THE FLYING SHIP.

A Continuation of the Narrative by Jules Verne of the "Journey to the Center of the Earth."

"Yonder is Hanover," said my uncle. "We are now almost due south from Hamburg. We have come from the neighborhood of Berlin, say a hundred and fifty miles in less than nine minutes. I think we are moving fully a thousand miles an hour If we should now return to Hamburg, our voyage would be very wonderful. To have gone from Hamburg to Berlin, from Berlin to Hanover, and from Hanover to Hamburg in less than half an hour, would be thought sufficiently marvelous by the whole world; but to make the circuit of the globe in twenty-four hours, as we shall do, will be still more wonderful."

A slight variation in our course was now made, and we quickly passed over the low, level plains of Holland, passing close to Amsterdam, and were soon out above the waters of the North Sea.

Here a strange thing happened; we outran the day; the sun sank behind us in the east, and we were again plunged into darkness. As we did not care to journey in the dark, a considerable share of the battery power was cut off; and our speed very greatly lessened In falling, too, only part of the battery power was removed, so that we fell very slowly. The consequence was that the sunshine again overtook us. But here another strange thing happened. At one minute we would rise into the sunshine, and a little later we would fall into night again; and, while we were in broad daylight, the ocean below us was still wrapped in darkness, and here and there we could see the twinkling lights of vessels. Our journey was now very slow, and before we reached the English coast the night had been driven far away to the westward. We had hoped to obtain a grand panoramic view of England; but in this we were disappointed, for a dense fog shut out the whole landscape from us. We did not wish to lose our way in the fog, and so kept above it, never descending below about twelve thousand feet. The fog not only shut out all view of the country, but it also deadened all sounds as well; so that though we had heard the church clocks in the barking of dogs, when five miles high, all England seemed as silent as the grave, and though we must have passed over London at an elevation of not more than three miles, we did not hear a sound.

As our compass was inoperative we were obliged to keep above the fog. Otherwise we would have been ignorant of our direction.

When we approached the west of England, we left the fog behind us and emerged into clear day. We were then above the British channel. To the north of us was the rugged and hilly land of Wales, to the south was Cornwall stretching its long arm out into the Atlantic, to the west lay beautiful, green Ireland, and away to the south east could faintly be discovered with a glass the northern coast of the sunny land of France. Still keeping somewhat south of west, we passed a considerable distance to the south of Cape Clear, and in half an hour more we took our last glimpse of Europe, and were out above the broad Atlantic, where nothing was to be seen but see and sky.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. The broad, concave sea was intensely blue, and appeared as smooth as glass. Here and there a white winged ship or a dark steamer trailing a long line of smoke behind it could be seen. The horizon was shut in on all sides the sky bending down to meet the sea, and the sea appearing to rise to meet the sky. But the dark blue vault above was the chief wonder. It seemed so far off. Instead of shutting us in as with a metallic cover, it appeared that we could gaze away through it into the awful abyss of immeasurable space. I thought I would never tire of peering into its serene depths, where aerial figures seemed swiftly moving in vast procession to execute the mysterious fiat of Omnipotence.

From these dreams I was recalled by my uncle, who directed my attention to a steamship below us whose decks were crowded with people, some of whom were firing muskets at us. We smiled, of course, at their efforts to harm us, for we were more than six thousand feet above the sea, and none of their missiles could reach within half a mile of us.

"Surely," I said, "they must be very simple to try to hit us with musket balls at this distance. Do they think their pieces will throw a leaden ball a mile and a half into the air?"

"They know pretty well," said my uncle, "how far their guns will carry; but they do not know how great our distance is. We judge of the distance of familiar objects by the appearance of the ground which lies between us and them, by their apparent size or by the comparative distinctness with which they are seen. By long use we have become accustomed to judge pretty accurately of the distance of an object which stands upon the ground. Our eyes run along the ground and note its features, and custom has enabled us to judge the distance with a reasonable approach to accuracy. Even without this aid, we can tell from the apparent size of a familiar object—a bird flying in the air, or a church spire seen above the trees—about the distance which separates us from it. But let an unfamiliar object appear in the air, and we are quite at a loss to even guess at its distance. The angle of vision—that is, the angle made by a ray of light from the object to our eyes—is so small as to be of no service to us in estimating the distance. A baby stretches out its hand for a lamp across the street or for the moon as readily as for a toy in the nurse's hand. On the western plains of America, the inexperienced traveler, seeing a snowy mountain before him, across the level prairie, will guess from the distinctness with which he sees it that it may be five or six miles distant, when in fact it is thirty or forty miles away. In the city of New York, on one of those rare occasions when the planet Venus appeared in the heavens at midday large numbers of people were gazing at the unexpected appearance and wondering what it could be. Some thought it must be a star, while others derided the notion, and concluded that it must be a balloon. These men were several million times apart in their estimate of the distance of the object they were looking at because they had no experience to guide them. In fact, at any considerable distance, sight is the most delusive of all guides in judging of distance. Now, the people on this ship had never seen anything like this vessel of ours. They evidently supposed it to be some monster of the air, thought it to be both smaller and nearer than it really was; and, either through fear or in the hope of securing a valuable trophy, they endeavored to kill the strange creature."

