happen. It was an abrupt wave of silence.

Comparative silence, but an absence of sound, nevertheless. For shouting voices, even screaming crowds in suddenly halted subway trains, on stopped

"We have been told Miss Lora Krants is in California and her father is in daily touch with his home," said Doc. "Is that true?"

"There must be some mistake," replied the banker. "Miss Lora Krants is here in New York. I happen to know she appeared to you for help last night. Her father has been unheard from for several days. Our firm would regard it as a personal favor if you would do what you can, Mr. Savage."

As Doc replaced the telephone, the exotic trilling of sudden discovery reached his companions. Renny had been listening to the conversation.

"The young lady appears to be Miss Krants," stated Doc. "My informant is most reliable."

"Holy cow!" boomed Renny. "Doc, when can we get started for the North Pole, or wherever we're going? In a minute, I'll wake up and discover I dreamed all that happened this morning."

DOC made no reply. He was again on the telephone. In a few minutes he had put through a call to the Pacific coast. He held a short conversation with a person in Del Monte, in southern California. When he replaced the instrument, he made no explanation.

During this conversation, a visitor had arrived. He was the massive-headed Professor Callus.

"Another one!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice, as he saw the body of Hjalmar Landson. "What in the world can this terrible thing mean, Mr. Savage? Could all of this incredible phenomena of this morning, these murders, be related to our haunted ocean?"

"It would seem that is the case," stated Doc. "Have you ever had any contact with this man Landson, or the man called Kama, before they appeared here last night, Professor Callus?"

"I never saw either of them before," said the big-headed man. "I returned today, hoping to learn what their interest might have been in the ocean disturbance. I did see Landson at an early hour this morning on Fifth Avenue near Central Park."

"Was he alone at that time?"

Professor Callus shook his shiny head, as if with reluctance.

"No," he said, slowly, "but I hesitated to speak of it. Probably it has no relation to what might have happened later. Landson was riding in a sedan early this morning with Miss Krants and the brother she called Barton."

"We might've known it!" spilled Renny. "What time was that, professor?"

"As nearly as I can recall, it was between seven and eight o'clock."

"And he reached here and died just when the city went dead," said Ham. "That seems to provide a clear case of circumstantial evidence."

"Dag-gone it!" piped up Monk, unexpectedly. "That girl wouldn't have done it! She wouldn't go around stickin' a knife in anybody's back!"

"Or an automatic in your neck," said Ham, sarcastically. "Or maybe a hypo in that other dead man."

Doc Savage changed the subject suddenly.

"As I told you before, prepare for Arctic conditions. You will proceed at once to the Hudson River hangars. I shall join you within a short time. Renny, describe for me the approximate location of that apartment near Central Park where you were taken."

Chapter IX DOC IS TRAPPED

DOC SAVAGE arrived at the address given by Renny.

"The Krants's servants left early this morning," said the janitor of the Central Park apartment house. "There was only the housekeeper and her husband. They've been taking care of the apartment."

Doc Savage exhibited no surprise at the apparent absence of the Krants family. Seemingly, the man of bronze left the apartment house. Five minutes later he was ascending the tradesmen's stairway at the back of the building.

The man of bronze had little difficulty in obtaining an entrance. The Krants apartment contained five bedrooms.

Doc glided from one room to another. None of the rooms showed

"I've been informed you are very clever, Doc Savage," the woman said. "It seems you live up to your reputation! But that cannot save you now. We are—"

Doc expelled his breath slowly. The anaesthetic gas had dissipated into the air. It was only effective for a lesser time than Doc could hold his breath.

His symmetrical body moved with flashing speed. The arc of the bronze fists could not have been followed by any human eye.

Most certainly the blows could not have been dodged. Knuckles crunched into masked faces. The figures massed in a combined rush. Doc's twisting hands caught up one man and hurled him broadside against others. Four men went down in a heap.

Only four figures were on their feet. A sinewy arm went around Doc's throat. His effort to free himself from the grip caused a gun to be shoved into his neck. At least one attacker was armed.

Doc realized the odds were against him. He relaxed his fight. They bound him and carried him with them when they departed.

"ONLY by the certain removal of Doc Savage can our enterprise be made safe," spoke a voice.

"I agree with you perfectly," spoke a woman. "I am glad you have come to see it my way. He tricked me into betraying myself. He undoubtedly knows who I am. When will he be removed? They say he has powers that amount to black magic!"

A macabre laugh came from the invisible man.

"That has all been arranged," he said. "The automatic device on the death tank will work in fifteen minutes. By then we will be conspicuously in another place some distance from here."

Doc Savage heard this conversation. He had been dumped on the bare floor of what appeared to be a large room in some deserted loft building. There are hundreds of such lofts located along the Hudson and the East Rivers.

Doc could tell this building was close to the river. Boats were passing not far away. The man speaking might be Kama. At least, the voice was the same.

All of his devices had been stripped from his body. Knowledge of his many secrets was indicated. Even his bullet-proof skullcap of metal had been removed. His feet were bare. False toenails were missing. Hollow shells worn over some of his teeth had been taken out.

It was the most thorough job of rendering the bronze giant helpless he had ever encountered. The bonds held him rigid. He could only wait.

The woman laughed again, harshly.

"Well, let's be on our way," she said. "You will be going to Washington tonight?"

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the man's voice. "Perhaps it would be best to hold out for greater returns."

Their feet beat hollowly on the bare floor of another room. A distant door was slammed. Doc could hear the thudding of their feet on stairs.

Doc's acute senses picked up a ticking. He judged it was some device for timing. There was not so much as a table or chair in the room. Doc had tried all of the muscular contortions that would have freed him from ordinary bonds. He met with no success.

Thick dust of the abandoned loft choked his nostrils. It was useless to call for help in this empty building. He rolled in the direction of the ticking.

A bright aluminum tank was set in an alcove of the big room. All of the windows were tightly closed. Some cracks had been carefully sealed with strips of paper to make more certain it would be a death chamber.

A timing device was affixed to an ordinary alarm clock at the top of the tank. The ringing of the alarm would release a spring. This in turn would release the valve at the top of the tank. Doc had no doubt but that the cylinder contained some deadly gas.

A small vial contained a colorless liquid. It was set to fall and break on the floor. Doubtless it contained an inflammable chemical which would be set off by the jar of the vial. Perhaps the gas in the tank would be combustible. Or it might merely kill.

The fire chemical on the dry floor of the loft would start an immediate blaze



By tremendous effort, Doc got to his feet. He teetered forward and his bronze head crashed the glass from its frame.

This machine had just been delivered from the electro-chemical machine plant. It had been constructed within twelve hours.

Doc had inquired what had brought his companions to the burning loft building.

“A woman called us,” had been Renny’s reply. “The phone was ringing at the hangar when we arrived. The woman said to be on the top floor of that loft building at six o’clock, just at sunset. We made it just in time.”

All of the signs at the now burned loft building indicated Doc had been conveyed there by several men. A woman, and Doc believed a red-headed woman, had been in command of the crowd that had taken him prisoner.

Was there still another woman involved?

The man of bronze had arrived at one definite conclusion. Already several foreign countries were in the market for the power that had paralyzed New York,

what Johnny had been talking about. But he had everlasting faith in the British navy.

Johnny seldom used a short word when he could find a longer one. Just now, he had been speaking of the effect of the Midnight Sun. In the summer season, the sun never dropped below the horizon. At this season it did not rise above the rim.

Yet, where there should have been darkness, relieved only by the northern lights, the big lifeboat was speeding through daylight of a strange white quality.

JOHNNY spoke in simple English the others could understand.

"If only we had some way of getting in touch with Doc Savage," he said, thoughtfully. "But we had no warning. No time. And now we've got no radio. We are in a dead world, except for that mysterious monster with the horns. But Doc Savage would know what to do."

"You seem to have a lot of confidence in this person Doc Savage, old fellow," said Sir Arthur, pulling at his long mustache. "I would prefer to rely upon His Majesty's navy. After all, old chap, the British navy goes everywhere."

"I'm inclined to believe Doc Savage has been places even the British navy never will see," smiled Johnny.

He thoroughly respected His Majesty's sea force. But Johnny had his doubts about British warships chasing a mechanical undersea monster into the treacherous channels and fjords inside the Lofoten Islands.

Johnny's other companions were Baron Calosa, of Italy; Monsieur Lamont, of France; Herr Schumann, of Germany, and Señor Torron, of Spain.

None had evolved any theory which might have explained the four mysterious prongs drawing their boat closer to the icy polar region. The prongs might indeed have been the horns of some underwater monster.

The eerie daylight bathed the blue, icy water. The intense radiation obscured the customary northern lights, the aurora borealis.

Perhaps a hundred yards ahead of the big lifeboat projected the four prongs. These cut through the calm sea. No turmoil of whirling propellers was apparent.

From the bow of the lifeboat extended a slender steel cable. This drew the boat along at great speed. All instruments with which this cable might have been cut had been removed. The lifeboat bore the name, "S. S. TRAFALGAR SQUARE, DOVER, ENG." The steel cable ran down into the sea.

"I'd jolly well like to know if the blighters down there can see us through those queer eyes?" complained Sir Arthur.

The four prongs traveled a few feet apart in a straight line. The eyes were like great mirrors. They reflected the strange daylight with dazzling radiation. This sometimes nearly blinded the eight men in the lifeboat.

GREAT, glittering bergs of ice came floating over the horizon from the north. This horizon now appeared to be defined by a definite circle of the daylight.

"If we only could guess what all this means," added Johnny. "Here we are a war commission bent on ending war. We are bundled out of our berths in the middle of the night. We don't see the men with the guns, but evidently they forced every one to leave the *Trafalgar Square*. Do you suppose the other lifeboats have been brought up here?"

None of the others had any answer to this.

Undoubtedly, the projecting prongs were attached to some new and incredible undersea craft. Yet it never had descended far enough to submerge the rearing prongs. Johnny was shrewd enough to deduce that these horns and the mirrorlike eyes had something to do with the motion of the craft.

If there were motors of tremendous power, then why was the progress of the submarine so noiseless?

Again Sir Arthur Westcott affirmed his faith in the British navy.

"They'll jolly well have a hundred boats searching for us," he declared. "They'll find us if they have to send out the whole British navy!"

