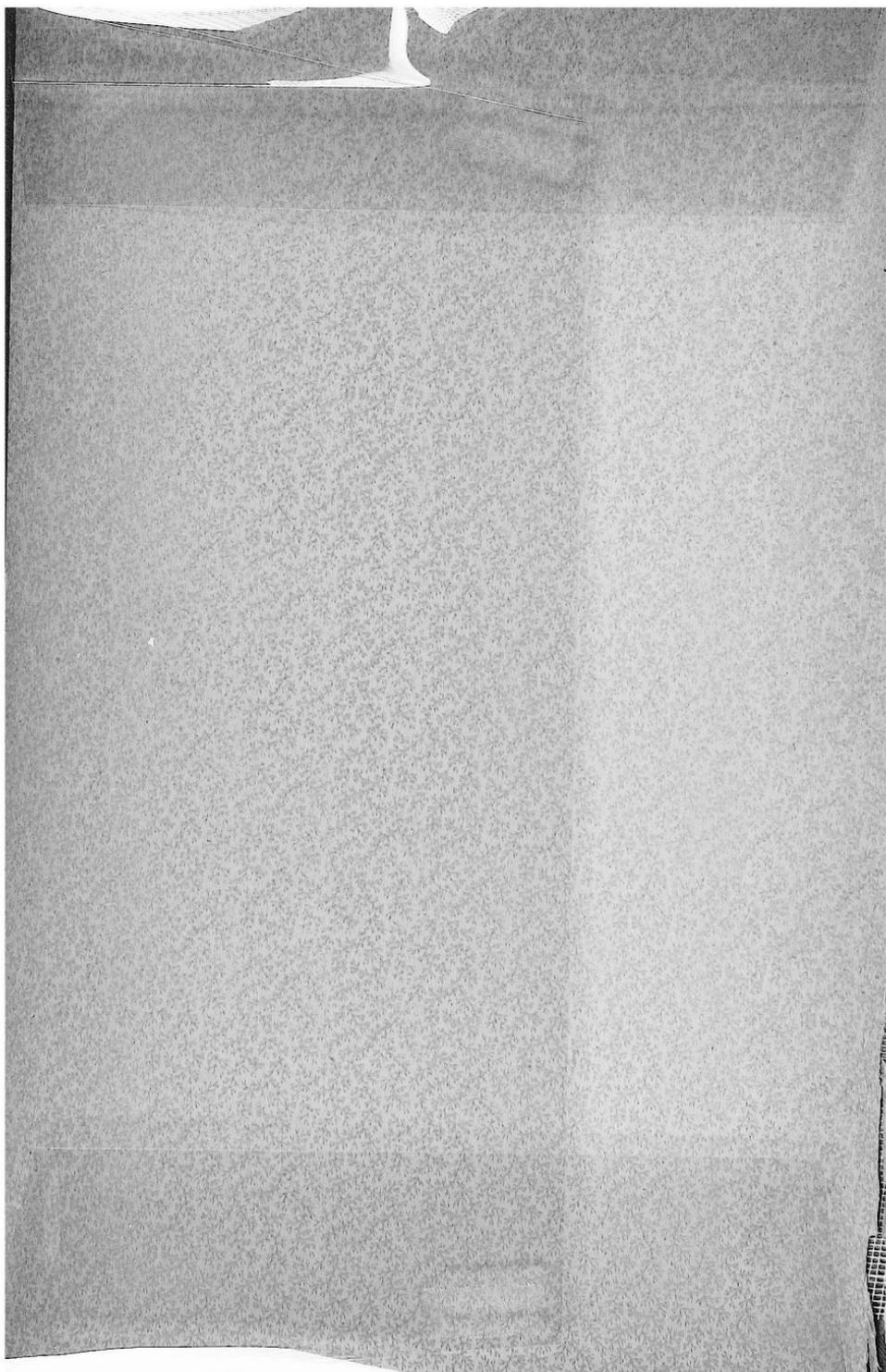


WONDERFUL ADVENTURES
ON
VENUS

By G. W. Pope





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LIKE SOME WINGED DEMON OF THE STORM, THE AIR SHIP RUSHED OUT FROM THE DARKNESS.
(FRONTISPIECE—PART FIRST.)

ROMANCES OF THE PLANETS NO. 2

JOURNEY TO VENUS

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD

ITS WONDERFUL CREATIONS AND GIGANTIC MONSTERS

BY

GUSTAVUS W. POPE, M.D.

*Author of "The Mohawk Chief," "The Rose of Shenandoah," "The Boys in Blue,"
"The Medical Student," "The Merry Lunatics," "Geology and Genesis,"
"The Wonders of Psychology," "The Terra Incognita,"
"Journey to Mars," Etc.*

"The 'Star of Love' now shines above, cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves its serenade to thee,
The stars, the breeze, the wave, the trees, their minstrelsy unite;
But all are drear till thou appear to decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon, though with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love, it cheers us on our way,
And all that's bright, the moon, the night, the heavens, the earth, the sea—
Thou 'Star of Beauty and of Love,' we dedicate to thee."—*Morris.*



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In Memoriam.

I INSCRIBE THIS ROMANCE,
THE FRUIT OF MY
LEISURE MOMENTS AMID MORE SERIOUS DUTIES,
TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR WIFE

Clara,

WHOSE NOBILITY OF SOUL,
INGENUOUSNESS OF CHARACTER, NUMBERLESS ACTS OF
GENEROSITY, BENEVOLENCE,
AND SELF-SACRIFICE, AMID SUFFERING,
ENDEARED HER TO AND WILL
LONG BE REMEMBERED AND CHERISHED
BY HER MANY FRIENDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1895.*

G. W. P.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE PAINTED BY MISS FAIRFAX AND
MRS. MCAULEY FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE year eighteen hundred and ninety-four has chronicled more national calamities and disasters afflicting the kingdoms and republics of this world than any other within that decade of time. In our own country there were great and widespread depressions in industries and trades, with an unsettled condition of tariff and monetary questions. There were conflicts between labor and capital, with mobs of malcontents and unemployed gathering in our cities. There were labor strikes and communistic riots; wanton destruction of property and interference with traffic on our public highways; train-wrecking and robbery; incendiarism, violence, and bloodshed, with an unusual number of business failures, defalcations, suicides, and murders. There were devastating conflagrations raging over our western forests and prairies, with frightful loss of life and widespread suffering. There were tempests and hurricanes over land and sea, with almost equal destruction of life and property. This unfortunate year also records the anarchical

assassination of one of the most eminent and popular presidents of the French Republic, the death of the most peaceful of all Russian Czars, and the tocsin of war sounded between two great Mongolian empires.

Nations as well as individuals should accept with equally good grace the frowns as well as smiles of Dame Fortune, and remember that

“When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.”

Even the most gloomy clouds and stormy skies permit occasional gleams of sunshine, and this fateful year also recorded events that softened the asperities of its ill fortune. Among these may be mentioned new and valuable discoveries and inventions in many departments of science, and particularly in the healing art, of great benefit to man; vigorous prosecution of Arctic exploring expeditions; well-nigh successful experiments in aerial navigation; in the department of Astronomy an interesting transit of the planet Mercury across the Sun; the planet Mars in opposition, and in most favorable situation for telescopic observation under more powerful instruments; new discoveries on that planet, awakening public interest, and last, but perhaps not least, a personal interview between a denizen of earth and a traveller from far-distant worlds.

On a stormy evening during the September equinox, 1894, when the monarch of Worlds

drives his fiery steeds and golden chariot across our terrestrial equator, rousing up his usual turmoils o'er land and sea, which on this occasion were embellished by a sportive West India cyclone careening through our southwestern states and along the sea-board (in requital for all which the solar monarch suffered the ignominy of a total eclipse a few days after, at the hands of our dear little Luna), a strange gentleman entered the office of the writer.

Whether this gentleman's arrival was in any way connected with the hullabaloo of the elements, whether he rode on the winged winds and forked lightnings, as is sometimes the case with the advent of visitors from other worlds, the writer knows not ; but while the tempest was raging in fury outside, his entrance was not Mephistophelian nor supernatural. On the contrary it was natural, reposeful, and cheerful.

The writer was reminded of a somewhat similar incident that took place on the stormy evening of the March equinox, 1893, when the jovial mate of the good ship "White Gull" presented him with a mysterious casket, fresh from the hands of a titanic Martian voyager.