It may be as well to insert at this place clippings from Liverpool papers, which fell into my hands long after the events just narrated.

[From the Liverpool Globe, May 5, 1869.]

"Passengers by the steamship Loegria, which arrived at this port yesterday, from New York, give accounts of a most remarkable incident of the voyage. On the morning of the 1st inst., when about six hundred miles west-south-west of Cape Clear, the lookout discovered a monstrous bird flying directly toward the ship The alarm was instantly given, and passengers and crew at once thronged the deck. The monster came directly toward the vessel with incredible velocity, and appeared disposed to attack it. Captain Scott and several of the passengers hastily procured firearms, and so soon as the creature came near enough they opened fire upon it, which evidently did execution, for with a great cry of pain and rage the bird flew away and in about a minute it was out of sight. Some of the sea men said that it fell into the sea when a mile or so astern of the ship; but First Officer Davis, who was observing it through a glass, is of the opinion that this was not the case, though he says that its flight was very unsteady, and he has no doubt it was mortally hurt. Many of the passengers implored Captain Scott to turn back in search of the body, but of course that was out of the question.

The creature was of enormous size. Captain Scott is of opinion that it was fifty or sixty feet in length; but this is the lowest estimate we have heard. The general opinion is that it was not less than a hundred feet in length; and one sailor who observed it with the greatest care noticed as it flew away that it was nearly if not quite as long as the ship. This man's tale is really incredible; but there can be no doubt of the vast proportions of this monster of the air. It evidently meant mischief, and was not finally driven off till it had received many wounds, which it is to be hoped have proved fatal. Its nearest approach to the ship was about three hundred yards, so that it was observed with great minuteness; and yet, strange to say, the descriptions of it which we have received do not agree in all particulars. This much is certain, that its color was black; its neck is short and thick, its eyes large, fierce and glaring. One of the passengers says it had three pairs of wings, but the weight of testimony is against him. It is pretty certain that two pairs out of the three existed only in his excited imagination."

(From the Liverpool Post, May 6, 1869.)

"The aerial monster observed from the steamship Loegria continues to be the subject of much comment, and many additional particulars concerning it will be found below. In addition to these we have a dispatch from London announcing that the monster was encountered on the 28th ult., in lat. 44 30 N., lon. 13 32 17 W., by the bark Ocean Wave. The affair happened a little before daybreak. In consequence of a freshening of the breeze, all hands had been sent aloft to take in sail, when the creature suddenly pounced down upon the ship, seized Michael Williams, an able seaman, in its talons and flew away with him, uttering a frightful scream. In about a minute it was out of sight. Captain Arthur Houghton bravely endeavored to rescue the man, and fired twice at the monster, but does not know with what effect. One of the seamen, however, says that its flight was unsteady as it flew away."

These accounts are very amusing. An experienced and most probably brave and cool commander of a vessel estimates that the airship approached within three hundred yards of his vessel, when its nearest approach was two thousand yards That is not to be wondered at, since, for the reasons assigned by my uncle, he could not estimate our distance. But at the same time he greatly increased our size though we were in reality six or seven times as far away as he supposed us to be. The only man who noted the number of the ships fins or wings is quietly put aside by the remark that his excited imagination had conjured up the extra wings. The screams of the aerial monster and its erratic flight after being wounded, which were purely imaginary, are dwelt upon. Finally the dispatch from London in which our poor harmless ship is charged with eating a sailor for breakfast two days before she ever left Hamburg is evidently made up after a careful study of the published reports, which were no doubt telegraphed to the London papers.

CHAPTER VII.—The Voyage Continued.

For a considerable time our flight had been very slow, and the sun had so gained upon us that it was now about an hour high in the eastern heavens. In our haste and excitement at starting we had neglected to take any breakfast, but now the demands of appetite could no longer be denied, and I set about the preparation of our morning meal. A spirit lamp was lit under the automatic coffee pot, another under the broiler. The steak was scarcely done when the bubbling of the coffee through the vacuum tubes and the self extinguishing of the lamp indicated that every thing was ready. The hinged leaf was propped up, a cloth laid, dishes taken from a neat little closet overhead, and in another minute we were quietly eating our breakfast at an elevation ranging from one to seven miles above the ocean, and while moving at a speed of about five hundred miles an hour

"I think," said my uncle, "that we will not need the spirit lamp in our next vessel. The electric current may be used for cooking as well as not. Since the lightning has been made a common messenger, and has now been harnessed to a conveyance and become a common carrier, I do not know why it should not be further degraded by being sent into the kitchen and compelled to cook a beefsteak."

"May it not," I asked, "prove a dangerous servant, and sometimes burn the steak to a crisp, or even break out of bounds and destroy the vessel? You know these chained giants sometimes use their strength when least expected, as Samson did when he pulled the temple of Dagon about the ears of the Philistines."

