

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Jerome Rilke George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Melville Grimm Jerome Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
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**Under the Ocean to the South Pole
Or, the Strange Cruise of the
Submarine Wonder**

Roy Rockwood

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

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UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE

CHAPTER I

WILL THE SHIP WORK?

"Hand me that wrench, Mark," called Professor Amos Henderson to a boy who stood near some complicated machinery over which the old man was working. The lad passed the tool over.

"Do you think the ship will work, Professor?" he asked.

"I hope so, Mark, I hope so," muttered the scientist as he tightened some bolts on what was perhaps the strangest combination of apparatus that had ever been put together. "There is no reason why she should not, and yet—"

The old man paused. Perhaps he feared that, after all, the submarine boat on which he had labored continuously for more than a year would be a failure.

"Is there anything more I can do now?" asked Mark.

"Not right away," replied the professor, with [2] out looking up from the work he was doing. "But I wish you and Jack would be around in about an hour. I am going to start the engine then, and I'll need you. If you see Washington outside send him to me."

Mark left the big room where the submarine boat had been in process of construction so long. Outside he met a boy about his own age, who was cleaning a rifle.

"How's it going, Mark?" asked this second youth, who was rather fat, and, if one could judge by his face, of a jolly disposition.

"The professor is going to try the engine in about an hour," replied Mark. "We must be on hand."

"I'll be there all right. But if there isn't anything else to do, let's shoot at a target. I'll bet I can beat you."

"Bet you can't. Wait 'till I get my gun."

"Now don't yo' boys go to disportin' yo'seves in any disproportionate anticipation ob transposin' dem molecules of lead in a contagious direction to yo' humble servant!" exclaimed a colored man, coming from behind the big shed at that moment, and seeing Mark and Jack with their rifles.

"I s'pose you mean to say, Washington," remarked Jack, "that you don't care to be shot at. Is that it?" [3]

"Neber said nuffin truer in all yo' born days!" exclaimed Washington earnestly. "De infliction ob distress to de exterior portion ob—"

"The professor wants you," interrupted Mark, cutting off the colored man's flow of language.

"Yo' mind what I tole yo'," Washington muttered as he hurried into the work room.

Soon the reports of rifles indicated that the boys were trying to discover who was the best shot, a contest that waged with friendly interest for some time.

The big shed, where the submarine ship was being built, was located at a lonely spot on the coast of Maine. The nearest town was Easton, about ten miles away, and Professor Henderson had fixed on this location as one best suited to give him a chance to work secretly and unobserved on his wonderful invention.

The professor was a man about sixty-five years old, and, while of simple and kindly nature in many ways, yet, on the subjects of airships and submarines, he possessed a fund of knowledge. He was somewhat queer, as many persons may be who devote all their thoughts to one object, yet he was a man of fine character.

Some time before this story opens he had invented an electric airship in which he, with Mark Sampson, Jack Darrow and the colored man, [4] Washington White, had made a trip to the frozen north.

Their adventures on that journey are told of in the first volume of this series, entitled, "Through the Air to the North Pole, or, The Wonderful Cruise of the *Electric Monarch*."

The two boys, Mark then being fifteen and Jack a year older, had met the professor under peculiar circumstances. They were orphans, and, after knocking about the world a bit, had chanced to meet each other. They agreed to seek together such fortune as might chance to come to them.

While in the town of Freeport, N. Y., they were driven away by a constable, who said tramps were not allowed in the village. The boys jumped on a freight train, which broke in two and ran away down the mountain, and the lads were knocked senseless in the wreck that followed.

As it chanced Professor Henderson had erected nearby a big shop, where he was building his airship. He and Washington were on hand when the wreck occurred and they took the senseless boys to the airship shed.

The boys, after their recovery, accepted the invitation of the professor to go on a search for the north pole. As the airship was about to start Andy Sudds, an old hunter, and two men, Tom [5] Smith and Bill Jones, who had been called in to assist at the flight, held on too long and were carried aloft.

Somewhat against their will the three latter made the trip, for the professor did not want to return to earth with them.

The party had many adventures on the voyage, having to fight savage animals and more savage Esquimaux. They reached the north pole, but in the midst of such a violent storm that the ship was overturned, and the discovery of the long-sought goal availed little. After many hardships, and a fierce fight to recover the possession of the ship, which had been seized by natives, the adventurers reached home.