Doubtless the whole British navy would have been turned out if necessary to rescue the war commission. But just now His Majesty's sailors were having a puzzle all their own in the North Sea.

"Heave to, in the name of His Majesty!" bellowed a British voice from the submarine.

THE prongs started in a tantalizing circle of the British sub.

Another sharp order was barked. It gained no attention.

Then a rapid-firing deck gun swung from the conning tower. The submarine still was moving slowly. Its motors had not yet felt the effect of the mysterious power which seemed to accompany the eerie daylight.

The sub's deck gun barked viciously. The shot skipped across the green water. Whether by accident or intention, the shell clipped squarely into one of the moving prongs. The horn snapped off. Its mirror reflector vanished into the sea.

Instantly, the other three prongs moved faster.

Johnny had no long words now.

"My gosh!" he exploded. "They shoot off its horns, and still it doesn't stop! Look! What's happened?"

There was apparent consternation aboard the British sub. The officers were waving their arms. Voices shouted. The submarine had ceased to move. Its engines had been suddenly paralyzed.

"I wonder about that!" muttered Johnny. "That sub seemed all right until it came up. Remember, the engines of the *Trafalgar Square* were stopped suddenly, just before they grabbed us?"

The submarine commander was barking more orders. Apparently, he had the thought to close the hatch of the conning tower. But the motor operating the machinery was also dead.

"And that apparently washes up your British navy," declared Johnny. "Now what?"

From under the submarine emerged a slender, fishlike shape. It was a long, deadly torpedo. The quick-witted commander had ordered the explosive in an effort to halt the strange prongs.

The torpedo had been shot from its compartment deep under the water. Its own motive power sent it streaking across between the lifeboat and the mirrored prongs.

"Get set!" yelled Johnny. "We're all due for a cold bath! When that thing hits, we'll have to jump!"

The torpedo was perhaps halfway from the sub to the three moving prongs. Johnny wondered if it were traveling at a depth sufficient to strike the mystery craft. Then he ceased to wonder.

The torpedo seemed to expire like a fish suddenly harpooned. It floated to the surface without forward motion. It became very much of a dud. The strange power of this daylight in The Land of the Midnight Sun had killed the torpedo motor.

THERE was no explosion. An effort to release another torpedo from the British sub failed. Orders were barked. From the waving of arms, it was indicated the commander wished to submerge immediately. Perhaps he imagined his disabled engines could work underwater.

But there was no clanking of machinery. The conning tower hatch remained open. The British sub floated as helplessly as the dead torpedo.

The three pronged mirrors were speeding up. The lifeboat resumed its northern course at a fast pace.

And the war commission of six great nations was again on its way to an undetermined destination.

"Anyway," declared Johnny, "I'm now sure of one thing. This whole incredible happening has been too big for Doc Savage to miss. We'll be hearing from him."

Johnny was partly correct. Doc Savage's plane was not far away. But it would be some time before this would be of any help to Johnny and his companions.

Chapter XII NEW SKY POWER

DOC SAVAGE'S plane motors were probably the most noiseless of any in the world skies. The big cabin ship was being held at an altitude of only a thousand feet above the shifting surface of the North Sea.

Though it was night, Doc Savage was scanning the ocean intently. Every

Tao. Now get inside. They'll be coming back."

Only the two faces had been observed in the flashing planes. It could only be guessed who the other occupants of the ships might be.

The three planes vanished quickly to the southward. But they were not absent long.

Doc and his men were back inside the cabin. The man of bronze pulled levers at the end of the big glasslike cylinder. A tight-fitting cover slid smoothly open. Inside there was only room for a few persons.

"We'll wait for a moment," advised Doc. "But be prepared to get in quickly. We are about to be attacked."

Almost immediately, the three planes again whispered in the sky. They were flying back over their course. This time they had lifted a few hundred feet. Long Tom and Renny already were squeezing into the close spaces inside the glasslike cylinder.

"But what is the thing, Doc?" said Ham. "You don't mean—That won't go under the water, will it?"

"That is the purpose for which it was designed," stated Doc, calmly. "It may accomplish more than just going under the water."

The three planes again passed over.

"I noticed something funny, Doc," said Ham. "Those planes didn't have any shadows when they passed the first time."

"Without direct light from above, shadows could not be expected," stated Doc.

Ham shivered, then said quickly, "One of 'em's banking, Doc. It's coming back!"

ONE of the swift planes of mysterious power had separated from the others. Directly over the floating Doc Savage ship, it tipped its wings in a descending spiral.

Doc and his men did not see the shining object flash toward the water. By sheer luck, the aim of the pilot was poor.

The object struck more than fifty yards from Doc's plane. The erupting explosion geysered tons of water. A huge wave threatened to wreck the pontoons.

"Inside, all of you!" ordered Doc. "He will probably have his distance better gauged the next time."

The glasslike cylinder provided just enough room for the five men and little more. They were surrounded by a variety of metallic tanks.

"Holy cow!" growled Renny. "It's going to be plenty dark!"

Doc said nothing. He ran his hand along a panel. This uncovered long tubes. The tubes suddenly glowed with a weird blue light. The emanation was phosphorescent in character. It provided illumination.

Doc did not say what chemicals had been employed. It was apparent the lighting system did not depend on electrical current.

The entrance lid of the big cylinder slid into place. Doc turned some knobs and a slow hissing came from some of the tanks. Oxygen was being slowly released.

"Now if we only had some power, we'd be going places," said Ham. "I suppose our next stop will be the bottom. And the shelf along this coast, they say, is nearly six hundred feet deep!"

The faith of Doc's companions assured them that the contrivance they now occupied probably had been provided with everything. Everything, but power, they imagined.

Habeas Corpus grunted. His long nose poked into Ham's neck. Ham made a move as to withdraw his sword cane.

"You get that crossed-up quadruped out of my neck," he yelled, "or I'm slicing off one of his ears!"

Monk only grinned and grunted. The floor of the cabin sagged and tilted. One of the pontoons had been cracked by the exploding bomb. The three planes still whispered above them.

"Probably the next one will be better directed," stated Doc. "I think it is time we are leaving."

There was a grinding noise. The floor of the cabin seemed to dissolve under the big cylinder. It dropped by its own weight into the green water. Hardly had it submerged under the floating plane before concussion threatened to cave in its glasslike sides.

The second bomb above had made a direct hit. Doc Savage's ship had been

destroyed with a blast that scattered its parts. No person could then have been in the cabin and remained alive.

IN one of the planes overhead, a man's voice spoke.

"The great Doc Savage is finished!" he said, venomously. "His knowledge was the only thing in the world we had to fear. If he had been given time, he would have got to the bottom of the mystery."

"Dot iss goot!" spoke a voice with a broad accent. "Ven do ve haff der price to puy?"

"Perhaps the sale still rests on the figures of the highest bidder," said the other voice. "No nation has a treasury too big to risk all of it for this power. A few men alone could control the world."

"Dot is vot makes der vun man to slit anoder man's throat," suggested the other voice.

"Yes, and the throat-slitting will be well taken care of," said the first man. "Any nation will buy. Which one, will be for me to decide. We no longer have Doc Savage to fear."

The three mystery planes streamed again into single line. In one of these planes sat Lora Krants, the red-headed young woman. She was staring at the green sea as they passed over where Doc Savage's plane had rested.

Nothing of the metal ship still floated. But all about was a multi-colored, rainbow spread of oil.

"He is gone," the girl whispered.

"Yes, that's the end of Doc Savage," said the dark-browed young man beside her.

A yellow-skinned man showed his flashing teeth.

"Those who tamper with the will of the infinite invite their own destruction," he remarked, cheerfully.

Apparently, the man called Kama was not grievously affected by the evidence of Doc Savage's swift and gruesome death.

THOUGH crowded into the compact space of the cylinder, Doc's crew was comfortable. For several minutes, the cylinder remained suspended like a toy balloon floating in air. The last bit of the

wrecked plane had slowly sifted toward the bottom of the sea.

Now the cylinder started sinking again. It reached a depth where the pressure must have been terrific. But the material of which the strange diving affair was constructed was capable of resisting.

"This feels like being in a coffin," complained Renny. "Doc, this makes some hide-out, but it seems to be a little too good."

Doc Savage smiled and said nothing. His bronze hands were busy.

"It is advisable to wait a little while," stated Doc. "We are in conflict with more than one clever brain. Many nations are in the market for this white light of the haunted ocean. It is a power that would make the smallest of countries absolute."

The man of bronze was waiting until he was convinced the men in the three planes could not possibly suspect his men and himself had survived.

Now Doc moved a small lever. To his companions' amazement, the cylinder was instantly filled with the throb of power. A small control steered the craft. Close to the murky bottom of the ice-cold sea, the cylinder moved like a great fish seeking for food.

"Holy cow!" exploded Renny. "What a submarine! Now maybe we can go places! Have you discovered the power that kept those planes in the air, Doc?"

The bronze man shook his head.

"Perhaps we shall find that out later," he said. "For the present, we are moving by the release of compressed air."

**Chapter XIV
A HOT RECEPTION**

HABEAS CORPUS didn't like his close quarters. Even in the face of deadly danger, Ham had discovered a means of annoying Monk. When the fur-clad pig squeezed too close to Ham, the lawyer jabbed the point of his signet-ring knife into the animal's tough hide.

The pig grunted. Monk swore at Ham. The fur on the pig was not intended for inside wear. The Arabian misfit became most malodorous.

pointing at Habeas Corpus. His words were, "Spawn of the sea devil! Kill! Kill!"

It looked bad for Habeas Corpus. The pig stood shivering. The heavy half of a harpoon struck the apelike Monk across the forehead. He fell down and rolled into cover. For a minute, the chemist was stunned.

There seemed no hope for the trembling hog. The pig's big ears waved.

"That miserable pig's my own personal meat! I've been saving him!" asserted Ham, suddenly. Two squat Laplanders were rushing upon Habeas Corpus. They held long harpoons. The slender figure of Ham moved with incredible speed. There was a whirling gleam of steel.

"You come asking for it!" yelled Ham.

The Laplanders turned their harpoons upon him. The fighting lawyer was between the weapons. His sword moved too fast to be followed. Its needlelike point flicked through the fur of one man. A harpoon struck the rocks.

The Laplander only grunted once. Then he apparently went to sleep. The other harpoon struck sidewise and knocked Ham to his knees. His sword point jabbed the fur-clad wrist of the wielder. This Laplander, too, dropped on his face.