"There is not the least danger," returned the Professor. "We do not read of the electric current burning down telegraph offices and destroying the operators except when the real lightning indignant at its weaker brother's servitude to man, rends along the wires a message from heaven which no earthly instrument has yet been able to receive or transmit. It is true that we should not attempt to control powerful agents till we understand their natures. Keats has as truth fully as poetically caused Thea to complain to dethroned, gray haired Saturn that

'Thy sharp lightning, in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene dominions;'

and Rabelais introduces to us a minor demon, 'a young suckling devil,' who had not yet learned to thunder, and was only permitted to hail on radishes and colevorts. But electricity has been so thoroughly subjugated that we need not be afraid it will even scorch a beef steak when we put a paper cap on its head and turn it into a cook."

Breakfast over, we continued our journey without notable incident till the coast of America came in view. We were near Boston, in latitude 40° north. The great arm of Cape Cod, reaching out like a lobster's claw encircled us to the south. We had crossed the Atlantic at a low rate of speed, and the sun was now about two hours high. At Hamburg it was past twelve o'clock, at Boston it was about seven.

We moved directly west from Boston, crossing the State of Massachusetts and entering New York near Albany. Here we changed our course a little to the northward, skirting the shore of Lake Ontario, near the western extremity of which we passed directly over the great Falls of Niagara. Our elevated position, however, gave us no good view of this great natural wonder. Keeping on nearly in a due westerly line, we saw the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, with the great City of Chicago a few miles farther north. Nearly a hundred miles to the north we had a glimpse of the City of Milwaukee. "Did you ever hear," asked my uncle, "how Milwaukee received its name?" I was obliged to confess I never had. "Many of the beautiful and expressive American names" said the Professor, "are Indian words and phrases—Winona, Minnehaha, Omaha, Oshkask, Mauch Chunk, Chebucto, and the like. The name of Milwaukee was given it by the Indians, though it is not an Indian word. It was originated a great many years ago, when the white men first came into this country. After the immigrants had built themselves houses and grown some wheat, they constructed a mill, with which to grind their grain. The innocent and simple-minded savages saw nothing wonderful about the grinding process, and could not be made to understand that it was any improvement on the old method of pounding the corn in a hollow stone, especially if the squaws did the pounding. But the great water-wheel was to them a source of unfailing delight. They thought that was the mill, and that it was built for a permanent exhibition—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. They would lie on the bank and watch the wheel go round all day and go home at night firmly convinced that a mill was a fine thing for the country. One day, being at the mouth of the river they saw the first steamboat that ever penetrated to that region. Their attention was at once attracted to the wheels going round, and they concluded it must be an importation of new mills; but when they discovered that the wheels were carrying the boat away, they shouted to each other—'Look! look! mill walkee! mill walkee!' The place has been called Milwaukee ever since."

From that point for a thousand miles the prospect was monotonous. To the political economist, the great States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska are full of absorbing interest: to the aerial voyager they presented nothing but a dead level. An hour after passing Chicago we crossed the Missouri River near Omaha, and in half an hour more we were at the western extremity of the farming country, approaching the arid region, where crops cannot be raised without irrigation, but which is nevertheless an excellent range for cattle. We were also gradually rising above the great table land which fills up fifteen hundred miles of the continent of North America. The Rocky Mountains now came into view. Long ranges of towering mountains separated narrow valleys, which were themselves from 4 000 to 8,000 feet above the sea. Many of the peaks were more than 14,000 feet in height, and hundreds of them have never received any name. These mountains are full of precious metals, and many of the inclosed valleys are very fertile. In two hours after the crossing of the Missouri we passed over Salt Lake City, the headquarters of Mormonism, and one of the most beautiful places in the world. More mountains and more valleys; snowy peaks and arid plains; the sharp serrated ridges of the Sierras Nevada; then a sudden descent to the western coast, and beyond us lay the wide expanse of the great Pacific Ocean. About five hours had been consumed in crossing the continent. The sun was now full three hours high. The local time was about eight o'clock. We had been in the air about fourteen hours, and had traveled about seven thousand miles

"We now," said my uncle have the Pacific Ocean before us. For about four thousand five hundred miles there is nothing but water. Then we reach the coast of Japan, in about the latitude we are now in. I propose crossing the Pacific at our highest speed, and the air ship will have a fair trial over an unimpeded course. In the meantime I begin to feel once more that we have need to eat. Even if we have become creatures of the air, we need something substantial to sustain our gross and material bodies."

I lighted the spirit lamp once more, and my uncle, after carefully inspecting the batteries and filling them with the proper chemicals, put on the whole power and began with long steady flights, averaging seven miles at each rise and fall, the passage of the world's greatest ocean. He slightly changed the angle of the fins, which was done by shortening the cords, and this gave us increased speed. We rose at each flight to about seven miles and a half above the sea, and descended to within a thousand yards of its surface. The fins were so set that we advanced ten feet while rising or falling one foot. The effect of these changes were soon perceptible, for the sun, instead of rising higher and higher in the heavens, as it had been doing almost from the first, now began slowly to decline toward the eastern horizon. By the time our dinner was finished and the remains put away we had gained half an hour of apparent time.