Since then a little over a year had passed. The professor, having found he could successfully navigate the air, turned his attention to the water, and began to plan a craft that would sail beneath the ocean.

To this end he had moved his machine shop to this lonely spot on the Maine coast. The two boys, who had grown no less fond of the old man than he of them, went with him, as did Washington White, the negro, who was a genius in his way, though somewhat inclined

to use big words, of the meaning of which he knew little and cared less. [6]

Andy Sudds, the old hunter, had also been induced to accompany the professor.

"I hunted game up north and in the air," said Andy, "and if there's a chance to shoot something under the water I'm the one to do it."

Needing more assistance than either the boys, Andy or Washington could give, the professor had engaged two young machinists, who, under a strict promise never to divulge any of the secrets of the submarine, had labored in its building.

Now the queer craft was almost finished. As it rested on the ways in the shed, it looked exactly like a big cigar, excepting that the top part was level, forming a platform.

The ship, which had been named the *Porpoise*, was eighty feet long, and twenty feet in diameter at the largest part. From that it tapered gradually, until the ends were reached. These consisted of flattened plates about three feet in diameter, with a hole in the center one foot in size.

Weary months of labor had been spent on the *Porpoise*, until now it was almost ready for a trial. The professor had discovered a new method of propulsion. Instead of propellers or paddle-wheels, he intended to send his craft ahead or to the rear, by means of a water cable.

Through the entire length of the ship ran a round hole or shaft, one foot in diameter. Within [7] this was an endless screw worked by powerful engines. With a working model the professor had demonstrated that when the endless screw was revolved it acted on the water just as another sort of screw does in wood. The water coming in through the shaft served as a rope, so to speak, and the screw, acting on it, pulled the craft ahead or to the rear, according to the direction in which the screw was revolved.

The submarine was a wonderful craft. It contained a powerful engine, electric motors and dynamos, and machinery of all kinds. The engine was a turbine, and steam was generated from heat furnished by the burning of a powerful gas, manufactured from sea

water and chemicals. So there was no need to carry a supply of coal on the ship.

The interior of the vessel was divided into an engine-room, a kitchen, combination dining-room and parlor, bunk rooms, and a conning tower, or place for the steersman.

While the boys had been shooting at the target the professor and Washington had been putting the finishing touches to the engine, tightening nuts here and screwed up bolts there.

"I guess that will do," remarked the old inventor. "Call the boys, Washington."

The colored man went to the door and gave [8] three blasts on a battered horn that hung from a string.

"Coming!" called Mark, as he and Jack ceased their marksmanship contest and approached the shed.

"Now boys, we'll see if she works so far," said the professor. "If she does, we'll give her a trial under water."

At the inventor's directions the boys started the gas to generating from the chemicals. Soon the hissing of steam told them that there was power in the boiler.

The professor entered the engine-room of the submarine. He looked over the various wheels, levers, handles, gages and attachments, satisfying himself that all were in proper shape and position.

"Three hundred pounds pressure," he muttered, glancing at the steam indicator. "That ought to be enough. Are you all ready, boys?"

"All ready!" cried Jack.

Of course the test was only one to see if the engine worked, for the boat could not move until in the water.

The professor opened a valve. The steam filled the turbine with a hiss and throb. The *Porpoise* trembled. Then, with a cough and splutter of the exhaust pipes, the engine started. Slowly it went at first, but, as the professor admitted more steam, [9] it revolved the long screw until it fairly hummed in the shaft.

"Hurrah! It works!" cried Mark.

"It does!" chimed in Jack.

"Gollyation! She suttinly am goin'!" yelled Washington.

"I think we may say it is a success," said the professor calmly, yet there was a note of exultation in his voice.

"Now that you've got her started, when are you goin' to put her in the water an' scoot along under the waves?" asked Andy Sudds.

"In about a week," replied the professor.

"And where are you goin' to head for?" went on the hunter.

"We're going under the ocean to the south pole!" exclaimed the inventor, as he shut off the engine. [10]

CHAPTER II

A LAND OF ICE

"The south pole?" exclaimed Mark.

"Way down dat way!" cried Washington.

"Can you do it?" asked Jack.

"That remains to be seen," replied the professor, answering them all at once. "I'm going to try, at any rate."