With an expression of utter loathing on his ascetic face, Ham grabbed one of the pig's long ears. Shot whistled around him as he dragged the hog to safety.

Though some of the villagers looked grotesquely small, others were of giant size. In their skin clothes, they looked like the real Vikings of a past century.

Doc arose and began speaking in their own language.

Chapter XV HOODOO OF THE SEA

"WE come in peace," stated Doc Savage. "You have had some trouble. For that, you have united."

The man of bronze had quickly analyzed an unusual situation. Some of the men of this queer village were the dark, squat Lapps. Others were the huskier, blond Norwegians.

Only some common danger could have drawn them together. They were of different speech, habits, dress and thought. Even now, a commanding figure was stepping into view.

Doc had spoken in the Norwegian language.

"*Vaer god! Vaer god!*" the commanding figure shouted to the Lapps and his own fellow Norwegians.

The words meant simply, "Be good!" This tall leader was open to argument. The Lapps were the more numerous. They did not heed.

"*Na! Na! Na!*" some shouted.

Another rain of harpoons showered from among the rocks. Guns exploded. Some poorly aimed shot blasted the face of the Norwegian leader. Blood flowed from his torn cheek.

Perhaps others imagined the wound had been inflicted by Doc's men. A strange, small figure appeared on a rock. He was as small as a half-grown boy. But white locks of matted hair framed his diminutive, wrinkled face.

Doc Savage instantly identified him as a *jarl*, one of the sub-chiefs of the coastal clan.

"*Na! Na! Na!*" this old man shrilled, joining the angry Lapps.

Again were uttered the words meaning "sea devils."

The man of bronze was forced to drop behind a rock. Plainly the fishermen had been terrorized.

Lapps and Norwegians jabbered. Their eyes were fixed in fear upon the glasslike cylinder.

Doc Savage knew the many legends of the *Edda*. Norwegian fishermen were a superstitious lot. The Lapps perhaps were worse. They believed in *huldrefok*, evil fairies of the fjords.

Recalling these legends, Doc Savage realized the fishermen would not feel safe unless they exterminated these men they believed to be sea devils.

Doc spoke to his companions in ancient Mayan.

"Do not kill any of these people under any circumstances," said the bronze man. "They are harmless, but greatly frightened."

"Howlin' calamities!" yelled Monk. "We won't last long unless we do something!"

Steel-headed harpoons clanged on the rocks. Shotguns continued blasting.

AGAIN the bronze man spoke quickly in Mayan. Then he sprang from behind the rock. With a striding glide, he was close to the nearest group of fishermen.

From his garments, Doc flipped four of the usually effective anaesthetic capsules. The fragile glass tinkled on the rocks. The nearest Lapps subsided in grotesque heaps of furs.

But the winter air was clear and cold. A chill wind swept by. Lapps and Norwegians rushed upon the bronze man. The gas capsules were not effective over enough area.

For several seconds, the Lapps armed with harpoons must have imagined they had been struck by a cyclone. Doc narrowly escaped being impaled. But his bronzed fists were moving too fast for the eye to follow.

Fishermen armed with harpoons tumbled and groaned.

The point of a harpoon caught Doc's right arm. That whirled him from his feet. Half a dozen weapons were aimed at his body. He was for the moment helpless to ward these off.

"Holy cow!" thundered Renny. "Let 'em have it!"

There arose a deep humming like giant bullfiddles. The superfirers streamed mercy bullets from the hands of Renny, Monk and Long Tom.

Fishermen were piled in a heap around Doc Savage. Doc's men rushed out. Warm liquid gushed from Doc's wounded arm and dripped from his fingers.

There were too many fishermen scattered about to be reached by the mercy bullets. Doc and his men were in one of the tightest spots of their career.

The half of a heavy harpoon cracked Renny's skull. The big engineer grunted and fell down. Ham's sword was broken in his hand by the blast of a shotgun.

Then Doc's men were given respite from an unexpected source.

The uncanny daylight winked out. The eerie illumination was shut off as abruptly as if some one had pulled a switch. There was no lingering twilight. Only the shadowy fingers of the aurora borealis beyond the mountain.

Comparatively, the darkness was intense. The fishermen fled into the rocks. They seemed to fear the shutting off of the inexplicable daylight.

RENNY was reviving. Doc ordered the others again into shelter. For several minutes, there was a lull in the attack.

Oil torches flared. What appeared to be a big pot of blazing whale blubber suddenly rolled into the open space. Against this smoky glare the fishermen were crouching shadows, waiting.

"We must undertake a bold move," stated Doc. "All will walk into the open and throw down your weapons. We must end this misunderstanding or we will be killed by some of the very people we must free."

The surprise of Doc's strategy must have awed the fishermen for the moment.

Renny and the others walked boldly into the glare of the whale oil pot. They threw their superfiring pistols with their drums of bullets in a heap. Ham contributed the hilt of his broken sword.

Doc Savage himself was not armed with any gun. He believed men who went armed came to rely too much upon mechanical force and not enough on their own wits and strength.

Doc walked out with the others. His hands were raised.

"Now shelter yourselves," he admonished the others. The figure of the shriveled, ancient *Jarl* was outlined by a torch. For several seconds, the surprised sub-chief did not speak. Doc Savage was striding straight toward the *jarl* and the largest group of fishermen.

Then the *jarl* shrilled out a command.

The bronze giant understood the words. They were an order to kill. Doc kept his hands uplifted.

From the rocks guns started snarling. Some were rifles that cracked viciously. Lead shot and bullets hailed into the space.



Cries of fear immediately changed into yells of menace. Lapps and Norwegians united in a rush.

The structure was composed of heavy timbers. There was only one massive door.

Inside was a nave, a shrine and a single broad aisle.

Their captors dumped Doc and the others unceremoniously on the floor of earth. All but two armed Lapps rushed out again. The excitement indicated the arrival of the floating dead man was of greater importance for the moment than the prisoners.

Doc and his men were left to themselves. Two voices were disputing loudly near by. They were speaking in a queer conglomeration of languages. Occasionally, they said something in broken English.

Doc disregarded these for the moment.

"All of us saw the phenomenon of the dead man floating in the fjord," the bronze giant stated. "Brothers, it is not remarkable these people have been frightened to killing terror. Dead men do not arise to the surface in these ice-cold waters for many days, often weeks. Then they are

not perfectly preserved, as was that corpse."

"Do you think it has something to do with the haunted ocean?" said Ham.

"I am sure of it," declared Doc. "I believe we are close to the source of this power. Floating dead men would be an effective means of driving curious fishermen away."

The quarreling voices beyond the wooden bench were silent for a few seconds. Then one spoke in broken English.

"Amerikaner!" it exclaimed. "You haff also put yourselves into dis trap!"

Two men rolled into view. They were bound with strips of hide.

"Zarkov," stated Doc, instantly. "And Larrone. The haunt of the ocean seems to be a magnet for many parts of the world."

"Doc Savage!" exclaimed the bearded little man called Zarkov. "So you haff come here also! But you would not haff come for buying, maybe?"

Larrone spoke in good English, but with an angry snarl.

mingled snow and the dust of centuries. The man of bronze was forced to seek a trail of harder ice.

He found such a pathway. Here steps seemed to have been cut into the ice.

"This could be no other than the work of men," announced Doc. "We are ascending what was once a great wall."

Kama only chuckled evilly. Then Monk let out a howling complaint.

"Howlin' calamities! I gotta go back! I've got to get Habeas Corpus!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the red-headed girl. "Who could have a legal name like that?"

"It isn't a 'who,'" rasped Ham's sarcastic voice. "It's a pig!"

"A pig?" said the red-headed girl. "Goodness gracious! You want to go back for a pig?"

"Dag-gone it!" yelled Monk. "I wish I'd 'a' let you go an' brought him along!"

Doc was leading the way up the roughly hewn steps of the ice wall. Zarkov and Larrone were disputing. They were accusing Doc Savage of deliberately blinding them to prevent the carrying out of their mission.

Kama still was saying nothing. The ice stairway led up a wall where the top was invisible.

Suddenly the steps ahead were obscured by ice blink. This was a dense fog which was composed of minute particles of blowing snow and ice.

Doc Savage projected Kama ahead to where another step should have been. The step was not there. The bronze man's feet slid onto a smooth slope. Still gripping Kama's wrist, the man of bronze felt himself sliding rapidly downward into the fog.

"HOLY cow!" boomed Renny. "I knew there'd be a trap in this somewhere! Now where are we headed?"

No one bothered to reply. Each was busy trying to slide feet foremost down the slippery grade. Doc Savage attempted to set his heels. This indeed might be a trap. The ice slope possibly would end in a glacier crevasse.

Doc's men, who were blind, thumped into a heap on clear, flat ice. As they gained their feet there was a moment of intense silence.

Then somewhere in the fog above them sounded a peculiar *clop-clopping*. The sound was like the iron-shod hoofs of a horse slowly pounding on hard ice or rock.

"Some one is passing over us," stated Doc. "It is perhaps some person in a *stolkjaerre*, one of the native carts. Roads among the most ancient in the world have been carved out of some of these mountains."

"Maybe we'd better give the fellow a hail," suggested Ham.

"It would hardly be advisable," said the man of bronze. "At this moment, we are being rapidly surrounded by many men."

There had been a rustling movement from four directions. This was as if moccasined or skin-packed feet were shuffling over the glacier.

Now there came a clink of metal. It was like the snapping of a safety catch on a pistol.

The slowly moving horse on the road above was still clanking his iron-shod hoofs. Steel tires squealed in grittily cold snow.

Doc Savage pushed the blinded five into the middle of a small ring. He and his own men stood about them.

Like the throwing of an electrical switch, the ice blink and the darkness was swept away. Uncanny, white daylight enveloped them.

THE little party was huddled on a wide, flat plain of the great glacier. Here the constant wind had kept the blue ice clear of dust and snow. The space was perhaps a mile in extent. Beyond it rose a sheer black wall of rock.

It was on a high, winding road of this precipice the horse had passed with the *stolkjaerre*. The cart had vanished.

"Holy cow!" grunted Renny. "Wouldja look at them! Doc, we ain't got a chance!"

"Fifty below zero, and they don't seem to have any use for clothes!" exclaimed Long Tom.