The stranger's appearance was pleasing and attractive. He was of a medium stature with well-knit, athletic frame and graceful carriage. His features, browned by the sun and weather, were plain. His countenance displayed great courage and resolution, combined with sincerity and open-

ness of character. His age was about thirty-two. His dark gray eyes were remarkably handsome, their look was exceedingly penetrating, yet full of good humor. His voice and intonation were musical, his manners dignified, courteous, and winning, showing the well-bred gentleman. He was dressed in the rough but neat attire of an English tourist, and carried a package under his arm.

“Have I the pleasure to address Doctor ——?” said he, with a polite salutation, presenting his card—

| |
|--|
| <p>SIR ARCHIE GRÆME BLAKE</p> <p>HAMPDEN PLACE.</p> <p>LONDON.</p> |
|--|

I bade the baronet welcome and invited him to be seated.

“Allow me, sir, to present you this letter of introduction,” said he. I opened the note.

“Bhama Kiszulia, Nodros Hiamant,
“Yolas utra, 1893.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR,—

This will introduce my very esteemed friend, Sir Archie. A genuine baronet of noble blood and descent, yet with decided Republican proclivities ;

of high cultivation, immense travelling experience, profound worldly wisdom, most excellent wit, and genial humor. Kindly extend hospitalities, courtesies, etc., for the sake of

“Yours sincerely and gratefully,
“FREDERICK HAMILTON.”

“Heaven be praised!” I exclaimed, “this is indeed a surprise. And is Frederick still living?”

“Certainly, although translated from this mundane sphere, which proves the truth of Plato’s argument on the immortality of the soul,” replied the baronet.

“He was translated something over two years ago to one world, and his friends have given up all hope of ever seeing him again,” said I.

“Since that time, he has undergone a second translation to another,” replied the baronet.

“Indeed! is he passing through the successive transmigrations and reincarnations of Buddha, from sphere to sphere?”

“By no means, Doctor. Having been translated by science, he still retains his original, identical *corpus incarnatum*, which fact disproves the theosophical theories of the occultists, which, as you are doubtless aware, are merely a resurrection of the old Indian and Egyptian mythologies, with their Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, their Osiris, Isis, and Horus, their three souls, astral bodies, rebirths, Nirvana, Karma-Loka, *et cætera*, bor-

rowed by Pythagoras and embellished by Plato. This fantastic doctrine, rehashed and served up, minus the gods and goddesses, for the delectation of us moderns by Coomra-Sami, Koot-Hoomi, Morya, Blavatsky and Co., as 'the advanced thought' and 'new Philosophy of the day,' is quite the fashion among certain circles."

"Which proves the truth of the wise King Solomon's saying that, 'There is no new thing under the sun,' from philosophy to fashion; 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

"Science excepted," emphatically replied the baronet.

"True. Science is really the most valuable offspring of the human brain, for it holds the magician's key which unlocks the secrets of Nature and controls her mighty elements and forces for the use and benefit of man. And now, my dear baronet, will you please inform me, by what particular science was Frederick translated, or removed from one world to another?"

"Not by medical science, I am happy to say,—which, it must be admitted, is eminently successful in the performance of that function,—but by that greatest of all sciences, to wit, the Cosmo-magnetical, discovered and utilized by the Martians long ago, of the alphabet of which we terrestrials are just beginning to get glimpses."

"What a delightful reflection, that science can translate us to other worlds, without our passing through the mortuary process!"

“Which goes to show that science may ultimately enable us to dispense with that process altogether.”

“May that happy day soon dawn, when there will be no more undertakers, funeral services, obituaries, nor cemeteries.”

“Nor doctors, either,” remarked Sir Archie.

“Ahem!—the last news I had the pleasure of receiving from Frederick, was in March, 1893. His letter was dated December 27th, 1892. He and a party of Martian tourists were struggling in a terrible storm off the coast of New South Wales, endeavoring to return to the planet Mars; his terrestrial friends were left in a state of incertitude as to whether the adventurer ever arrived there;” and I related the story of the sailor and the casket.

“Oh, yes, Doctor, I am happy to say they reached Mars all right.”

“I am rejoiced to hear it. When did you see him last?”

“Is not the date specified in the letter?”

“In an unknown language. Frederick was always dabbling in the ancient classics.”

“The date is written in the Martian language, the most ancient and classical in the planetary system; translated into English, it signifies,—‘North Pole,—Planet Venus,—July 4th, 1893.’”

“Venus! Good heavens! Can it be possible?”

“Certainly. Fred and I last shook hands over the north pole of the ‘Star of Love and Beauty;’

not a single particle of snow or ice, the weather was hot as any July here, owing to the planet's near vicinity to the sun and greater inclination of her axis. I greatly regretted that I had not my seersucker suit, Panama hat, sun-umbrella, and *eau-de-cologne* atomizer."

"Please inform me, Sir Archie, how did you get here from Venus? Will you kindly favor me, also, with an account of your adventures on the 'Rosy Orb'?"

"As to my adventures, Doctor, 'I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy knotted and combined locks to stand like forks upon the fretful quillcopine.'"

"Pray leave out the harrowing, freezing, and porcupine parts."

"But that's the best part of it, my dear Doctor; however, you shall have the poorest, and as brevity is the soul of wisdom as well as wit, and tediousness the outward limbs and flourishes, according to the philosophic Polonius, I will be brief as a document in chancery. List, list, O list."

"Speak, I am bound to hear."

"After the lieutenant and your humble servant bade our mutual adieus on the north pole of Venus, July 4th, 1893, his party started for Mars, and mine took voyage for Earth in a single ethervolt, with an air-ship attached. We flew across the interplanetary abyss, ran the gauntlet of six hundred million meteorites by the skin

of our teeth, and landed on the north pole of Earth. Time of trip six days, twenty-three hours, fifty-nine minutes and a quarter,—considerably less than a week, you perceive. We banked the car with blocks of ice to prevent it being blown off the pole; mounted the air-ship and took a bee-line for London at the rate of two hundred miles per hour; crossed the Arctic lands and seas; saw some of your Arctic explorers frozen up in the ice,—poor fellows! 'tis to be hoped they will thaw out some day. We encountered a terrible polar storm off the north coast of Iceland; could not elevate the ship to the region of calm,—the terrestrial electric currents not being of sufficient strength; dared not sink beneath the water, for fear of encountering icebergs. We had to scud before the gale; were driven into Hunafloi Bay; took refuge in a little firth; three storm-wings broken; bow smashed; three antigrav batteries ditto, and the magnetic metals ruined;—a pretty pickle for Venusian tourists. Finally we got ashore with our lives, thankful for that, and wandered over the desolate wildernesses, volcanic hills, and plains. Wonderful country, Iceland, with its boiling pools,—hot geysers,—spouting Hecla,—basalt mountains,—Old Norse mythology,—Eddas and Sagas. We lived on gulls and Iceland moss,—very pleasant reminders of shoe-leather and ox-gall, but eminently tonic, demulcent, and nutrient. We met a party of eider-duck hunters mounted on ponies. I could

speak a little Icelandic ; they kindly escorted us to Reykjavik, on the bay of Faxaflói. We had beaten our Martian gold coins into small ingots, effacing the inscriptions to avoid suspicion. We changed our attire, embarked on a trading vessel for Copenhagen, took steamer to London, thence by rail to my ancestral manor on the Clyde. Relatives and friends received me with open arms,—as is generally done with prodigal sons and runaways. I introduced my Martian friends as civilized Fiji Islanders. We hurried back to London, posted ourselves at the Royal Academy on geology, mineralogy, and mining reports, visited the mines in England, Wales, Scotland, Norway, Sweden—”

“Were you going into silver mining ?”

“Hardly ; that shining ore is so abundant on Mars they roof the great linear cities and ornament the streets with it.”

“Which explains the numerous bright spots and so-called canals seen on the planet.”

“Partly ; but mainly owing to the great reservoirs of glittering crystal, which store up electricity and magnetism from the sun.”

“And your mining quest ?”