For some time I had noticed that my uncle was very thoughtful and preoccupied. I had no apprehensions on that score, for I knew very well that no mental abstraction would lead to any neglect of the vessel. But I knew that some weighty matter was fermenting in the Professor's brain. He might or he might not consult me on the subject; but I forebore to question him, for that would not elicit his confidence if he did not intend to volunteer it, and would not hasten it if he did. So I held my peace.

At last he spoke.

"Harry," said he, "I fear we have made a mistake in building the air-ship."

"No doubt," I replied. "We could hardly hope to achieve perfection in our first experiment. But to what particular do you refer, for I must confess the fish is far more successful than I had dared to hope?"

"Our mistake," returned the Professor, "has been in the thing itself, and not in its details. I fear it will prove an injury to mankind, and not a blessing; and the best thing we can do when we get home is to break it up, sell it for old iron, and never let the world know of it."

"You astonish me!" I cried. "Why, sir, it is the greatest discovery ever made. It is more valuable than the steam engine or the telegraph. With the air ship nations may interchange commodities at the most trifling cost. The tea of china, the spices of the Indies, the coffee of Arabia, the cotton of America, the wool of Australia, food from all parts of the world can be conveyed to overpeopled Europe more cheaply than they can now be carried from Hamburg to Bremen. The overcrowded hives of Europe can send out colonies to all parts of the world, where unoccupied land invites them. A more equal distribution of population and products will be made; the oppressions and burdens of Europe will cease to be felt; there will be found room enough for all; the wilderness will blossom as the rose; and all mankind will see the dawn of a brighter and better day."

"All these matters we have considered," said my uncle.

"With the air-ship," I continued, "we may visit all parts of the earth's surface. Across Africa we will go back and forth, spy out the hidden fountains of the Nile, and note every spot where European civilization may profitably venture. We may soar to the highest peak of Himalaya or of Andes, and rest at will upon either pole. There is no barrier of icy wall or burning sand or infinite distance that will hinder our flight or bar our way."

"All this," said my uncle, "we have discussed a hundred times."

"The expense will be a mere nothing. A man may travel in five hours from Hamburg to New York for a thaler. A bushel of wheat may be conveyed from Minnesota to London for a penny. The poorest laborer in Germany may have the means to transport himself and his family to a farm on the banks of the Rio Grande, the Columbia, the Amazon, or the Congo. The English mail will be received in New York before the hour at which it leaves the London post office, and the Pekin *Gazette* will be read in Berlin and Paris on the day of its publication."

"These matters," said my uncle, "we have discussed to tatters."

"Surely then," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to assert that these things will turn out to be evils—that humanity will be injured by them!"

"Not at all," returned the Professor coolly; "but there are some things we have not taken into account; and before we make our discovery known to the world it becomes us to consider well, not simply a part of the consequences, but all the consequences of our act. The air ship may be made to accomplish much good; it may also be made to work much evil. And it is a question in my mind whether the evil will not outweigh the good

"Have you thought what damage could be inflicted with the aid of the air ship by wicked men? A single man with one of these vessels may drop explosives upon a city which would destroy it in a few hours. Quarrels between nations would become wars of extermination. And the peaceful and prosperous communities would be at the mercy of any miscreant who might suppose himself to have a cause of quarrel. An Afghan ruler, incensed at the English for invading his country could, and probably would, lay London in ashes. A French fanatic, incensed because a majority of his countrymen could not be educated up to his ideas of communism, might take it into his head to destroy Paris. A Russian Nihilist might determine to make sure of the Czar's taking off by blowing up all St. Petersburg. It would be impossible effectually to guard against such incendiaries. Madmen and fanatics would have it in their power to destroy all the works of civilization and reduce the earth to confusion and ruin."

I was about to combat this view when a sudden swerving of the air ship threw me off my feet against the side of the vessel. When I rose we were in semi-darkness, and I would have concluded that we had plunged into the sea were it not that the ship continued to be tossed about in the wildest manner.

"Don't be alarmed," said my uncle, "we have run into a cyclone. There is no danger. Perhaps it would be as well to connect the wire and light the electric lamp."

I did so.

"These cyclones," continued the Professor, "are local, and their limits are narrow. I doubt not that in a few minutes we will rise above the disturbance; and I shall be very glad of the opportunity to watch the progress and effects of one of these violent commotions."

He had already put the ship in condition to rise with the greatest velocity; but the barometer fell very slowly. The storm seemed to have such a hold on us that we rose only at intervals. In fact we seemed to be whirled about at the mercy of the hurricane. I noticed that, though it would be impossible to say that any noise of the tempest could to heard there seemed to be a partial cessation of the power of hearing. It was as if we were under water, when an indistinct roaring is felt rather than heard, and when it seems, not as though silence reigned, but as though all sound were shut out.