Between forty and fifty strange figures ringed the party. They had halted perhaps a dozen yards from Doc Savage and his men. All appeared to be white men of normal size.

And at first glance, it seemed all of the men were naked. Then it was to be observed that each man wore what might have been a breechcloth of skin. Otherwise, their bodies were fully exposed to the rigorous temperature. All of Doc's men and the others were thickly clad in furs.

The strangely naked, and equally strangely silent men were blond and tall. Each held a modern rifle across one arm. One man spoke in the Norwegian tongue.

"If you understand our language, you will make no resistance," he said, calmly. "We have been sent to conduct you to the Man of Peace under the mountain. You have not strong enough force to do us any damage."

"Oh!" cried Lora Krants. "The Man of Peace! At last!"

"Now what do you suppose is on her mind?" growled Renny.

Doc Savage made no answer to Renny; he spoke quietly to the naked men.

"It would seem we can do no other than accompany you," he said.

The tall leader of the naked men stepped closer. Then it was that Kama, of San Tao, cried out sharply in his own language. The Oriental must have regained his sight more quickly than the others.

Also, it was apparent he knew something of this place. His flowing command rapped across the glacier. Men clad in furs poured from what appeared to be the mouth of a cavern.

NO time was given for an order from Doc Savage.

Guns started cracking venomously. These were in the hands of the new arrivals. These men were short, and dark of face.

Three or four of the naked men fell at the first volley. Kama, of San Tao, was running. He darted across the ice toward the new party. His voice shouted a new command.

Though the naked men had been taken by apparent surprise, they acted. Their rifles belched fire.

The impetuous Renny opened up with his superfirer. Three or four men went down before the mercy bullets. Doc Savage took the weapon from Renny's hand.

"It would be advisable for us to keep out of this," stated the man of bronze. "Wisdom directs us to retreat while we have opportunity."

Kama was now among the new crowd of men. Plainly they were from his own country. They were like those who had appeared at Doc Savage's headquarters in Manhattan and attacked Long Tom and Professor Callus.

Zarkov cried out with pain. His hands were flung out and his body pitched to the ice. He would not speak again. A rifle bullet had bored into his skull over one ear.

Larrone yelled, and started running in a circle. He still could not see.

The illuminated glacier was all white daylight. Doc Savage was looking up the wall of black rock. Close to this wall, in the distance, were what appeared to be streaming rays of light.

It was clear to the bronze man that this uncanny daylight must be coming from this source. Doc could make out what might have been described as short stacks of steel.

At the top of each stack appeared to be an eye. A luminous globe. The glowing daylight was greater than the light of the aurora borealis.

Doc directed the others to crouch close to the ice. The naked men and the dark men were about evenly matched in numbers. The naked men moved toward near-by ice ridges.

Eight or ten of the nearly nude figures lay on the ice. Doc made note of a queer circumstance. Though these men were dead or seriously wounded, no blood had flowed from the bullet holes.

Kama now was leading his group toward Doc and his men. The dark men switched the object of their fire. Bullets buzzed off the ice. Some thudded into Doc's bulletproof garments.

From one of his many pockets Doc produced two small metal globes. On each of these was a small lever. Doc moved these levers. He tossed both objects toward the oncoming men of Kama's.

Between Doc's party and Kama's attackers the glacier split into a wide crevasse. Two explosions drowned out the cracking of the rifles.

Kama's dark men were blown from their feet. But none seemed to be seriously

injured. Their advance would only be temporarily impeded.

The man of bronze had refrained from killing with the high explosive chemicals in the tiny bombs. He hoped only to break up the glacier between them and provide respite by which they might escape.

Kama was shouting. The leader of the nearly naked men was trying to halt the flight of his force.

"We will try and get back to the stairs of the icy causeway," said Doc. "It is certain Kama does not want us to live. We do not know what might happen in the hands of the others."

The red-headed girl still was unable to see. She attempted to rise. One foot slipped and she fell back. Her face was very white.

"I'm afraid I've twisted my ankle!" she moaned. "All of you get away. Don't wait for me."

The man of bronze caught up the red-headed girl as easily as if she were a small child. Renny and Ham pushed her brother and Larrone in the right direction. It seemed they would have time to get back up the icy slope to the stairway.

As suddenly as it had come, the eerie daylight was switched off. The fog from the ice had not been dissipated. All were groping in a darkness. Visibility had been reduced to a few feet only.

SOMETHING new happened in that darkness. The nearly naked men rallied. They surrounded Doc and the others. They made no effort to use their rifles.

Doc Savage was hemmed in by men of as great size as himself. Their movements were slower. The man of bronze let the red-headed girl slip to the ice. His incredibly fast fists struck at shadowy figures.

Three or four men pushed him to the ice with their weight. Doc's bronze fingers fastened on the neck of one. His thumb pressed a nerve center. The man should have become unconscious instantly. But the paralyzing hold seemed to have little effect.

Doc Savage had the queer sensation of having pressed his fingers into dead flesh. It yielded. The skin was as cold

as ice. The usual nerve reaction failed to take place.

"Dag-gone it! Lemme go!" howled Monk.

"Holy cow!" boomed Renny's voice. "I didn't know it was you!"

They had exchanged blows in the fog. Renny's fist must have knocked Monk out. The chemist said nothing more.

Doc Savage was fighting the weight of numbers. From a distance, he could hear the cracking of Kama's rifles. But they did not seem to have crossed the blasted crevasse. The bullets were flying wild.

The man of bronze attempted to get at some of the anaesthetic capsules. Cold, heavy arms pinned him to the ice. The bronze giant was being held down by what seemed to be the relentless weight of men whose flesh seemed frozen.

A blow from the hard butt of a gun rapped across the base of his skull. Doc's senses faded out.

Chapter XIX THE WANDERING PROFESSOR

DOC SAVAGE came to his senses with the queer feeling of having been carried and then dropped roughly. He put out one hand and it touched bare flesh. This was very cold.

The bronze man was still enveloped in the glacial fog. He could hear two voices faintly.

The man he had touched was one of the largest of the nearly naked Norwegians. Doc produced his small pencil flashlight. The spring generator hummed inside. The ray widened on the white body of the man on the ice.

The man was dead. Without doubt, he had been carrying Doc Savage. An ugly hole appeared between the man's shoulders. A bullet had gone in through his spine.

Doc got to his feet. From near by came a low moan. A few yards away lay another of the Norwegians. His skull had been clipped by a slug. But he was still breathing. His head had only been creased.

The man of bronze wondered what had happened to the others. The last he

"Only a few known animals can be frozen and still survive," stated Doc. "There's one, the *Chorni Ryba*, or Alaskan blackfish."

"But dag-gone it, Doc," protested Monk, "the human temperature has to be around ninety-eight, and the pulse about seventy-two."

"That is true," stated the man of bronze. "In some acute cases of illness the human temperature has been known to go as low as seventy-five. But there is danger of death. Adrenalin increases heat and heart action by burning bodily sugar. I would say nearly all of the sugar has been burned from these men. So they have become almost impervious to freezing temperature."

Doc's hands probed around the base of the Norwegian's brain.

Monk was watching Lora Krants. She again clamped her furred mitten over her lips, as if to keep from speaking.

"These fellows did not yield to nerve pressure," stated Doc. "Now part of the reason becomes apparent. The nerves controlling temperature are known as the diencephalon. They are located at the base of the brain. A scar shows where nerve groups must have been changed."

Doc Savage ceased speaking. The cold-blooded Norwegian at his feet had ceased to breathe.

"LISTEN, Doc!" admonished Monk. "Hear that? Isn't it that horse again, upon the road?"

The iron-shod hoofs were clanking. The steel tires squealed in the sandy snow. From a short distance up the black wall, a voice hailed.

"Hello there, below! Can you direct us to a way down? My driver said there was a fishing village near by, but this road seems to end in a mountain meadow!"

"Howlin' calamities!" exploded Monk. "Doc, that's Professor Callus or I don't know voices! This whole thing's crazy!"

"It is Professor Callus," agreed Doc, calmly. Then he called out, "We know of a way down afoot, but not from the road up there."

"Doc Savage!" shouted Professor Callus. "I might have known you would

have found your way into this place! But I had greatly feared you were lost in your plane, after I learned you had started for the Norway coast!"

"We escaped that disaster," replied Doc. "Your own presence indicates you are greatly interested in the mystery of the haunted ocean, Professor Callus."

"Indeed, and who wouldn't be, after all that happened in Manhattan," replied the professor. "When I learned you had started for The Land of the Midnight Sun, I chartered a plane. We were over a great plateau of snow when that strange disturbance of the ocean must have started again. Our plane lost its power and we narrowly escaped death.

"I accompanied my two pilots until we found a village. Then I heard of this fishing town and hired one of these Norwegian carts. Do you think we could get down this cliff and join you?"

"That might be possible," stated Doc. "Also it might be advisable for your own safety—"

THE words of the bronze man were lost in a sudden crackle of gunfire. The fusillade apparently came from the road above not far from the cart of *stolkjaerre*.

"Doc Savage!" shouted Professor Callus. "We are being attacked! They are—"

His next words were lost in the crashing plunge of a horse. Above in the ice blink fog the *stolkjaerre* crackled as if it were being dashed against the rocks. A hoarse voice cried out in Norwegian.

"They've got him!" yelled Monk.

The *stolkjaerre* and the horse came rolling down the black wall. They struck the flat ice with sickening impact. A man's body thudded onto the glacier.

A command was shouted above. It was the voice of Kama.

The man who had fallen, lay almost at the feet of Doc Savage. Plainly enough he was the *skydgul*, or driver of the cart. His head was horribly crushed.

Professor Callus had not fallen with the cart. Doc Savage whirled back to the others. He caught up the slender form of the red-headed girl.

"We must get out before they find a way down the wall," advised Doc. "Farther

on, there may be some trail leading up to that mountain meadow. I imagine it would be unsafe to go back down the causeway.”

Above them, the men of Kama were scrambling along the road. It was apparent they were seeking a way down. Now Kama knew Doc Savage still lived and was below.

“If there is a mountain meadow at the end of that road, I think there will be a way down for us,” advised Doc Savage.

“How would you know that?” said Monk.

“You will find a strange means of transportation from every mountain meadow along this coast,” stated Doc.

