

"One hour, thirty-four minutes and forty-eight seconds," he reported.

"That 's nearly five minutes after two, is n't it? Well, it 's close enough."

"Had n't we better come down?" asked Alan as he tried to warm his left hand under his arm. Ned looked at the barograph. It marked 29,640 feet.

"To one thousand feet," he responded.

"Watch your gauge and pressure," suggested Alan and, as he depressed the *Flyer's* bow, Ned recharged the ship with compressed, polar air. Gradually the airship sped toward the earth. In two minutes the crisply glittering stars winked out and the *Flyer* was in an opaque mist. In two minutes more a patter on the frost covered windows alarmed the boys. Then Roy arose and unlocked the port door. A gust of rain swept into the room. At the same moment the cabin lights paled and then a fog filled the compartment. The boys lost sight of each other and of the instruments near them.

"We 're in a fog bank!" exclaimed Roy.

"It 's our own," shouted Ned. "We 're near the ground and it 's June. The car was filled with zero atmosphere. It 's condensing."

"Everything 's covered with water," added Alan.