“Was to find a metal possessing similar properties to that wonderful Martian production, with which they make the antigrav batteries for the ethervolts and air-ships, with which we wished to repair our broken batteries,—for, could it not be found, we might never be able to return

to the north pole. Finally we went to St. Petersburg, got a permit from the Russian government, took a long, tedious journey over the barren steppes and wildernesses to northern Siberia, in the Obdorsk Mountains, north branch of the Urals, on the Kara Sea. We engaged the services of expert Russian miners and searched everywhere. Finally we came across an old meteorite, evidently thrown off from the great meteoric belt, and, to our joy, discovered in it the desired metal. We took a sufficient quantity, returned to St. Petersburg, and thence to London, engaged a clever machinist and skilled workmen, went over to Iceland, reached the firth, and after several weeks' labor put the ship and batteries in good order. We embarked; flew over to London; liberally rewarded the workmen,—binding them to secrecy; flew home, and moored the ship in a secluded cove on the Clyde under guard of my party. I took train to Liverpool, steamer to New York, and came by rail here; headquarters at the — hotel.”

“My dear baronet, why did you not fly over here in your air-ship with your Martian friends?”

“I want to avoid publicity and the possibility of our Martian invention being appropriated by Yankee speculators, and peculators.”

“Your mining investigations must have been laborious and expensive.”

“It took nearly a year to complete the business. The expense was only about fifty thousand

pounds sterling, a mere trifle to Martian tourists ; but we were compelled to fee the Russian officials very largely, and bribe them still more liberally, as they continually accused us of being Nihilistic spies, in spite of our passports."

"You were fortunate in not having been robbed and consigned to the Siberian copper mines for life."

"Very true, Doctor. Now to business. Lieutenant Hamilton commissioned me to place his conclusion of 'Journey to Mars' and his journal of our trip to Venus in your hands on the eve of my departure." The baronet laid his package on the table and rose to depart. I begged him to remain my guest for a few days.

"I should be delighted to accept your kind invitation, Doctor ; but my Martian friends have certainly given our party up for lost long ago, and we must hasten our return. Besides, we intend next spring to take a trip through the solar system generally."

I expressed the hope of seeing Frederick at no distant day.

"We shall visit this planet, and you may perhaps have the opportunity of paying your respects to the Princess of Mandal-Uttima."

"I supposed that the princess and Frederick were wedded long ago."

"I fancy not. In affairs matrimonial the Martian ladies incline to long engagements, which give the parties better facilities for becoming ac-

quainted with each other's whims and peculiarities, and rectifying the same, before making the final decision.

"Is the princess as beautiful as Frederick has described?"

"Language is wholly inadequate to portray her transcendent beauty; her nobility of soul and sweetness of character are beyond compare, and her accomplishments of the highest order. Her presence would create a *furor* in the proudest courts and most *recherché* assemblies of Earth. As for the prince,—in form and feature he surpasses the Grecian Apollo, and in all truly noble qualities of mind and heart he has no peer in Christendom."

"I am rejoiced to know that Frederick has met such good friends."

"And now, Doctor, do me the favor to accept this little souvenir," placing in my hands a gold ring; its crest, a *croix de Malthe*; its motto "*Esto fidelis*;" and its points set with a diamond, two rubies, and two emeralds.

"Several of my ancestors," continued he, "belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and one was a chief of the order during the Crusades."

"That famous order of Knighthood was one of the brightest and best ornaments of the palmy days of chivalry."

"The Maltese cross was the insignia of the order; it may please you to know that this ring

is made of gold from the mines of Mars, the jewels are from the 'Valley of Diamonds and Palace of the Gods' on Venus. And now, my dear Doctor, I must bid you adieu. I return to New York to-night ; by steamer to-morrow to London ; by air-ship to the north pole ; and by ethervolt to Mars."

I expressed sincere wishes for his prosperous journey, happy reunion with his Martian friends, begged him to convey my kindest regards to Lieutenant Hamilton,—we shook hands and the baronet departed.

Three weeks after, I received the following cablegram from his friend, Captain — :

“LONDON, Oct. 19th, 1894.

“Sir Archie is *en route* by air-ship for the North Pole. Will start for Mars by ethervolt to-morrow, the 20th, the date of the planet's opposition, when it will be forty million miles distant from Earth. Will reach Mars within four days.”

Next morning at break of day, I saluted Venus, which at this season is our bright morning star. At nightfall I gazed on royal Mars, clothed in his robes of crimson fire and moving in stately splendor through the heavens. I wondered what thrilling scenes and momentous events might now be taking place on those far-distant worlds, and as I glanced at the baronet's gift, the ring of Martian gold set with gems from the “Star of Love and Beauty,” I ardently hoped for the safety

of the intrepid planetary voyager, at that moment winging his swift flight through the fathomless abysses of space to another world.

I read the manuscript, which was written in Frederick's bold and masterly hand, on Martian paper, finer and stronger than the mills of Earth can produce.

A brief allusion to preceding events described in "Journey to Mars," is necessary to explain the opening chapter of this book.

Frederick Hamilton, United States Naval officer and his companion, N'gati John, a New Zealander, were lost on an exploring expedition over the Antarctic continent and found their way to the South Pole. They met a party of tourists from the planet Mars, who had arrived there on ethervolts, and were making explorations of those regions with a view of opening communication between the inhabitants of these two planets.

After a long sojourn on Observatory Island, Frederick and John were taken by the Martian tourists on board their ethervolt car, which flies on the interplanetary cosmic currents, running between the poles of these planets, and after several days' journey through space, they arrived on Mars.

During their sojourn on that planet, they passed through many extraordinary scenes and adventures among the different nations and kingdoms of that wonderful world. Frederick became the

guest of the grand duke of Mandal-Uttima, one of the most powerful of Martian kingdoms. He was also the friend of Prince Altfoura, and beloved of his sister, the beautiful Princess Suhlamia, whose life he saved. The Emperor Diavojahr Hautozan, of Sundora-Luzion, the most powerful and populous of the Martian kingdoms, also in love with the princess, solicited her hand, but she rejected him.

A dreadful doom was impending over Mars. Two of its continents had been devastated by a terrible tempest of meteors. Another and greater downfall was expected to descend over the kingdom of Mandal-Uttima and perhaps cause the downfall of the Moons, the result of which might be the destruction of the planet. The whole Martian world was in consternation and terror. Helios Zar Asterion, the renowned interplanetary navigator, decided to take another trip to Earth with his company to make explorations over the southern hemisphere, with a view to the possible emigration of the Martians, who desired to escape the coming catastrophe. The exploring party consisted of Asterion and his assistants, Vidyuna and Bhuras, Prince Altfoura, Captain Sussonac and Fulminax, Doctor Hamival, Arozial Hartilion, the famous Leviathan tamer, Frederick, John and his raven, officers, and engineers. They embarked on an ethervolt, and after several days' journey through space, reached the south pole of Earth, where

they set up the interplanetary telegraph, by means of which messages can be sent on the cosmic current from Earth to Mars. They embarked on their air-ship and took a trip over the Antarctic continent and ocean to make surveys. They had on board a telegraphic instrument, by which messages can be sent from the pole to the ship, through the aerial electric currents, no matter how far distant she may be over the Earth's surface.

While in the South Atlantic Ocean near Australia, they met a burning emigrant ship laden with Chinese coolies, who had slaughtered the captain and crew. They rescued the dying wife of the captain and her little child, and placed them aboard the air-ship. While off the coast of New Zealand they encountered a terrible storm and took refuge near a floating iceberg, in the midst of which they received news from the south pole, direct from Mars, that Diavojahr had commenced hostilities against the kingdom of Mandal-Uttima ; had captured the south polar ethervolt station, intending, if the party returned by that route, to take them prisoners. The tourists were greatly alarmed ; but Asterion resolved to undertake the perilous journey in the air-ship across the western hemisphere of Earth, to the north pole, and travel back to Mars on the north polar cosmic currents. They dismantled the ship of everything but her ethervolt batteries, which sustain her in the air. As they prepared to return

they discovered an American vessel scudding before the storm on the ocean billows. Frederick had written a journal of his adventures on Mars, and placed it in a strong water-proof casket, surrounded with cords and buoys, so that, in case they were lost, the casket might perhaps be floated to some shore, or picked up by some passing vessel, and the fate of the party be made known to his friends. The presence of the vessel gave him an opportunity to accomplish this object, but it was impossible to board her in the storm.

The scene opens in the midst of the tempest ; Hartilion is standing on the deck of the air-ship, as she flies away from the iceberg, ready to throw the casket into the rigging of the vessel. As she draws near, he hails the sailor stationed on her foretop.

A JOURNEY TO VENUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE AIR-SHIP.

“SHIP ahoy!” again rang out Hartilion’s mighty voice, its clarion tones rising high above the tempest.