"Hurrah!" yelled Mark. "It will be better than going to the north pole, for we will be in no danger of freezing to death."

"Don't be so sure of that," interrupted the professor. "There is more ice at the south pole than at the north, according to all accounts. It is a place of great icebergs, immense floes and cold fogs. But there is land beyond the ice, I believe, and I am going to try to find it."

"It will be a longer voyage than to the north pole," said Jack.

"Jest de same," argued Washington, "de poles am at each end ob de world."

"Yes, but we're quite a way north of the equator now, and we'll have to cross that before we [11] will be half way to the south pole," explained Jack. "But I guess the *Porpoise* can make good time."

"If the engine behaves under water as well as it did just now, we'll skim along," said the professor.

"And so you figure there's land down there to the south, do you?" asked old Andy.

"I do," replied the inventor. "I can't prove it, but I'm sure there is. I have read all the accounts of other explorers and from the signs they mention I am positive we shall find land if we ever get there. Land and an open sea."

"And other things as well," muttered Andy, yet neither he nor any of them dreamed of the terrible and strange adventures they were to have.

The next few days were busy ones. Many little details remained to perfect in connection with the ship, and a lot of supplies and provisions had to be purchased, for the professor was determined to get all in readiness for the trip under the water. He believed firmly that his ship would work, though some of the others were not so positive.

"We'll put her into the water to-morrow," announced the inventor after supper one night. "Everything is complete as far as I can make it, and the only thing remaining is to see if she will float, sink when I want her to, and, what is most [12] important, rise to the surface again. For," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "anybody can make a ship that will sink, but it isn't every one who can make one that will come to the surface again."

"Golly! I hope dis chile ain't goin' to git in no subicecream ship what'll stay down under de water so de fishes gits him!" exclaimed Washington, opening his eyes wide. "Dat's worsen dan freezin!"

"Can't you swim?" asked Mark with a wink at Jack.

"Co'se I can swim, boy. I can swim like a starfish, but I can't wif ten thousand tons of a subicecream ship on my back."

"A sub-ice-cream ship is a new one," commented the professor with a smile. "It's a submarine, Washington."

"I can't see no difference," persisted the colored man. "Su-bicecream am good enough for me."

That night Mark and Jack were thinking so much of the proposed test of the ship the next day that they each dreamed they were sailing beneath the waves, and Jack woke Mark up by grabbing him about the neck during a particularly vivid part of the vision.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mark, sleepily. [13]

"I thought the ship turned over and spilled me out and I was drowning," explained Jack. "I grabbed the first thing I got hold of and it happened to be you."

"Well, as long as you're safe you can go to sleep again," said Mark. "I dreamed I was chasing a whale with the *Porpoise*."

The boys were up early the next morning, and found the professor and Washington before them. The inventor was inspecting the track which had been built from the shed down to the water's edge to enable the *Porpoise* to slide into the ocean.

With him were the two machinists, Henry Watson and James Penson. They had been busy since daylight making the ways secure.

"She goes in after breakfast," announced the professor, "and I'm going to let you christen her, Washington."

"Me? I neber christened a ship," objected the colored man.

"Nothing like learning," remarked Mr. Henderson.

"Has you got the bottle ob wine?" asked Washington.

"I guess soda water will do," said the inventor. "Now look sharp, boys. Get your breakfasts and we'll see if the ship will come up to our expectations." [14]

No one lingered over the meal. When it was finished the professor gave Washington a few instructions about breaking the bottle over the nose of the *Porpoise* as she slid down to the water, for there was no bow to such a queerly shaped vessel as the submarine.

At last all was in readiness. The two machinists knocked away the last of the retaining blocks and eased the ship slightly down the well-greased timbers of the ways.

"There she goes!" cried the professor. "Break the bottle, Washington!"

"In de name ob de Stars an' Stripes, in de name of liberty, de home of the free an' de land ob de brave, I names yo' *Mrs. Porpoise!*" cried the colored man, but he was so long getting the words out, and so slow in swinging the bottle of soda, that the ship was quite beyond his reach when he had finished his oration. He was not to be outdone, however, and, with a quick movement he hurled the bottle at the moving ship. It struck the blunt nose squarely, and shivered to pieces.