The man of bronze seemed not to mind the weight of the red-headed girl. His progress was so swift Monk was compelled to lope along on his short legs. They were concealed by the darkness. The men of Kama were making so much noise they could not have heard them depart.

Doc had progressed more than a mile along the wall before a break appeared. Monk had great difficulty climbing the steep ascent. The bronze man cradled the girl in his arms and swung easily upward.

They emerged upon a road that had been carved centuries before.

Chapter XX THE SKY SLIDE

DOC SAVAGE carried Lora Krants into the mountain meadow. On this soil, in season, a crop of hay had been grown. Some of this was covered with snow where it had been spread upon wooden racks to dry during the summer.

Lora Krants tried her twisted ankle. It would not bear her weight.

“I don’t see how we can ever get out of this place,” the girl said. “If Kama’s men come up the road, we are trapped.”

Doc Savage did not reply. The man of bronze could hear the pursuit. The slight crunching of men’s feet in the snow had not yet come to the ears of either Monk or the girl.

Doc was following the rack of abandoned hay. At one end the meadow seemed to tip off into space. And far below

showed the hazy flare of torches. The meadow seemed to lie almost directly above the fishing village.

“Dag-gone it, Doc!” complained Monk. “If them devils are on the road, we can’t get out of here! It’s more than a thousand feet down!”

Doc was stripping back some of the hay. From the drying rack he pulled two queer-looking iron hooks. They were covered with heavy, dried reindeer hide.

“Now we will find the *hesjire*,” stated Doc. “Unless it is too badly rusted, we have a means of transportation it isn’t likely any one will use to follow us.”

Now Monk and the girl could hear the crunching feet of the oncoming men. Their pursuers were already entering the farther side of the meadow. Some of the pursuers whooped. They had come upon the tracks of Doc and the others.

“All right,” said Doc. “Monk, you will go first. I will follow with Miss Krants.”

“Down that thing?” growled Monk. “You mean we’re doin’ a circus act down that measly wire?”

“It isn’t much of a stunt,” said Doc, calmly. “The people here find this crude elevator quite convenient.”

Monk and the girl were staring at the slender wire attached to a heavy, wooden post. The village flares looked miles away. Only a few feet of the tight wire was visible. It slanted down into space.

Doc wrapped one of the hooks over the wire. Under the hook was a loop. On this crude contrivance hay was shot down from the mountain in the summer to the village below. Perhaps, as Doc had said, the wire might be rusted and weak. But it was the only means of escape.

Monk hooked one hairy wrist into the loop. He drew a deep breath. Then he stepped off into space. The tough hide of the hook squawked shrilly on the wire. Monk almost instantly disappeared.

SPARKS flashed from the hook and wire.

Behind them, Kama shouted out an oath. Now he had discovered the plan of Doc Savage. Rifles began to explode. Bullets clipped the snow.

“You’ll have to trust me and hold your breath,” counseled Doc.

Doc Savage had become the great surgeon. Monk had dropped his own outer furs. Within five minutes, Lora Krants gave a great sobbing breath.

Monk's outer furs were wrapped about the young woman when Monk returned. He was carrying an armload of miscellaneous furred skins. Doc and the girl were quickly clothed.

The man of bronze had preserved all of his devices in the pockets of his bulletproof garment.

"Oh!" gasped the girl. "I dreamed I had died, and I saw my father! I thought that I had crossed the ocean and—"

The girl's eyes widened with dawning realization of her present position. She ceased speaking. Doc ignored her words. He had said he knew she was not Lora Krants.

"Our best chance for the present is to discover if the cylinder is intact," stated Doc. "I believe the superstitious fishermen would hesitate to touch it."

DOC SAVAGE had guessed correctly. The strange glass fish was still in the sand where it had been beached. The tide was ebbing.

"Howlin' calamities!" gritted Monk. "Are we going down again?"

"We must find the wrecked plane at once," stated Doc. "Perhaps the fate of Johnny and the commission, and all the others depends upon our getting some means of entering the fjord called Satan's Gateway. Miss Krants now will direct us to the spot where the plane was beached."

"I will do anything I can," stated the girl. "But for you, I would not be alive, Doc Savage. The plane was beached. Its power is lost without the daylight you saw. It has other motors, but they failed."

Oil torches still flared in the *stavekirker*. A light moved among the skin huts of the Lapps. No person was near the glass fish.

"We have enough compressed air to last perhaps an hour," stated Doc. "In that time, either we will reach the wrecked plane or get to Satan's Gateway."

Monk and the girl were crowded into the glass fish. Doc was pushing and pulling the cylinder into position where its

own compressed air force would slide it, into the fjord.

Doc slid inside the glass fish and closed the lid. Immediately the blue, unearthly light of the tubes began to glow. This gave the transparent cylinder a supernatural appearance.

An oxygen tank hissed. Then Doc Savage switched on the compressed air. Sputtering explosions resulted.

THE tail of the glass fish was buried in the sand. It was as if a great hand pushed it into the deep fjord. The cylinder sank a hundred feet.

"Where is this plane?" said Doc Savage. "We have but little time."

"It was pulled up on a shelf at the north side of the fjord," said the red-headed girl. "Perhaps if you can reach it, the power of the ocean will come on. Then you could use it."

Doc Savage said nothing. His real purpose in reaching the plane was to examine the strange machinery. He hoped this would give him some inkling of the force which must be overcome.

"Doc," said Monk, "do you suppose they took Ham and the others alive? If they've killed Ham, I'll stay here and take these mountains apart!"

Lora Krants stared at the ugly chemist. She had imagined Monk and Ham would have slit each other's throats at the slightest excuse.

"Before we reach the plane, Miss Krants," suggested Doc, "have you any other information to divulge?"

The girl's eyes suddenly went cold.

"I may seem ungrateful, Doc Savage," she said, "but I have nothing more I can tell."

Doc did not insist. He had arrived at an amazing theory. If what he believed proved to be the truth, he imagined Washington would be rocked.

NEAR the entrance to the fjord of the fishing village, Doc mixed the chemicals which filled the outer envelope of the cylinder with the powerful lifting gas. The girl was watching the bronze giant with increasing amazement.

Then they reached the plane.

so that the removal of its wooden blocks would slide it off the shelf into the fjord.

The bronze man noted that the tide now had changed. As in these northern latitudes, the flood was starting with a rush. A swift current was beginning to boil along the cliff.

Doc Savage started toward the spot where he had left the glass fish. Suddenly he hastened his stride. The chugging of the motors of the fishing boats had come to his ears. He could see their distant moving lights.

The man of bronze had expected to be guided back to the glass fish by its phosphorescent illumination. The light had vanished. He believed for a few seconds that Monk might have tampered with the tubes.

But it was not that. Doc Savage checked his rush at the edge of the sloping shelf. The green depths, he knew, dropped here to perhaps five hundred feet.

Doc stared bleakly down into the deep water. He could just mark a dim, blue radiance. The glass fish was submerged. It was at least a hundred feet beneath the surface. It was still sinking.

Doc Savage rarely had a sensation of helplessness. For just a few seconds, he stood rooted to the spot. There beneath him, Monk and Lora Krants were slowly dropping into the depths.

Doc could only depend upon Monk's knowledge of chemistry to bring the glass fish to the surface. Apparently Monk had been unable to apply the lifting gas. Doc Savage remembered an oversight.

The final chemical combination, the key to the production of the gas, was now in his own pocket. He had expected to be gone only a minute or two.

Monk was powerless to bring the glass fish from the bottom of the fjord.

An eddy in the sweeping flood tide caught the light far below. Its force whisked the blue radiance from view, downward under the straight wall of the black cliff.

Doc Savage groaned deeply. The faithful Monk and the red-headed girl were undoubtedly going to certain doom.

The fishing boat on this side of the fjord came nosing along on the tide.

DOC SAVAGE whipped back to the mystery plane. He could do nothing here. None of his vast forces could reach down into the murk of that icy water. The glass fish had apparently become a coffin from which no human agency ever could rescue its occupants.

The man of bronze brought his mind to the thought of his other men. Johnny, the member of the war commission; Renny, Ham and Long Tom, if they were alive, must be prisoners in the hands of Kama—or this Man of Peace, whoever he might be.

Doc kicked the blocks from under the wheels of the amphibian plane. The streamlined ship rolled toward the water. It slid into the fjord. The pontoons had not been damaged.

The bronze man swung to one wing as the rushing tide caught the plane. The pontoons lifted the ship buoyantly. It was swept along the face of the cliff toward the inner end of the fjord.

Farther out in the sea, beyond visibility from the fjord, lay another craft. But nothing of its hull was visible. Only three, horned prongs stuck above the surface.

These prongs had eyes, but the eyes now were apparently dead and sightless. If Doc Savage had seen these things his action would have been different.

MORE than a mile above the fishing village, the mystery plane ground along the rocks. Doc Savage leaped ashore. He wedged one of the ship's wings into a cleft of the rocks.

The man of bronze was a strange, almost appalling individual. The cured skins taken from the village were his only clothes. He had fitted them about his giant body as best he could. His movements were like those of some grotesque animal.

Doc glided toward the mountain trail. He headed upward. His intention was to return to Jostedalsbrae glacier. Somewhere beyond the ice stairs he hoped to pick up the trail of some of his missing men.

Still the northern lights afforded the only illumination. Doc arrived at the first finger of the glacier. He floundered over the surface covered with mixed dust and snow.

hurts to breathe, to talk, Monk. I guess this—is—about the end—”

Monk's possible reply was snatched away. The glowing blue glass fish struck some obstruction. In spite of its compressed air power, the cylinder was hurled over and back into the tide.

The glass fish lifted and tilted. Its blue radiance illuminated the water for several yards on the outside.

“Howlin' calamities!” gasped Monk. “A whole flock of big fish have grabbed us! Next thing we'll be swallowed like Jonah by the whale! Wouldja look at that!”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Lora Krants. “We're trapped at the bottom of the fjord!”

It seemed both statements were correct. Giant codfish with eyes sticking out like huge knobs pressed against the transparent cylinder. Silvery salmon flashed among them.

The glass fish was being swept along.

“Oh, I believe we're going up!” exclaimed Lora Krants. “Monk, we're caught in one of those great fish seines! I'll bet Doc Savage had found a way to save us!”

“Doc's a lot of things, but he ain't any fisherman,” asserted Monk. “An' he wasn't carryin' any fishin' seine around with him. It's them heathen have got us again!”