Amid lightnings and thunder peals, the howling gale and roar of the raging sea, our gallant air-ship flew toward the scudding vessel. The face of the sailor, as he clung desperately to her mast, was white with terror, for he saw the ship, like some winged demon of the storm, rushing out from the darkness. Hartilion, his limbs braced on the trembling deck, whirled the casket around his head by its cords like a lasso.

“Foretop there!” shouted he in a voice of thunder. “Whither bound?”

“Melbourne—to—Ne’ York—*via*—Rio—and—Ne’ Orle-e-e-ans,” came in shrill tones, almost drowned by the wind, from the foretop.

“We are—castaways—in—air-ship. Take—

good care—casket. 'Tis—prayer—of shipmates—in distress. Farewell! may—Almighty God—bring us—safe—to port,” Hartilion replied, hurling the casket to the vessel's mast. It caught in the rigging.

“All right—shipmate,” shouted the sailor. “Whither—bound?”

“To another world,” shouted Hartilion, and descended to the cabin. The air-ship flew on.

“By Pluto!” laughed the handsome giant, “I had no idea I was quite so bad-looking. The poor fellow looked as if he had seen Old Nick himself when I hailed him.”

“It was your thundering voice, and not your looks, that alarmed him,” said the prince.

“Gentlemen,” said Captain Sussonac, “hold fast, we are going up.”

“Go ahead, Captain,” replied all.

“Shoot the ship above the storm belt, and make straight for the south pole,” ordered he.

The engineers moved the levers. The prow was directed upward, and she arose in ascending spirals to the region of calm. We looked below; the cloud-masses rolled beneath, torn with lightnings and echoing volleyed thunders. The billows and storm-driven vessel were soon lost to view. It was midnight. Two thousand miles of a trackless ocean and fifteen hundred miles of the ice-clad Antarctic continent lay between us and the pole.

Captain Sussonac took his bearings; the great

propelling wings were projected from their ports, and the ship flew onward at the rate of three hundred miles per hour. Night passed and morning dawned. We had crossed the Antarctic Ocean and reached Cape North. The full-orbed sun was revolving around the horizon, shedding a roseate glow over the snow-clad plains. We encountered no opposing winds, flew over the Antarctic continent, by evening reached Observatory Island, lowered our ship to the pier, and were received by the superintendent. Full supplies for remanning the ship, machinery, life-boat, anchors, provisions, etc., were at hand. A new shaft and propeller were rigged. Asterion directed Captain Sussonac to fly directly to the polar station, five hundred miles distant, man the ethervolts with extra antigrav batteries, take them in tow and return with Bhuras.

And now came the last sad offices for the dead. Altfoura removed the locket and cross from the mother's breast and hung them round the neck of the babe, whose baptismal name, Marie, was embroidered on its dress. It was touching to witness the tender grief of this poor little orphan, as, clasping her arms around her mother's neck, she kissed the clay-cold lips and wept. A grave had been hewn in the rock near David's tomb. The lifeless form of poor Marienne was placed in the coffin, the burial service was read, and the mortal remains were laid in their last resting-place.

"We will take this dear little one with us to

our Martian home," said the prince, "and she shall be placed in the tender care of the Princess Suhlamia."

On the following day Captain Sussonac returned with the ethervolts and Bhuras, who announced that he had received the last despatch privately from Lord Chumivant, stating that he had succeeded in effecting Thoridal's release from his dangerous confinement. This news relieved our anxiety on his account, and we could take our trip over the Earth and return to Mars with less haste than otherwise would have been necessary. The superintendent provided us with fur garments lined with sea-gull feathers, the best protection against the intense cold we should encounter at the north pole, for it was now the dead of winter in those regions. Little Marie was provided with a downy cap, fur jacket, and leggings to be worn when we should arrive there. In the meantime she was comfortably stowed in Altfoura's cot, and provided with a bottle of warm milk, plentiful supplies of which were secured for her anticipated trip to another world. Commodore Jack had taken a wonderful liking to our little passenger, manifesting the same in his usual corvine style.

Sunday, January 1st, 1893. Six o'clock A. M. Once more bound for Mars! Our gallant ship rose from the waters of the Antarctic Sea with the great ethervolts, and began her journey from pole to pole, over the western hemisphere of this

terrestrial globe. We ascended far above the clouds to the region of calm, and taking course to the northeast, flew over the Antarctic continent and ocean toward Cape Horn, twenty-six hundred miles distant, reaching it by three o'clock P. M.

This giant headland, with its stupendous precipices and craggy reefs, forms the southern extremity of South America. As the billows of the Pacific sweep around it, dashing against the opposing waves of the Atlantic, overwhelming them by their superior magnitude and power, the sound of the combat is like the rolling of deep thunder.* We crossed the Cape, Tierra del Fuego,† Straits of Magellan, and entered Patagonia, on the western border of which the Andes begin. Running the whole length of South America, nearly five thousand miles, they unite with the Sierra Madre and Rocky Mountains of North America. This stupendous chain, traversing the length of the two continents, forms what is termed the backbone of the western hemisphere of our globe.

“The electric currents traversing the crust of this terrestrial planet,” said Asterion, “being more powerful and uniform along great mount-

* These billows are often from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet long. They are the loftiest in the world. Two ships, separated by a wave and sailing in the sea trough on either side, cannot see each other even from the topmasts. (See Sir Jas. Ross' Voyages to the South Pole.)

† The dreariest spot on the globe. Fog, mists, rains, and snows prevail throughout the year. The Fuegians are wretched savages, going nearly naked and subsisting on fish and mussels.

ain-chains, will enable us to continue our journey to the north pole without interruption."

We swiftly coursed over this cold and desolate country, frequently seeing groups of the wild and barbarous Patagonians, half-naked, catching fish in the streams or crouching around their fires under the trees. Our Martian friends, to whom the name, even, of savage was unknown, could not refrain from exclamations of astonishment and pity at the forlorn and wretched aspect of these poor creatures. We flew over Chili, crossed the Argentine Republic and Bolivia, with their great table-lands, the highest in the world, those of Thibet alone excepted, covered with magnificent forests; their fertile valleys, with vast herds of cattle, sheep, llamas, and alpacas; their three varieties of climate, from the snow-clad sierras and temperate regions of the uplands, down to the lowlands, with their rich sub-tropical vegetation.*

By midnight we entered Peru, the historic land of the Incas; that sacred race of sovereigns and supreme pontiffs, whose government was a theocracy, whose peaceful, happy people worshipped

* Lake Titicaca, occupying the western part of Bolivia, is one of the highest in the world, being 12,600 feet (over two miles) above the sea level. It is nearly as large as Lake Ontario, between the State of New York and Canada, and has no known outlet; is surrounded by numerous towns and villages. The climate is one of the most magnificent in the world. On its central island, centuries ago, dwelt Manco Capac and his consort, Oello Huaco, the founders of the great dynasty of Incas who ruled Peru.

the sun, moon, and evening star, the gods of the thunder, the rainbow, and the seasons, in gorgeous temples emblazoned with jewels and gold; the land of the great emperors Huascar, Altahu-alpa, and their fierce Spanish conquerors, Pizarro and Almagro; a land, the records of whose high civilization, wealth, and power are only seen in their antiquities and cyclopean ruins.

We entered Ecuador. Through this country the majestic beauty and grandeur of the Andean system are fully displayed. Around Quito, the highest city on the western hemisphere, twenty volcanic summits elevate their lofty crests. Vast ranges of other mountains capped with snow, their mighty peaks piercing the azure sky, reflect the glittering rays of the tropical sun. Quito lies almost in the centre of that tremendous volcanic triad, Pichincha on the north, Chimborazo on the south, and Cotopaxi on the east, whose summit is a beautiful snow-clad cone, standing out in bold relief against the deep-blue sky. To the south lies Sangai. It was in full activity as we drew near. The outbursts of flame, smoke, and molten lava were like the cannonading of armies. Its thunders re-echoed among the mountains, mingling with the still more awful bramidos from the fiery inferno below.*

* Pichincha, sixteen thousand feet high, is exactly on the equator. Chimborazo, twenty-one thousand, feet high is one of the loftiest volcanoes in the world. It is now silent. Cotopaxi, nineteen thousand feet high, is the loftiest of active volcanoes. Its eruptions

We entered the republic of Colombia. The western part of this country is the most mountainous in the world, far surpassing in grandeur, beauty, and variety the finest Alpine or Rocky Mountain scenery. Immense ranges from eighteen to twenty thousand feet high, covered with perpetual snow, lie immediately under the blazing tropical sun.