"Three cheers for de south pole!" yelled Washington, and the others joined in.

The next instant the *Porpoise* was riding the waves of the little bay, dancing about as lightly as a cork, though, from the nature of her construction, she was quite low in the water, only about [15] three feet of freeboard showing where the platform was located.

"Well, she floats, anyhow," remarked the professor. "Row out and fasten cables fore and aft," he went on, turning to the two machinists. In a few minutes the *Porpoise* was fastened to a small dock with strong ropes the two young men had carried out to her in rowboats.

"We will go aboard in a little while," the professor said. "I am anxious to see if she rides on an even keel and how the sinking tanks work."

Aided by the boys, he and Washington carried on board a number of tools and appliances. Then, with the two machinists, they all descended into the interior of the craft through the small manhole in the middle of the deck or platform.

Inside the *Porpoise*, the greater part of which was below the surface of the waves and consequently in darkness, the professor switched on the electric lights and then he proceeded to get up steam.

The propelling power of the craft has already been described. In order to make the ship sink beneath the water all that was necessary was to incline the rudder and open certain valves in the four tanks, when the water, rushing in, would sink her. There was a tank on

either side, and one each fore and aft. If it was desired to sink [16] straight down all four tanks were filled at once. If the professor wanted to descend slanting either to the front or back, only one of the end tanks was filled, according to the direction desired. The deflecting rudder also aided greatly in this movement.

To cause the ship to rise the tanks were emptied of the water by means of powerful pumps. The filling of the tanks, as well as the emptying of them, the starting or stopping of the engine that moved the boat, as well as the control of most of the important machinery on the craft could be accomplished from the conning or steering tower, as well as from the engine-room.

There were numerous gages to tell the depth to which the ship had sunk, the steam pressure, density of the water, and other necessary details.

There were dynamos to make light, motors to run the pumps, and a great storage battery, so that in case of a breakdown to the turbine engine the craft could be run entirely by electricity for a time.

The cooking was all done by this useful current, and all that was necessary to make a cup of coffee or fry a beefsteak was to turn a small switch of the electric stove.

The professor was busy over the machine for generating gas, that furnished the heat to create steam. Soon a hissing told that it was working. [17] In a few minutes the hum and throb of the engine told that it was ready to start.

"We are only going down a little way," the professor said, "and only going to travel a short distance under water for the first time. I think there is no danger, but if any of you want to back out, now is your chance."

No one seemed inclined to withdraw, though Mark said afterward he thought Washington got as pale as it is possible for a colored man to get.

"We will all put on life preservers," the inventor went on, "and one of you will be stationed near the emergency exit. In case anything goes wrong, and I cannot make the ship rise, by pulling the lever the top of the craft will be forced off, and, we can at least save

our lives. I think we are all ready now. Mark, you clamp down the manhole cover, and Jack, after you close the conning tower station yourself at the emergency lever after we have donned the life preservers."

The cork jackets were adjusted and Mark clamped the manhole cover on. The professor took one last look at the various levers and handles, and then turned the wheel that admitted water to all four tanks. There was a hissing sound as the sea water rushed in, and the *Porpoise* gave a sudden lurch.

Then they could all feel the submarine sinking. [18] Down and down she went. Would she ever stop? Would the professor be able to raise her again? There were questions that troubled everyone.

Down and down the craft sunk, until by the gage it was indicated that she was twenty feet below the surface. Then the professor shut off the inrush of water and the *Porpoise* floated away below the surface of the waves.

There was a clicking sound and all the lights went out. The boys and Washington gave a gasp of terror. What did the sudden blackness mean.

"Open the side windows," called the professor's voice, and the two machinists obeyed. Heavy steel doors that covered plate glass windows in either side of the craft were pulled back, and a cry of astonishment broke from the boys.

They looked out and saw staring in at them, so close it seemed that they could touch them, scores of fishes that looked in through the glass bull's-eyes.

For the first time they realized that they were in the depths of the ocean. [19]

CHAPTER III

RUNNING DOWN A WARSHIP

"How do you like it?" asked the professor.

"Great!" exclaimed Jack.

"Fine!" cried Mark.

"It am simply coslostrousness!" exploded Washington. "'Nebber in all my born days did I eber expansionate on such a sight!"

"Wish I had a fishing pole and line," remarked Andy Sudds. "There's some pretty nice specimens out there."