The glass cylinder was rising rapidly toward the surface of the fjord.

ON the two fishing boats the fishermen were gabbing excitedly. The schooners had been dragging their giant seine into the fjord on the flood tide.

Fishermen jabbered. They had seen the strange, glowing monster strike the net. Winches began to grind. Cables were pulling the great seine toward the surface.

These men on the boats had not been in the village during the presence of the glass cylinder with Doc's men. They were seeing the weird blue glow for the first time.

They could see through the glass sides. Monk and the girl were visible. They were motionless. Apparently they were corpses in a lighted glass coffin.

Still, the winches turned.

Like the flicking of a switch, eerie daylight flooded the fjord under the mountains. The grinding winches stopped abruptly. The engines of the fishing schooners crackled and ceased turning the propellers.

With fishermen falling on their knees, the fishing boats were swept along by the power of the tide alone. The big seine sagged, pulled the boats slowly together.

The glowing glass fish again was sinking.

Lapp fishermen flung themselves on their faces. They were awed to speechlessness.

Three prongs were sweeping into the fjord at incredible speed. Their mirrored eyes were absorbing power from the uncanny light.

Without pausing, the strange undersea craft ripped into the great seine. The deep net was torn loose from its cables. The folds of tarred cords wrapped around the long hull of the pronged submarine.

Chapter XXII HORNS OFF THE DEVIL

ONLY a few times had Doc Savage ever given up any of his men as lost. But if he had not abandoned all hope for Monk, the bronze man was unusually saddened.

He could see that blue glowing fish of glass sinking deeper into half a mile of icy sea.

“I have come upon things which the most credulous would refuse to believe,” stated Knut Aage. “My own condition was a part of it. After being trapped in the ice caverns under the Jostedalbrae, I was made unconscious. You did not have time to observe the scar at the back of my neck?”

“I have now seen it,” stated Doc. “The mysterious nerves governing bodily temperature and the heart pulse have been changed by surgical skill.”

“I have not known what it was,” said Knut Aage. “I seemed to go into a strange trance. Since then, I have no sensation of heat or cold. I can think how I

want to move, but I can do it only with great caution. All of my muscles are sluggish."

"You saw others in the ice caverns perhaps?" inquired Doc.

"I saw several who were prisoners, and apparently two crowds of men opposing each other," stated Knut Aage. "There are those of my own race. Some are Orientals who take commands from two persons. One is this Kama who was in the *stavekirker*. I do not know the other."

"And the prisoners?" suggested Doc. "Was there one who seemed like a skeleton?"

"I recall him," said Knut Aage. "A man with a scholarly face, but very tall and thin. He was with an Englishman and four others."

"Johnny," said Doc. "He's William Harper Littlejohn. He is one of a war commission of six that had disappeared."

Knut Aage frowned deeply.

"That is very bad," he said. "For these six are chained on a rock shelf in the cavern known as the Place of the Glacial Death. Once each year, at this season, the old Jostedalsbrae pushes a wall of ice through the cavern. This extends over a deep underground fjord."

"You mean this finger of the glacier fills the cavern?"

"Exactly that," said Knut Aage. "Thousands of tons of ice scour that wall where the prisoners are chained. It comes each year."

"But what could be the purpose of exterminating the men of the war commission?"

"I learned little of that before I was trapped," said Knut Aage. "It concerns this one they call the Man of Peace. His brain alone holds knowledge of the power of this artificial daylight. Another is seeking the full knowledge. I understand the Man of Peace does not desire to kill needlessly. But he has been told all prisoners will be crushed to death a slow inch at a time by the glacial push if he does not reveal all of his secret."

"But your escape was unusual, Knut Aage."

"I think I was set afloat and brought back to the fishing village as a final stroke of terror to drive all of the fishermen from this vicinity," stated Knut Aage.

"I fear," stated Doc, "that others of my men are now there. I shall not ask you

to guide me to these caverns, but I must go there."

A grim smile crossed Knut Aage's white face.

"You do not have to ask, Doc Savage," he said. "You cannot prevent my accompanying you. Hjalmar Landson, who informed me you would come, was my brother in the blood. His death must be avenged. I have received a mysterious communication, Doc Savage. It informs me this woman of the flaming hair who was with you in the *stavekirker* was Hjalmar Landson's murderess."

"Others have been convinced of that same thing," advised Doc. "But you will do well to investigate thoroughly before you act."

"I never act upon an unproved report or even my own unverified opinion, Doc Savage."

"I had judged you that way—"

THE two men were at the edge of the great glacier. They were making their way slowly back toward the fishing village. Knut Aage was impeded by the sluggishness of his muscles.

The uncanny daylight flooded the mountains.

"If there were only some way we might enter the caverns without being observed," Knut Aage had just suggested.

Doc's fantastic trilling filled the icy air.

"If the light of the peace power will persist for only a few hours, there may be a way," he stated. "Come with me, Knut Aage. That plane in which Kama arrived must now be equipped with power."

The mystery plane still was wedged in the cleft of the rock. Knut Aage watched the play of Doc Savage's corded bronze arms. The facile fingers were examining the parts of the strange motor connection.

"I believe we now shall have the means we seek," stated Doc.

The plane's two propellers were whispering, turning. There was no sound of an exploding motor. Only the low humming of powerful electrical motors. The selenium cells apparently were releasing or transmitting the amazing energy of the daylight.

Doc Savage swung the plane onto the sweeping tide of the fjord. He turned the streamlined fuselage with its nose to the wind of the mountains.

The ship shot toward the open sea. Knut Aage grasped Doc's arm.

"Look below!" he shouted. "It's the undersea devil my men have feared! It's one of the craft of the Man of Peace! Those horned prongs are its only power!"

"If the prongs were removed, it would not sink," stated Doc.

"No, but it would be powerless," stated Knut Aage.

"That would be one group less of the enemy to combat," said the man of bronze.

THE strangely powered plane dived with shrieking wings. It skimmed the fjord. Its pontoons clipped into the speeding prongs.

Doc Savage and Knut Aage had only a flashing glimpse of what might have been a writhing, distorted monster just under the surface of the green water.

Whatever its motive power, the propellers of the mystic submarine had ceased to beat. The impelling force of the white daylight had been severed. The craft was perhaps sixty or seventy feet in length.

Doc's trained senses took in more details than Knut Aage. With its remarkable horns clipped, the vessel was not rising to the surface.

The devil's own blast of wind howled and shrieked in the canyon of the fjord.

"We cannot reverse here," stated Doc. "We will swing outside the walls and return."

"That flood tide has tremendous force," said Knut Aage. "Likely the vessel will be dashed upon the rocks."

"I had thought of that," said Doc. "We will attempt to get back in time to rescue the crew from drowning."

The screaming wind on the plane's tail projected it over the sea of the wide channel outside the cliffs.

Two black fishing schooners leaped into view. Their crews were like struggling knots of puppets. They were hauling in the tangled wreckage of a great seine.

"You see, Doc Savage, the men of that submarine are ruthless enough," pointed Knut Aage. "They have torn away a seine which was the result of a year of effort."

The bite of the plane's props was tremendous, but not enough to give it speed. That mountain wind was a blast of more than gale intensity. Doc glided to the fjord. He permitted the flood tide to catch the pontoons.

"They'll not have a chance if the submarine strikes," said Knut Aage. "It will sink immediately."

But the dehorned monster of the sea had not sunk. It was a mile or more from the plane when it was shot into a slanting scar of the cliff. This break led into the trail mounting to the Jostedalsbrae glacier.

What served as a conning tower must have opened. The half dozen figures emerging were mere specks at that distance. They were in flight toward the great glacier.

"We could ascend and trap them easily," suggested Knut Aage. "They will be many hours making their way back to the ice caverns over the Jostedalsbrae."

"Time is more valuable for other purposes," stated Doc. "The submarine appears to be undamaged. The few hours they require to reach the ice caverns of Satan's Gateway must be employed."

"But what can be done with the helpless vessel?" said Knut Aage.

"That remains to be determined," advised Doc.

THE pointed snout of the submarine rested easily in the rocks. The craft might have been a stranded aluminum fish. Four jagged sprouts showed where the plane's pontoons had sheered off the prongs.

Doc whipped from the plane into the door of the conning tower. Knut Aage followed more slowly. When the Norwegian got inside, the amazing bronze man already had a wrench in his hand.

Multiple coils of pipe lined the sides of the forward chamber. Below them were geared motors. The boxing of a propeller shaft extended through the lower floor of the sub.

"Holy cow!" exploded Renny. "How'd you come here, Johnny?"

"Same way you did, I imagine," replied Johnny. "Where's Doc?"

There was a minute of silence. None of the new arrivals spoke.

"You don't mean something's happened to Doc?" demanded Johnny.

Then Renny exploded irately, "Well, if anything did, it's that red-headed dame again! The last we saw of Doc, he was trying to save her from a crowd of naked guys who didn't have any blood! I saw Doc and Monk go down under a whole bunch, and then we were grabbed!"

Renny always took a gloomy view of things. Ham was more cheerful.

"And by this time, I'll bet whoever landed on Doc is wishing he hadn't," said the lawyer. "We were brought a long way to get in here and Doc might be any place by this time."

"By jove!" exclaimed Sir Arthur. "I was of the opinion your Doc Savage could not cope with these blighters!"

"Whoever you are then," observed Ham, scathingly, "your opinions aren't worth ten cents a dozen! You don't know Doc Savage."

Kama's dark-skinned men returned to the pronged submarine. The strange craft submerged. The prongs passed directly under the arching wall of the glacial crusher.

"If only that ice would let go right now, it would suit me fine," said Johnny. "Brothers, it looks like we're going to discover what it would be like to go through a slow-motion meat grinder."

THE movement of the ice wall was slow, but its progress was certain. Already a section of the narrow shelf on which they were chained was being ground to atoms.

The gleaming, blue wall was like a great knife pushed by a mountain. Sir Arthur Westcott was closest to the creeping death. Next to him was Johnny. Beyond were the others.

The usually sartorially perfect Ham was a sad-looking human. But he maintained a light tone.

"Anyway, I'd never figured when my time came they'd have to move a whole mountain," he commented. "Maybe we'll get

a break, though. One gang headed by this fellow Kama, from San Tao, is fighting that Norwegian crowd. They had one jam on the glacier. If they get together down here, it might help."