Reaching the Isthmus of Panama, we traversed Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala, and entered the great republic of Mexico, —the oldest historic land of the Western continent. This is the land of the ancient Aztec empire, with its mighty monarchs, princes, and nobles; its great nations and populous cities; its high civilization, wealth, and art; its ancient mythology; its priesthood, sun-god, war-god, and fire-god; its gorgeous palaces and splendid temples glittering with gold, silver, and precious

were frequent in times past. In 1803 Baron Humboldt heard them at the distance of five hundred miles; the sound was like the continuous cannonading of artillery. Its appearance is in the highest degree sublime; volumes of steam and smoke continually rise from its summit. Sangai is the most restless volcano in the world, having been in continual eruption ever since the Spanish conquest. It is a legend among the Peruvians that the souls of the old cruel Spanish invaders are continually tormented there. The eruptions of Sangai occur hourly, the columns of fire shooting nearly a thousand feet above the crater. At others times and during rainy weather they become more violent, the gigantic jets of liquid molten rock shooting up two thousand feet. The explosions are frightful. It is rarely visited by travellers, the surrounding country being dangerous and the ascent highly perilous.

gems, whose colossal architecture and elaborate sculpture astonished the builders and sculptors of Europe, whose altars blazed with eternal fires and smoked with the blood of human sacrifices. Our elevation commanded extensive views of this fine country, with its lofty mountains, broad plateaus, fertile valleys, and charming lakes. We passed directly over the beautiful city of Mexico, elevated on its great plateau of Anahuac more than seven thousand feet above the sea level, with its broad, well-paved streets, shady trees, and garden plats; its picturesque buildings of different colored stones; its plazas, palaces, public buildings, magnificent cathedral, and Aztec temple.

One of the propelling wings being weakened by our rapid flight, we slackened speed, coursed along the Sierra Madre and Rio Grande, entered New Mexico, crossed the plateau of the sierras beyond the plains of San Augustin, two hundred miles above El Paso del Norte, and by nightfall reached the foot of the Zuni Mountains, having accomplished the journey of nearly nine thousand miles within thirty-six hours. Repairs to the wing being necessary, the ship and ethervolts were lowered to an open glade near the banks of a stream.

The air was soft and balmy, the moon hung high in the heavens, shedding her bright light o'er the scene. The magnitude and brilliancy of the Queen of Night awakened the wonder and admiration of our friends. We took a stroll over

the glade, a short distance beyond which was a line of forest, and, near by, an Indian trail. Even at this period these regions were occasionally infested by bands of roving Indians, thievish renegades, and half-breeds.

We decided to camp for the night. The cots were brought from the ship and spread under the trees. We kindled a fire of dried branches, and took supper. Altfoura fed little Marie and stowed her comfortably in his cot. Several of our party preferred to couch on the fragrant grass under the trees, and, wrapped in our blankets, we bivouacked in picket-guard style. The silence was unbroken save by the drowsy hum of the locust, the murmur of the rippling stream, the occasional howl of the mountain wolf, or the cry of the night hawk, and we soon sunk to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

SAVAGE INDIANS.

AT midnight I was awakened by a hand stealing over my breast : a villainous-looking face with fierce eyes was peering into mine ; the glitter of a long knife flashed. I tried to rise. Suddenly a pair of strong, horny hands clutched my throat, and a heavy knee was planted on my breast. Hampered by the blanket, I vainly strove to elude the grasp. Almost strangled, I could not utter a cry, and was rapidly becoming unconscious, when I was aroused by the sound of a struggle, and by the dim light saw John grappling with the midnight assassin. Not a sound was heard but their smothered breathing. I sprang up, threw off the blanket, and staggered forward. John had thrown the fellow down, jerked the knife away, and held him by the throat. As I struck a match, the light flashed over his face.

“Hah ! Apache ! Half-breed,” I muttered.

“Ugh !” he growled, with an expression of fright. “Me no Apache, me Pawnee.”

“You lie,” I replied.

The fellow glanced toward the woods, opening

his mouth as if to shout an alarm. I snatched up the knife and held the point over his eyes.

“Shut up,” I hissed.

The fellow collapsed, squinting alternately at John and me with his wolfish eyes.

“Get off him,” said I to John.

“Hi! Cap’n Fred, he heap bad-lookin’ chap,” said John, unclasping his hands and rising.

“Now get up,” I ordered. “I am a government officer and after just such rascals as you.”

The half-breed scrambled up. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered, powerfully-built fellow, with a villainous physiognomy, flat forehead, and bull neck; his whole physical make up showing the worst traits of mixed white and Indian blood. In times past the Apaches have given our government much trouble. Of all the tribes between the Arkansas river and California they are the most treacherous, cruel, and bloodthirsty. The very name of Apache was significant of torture, outrage, and death of men, women, and children on the plains of Arizona and New Mexico. Although the Apaches have been nearly exterminated, or their remnants gathered in the government reservations, wandering bands occasionally infest these regions, committing their depredations and outrages on emigrants and unprotected settlers. They go by the name of “reservation devils;” they can fatten on acorns, roots, baked cactus, century plant, and thrive on food that no white man could stomach; can travel on their

ponies or on foot a hundred miles a day, over sun-burnt plains and desert mountains. The half-breed was clad in mixed white and Indian attire. Around his brawny throat was a fine silk scarf, fastened with a valuable cameo pin. John had never seen a specimen of our noble Indian, and gazed on him with mingled curiosity and aversion.

“Search him,” said I.

John drew from his pockets several trinkets, evidently belonging to some white tourist, a fine Rogers’ pocket knife, solid gold sleeve-buttons, with the letters A.G.B. engraved in monogram, a fine linen handkerchief with monogram in needlework, and several English gold coins.

“How came you by these?” I asked.

“Found ’em,” he replied sullenly.

“You lie.”

“Gem’man giv ’em to me.”

“Who?”

“Dunno. Britisher, I reck’n.”

“Where is he?”

“Gone dead.”

Suddenly a light flickered among the trees about a hundred yards away. The prisoner sprang back, struck John a blow in the face, clapped his hand to his mouth to shout the alarm whoop and started out. I quickly seized him by the throat, hurled him to the ground, putting my foot on his breast.

“Your gang is over there,” I muttered, pointing to the light. “My party is over

yonder," pointing to the camp. "Government troops."

The fellow opened his eyes with a frightened look.

"You will lead my party to your camp. If you play false or utter a sound I'll have you strung up alive to the tallest tree of the forest, till the buzzards pick your bones clean."

The half-breed nodded as if scared out of his wits.

Dare-devils as Apaches are, ready stoically to face death by stake or bullet, they have a perfect horror of hanging. Old army officers know this, and the stringing up of a dozen captured redskins along the trees skirting a trail will scare off any number of marauding gangs, scores of miles away.

"How big is your gang?" I asked.

"A dozen, 'cluding me 'n cap'n; got pris'ner too."

"Who is your prisoner?"

"Britisher—rich chap—cap'n 'specks big ransom fur 'im."

"Who's your captain?"

"Orson Hawk."

I had heard of this renegade white outlaw before. A more cruel cut-throat never roamed the southwestern plains. I ordered John to call up some of our party and bring the Winchesters and revolvers which we had saved when the ship was dismantled in the storm. He departed and in a

few moments returned with Altfoura, Asterion, Captains Sussonac and Fulminax, and four officers. They gazed on the wretch with astonishment and aversion.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Altfoura. "Is it possible that such degraded and wicked-looking creatures exist on this planet?"

With no little shame I admitted the fact that this specimen was probably no worse than millions of other terrestrial human productions. I distributed the arms, having previously instructed my friends in their use. Hartilion now strode forward; at sight of him the half-breed seemed almost paralyzed with fright.

"Gorry-mighty!" he gasped. "Guv'ment got terrible big war-chief."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Wos babtized Ebenezer, they calls me Eb, fur short."

"You were brought up in the mission at the government reservation?"

"Yaas,—dad war a road agent."

"Stage robber?"

"Egzackly. Mammy war his squaw; when dad war strung up, mammy jined the mission, got pious."

"And this is the pious way your squaw mammy raised her Ebenezer?"

The fellow grinned from ear to ear. I ordered John to tie his hands behind his back.

"Now," said I, "you will lead us to your gang."

If you give the alarm, I'll have you strung up on the spot."

"Wa-al, cap'n, ef I giv's 'em up, ye'll let me off?"