"You'll see better ones than those before we finish our trip to the pole," remarked the professor. "Now we will try moving forward. I am going into the conning tower."

He turned on the lights once more, but the boys begged him to shut them off, as they could see out into the ocean when the interior of the ship was in darkness. So the professor obliged them.

In the tower he switched on the powerful searchlight that illuminated the path in front of him. Then he started the engine, slowly at first, and gradually increasing the speed. The *Porpoise* [20] forged ahead, riding as evenly as an ordinary ship does on the surface.

The professor steered her about in a large circle, bringing her back to the starting point. She worked as smoothly as if she had been used to under-water service for years.

"Now," said the inventor, "we will see if we can go up to the surface again," and there came a little note of anxiety into his voice. He slowed down the engine and started the powerful pumps that were to empty the tanks. For a moment there was a feeling of terror in the hearts of all. Would the pumps work?

Then, slowly but surely, those aboard the *Porpoise* felt her beginning to rise. Up and up she went as the tanks were emptied and the ship lightened.

Then, with a bounce like a rubber ball, the submarine shot upward to the surface and lay undulating on the waves caused by her emergence from the depths.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "We're all right!"

"We shore am!" exclaimed Washington.

"It's a success!" Professor Henderson almost whispered. "The pumps worked. The *Porpoise* has fulfilled my greatest expectations!"

Then he steered the ship back to the dock, where she was moored, and the adventurers disembarked. [21]

"One or two little details to attend to, and we'll be ready for the great trip," remarked the professor. "I want to give her a little harder trial before I trust her, though she seems to be first-rate."

They all went back to the combined machine shop and cabin, where they had lived during the building of the submarine. Dinner was prepared and, after the meal the two machinists approached the professor.

"I don't suppose you need us any more," remarked Henry Watson. "The ship is finished as far as we can do anything, and we may as well leave now. We have an offer to go to work in an electrical shop."

"I haven't said much to you about my plans," the professor replied, "but if you would like to remain in my employ, I can promise you an interesting trip."

"Thank you, but I prefer to work above ground," said James Pensen. "You have been very kind to us, and we would do anything we could for, but we don't want to take any long under-ocean trips if we can help it."

"Very well," answered the professor, though he seemed disappointed. "I will pay you what I owe you and you can go."

For some time after the departure of the two young machinists the inventor seemed worried. [22]

"Did you count on them staying with you?" asked Mark.

"I rather hoped they would," replied Mr. Henderson. "We need two more hands if we are to make the trip. They need not be machinists, but we will have to have someone, and I don't like to get strangers. They might talk too much about the ship."

At that instant there came a rap on the door. Washington answered it.

"Yas sir, Perfesser Henderson done lib here," he replied, in answer to a question from some one. "But he am bery busy jest at de present occasioness an' he'll be most extremely discommodated if yo' obtrude yo' presence on him at de conglomeration ob de statutory limitations, which am to say right now. Come again!"

"It's the same old Washington!" said someone outside, laughing heartily. "Just you tell the professor we want to see him most particular."

At the sound of the voice the professor started and Mark and Jack wondered where they had heard it before.

"Show the gentlemen in, Washington," called the inventor.

"Dere's two ob 'em," objected the colored man.

"Show them both in, then."

Washington opened the door of the cabin, and in [23] came two men, who seemed much amused over something.

"What can I do for you?" asked the professor, in rather a sharp voice.

"He don't know us either, Tom," remarked the taller of the two.

"If it ain't Bill Jones and Tom Smith!" exclaimed Andy Sudds. "Wa'al I'll be horn swoggled. Where'd ye come from?"

"Right from the farm," replied Bill. "And we've had a hard job locating you. I guess Washington didn't know us since we raised beards," and Bill stroked his wealth of brown whiskers.

"And I guess we sort of fooled the professor," went on Bill, "eh, Tom?"

"Right!" said Tom. "You see," he went on, "the farming business is almost over, as its coming on fall now, so Bill and I thought it would be a good time to hunt up the professor. We heard he was down in this neighborhood so we come by easy stages. We didn't have any time to stop and make our toilets, hence our beards."

"You've come at the right time," remarked the inventor, as he came forward to welcome the two young men. "Do you remember the trip you made with me to the north pole?"