Sir Arthur Westcott gnawed at his mustache. The creeping wall was barely six feet away. The solid wall trembled. A part of the narrow shelf split off. It left scarcely two feet to where Sir Arthur was huddled.

"I'm jolly well glad," remarked the Englishman, "I'll be the first to go."

He didn't look jolly well glad. Johnny scowled at him.

The others were getting the picture. They would be crushed slowly. One by one they would go. First the ice would touch. Then its weight would begin pushing.

The prisoner would strain away in his manacles. The chains would hold him against the ice. His body would be pressed the fraction of an inch at a time between the wall and the glacier.

"But have you discovered, Johnny, what the purpose of all this might be?" said Ham. "If either of these crowds wants us out of the way, it would have been much simpler to have put us out quick. Or do you suppose we are being used in some way to bring pressure upon Doc to lay off?"

"It might be that," stated Johnny. "We have learned enough to know there is some strange power of light. In some manner, the war commission was about to interfere. But I don't understand this slow-torture angle."

IF the chained prisoners could have been in a mammoth inner cavern, they might have understood the purpose of the horrible, creeping death by the glacier ice. This apparently did not concern any pressure to be brought upon Doc Savage.

The greatest cavern of all was at the end of a connected series. The passages leading inward were partly of clear blue ice and partly of black rock.

In the midst of this room sat a man who when younger must have been a magnificent figure. His thick hair, now snowily white, was in shaggy confusion around a rugged, wrinkled face. Before him on a wall was a panel containing a number of spread charts.

The man was following lines on these charts with a slender steel pointer. As the pointer moved, his lips murmured.

“Each man to his own country,” he was saying. “Press of population brings wars. Conquest must cease. Each nation must develop and exist by its own resources within its own boundaries.”

The steel pointer swung.

“Conquest, always conquest!” the man murmured. “I have but to move one finger and it will cease. In this way only, can war be ended. Only my own craft and my own air force shall have the secret of moving by the light of peace.”

In towering columns of some transparent substance varicolored lights spit and crackled. Many giant tubes converged on conductors which seemed to project through the roof into outside space.

The white-haired giant spoke louder. While his sunken eyes held a fanatical gleam, his voice was gentle, kindly.

“Some may die, but it is best, for I shall save the world from wholesale murder. And all of this shall be for peace. Peace for the whole world!”

ANOTHER voice spoke with a high, sarcastic inflection. The owner of this voice was invisible. Apparently he was standing somewhere outside the mammoth room of the peace power. Perhaps he was speaking into a conductor.

Around this second speaker other men must have been assembled. Movement of bodies, muttered words could be detected.

“I have come for an answer,” spoke this voice. “Your ideas of peace for the world are all a very fine theory. But we will not go on until you have imparted full knowledge of both the positive and negative light rays.”

The white-haired giant laughed softly to himself.

“What I have given a lifetime to learn is only for myself to know,” he replied. “I am not deceived. You already have bartered to sell this power. But none may purchase that which you do not possess. Without the key, you are helpless.”

The other voice laughed mockingly.

“The time has come for a showdown, Man of Peace,” spoke the voice. “I have waited until now. I will wait no longer. The precious war commission which you intended to instruct has been put in the Place of the Glacial Death. Within another few hours, the representatives of the greatest nations will be crushed slowly to pulp!”

The white-haired giant jerked to his feet. His big hands trembled. There was now anger in his voice.

“You have gone too far!” he rapped out. “None is to die, as you were instructed! You cannot compel me to do your bidding! I will summon my men!”

“You may summon them in vain,” mocked the other voice. “Do you imagine I have been so foolish as not to prepare? Look around you. Then, if you think it is wise, summon your men.”

THE sunken eyes of the white-haired giant turned slowly.

In the several doors of the mammoth room stood armed figures. All of these men were short and dark-skinned.

“But you cannot do this! One of our purposes was preservation of the white race—”

The white-haired giant was raging now.

“Calm yourself,” mocked the outside voice. “It is already done. We have possession of one of the subs. Your men without blood have another. The third will return presently. It will be seized as it enters Satan’s Gateway. We shall take possession of all the machinery. If you desire this war commission to survive, you will impart complete information.”

“You condemn these innocent men to death for your own petty purpose?” shouted the white-haired giant.

“Petty purpose hardly describes it,” said the voice. “One Oriental province alone has offered one hundred millions. There are twelve other foreign bidders. The power will bring five hundred millions before we have finished.”

There was the clicking as if a switch had been pulled. In front of the white-haired giant a dark panel glowed with purple light. Living figures leaped into the square.

prey. Kama uttered a curse in his own language.

Barton Krants was shoved quickly into the conning tower of the Orientals' submarine. Kama ordered his other men below. The Oriental potentate, if that was what he claimed to be, no longer was smiling.

Commands flowed from his lips in the language of San Tao.

Johnny, alone of the prisoners, could understand the words.

"Prepare to attack, but we must preserve this submarine!" directed Kama. "It would be well to riddle their power projectors with shot! Then they will come to the surface."

The Orientals were bringing their machine gun into position.

THE four prongs of the new submarine slackened their speed. The craft had been heading directly for the glacial finger where it extended into the cave. There was considerable space between this ice and the water.

The glacier's weight was supported by its own thickness and its crowding of the upper walls.

"This sub has also lost one of its eyes," remarked Johnny. "The mirror, or whatever it is, has been taken out."

The four prongs came to a complete stop. The silver craft was motionless. Its sleek sides could be seen a few feet below the surface. Three of the light-gathering lenses were shining.

But the fourth prong seemed to be an eye socket with an empty hole.

"It may be they are using that prong for a periscope," suggested Ham. "There doesn't seem to be any other device for observation."

In this he was incorrect. The craft was equipped with something better than a periscope. The observer inside could survey the outside for a long distance. The device was something on the order of a television arrangement. And it could also bring to view the interior of another vessel.

"Perforate the projecting inductors!" commanded Kama.

The machine gun was aimed at the four prongs. An Oriental tripped the trigger.

A stream of slugs skipped the water. They slapped around the prongs. Some bullets pinged off the gleaming metal, but apparently did no great damage.

"Aim for the lenses!" yelled Kama. "Smash them! The Norwegians will be forced out!"

"Good grief!" groaned Renny. "We're about to witness another bloody slaughter!"

The machine gun was lifted. Slugs buzzed around the shining mirrors of the horns.

Then from the prong with the missing lense curled a yellow wisp of smoke. Puffs came from behind it. The vapor mushroomed and spread rapidly. Apparently it was coming from the craft with the force of a pump behind it.

The prongs vanished in a cloud. The machine gun's stream searched for the target. But there was only the spreading cloud of yellow vapor.

Kama yelled, "Get inside! This is something new! Where did those Norwegians get it? It may be poison gas!"

The machine gunners ceased firing. The Orientals scrambled for their conning tower hatchway.

"I'd be willing to bet a million against a thin dime that it's nobody but—" Ham started to say.

Then a scared Oriental poked his face from the conning tower. He yammered excitedly at Kama. But there were two words for which there seemed no equivalent in the language of San Tao.

"Doc Savage! Doc Savage!"

Kama slapped his hands together and swore vilely. The other craft was hidden by the yellow smoke screen. Kama followed his men into the conning tower.

"I told you, Sir Arthur, Doc would be around," drawled Johnny.

Chapter XXV UNDER THE ICE

DOC SAVAGE glided from the big retort that had been converted into a smoke screen pot. This chemical container had been ingeniously connected with the open inductor prong from which the lens had been removed.

“Monk, have you got the connection for that extra air compressor tank?” said the man of bronze.

Monk was engaged in mixing half a dozen chemicals in metal containers. The apellike chemist had seemed to forget their mission and all of its danger. For they had discovered a completely outfitted laboratory aboard the mystery craft of the peace power.

“Yeah, Doc,” stated Monk, “I’ve got the compression and the hook-up. All I need to do now is slip the acid into this mess. And when it starts spouting, there won’t be any doubt about this being Satan’s Gateway. It’ll probably be hotter’n that.”

“Then we are going under the ice of that glacial finger,” stated Doc. “I estimate we have perhaps half an hour to discover what lies beyond. By that time, the glacier will be carrying out the terrible purpose for which the prisoners have been chained to the wall.”

“But Doc,” said Monk. “Why couldn’t we pull up there and free all of them right now?”

“Because we probably would be overtaken by the same fate that wiped out the Norwegians on that other sub,” stated Doc. “Perhaps not all of our enemies are in the craft with Kama. We are opposing forces about which we are not familiar. This daylight power now is on. If it should be switched off, it is possible we should fail.”

Doc had the prongs moving under the ice. The craft was headed for the inner caverns.

“The other craft is pursuing us, Doc Savage,” stated the voice of Knut Aage. “Kama is driving directly toward us at high speed. He will ram this vessel if he gets the chance.”

“I had judged he would make that mistake,” advised Doc. “Monk, release the outside port of the exit chamber. The stuff is ready.”

Monk’s nubbin of a head bobbed. He scuttled to a lever. In the special periscopic device, Knut Aage was watching the slender needle of Kama’s submarine shooting toward them. Its prow was in the form of a pointed ram.

Monk pushed the lever. Immediately the clear, green water around them took on a purplish color. This deepened. It became an intense black.

Though their own visibility ahead was not lessened, behind them the channel became a vast pool of ink.

“Their craft has disappeared, Doc Savage,” said Knut Aage.

“And for the present, we are lost to their view,” stated Doc. “You say the chamber of the light is at the end of this cavern channel?”

“It is there the Man of Peace controls the destinies of this power,” said Knut Aage.

“We shall proceed there,” stated Doc.

KAMA stood at the periscope device in his submarine. He had ordered full speed ahead, despite the danger of crashing a wall. His purpose was to ram the submarine carrying Doc Savage.

Then the underground sea was blackened. Visibility and direction became confused. Strangely enough, Kama could still observe Doc Savage and the others inside their craft, but steering a direct course had become impossible.

Kama released a flood of Oriental curses. Then his teeth flashed in an evil smile.

“We will take the passage of the short cut!” he ordered.

The prongs of Kama’s submarine immediately swerved from the channel. Slow speed was ordered. The craft nosed slowly along the wall. In a few minutes, the craft swung off under the mountain glacier.