"No promises—wheel about—lead on."

Silently and stealthily as a red-skin on the track of his sleeping victim the half-breed crept forward with leopard-like stride, John close behind, and our party following in Indian file. The light flickered among the trees. We came to the forest's edge; the half-breed halted.

"Lemme sing a hymn," he whispered. "That tells 'em all's right. I allers sings a hymn mammy larned me, afore turnin' in. Cap'n likes to hear 'em; when I'm singin' they won't hear yer footsteps."

I nodded, and the mission disciple sang in a whining nasal tone:

"I want to be an angel, 'n jine the angel band,
A crown upon my head 'n a harp within my hand;
To cross the river Jordan; —'n —'n—,

Cuss'd ef I ar'nt got stuck on that hymn."

"Go on," I muttered, "or I'll send you t'other side Jordan right off."

"Cap'n, I duzn't want to go thar' jist now. I tells ye 'onest truth; that's all I knows,—'cept a temp'rance hymn as Orson allers tuck a fancy to."

"Strike up your temp'rance."

“All right,—here goes ;” then in regular drunken cow-boy style, he hiccupped out :

“ Pass the can, my jolly boys,
I'll sing a little song,
'Bout the drink we all enjoys,
And shove the jug along.
Here's success to rum,
Drink it down; (hic)
Here's success to gin,
Drink it down; (hic)
Here's success to whisky;
We'll all get tight and frisky ;
We'll redden up the town,
Drink it down.”

We were now close to the trees. Suddenly a rough voice from within called out :—

“ Hello, there ! Eb, that you ? ”

“ Bet yer life, Cap'n Hawk.”

“ Why don't ye come in and take a swig ? ”

“ Comin' right off ; bin settin traps fur to catch squabs. Hev a nice hot stew fur breakfass.”

“ All right,—hope you'll trap a whole covey. Hello ! Jake, shove up that jug, or I'll——”

There was a long, gurgling sound, and the rough voice roared out :

“ A punch of rum and a whisky skin,
With lemons all so yellow ;
A cocktail mash and a brandy smash,
Ar' just the drinks for me, O !
The jolly boy that swigs like a fish,
And goes to bed mellow,
He lives as he ought to live
And dies a clever fellow.”

“Your captain is pretty good at sampling up,” said I.

“Orson kin stow away more 'tanglefoot 'n chain lightnin' 'n any four of us chaps, 'n never show it,” replied Ebenezer with an air of pride.

A succession of gurgling sounds announced that the sampling was going on generally and the jug travelling lively. In a short time a concert of snores arose. The half-breed nodded. We stole stealthily through the trees to a small opening. In the centre was a smouldering camp fire, around which ten full-blooded Apache Indians lay in a circle, wrapped in their blankets. A dozen Springfield rifles were stacked against a tree; at a short distance lay a human form wrapped in a blanket.

“Britisher,” whispered the half-breed.

On the other side lay a tall form wrapped in a blanket.

“Cap'n Hawk,” whispered he.

I silently distributed our force and fastened the half-breed to a tree.

John and Hartilion crept around and secured the rifles. Suddenly a branch cracked, one of the Apaches raised his head and glanced about him; our party sprang forward, rifles and pistols levelled.

“Hello! you red-skin devils,” roared Hartilion, in a voice that made the woods ring. “The troops are after ye!”

I had taught my Martian friends the English

language long ago, and they could converse and read almost like natives ; Hartilion could employ it pretty strong on occasion.

With one simultaneous yell, the Indians sprang to their feet ; as they saw this tremendous giant towering in their midst, they seemed paralyzed with fright. An uglier looking gang of Apache thieves and cut-throats could not be found on the plains ; they were tricked out in full war-path-attire. I ordered them to hold up their hands ; they saw the game was up, and gracefully yielded to the persuasions of Messrs. Colt, Winchester & Co. In the confusion, the chief, who lay outside the circle, bounded up like a panther and disappeared among the trees, closely followed by John, rifle in hand. We tied the gang hand and foot. All at once a muffled voice came from underneath the blanket on the other side of the circle.

“ Quite a pretty *coup de main*, 'pon my soul.”

We ran to the spot and threw off the blanket. The captive lay flat on his back, bound hand and foot in Indian style to a long sapling laid lengthwise the body ; a gag of grass was partly displaced from his mouth. I cut the bonds, raised him up on a log, set the men rubbing his hands and feet, which were badly swollen, and gave him a drink of water, which he received gratefully ; then with a polite bow and pleasant smile, he said :

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUE.

“GENTLEMEN, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am under the necessity of introducing myself. If you will kindly remove a card-case from my left-hand waistcoat pocket, my fingers being somewhat stiff, you will ascertain full particulars; that is, provided these gentlemanly *chevaliers d'industrie* have not surreptitiously appropriated the same.”

I removed a handsome Russia leather card-case from his pocket, and drew out a finely engraved card

Sir ARCHIE GRAEME BLAKE.

— Manor.

Ayer.

I arose, bowed, and introduced myself, titles and all.

“I am delighted to make your acquaintance, my dear sir,” he replied, “and greatly regret that it could not have been inaugurated under more propitious surroundings. I deeply grieve also, that owing to the somewhat semiparalytic status of my lower extremities, I am incapacitated from

responding to your polite salutation by rising from this recumbent monarch of the forest ; ‘ *Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi* ;’ excuse the bucolic. I trust, however, you will accept the animus for the deed, and beg to assure you of my high appreciation of your truly valuable services on this occasion.”

“ Sir Archie, pray don’t mention it. I and my friends are only too happy to have rendered you any service.”

“ Pardon me, my dear Lieutenant, but I have not quite completed my observation.”

“ I beg your pardon, my dear Baronet, for the interruption.”

“ Which is also that I beg you and your friends to accept ten thousand thanks, poor and feeble though they be, ten thousand times repeated, ‘ *del fondo de mi corazon*,’ as the Spanish say, for releasing me from a very awkward and wholly illegal durance vile.”

I responded to the baronet’s courteously expressed thanks in behalf of my friends in as polite terms as possible.

“ My bed for the last ten nights has not been one of roses, like Eden’s bower ; neither could I, as one of your great poets has recommended, ‘ wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams.’ This damp sod has been my mattress and pillow ; the ‘ slumber’s chains that bound me,’ as Tom Moore says, yonder green sapling and withes ; my bed-

fellows spiders, scorpions, toads, and snakes indigenous to these delightful regions ; my position immovably *decubitus*, highly favorable to *incubus*. Futhermore, whatever somnambulic inclinations I may have had in the way of snoring or talking were effectually blockaded by that grass gag, cud, or whatever it may be. By Jove ! Lieutenant, I felt quite envious of King Nebuchadnezzar when he was turned out to grass. He could ruminate, reflect, and change his cud at pleasure, while I was compelled to ruminate and reflect on the same old cud all the time. Still, I ought not to repine, for has not the great Lord Bacon said ‘ Reflection maketh a wise man ? ’ ”

Our new-made acquaintance was about thirty, of medium stature, well-knit, athletic frame, ruddy complexion browned by the sun, handsome dark-gray eyes, rather plain features, their expression frank, earnest, and sincere. His manners were dignified and affable, showing the high-bred, courteous gentleman. His voice and enunciation were charming, his laugh contagious, and the merry twinkle in his eye when he let loose a *bon mot* perfectly irresistible. He was of gentle blood on both sides ; on the paternal the Blakes of Somerset ; on the maternal the Graemes of Ayer, honorable knights and baronets all, from the days of King James and the Bruce, with never a cloud on their escutcheon. On the death of his father he became heir to the title and manor ; his two sisters wedded distinguished members of the peerage ; his

young brother was studying hard for his degree at Oxford. He had travelled over the world, loved wild adventure, was a keen sportsman, and preferred roughing it in the bush to dawdling at his club or engaging in the empty frivolities, pleasures, and pursuits of fashionable life. His sportsman's outfit was complete; two splendid Rigby rifles, a Frazer shotgun, revolvers, fishing-rods and tackle. His portmanteau contained a portable photographic apparatus, artist's portfolio, a neat and elegant dressing-case, with necessary articles of clothing, most of which had been appropriated by his captors. He was clad in a rough corduroy tourist suit, rather the worse for wear.