A corresponding state of things existed in regard to vision. We could see absolutely nothing. It was not like looking out into a cloud of mist, or into the darkness of the night; but it seemed simply as if all created things had vanished. Everything seemed negative rather than positive except that we were whirled and tossed up and down, first to one side then to the other, like a leaf fluttering in the wind.

Some minutes passed in this manner, and we did not escape the storm. I grew decidedly uneasy at the situation, but my uncle was as calm as though experimenting with a legden jar or examining an oolite.

Suddenly the wild tumultuousness of the wind ceased; and, although we knew it was blowing as strongly as ever it appeared to have settled down to one direction. We now began to ascend rapidly, but did not know in what direction we were moving, and the violence of the tempest did not abate. The air grew clearer, however, and the sea was once more visible.

"I have read," said the Professor, "that in these storms the waves have no power to rise, but are beaten flat by the fury of the wind. I think we will descend and verify that fact, if it is a fact."

The head of the ship was put directly against the wind, and we descended, though much more slowly than before. As we neared the ocean it did indeed seem to be level, but all the surface was white with foam and lashed into spray.

"See!" I cried. "A vessel has been wrecked And look! a sailor is clinging to a spar yonder."

My uncle looked for a moment. "I think we can save him," said he. "Now, act quickly. We are moving very slowly against the wind. Open the slide door, and reach out. I think I can guide the ship directly over the sailor As we get over him, seize him quickly. You are very strong. I think you can draw him into the ship. Be careful! Don't lose your own balance."

He had scarce ceased speaking when we came directly over the floating spar. The violence of the wind had almost stopped our headway. I reached out and grasped the sailor. I reached too far. I lost my hold of the ship, slipped through the narrow opening, and plunged head foremost into the sea.

I came to the surface in a moment, saw the spar a few yards from me, reached it in half a dozen strokes and climbed upon it; then looked around.

The air-ship was not to be seen!

CHAPTER VIII.—The Voyage Continued.

For a few moments I was utterly overwhelmed by the terrors of the position in which I so suddenly found myself. Many may suppose that the interior of the air-ship was not the most secure spot in the world, but such folks forget that the presence of Professor Hardwigg was a guarantee of safety. His calm demeanor diffused assurance around him; he seemed to control the very elements and to bend the powers of nature to his will. Then, too, I was buoyed up by the consciousness that I was achieving something. I was a principal actor in an event which would change the history of the world, and which would send my name down to posterity coupled with that of Watt and Stephenson. Now, however, I was clinging for life to a frail spar in the midst of a furious cyclone, a thousand miles from land.

I did not for a moment suppose the Professor would desert me, I knew him too well for that. But could he find me again? That was the question. He had evidently been blown away by the violence of the tempest; and, once out of sight how could he find his way back? He did not know the latitude or longitude of the spot in which I had been lost; and to search over the wide waters of the Pacific ocean for a floating spar, seemed an endless and hopeless task.

Still further: Granting that he would find me sooner or later, could I manage to preserve myself for even a few hours? The storm was beyond all parallel the most frightful I had ever witnessed. The wind clutched at me with a grasp that momentarily threatened to tear me from my frail support, at times it was impossible for me to breathe; and the water that was dashed into my face stung and tortured me.

While these thoughts were in some disjointed and vague fashion passing through my mind, I had been doing two things. First, I had mechanically seized a rope and lashed myself to a spar; and in the next place, I had begun to take note of my companion. To my astonishment he was but a boy—a little fellow not more than ten or twelve years old. His clothing consisted of a blue cotton shirt and pantaloons of the same material. He was evidently an Asiatic; his skin was brown, his hair straight and black, his teeth glittering white, and his eyes soft, timid, and with a peculiar liquid, entreating expression never seen in the German or Anglo-Saxon. He gazed at me in wonder and awe, and even amon his glance swept round the wild waste of waters which environed us, in evidentpectation of new wonders. It was useless to try to converse with him could I have spoken or understood his language, the storm would have swept away my words before they could have reached his ears.

For a long time I sat on the spar looking wistfully round for some glimpse of the air-ship, yet feeling overpoweringly convinced that all such looking was hopeless. After the apse of perhaps an hour, the wind began somewhat to abate its violence, and as it did so the waves began to rise. Instead of the level spumy sea, tortured into madness as by a million whips, broken, tossing, white maned billows rose around us and dashed us up and down in wild fury Had, indeed, our raft been what I have called it a mere spar, it would now have gone hardly with us, but we were, in fact, on the mast of a vessel, to which the spar was still attached, which held it in one position. Still our case was full of peril, and had we not been lashed to the spar we would inevitably have perished.