“We shall arrive at the cavern of light ahead of this bronze man of magic,” stated Kama. “And we shall be ready to receive him.”

AHEAD of Doc Savage’s submarine loomed the entrance to the cavern of light. A queer, pink radiance bathed shallow steps cut from the water into the mammoth room.

“Keep close watch, Monk,” directed Doc. “I shall investigate.”

The ballast chambers boiled. The power craft slowly came to the surface. Doc Savage opened the conning tower hatchway and emerged.

Monk was grumbling. He was beside Knut Aage at the observing device.

repeat the effort to ram the other submarine.

“Monk, prepare the big retort,” directed Doc. “Connect it with the compression tank. Have the igniting acid ready.”

A broad grin crossed Monk’s face.

“If there’s really a devil in this Satan’s Gateway, we’ll give him something to play with,” he piped.

The great metal retort with its strange mixture of chemicals was placed under the prong projector from which the eye had been removed. A person with chemical knowledge would have known the retort and its connection were of alloy that was designed to resist the most intense heat.

Kama’s submarine speeded close. Doc saw the craft was making an effort to crowd their vessel into the wall. He shot his own boat ahead at dangerous speed.

Chapter XXVI DEVIL’S OWN FIRE

“I GUESS this is the finish for him!” grated Ham. “What do you suppose could have happened to Doc in that pronged boat? Could Kama have got him?”

The first of Ham’s remark was directed at the plight of Sir Arthur Westcott. Despite his stolid British courage, the Englishman groaned loudly.

There was a deep grinding of ice against rock. Sir Arthur had strained the length of the short chains. But the slowly pushing ice already had caught his shoulder. The pinch had cut the flesh. Blood flowed over one hand.

The narrow shelf under Sir Arthur’s feet slivered off. The tortured Britisher was suddenly left suspended by the chains. Against him a corner of the ice was pushing, pushing, pushing.

Perhaps, in time, that chain would break. But it could only be snapped by a pressure that would first reduce the prisoner’s body to a thing of jellied bone.

Sir Arthur suddenly shouted in an agonized tone. Plainly, his brain was giving away under the strain.

Then Johnny spoke quickly, “He’s back—Doc’s come back! There’s the submarine with one empty eye—”

“Yeah!” rapped out Ham. “An’ there’s Kama’s sub right on their tail! There doesn’t seem anything Doc can do to shake him! I’m afraid there’s nothing even Doc can do in time!”

Doc’s submarine shot toward the hanging finger of the glacier. The prongs passed underneath the ice close to the point where Sir Arthur was being inexorably squeezed. The Britisher now was only mumbling out his intense suffering.

The four prongs of Kama’s submarine crossed the open space toward the ice. They were stopped.

FROM under the ice leaped a blinding light. It was as if a blowtorch of giant size had suddenly begun spurting fire. The flame danced with varied colors from the face of the glacier.

Johnny, who was next to Sir Arthur, lost all of his scholarly aplomb. He shouted.

“I told you so! Doc’s got it! Well, I’ll be superamalgamated! The whole place is getting hot!”

Johnny spoke the truth. All of the inside of the Place of Glacial Death was becoming heated. From under the corner of the crushing glacier leaped darting tongues of blue-green fire.

The heat must have been withering. Probably it was of an intensity that would have cut into the hardest steel.

Most certainly the spouting flame was penetrating the ice of the glacial finger. One wide crack appeared. Into this, water started pouring down. This was on the corner which was slowly crushing Sir Arthur to squeezed flesh.

Abruptly, the whole corner of the glacial finger split. Tons of ice were being dissolved as if they had been pushed into a fiery furnace. The face of the glacier closest to Sir Arthur roared of its own weight and went crashing into the water under it.

“Holy cow!” shouted Renny. “If that ever hit that sub, it would be all up with Doc!”

But this falling chunk dived, then came slowly up. It was as large as a small berg. Its fall revealed Doc’s submarine.

From the prong without an eye shot the melting flame. The heat of it was so intense, even the alloy metal of the projector was beginning to fall away.

The fierce blaze hissed with the pressure behind it. Doc's men on the narrow shelf could not understand the source. They did not know of the laboratory Doc and Monk had discovered. Nor did they know of the compressed air tanks which had been charged from the ballast power pumps of the submarine.

Doc's craft moved slightly. The gigantic blowtorch was touching more of the glacial finger. Like a knife dividing soft cheese, it cut the granitelike ice apart.

"Your Doc Savage," murmured a voice. "He arrived. By jove! I admit he's a great fellow—a great fellow—almost as great as the king himself."

Then Sir Arthur Westcott, loyal subject of His Britannic Majesty, fainted. He was hanging suspended by the chain manacles. His injuries were painful, but he probably would live.

"I was afraid of that!" groaned Long Tom. "That devil, Kama, is going after Doc!"

THE prongs of Kama's submarine were moving swiftly. No doubt, the maddened man from San Tao had decided to ram Doc's craft. This time, he intended to destroy the bronze giant in such manner there could be no doubt of his death.

The prisoners groaned. After all, if Kama won this battle, their deaths had only been delayed.

"He's going to ram right into the other sub!" said Johnny.

Kama's silvery fish gathered speed. The monster blowtorch was filling the cavern with heat. Another mighty section of the glacial finger was loosening.

The prisoners gasped. With a roaring crash, Kama's submersible smashed its pointed prow into the other vessel. It seemed the ram had passed clear through the other craft.

Air hissed. A flood of oil painted a rainbow across the green water. The flame of the giant blowtorch snapped off as if a wire had been cut.

"There ain't anything can save Doc now!" groaned Renny. "Unless maybe that devil Kama gets him outta there!"

But Kama, the man of San Tao, was not to rescue Doc Savage.

Thunder shook the mountain. It was like the rumbling of a great earthquake. It was crackling, crashing sound.

At least half of the glacial finger in the cavern had been split off by the effect of the terrible blowtorch from the prong of the now-wrecked submersible.

With a roar, more than a thousand tons of ice crashed down into the green water. The massive chunk went deep. There were other splintering sounds.

"Well, I'll be superamalgamated!" grasped Johnny. "Doc and Kama both! The subs went down!"

THE other prisoners gasped and swore. There was no doubt of it. The fishlike submarines, joined by their collision, must have been flattened under that ice like a watch might have been under a steam hammer.

All around, the green water arose in a great wave. It slapped over the prisoners chained to the shelf. Only their chains prevented them from being dragged from their places.

As the water subsided, a few bodies rolled to the surface. None attempted to swim. Some of the Orientals had been mangled to death, even before they had been drowned. Oil and blood floated up together.

"It looks as if that's the finish for Doc!" moaned Renny.

"He saved us for the time, and then he got it," stated Ham.

"I'm afraid you are correct," said a new voice. "I was hoping to get here in time to prevent it. I was imprisoned in the cavern where the power is located. I just managed to escape and I found the keys that may unlock your manacles. We will see."

"Holy cow!" exclaimed Renny. "Professor Callus! And I thought they had got you up on the mountain!"

"No," announced Professor Callus. "They seized me and killed the driver of my cart. I was brought under the glacier and imprisoned in a big room."

The professor's enormous head rocked on his skinny shoulders. The strange daylight shone from his hairless skull.

"We thought you had taken your last dive," said Ham, grinning. "No one could live under a thousand tons or so of ice."

"We were too far down for it to reach us," advised Doc. "We saw the glacier breaking. The glass fish was a couple of hundred feet under when it struck. We saw the body of Professor Callus. His head seemed to be pulling him deeper. Miss Krants, I am glad you have arrived. We must get to the cavern of light at once."

The lips of the red-headed girl trembled. Tears spotted her white cheeks.

"You know—oh, you do know?"

"Yes, I know nearly all of it," stated Doc Savage. "I have been partly informed ever since I made a telephone call to Del Monte, California, before we left Manhattan. The real Lora Krants is in Del Monte. She confirmed her friendship for you and your brother. She did not object to your assuming her identity."

"Howlin' calamities!" squeaked Monk. "I knew all the time the redhead wasn't playin' on the square! She shook hands with me! Then she had them indecent guys without clothes try to smother me to death!"

The red-headed girl smiled at Monk through her tears.

"I like you too much to have harm come to you, Monk," she said, softly.

"Maybe she was just trying to do the world a great favor," said Ham, maliciously. "Too bad they didn't finish the job."

"I don't know why Doc took the trouble to melt off that glacier!" howled Monk. "Think of all the people who would have been spared listening to your loose mouth!"

Sir Arthur Westcott opened his eyes and spoke feebly.

"Well, by jove! What queer fellows your blighters are, Doc Savage!"

Doc Savage said, "We must not delay longer. Let us get to the cavern of light and find this Man of Peace."

Chapter XXVII THE MAN OF PEACE

BARTON KRANTS held the body of the white-haired Man of Peace in his arms. The rugged face was peaceful. The sunken eyes were closed in death. But a smile remained on the giant's lips.

"He realized at the last what this power of light would mean to the world in the hands of the wrong persons," stated Doc Savage. "So he destroyed his lifetime of work and himself with it. It was a great atonement."

The red-headed girl knelt beside the white-haired giant. Her hand softly stroked his shaggy hair.

"It is best this way," she murmured. "Oh, if we could only have reached him before it was too late."

"The murderer of Hjalmar Landson has met justice," stated Knut Aage. "Those who would have turned the evil force loose upon the world have been destroyed. My people can resume their occupation of peace."

"Yes," stated Doc Savage. "Many murders have been avenged. The first was that of the professor, Homus Jasson, who was killed at my door in Manhattan. He came to warn me, I believe. Another man trapped him."

"But, Doc," said Ham, "how about all of the weapons Homus Jasson was carrying, and that deadly hamadryad cobra?"

"I am sure they were on the person of the other man," stated Doc. "He intended to destroy us, fearing we would detect his scheme when Homus Jasson arrived. After he killed Jasson, he planted the lethal weapons upon him. He felt that for a time he would be safe."

"Dag-gone it!" piped up Monk. "I don't quite get it yet!"

"The President of the United States will be greatly pleased and greatly grieved," said Doc Savage. "The Man of Peace before you was Arne Dass, the great scientist who disappeared. Miss Krants and her brother are Kana and Barton Dass. They were the first to suspect their father was the originator of the haunted ocean fight. They were made agents of the department of justice."