I now introduced my Martian friends by American names, without announcing their titles or residences. Sir Archie was quite too well-bred to express the slightest manifestation of surprise at their superior appearance and peculiar complexions, but the stature and proportions of Hartilion were a little too much even for his English phlegm. He received and responded to their warm greetings with characteristic courtesy, standing rather unsteadily on one leg.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for alluding to a somewhat unpleasant incident, but my awkward response to your salutation is due to the fact that my considerate host did himself the pleasure and me the honor to introduce a pistol bullet through my right lower pelvic extremity, midway between the tibia and fibula, probably with the

view of retaining me as his honored guest for some time to come. As I happen to have a smattering of surgery, he kindly permitted me to do up my extremity in proper shape, for which I thank him."

We examined the leg ; the wound was dressed in a style that would have done credit to an army *medico*.

Sir Archie now related the incidents of his capture. His party, consisting of his friend and former college chum, Captain —, a faithful servant man, two friendly Indians, and a trusty white scout, had left Silver City some weeks before, on horseback, for a trip up the plateaus. Having lost their way in the wilderness, they met the half-breed, who promised to escort them to the nearest settlement. One night they were attacked by Hawk and his band. After a desperate battle, in which four of the Apaches were slain, Captain — and himself were taken prisoners. Hawk was hurrying them off to his camp in the Zuni mountains to negotiate with their friends for a heavy ransom. Captain — had made his escape, and was probably on his way to the nearest settlement to give the alarm.

"This villainous half-breed led you into this ambushade," said I.

"It may be," he replied, "although I was loth to believe it, he was so fair-spoken."

"And your other companions?" I asked.

The baronet's features worked ; he could not

speak ; with a deep groan he bowed his face on his hands.

“Scalped,” muttered the half-breed, pointing to a tree. Dangling from a branch, hung four half-dried human scalps, knotted together by the hair, the coagulated blood still clinging to them. A cry of horror burst from all.

“And those ?” I asked, pointing to four other scalps hanging from another branch ; one that of a man ; from the second streamed a long tress of chestnut hair ; from the two others, little ringlets of soft yellow hair waved in the night breeze ; those voiceless witnesses told the pitiable story of outrage, mutilation, and murder.

“Colorado miner, woman, ’n babbies,” muttered the half-breed.

My blood ran cold ; finally I gasped out, “Did your captain and you stand by and see that done ?”

The wretch shrugged his shoulders.

“Friends, comrades,” said I, “the ‘*lex talionis*’ prevails here. The doom of these murderers is sealed before to-morrow’s dawn.”

CHAPTER IV.

JUDGE LYNCH.

THE whole party was bound to the trees, Har-tilion and the officers mounting guard over them. We removed Sir Archie to our camp. During the night his grief for the loss of his faithful servant man and guides, with the uncertainty as to the fate of his friend, Captain——, was distressing to witness. Doctor Hamival dressed his wound, which had caused him much suffering. After two hours, John, accompanied by one of the officers, brought up his prisoner, securely bound. I ordered him to be removed to the prisoner's camp. Within twenty minutes I followed with two of the crew, carrying a dozen ropes. We entered the glade, and the leader of the gang was brought forward. This notorious renegade outlaw was tall, muscular, and lithe as an Indian. His repulsive countenance was stamped with the impress of cruel and brutal passions. A long, red scar, received in some hand-to-hand combat, reaching from eye to jaw, intensified his savage aspect. With his low forehead, scowling brows, wolfish eyes, reckless and defiant air, he looked the very dare-devil he was. I ordered him to be unbound.

The ruffian shook himself like a hound, and glared around.

“Your name is Orson Hawk,” said I.

“Reck’n my name is good as ary other man’s,” replied he boldly.

“For years your pathway has been stained with the blood of innocent victims, slain by you and your gang.”

“Defy ye to prove it ; dead fo’ks tell no tales.”

“Sixty of ’em ennyhow ; men, wimmen, and children, not countin’ Injuns and scouts,” muttered the half-breed tied to his tree.

“Ar’ that you, Ebenezer ?” growled the outlaw, with a furious glance at his treacherous associate.

“Bet yer life, Cap’n Hawk,” replied he, with a sickly smile.

“You war ’arter squabs, I b’leeve ?”

“Hev’ trapped ’em, Cap’n ?”

“Here’s my compliments to ye, Ebenezer ;” and the outlaw spat in his face ; then turning to me—
“What ye goin’ to do with me, ennyhow ?”

“Your murderous career has now drawn to a close,” I replied.

“Take me to the nearest fort or settlement. I’ll stand trial. Let this d—d sneak turn state’s evidence ; two kin play that game.”

“They would string you both up by drum-head court-martial within twenty minutes.”

“I demand law and justice. Ef you ar’ a guv’ment officer, you ’ar bound to see that I gets it, by —”

"You shall have both, just the sort that fit out-laws and murderers like you."

"What sort?"

"The law and justice of Judge Lynch."

"Humph, ar' you goin' for to murder me?"

"No ; but you are going to be the instrument of executing this very law and justice on every one of your bloody, red-skin gang."

"What d'ye mean?"

"You and your half-breed are to string them all up to the branches of these trees."

"Spose'n I won't do it?"

"You'll both be strung up, back to back, with hooks under your shoulder-blades just above ground, till the buzzards pick your eyes out, and the wolves chew your legs off."

Orson shrugged his shoulders ; Ebenezer grew green with fright.

"Ef I 'grees to the job, you'll let me and him off?"

"Fur God's sake don't let him off," yelled the half-breed. "He'll murder me."

"You ar'nt worth murderin', Ebenezer," remarked the outlaw quietly.

"You shall both be free," said I.

"All right," replied he with a grin. "A bargain' is a bargain'. I b'leeve guv'ment officers never backs down on 'greements with them of their own color, but with red-skins I shouldn't like to say."

I ordered the half-breed to be unbound. The men tossed them the hal'ters already noosed.

“Captain Hawk,” said I, “you and your associate go to work ; be spry about it, time presses, make a clean job of the business.”

Amid a perfect uproar of yells, curses, and prayers for mercy, the bucks were brought forward and ranged in line. It was a weird and ghastly scene, the camp fire casting its flickering light on those yellow, villainous visages. I ordered them to be gagged, as their cries were deafening ; their limbs were trembling, their eyeballs glaring with terror. The chief coolly examined the nooses, slipping them back and forth to see if they “worked easy,” while ever and anon the hoot of the owl or croak of the raven, that ominous bird that doth “bellow for revenge,” broke the stillness of the air. As the night breeze waved those bloody scalps to and fro, it almost seemed as if the spirits of those murdered victims did “shake their gory locks,” like the ghost of Banquo, in the faces of their murderers.

The half-breed stood holding the halters, a devilish leer on his face. I glanced at the chief ; his scarred visage worked, and a tear stood in his eye, as he muttered between his clenched teeth :

“Cuss me ef I ever conceited I war ever goin’ to play Jack Ketch on my own boys.”

I rushed away from the spot to a distance, threw myself under a tree, and bowed my face on my hands. Thirty minutes passed ; an officer approached.

“Execution is accomplished,” said he.

“The chief and half-breed?” I asked.

“Securely bound and awaiting your orders.”

“Guard them through the night; their fate shall be decided to-morrow,” I replied; and the officer departed.

It was a gloomy satisfaction to know that New Mexico was minus half a score of red-skin devils, demonstrating the truth of the old army proverb, that the only decent Indian is a dead one.

CHAPTER V.

THE ENGLISH BARONET.

NEXT morning the cloth was laid under the trees and we assembled around it. Sir Archie had done his hosts the honor to appear in a cheviot suit, fresh from his portmanteau, and in latest London style. He had decorated the board with bouquets of wild flowers, and wore a *boutonnière* on the lappel of his coat. In compliment to our guest, we also sported bright *boutonnières*. Little Marie occupied the head of the table on Altfoura's knee, and was the subject of special attention. I expected that our Marsian *cuisine* would astonish the baronet ; but your thorough-bred Briton is the last man in the world to manifest any surprise or curiosity in that direction, and the *menu* was discussed without comment. Even had he been informed that the viands were imported from foreign parts a hundred and twenty million miles distant, it is doubtful whether any expression of surprise would have escaped him. No allusion was made to the scenes of the night. We discoursed on various topics. The baronet was thoroughly *au fait* on every subject. For so young a man his knowledge was extensive and

accurate, and his travelling experience immense. He had an abundance of polished wit and excellent humor, and was altogether a most genial and charming companion. Breakfast concluded,

“ Sir Archie,” said I, “ would you like to see our facilities for travelling in this country ?”