I think that for eight or ten hours we were tossed up and down, clinging to our frail support, but having resigned all hope of succor, and not knowing how soon destruction might overtake us. Night fell at last and the horror of the situation was if possible increased. Darkness now added its terrors to those of the storm, and I felt assured that I could not hold out till morning. After some time, however, I fancied that the wind was less violent, and that the waves rose and fell with greater regularity. While I was trying to assure myself of this I was startled at feeling a hand upon my arm. It was the boy, who had crawled over to me, and now, refastening himself, cuddled down close to me that we might mutually support and warm each other. This gave me some encouragement. I had noticed that a portion of the mast which had been broken away was floating close to us, held by a rope. This I drew in and raised across the mast and lashed it there so that we could partly lie upon it. I needed the rest very much, for I was quite worn out, having had no sleep for full forty eight hours, and very little the night before we started on our aerial voyage. And so it happened that not long after I had made this resting place on the mast I fell fast asleep.

It seemed that but a short time had elapsed when I was awakened by my companion shaking me and crying "Hoo! hoo! hoya! hoya!" I started up quickly. The sun was shining brilliantly and the sea was smooth as glass. "Hoya!" cried the lad again, and pointed toward the west. I looked in that direction, and was overjoyed to see the air ship, not more than four or five miles distant, and coming directly toward us. Of course I shouted for joy. I did not doubt for a moment that my uncle already saw us; and, indeed I saw immediately that he had reversed the fins of the vessel, and was reducing its speed. Soon we began wheeling about us in long flights, settling lower and lower, and moving more and more slowly, till at length he dropped upon the water not a hundred yards from our raft. I plunged into the sea, followed by the boy, and in a few moments was in my uncle's arms. The dear old man, ashamed of having displayed his emotion, reproved me for wetting his clothes, and turned away to hide the tear which glistened in his eye. He would not speak a word in reference to his own doings after I was lost till I had prepared something to eat for myself and the boy. Then he told me that at the very moment I fell into the sea a violent blast had driven the air ship from the spot; and, indeed, it is probable that it was that, and not my own carelessness, which had caused my fall. He instantly rose into the air, got headway on the ship once more, and then returned to look for me. But he had entirely lost his bearings, as the sailors say, and was quite at a loss how to conduct the search. The air had grown thick again, so that his glass afforded him little help; the wind was so variable that he could not take that for a guide; and in the airship the compass was of course quite useless. It was difficult to conduct any systematic search, since the variability of the winds made his course erratic; and so soon as he rose to any considerable distance above the sea he was unable to see even large objects on its surface. Still he continued his attempts to discover me till night fell, when he lighted the great electric lamp at the bottom of the ship, which illuminated the sea for a mile on each side of him, and began a careful and methodical scrutiny of the sea for a distance of about five hundred miles back and forth. All night he kept up this search, at each trip examining a new belt of the sea. When morning dawned he continued his plan of operations, taking in a wider belt at each trip, and at length about ten o'clock, he was rejoiced to see a tiny speck on the herizon, which on a nearer view resolved itself into the object of his search.

"But, my uncle," I cried, "you must be overcome with fatigue; you have not slept for three nights."

"Indeed, Harry," he said, "I am so pleased at finding thee again that I think I could sleep a little now."

Accordingly he resigned to me the guidance of the ship, stretched himself upon a lounge and was soon asleep. The boy looked wistfully at the other lounge and I made signs to him to follow my uncle's example, which he quickly did.

The sun was now nearing the zenith. I judged by its altitude that the storm had driven us considerably to the southward of the latitude on which we had intended to journey. This opinion proved correct, for after a flight of several hours, during which we passed over a number of small islands and one large one, which I judged to be Formosa, I came in sight of the mainland of Asia at a point where a large city stood on an island near the mouth of a small river, and a much larger city a few miles up the river. I could not be mistaken in supposing the city on the island to be Amoy, the larger city to be Chang choo foo, and the river to be the Cuang. I was therefore in about 25 degrees of north latitude, and, as I did not wish to encounter the mountains of India and Thibet, I changed my course to about northwest. In little more than an hour I crossed a mountainous country, and found myself over a comparatively level table land, having a desolate, uninhabited appearance. To this succeeded other mountainous tracts, after which came a much lower country, with more evidences of vegetation. My uncle here woke, and, after making inquiries concerning the course I had taken and the time which had elapsed since the coast was reached, he decided that we must be passing the Kirghis steppes in the southern part of Siberia. His opinion was soon verified by the appearance of the Ural mountains, rising which we found ourselves once more in Europe, and I felt myself almost at home again.

About this time the boy awoke, and soon afterward joined us in dispatching a hearty meal.

For some time we had been gaining on the sun. The apparent time was now about ten o'clock. The weather was bright and clear. For reasons already given, Professor Hardwigg did not wish to approach Hamburg by day light, nor did he care to attract attention by making a stay in any settled country. He therefore slowed the machine down to a very low rate of speed, and after a while, seeing a spot in which no habitations were to be seen for many miles, he descended to the ground and we all got out. A considerable time was required in stopping; and we circled round and round the point we desired to reach before we dared to settle upon the ground. The boy walked round and round the ship and inspected it with much interest.

"He means to go back to China and build one like it," I said to my uncle.

"He must be a Japanese," said my uncle. "It is a pity we did not turn northward and set him on shore while we were in the neighborhood. But I could not think of everything just at that moment. However, it is not of great importance. I will write to some member of the Japanese government so soon as I reach home, and we can soon return the lad to his friends."

It may appear strange that the Professor should talk of writing to a Japanese official, while he made no attempt to question the boy. The simple fact is that he could read and write the language but could not speak it. His knowledge of Japanese was derived wholly from books, and, while he understood very well the meaning of characters he did not know what sounds were attached to them. It must be borne in mind that in China and Japan there is a character for each word, and that though in different provinces the spoken word changes, the written character remains the same. It is the same as European use of the Arabic numerals. The figure 5 conveys the same idea to an Englishman, a German and a Spaniard, though the first calls it *five*, the second *funf*, and the third *cinco*.

It occurred to me that perhaps the Professor might converse with the boy by writing, and he made the effort. The boy looked at the characters and shook his head. He then made some others, but my uncle could not decipher them, and so the attempt was given up. The Professor suggested that probably the boy had picked up a few characters on the vessel, but had never had any regular teaching. And this was no doubt correct.

The spot on which we halted was very lovely. A small sluggish stream, fringed with low trees ran near us. The plain everywhere was covered with luxuriant grass, green and fresh. In the east the Ural mountains stretched away on either hand as far as the eye could reach; but westward the grassy plain spread out to the horizon, broken here and there by a solitary tree. But there was not a sign of animal life. The little Jap collected some sticks, and I made a fire, not because we needed it, but because a fire is always a pleasant companion. When it had burned low, leaving a good bed of coals, I broiled some chops, and we all ate heartily. The memory of that day has a peculiar charm for me. It was one of those rare occasions in life when simple existence is the highest possible enjoyment. We lay on the grass or looked at the sky, and drank in the sunshine, and the sweet fresh air, and the smell of the young grass, and enjoyed for a while the luxury of having absolutely nothing to do.

Toward evening I fell asleep. When I woke I looked around for my companions. They were not to be seen. For a moment I thought they might have gone and left me; but that could not possibly be. Besides, the air-ship was there close at hand. I looked round to the other side and there they were. Great Heavens! Could it be? Professor Hardwigg and the little Japanese boy were seated on the ground playing jackstones! The relaxations of great men form an interesting study. They serve perhaps as a safety-valve to the overworked brain They prove that the greatest of men are but mortal. William Pitt playing blind man's buff; Napoleon Bonaparte daubing the baby's face with jam; and Professor Hardwigg playing jackstone are scenes I love think about. But when do he learn? The science of jackstones is one that must be acquired. I seemed to have thought of my revered uncle as having been always a philosopher wearing spectacles. But it must be true that at one period he was a boy, and played at boyish games.

I was roused from this near setting as we returned to the ship, and rose again into the air. Only a part of the battery power was applied, and we did not advance faster than about five hundred miles an hour. By the time we reached the German frontier it was quite dark; but we were able to guide ourselves so accurately by the stars that the lights of Berlin came into view at almost the precise moment calculated by the Professor. "In twenty minutes you shall see Hamburg," said my uncle.

But in a few minutes we ran suddenly into a dense mass of cloud.

"It is a thunderstorm," said the Professor; "and I think we had better rise above it."

At an elevation of about a mile, we got clear of the cloud, and did not descend into it again. A severe storm was raging, accompanied with frequent flashes of lightning and loud thunder. It was very interesting to watch this tempest from above, and my uncle was deeply absorbed in the exhibition. The storm appeared to be rolling westward, moving as we moved though not so fast.

"I wish," said my uncle, "we could outrun the storm and get safely into the back yard at the Koenigstrasse before it reaches so far. I think we will try."

Accordingly he put on the full power of the battery, and we darted forward at increased speed. At the next descent, just as we seemed to shoot beyond the thunder cloud, there came a loud, stunning report, and my uncle exclaimed:

"The ship has been struck by lightning!"

At the same moment he reversed the battery.

The ship failed to respond; it did not rise.

"The lightning has destroyed our electrical condition," said my uncle. "We are falling to the earth."

"Then all is over!" said I.

"There is just one hope," returned my uncle. "I do not know exactly where we were when the lightning struck us. If we had over run Hamburg; if we were much to the west of it—we may possible reach the sea, in which case we will escape for the ship will swim of course. I have already fixed the fins to carry us the greatest possible distance, and changed our course due northwest. It is also possible we may fall in the river. However, a few moments will decide the matter. If we fall upon the earth we shall never discover the fact. If we fall into the water we may escape."

Almost as he spoke there was a plunge, a rush and a crash, and I felt myself dashed into a whirl and roar of waters. I have not much consciousness of what I did, but remember crawling upon the shore, much confused, though without any acute pain or sense of having been seriously hurt. Presently I looked round and saw a light. I ran toward it, and found a cottage. I knocked at the door, and at the same moment opened it and entered. Two men and two women were sitting at a table. I do not remember what I said, but I certainly made them understand that I wanted help, for the men instantly arose and followed me.

We went down to the river (it was the Elbe) when they untied a small punt, and we rowed out into the stream. I cannot recall the explanations I made, and I fear the men must have thought me mad. My clothes were wet of course, they were torn and muddy as well, my hat was gone, a deep gash was cut in my forehead, and my face was covered with blood. We rowed back and forth, but found nothing. Then the men wanted to go home, but I gave them money—I do not know how much, but a good deal—all I had, and we continued the search. All night long we rowed back and forth, examining the banks and the small sandy islands in the stream. Morning found us at our work, but we had not discovered a trace of my uncle, of the boy or of the air ship.

I leaned my head upon my hands and wept. Alas! had it come to this! Had my cursed discovery caused the death of the noblest, the best, the bravest, truest heart that ever beat in manly bosom! How would I dare go back to Gretchen and tell her what had happened! I would reproach myself for ever.

My mournful reveries were interrupted by a shrill childish voice crying, "Hoo! hoo! hoya! hoya!" I looked up and saw the little Japanese boy on the shore.

"Row me ashore instantly," I cried to the men.

They did so, and I ran to the lad and demanded, "Where is my uncle? Where is Professor Hardwigg! What has become of him? Is he alive? Where is his body?"

The boy of course made no answer but took me by the hand and led me to a house. The doors were open and the inmates were hurrying to and fro. In a large front room was a group of persons about a bed On the bed lay my uncle. His face was white, his eyes were closed.

One of the men had the look of a surgeon. I seized him by the arm.

"Is he dead?" I gasped.

"No."

"Thank God!"

"But his recovery is very doubtful. He is most terribly hurt."

"He will recover," I said. "I am sure of it. He must recover!"

"Apparently you need treatment yourself," said the surgeon.

"If my uncle recovers, I shall need none. But how did he escape? How did he get here?"

"Nobody knows. All that is known is that the little brown chap knocked at the door of the house last evening, and the servant on going to the door found the gentleman insensible, muddy and wet. I was instantly summoned and have been with him all night. The little fellow went out early in the morning, and has apparently been looking for you. But will you allow me to ask who you are, and who is the other gentleman?"

"That gentleman is Professor Hardwigg, and I am his nephew."

He was much concerned at the intelligence and at once dispatched a messenger to Hamburg for additional surgical aid.

My own wounds were found to be of a trifling nature; and the lad appeared to have suffered no injury whatever.

During the day my uncle regained consciousness and gently pressed my hand, but was unable to speak. His condition remained critical in the extreme for a week, when improvement began. In another week we brought him home; and he now lies in the room adjoining that in which I am writing this memoir. He has no recollection of what happened after the ship struck the water, and was probably stunned at the first concussion. Nor have we ever discovered how he reached the shore, whether the boy dragged him from the water, or whether he was thrown upon the bank.

When he was first permitted to talk I carefully abstained from all mention of the air ship, but he asked me what had become of it.

"No vestige of it has ever been discovered," I said, "and I hope none ever will be found. I want never to see or hear of an air-ship again."

"Silly boy!" exclaimed my uncle. "Do not be discouraged because of a single accident. So soon as I am able to go to work again we will build a fleet of airships! Dozens—hundreds of them. The air will be full of ships. We will conduct the whole commerce of the globe with airships."

"But how about the wicked men who may get hold of it, destroy cities, and ruin nations?"

"Tut, tut! Any invention may be put to improper uses. We must not withhold a great instrument of good to mankind simply because it may fall into the hands of bad men. Besides, society will find means to protect itself against evil doers."

And my uncle has already consulted an eminent engineer in regard to the proper size and style of the coming vessels.

The little Jap makes himself wonderfully contented. My uncle has not yet written to Japan concerning him; and this may be unnecessary, as a Japanese embassy is shortly to visit Berlin, when all needful inquiries will be made, and then the lad can be properly disposed of. He does not appear to pine for his far away home; but is always cheerful and bright. He and little Harry, the Kleine Professor, are wonderful friends. He calls Harry "Fessel." I proposed to call the little stranger Moses, because we found him in the water; but he laughs lightly, taps himself on the breast, and says Yayshoda, which no doubt is his name.

THE END.

HUNTING ON THE PLAINS.

100,000 Buffalo Killed Last Winter.

(From the Sioux City Journal.)

It is estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 buffalo hides will be shipped out of the Yellowstone country this season. Two firms alone are negotiating for the transportation of 25,000 hides each. When to this is added the immense amount of skins and furs of other kinds—deer, elk, antelope, bear, beaver, etc.,—some idea may be formed of the extent of the Yellowstone pelt and fur trade.

Most of our citizens saw the big load of buffalo hides that the C. K Peck brought down last season, a load that bid everything about the boat below the hurricane deck roof. There were 10,000 hides in that load, and they were all brought out of the Yellowstone on one trip and transferred to the C. K. Peck. How such a load could have been piled on the little Terry not even the men on the boat appear to know. It bid every part of the boat, bar