“ With pleasure. I take great interest in horses. In fact, without egotism, I am considered a pretty good authority in equestrian matters. I purchased a fine outfit of well-trained Indian ponies for my party at El Paso. They did excellent service, till run off by a band of Texan horse thieves, before we met Hawks, gang. I sincerely hope you'll not meet with a similar mishap.”

I escorted him to the adjoining glade, where our air-ship was reposing on the grass, the ether-volts, fastened by their guys, floating over the trees.

“ Aerial steeds, quite an improvement on the equine! In the field of invention we Britons must yield the palm to our American cousins,” said he, with a polite bow.

“ Sir Archie,” said I “ my friends are *en route* for the north pole. We should be delighted to have the pleasure of your company.”

“ I accept your invitation with pleasure. We can settle the question as to the existence of an open polar sea or a big magnetic mountain there, the discovery of which would redound somewhat to our credit, I fancy.”

The baronet's acceptance of my invitation was

received with great satisfaction by our friends, and we hastened our departure. The officers secured specimens of plants and flowers, and John trapped a few birds, all for transportation to the Martian botanical gardens. Sir Archie's portmanteau and the arms were put aboard. The ethervolts were secured by their guys to the ship. At the last moment the robber chief and the half-breed were unbound and brought forward. They were stupefied with amazement at sight of our aerial vehicles, evidently believing that if the United States Government had adopted the balloon system of warfare, our enemies would stand no chance whatever.

"Your lives are spared according to promise," said I. "You are free."

"But wot's to become of us, ennyhow?" they whined. "No arms, no knives, the nearest settlement a hundred miles off. Ef we go there, they'll hang us sure. We'll starve to death or be eaten up by the wolves in these blind woods."

"There's the stream, the bush. Trap your game as best you can. Hang or starve, as you please. 'Twere fit that your flesh be torn and your bones bleach in this wilderness, whose every trail is stained with the blood of your victims. The very ground cries out for vengeance against you."

"Oh, have pity, have mercy!" they cried. "Take us aboard, or leave us food and arms?"

"What pity did you show those poor innocent

victims, that wife, those tender babes, whose scalps hang on yonder trees? Food, arms, with which to pursue your cruel career? Never."

The air-ship and ethervolts rose from the glade and sped over the trees. The last objects lingering on our gaze were those murderers on their knees, with outstretched hands, shrieking out their mingled prayers and curses against us and the dreadful Nemesis whose avenging shadow was now looming over them.

Directing our course due north, we flew over the country with graceful motion. Sir Archie took the beautiful working of the electro-motor mechanism as a matter of course, like any other Yankee invention. I expected he would be considerably puzzled at seeing us upheld in the air without balloons; but he manifested no surprise. I explained the *modus operandi* of the antigrav batteries.

"The scientific principle is perfectly clear," he quietly replied. "All things in Nature go by contraries; action and reaction are everywhere. We have cold versus heat; darkness versus light; liquid versus solid; north versus south; up versus down; and, of course, we also have antigravity versus gravity. You Americans have happened to find it out and are shrewd enough to utilize it. You are the greatest inventors in the world. I only wonder you hadn't invented it long ago."

I began to doubt whether the baronet would be surprised at anything.

We now entered Colorado. In this State the great continental chain of the Rocky Mountains properly begins. In order that our friends might view the remarkable scenery, we passed over Pike's Peak, Crested Butte, Gothic Mountain, and the Holy Cross, so named from the figure on its crest formed by the crossing lines of two ravines filled with snow, and conspicuous many miles distant. We crossed Maroon, Castlepeak, and the Italian Mountain, so named from its red, white, and green colors; passed over the San Luis, an immense elliptical-shaped bowl, the bed of a dried-up lake covering over nine thousand square miles. I should have been glad to show my friends the great cañons of the Colorado, the most magnificent display of colossal scenery in the world, but they lay in Utah and Arizona, and time did not permit.

In a short time we saw a long, slender filament of steam with a line of cars following in its train, passing over the plain. Our friends viewed it with curiosity.

"What is that funny little affair?" asked Captain Sussonac.

"Can it be possible, my dear sir, you do not recognize the Union Pacific railroad?" queried the baronet, elevating his eyebrows. "That is a vestibuled express train, with passengers bound for California at the rate of forty to sixty miles per hour."

"I took it for some child's toy," said Har-

tilion, "sort of tea-kettle mounted on little wheels."

I explained to Sir Archie that our party had never seen a railroad nor steam-cars in their lives.

"Really, this is very extraordinary," he replied. "Allow me to suggest, Lieutenant, when your unsophisticated rural friends have completed their polar trip, bring them over to London, where they can see a little of life and the gay world. I shall be delighted to entertain them. We'll run over to Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg; we'll have a glorious time."

I refrained from informing Sir Archie that the land of my unsophisticated friends could show a good deal more of life, the gay world, and glorious times, and in altogether superior form and style, also, to anything those small villages could boast of.

The train passed on. Two trackmen came bowling along in a hand-car. Sir Archie was desirous to send news to his friends. The ship was lowered near the track and we stepped out on the grass. The men gazed at our vehicles with open-mouthed amazement. I explained that we were a party of tourists taking a trial trip in a newly-invented flying-machine, and they took it as a matter of course. The baronet wrote a letter to his relatives in London briefly announcing the fate of his friends, and that he was on a trip to the North Pole; then handed it to the man

with a few gold pieces, enjoining him to mail it at the nearest station, with a cablegram from New York to London. The man, who was an honest-looking fellow, promised to do so. His companion was a country peddler with a large push cart filled with miscellaneous articles which he was taking to some settlement off the line—books, magazines, papers, groceries, and fresh market truck, which awakened the curiosity of our friends. Here was an opportunity of giving the Martians some idea of terrestrial current news and literature. I bought copies of “Harper,” “Scribner,” “Science Monthly,” “North American Review,” “The Arena,” New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago papers, “London Times,” “News,” and “Paris Figaro.” In order that the Martian ladies might get an idea how their terrestrial sisters were attired, I took a “Bazaar,” “*Bon Ton*,” and “*Revue de la Mode*.” Being anxious that our friends should have a good opinion as to the literary taste of their terrestrial cousins, I thought best not to get any society or sensational novels; they deal principally with the movements of our gay world, the frivolous lives and petty sentiments of our fashionable Lovelaces, *fin-de-siècle* Claribellas, and other kid-gloved and silken nonentities, or with the weakness, meannesses, passions, and propensities of poor terrestrial humanity—such a species of scribbling as would instantly be consigned to the bonfires should it ever be imported to Mars,

that planet having evolved from its own inglorious epoch of so called "light literature" centuries before literature of any sort was ever born on this terrestrial ball. At this point it may be stated that, should any writers of the modern French corrupt school, or their baser American and English imitators, ever show themselves and their work on Mars, they would be instantly consigned to the moral-reform asylums; and if those measures failed, they would be banished to Misery Land for life and compelled to eat their own productions.

Sir Archie bought some good cigars and tobacco, and two bottles of Hennessy brandy. Doctor Hamival was curious to analyze a few of our popular alcoholic productions in his laboratory. We laid in several samples of old rye, Bourbon, and Jamaica rum. The market truck affording an opportunity of treating my friends to a terrestrial repast, we bought a sirloin of beef, leg of mutton, turkey, chickens, canned vegetables, and groceries. We paid the man a good price, and they went on their way. We remounted the ship and continued our journey. John, who was a capital cook, got up an excellent dinner. Sir Archie, who had agonized on Indian dog and bandit tack for a fortnight, enjoyed it immensely. The Martians partook of the vegetable *menu*, and complimented our terrestrial productions, but politely declined the roast beef, turkey, and chickens. This rather surprised our

beef-eating baronet, to whom I explained that they were vegetarians.

“An exclusively vegetable diet,” remarked he, rather dogmatically, “is prejudicial to mental and physical development. All vegetarians I have ever seen are generally weak, timid, spiritless creatures.”

I was confident that when this beef-eater became better acquainted with our Martian vegetarians, he would probably take back his opinions on intellectual development, courage, and spirit, and particularly on physical strength, in case our Leviathan-tamer should consent to exhibit a sample of it.

For some time we had occupied seats on deck, our ship coursing along leisurely, in order to give our friends views of the scenery. Sir Archie rather innocently asked whether she could keep up with an express train at usual speed. I suggested to Captain Sussonac to show off her paces a little, which he did so satisfactorily that we were compelled to descend to the cabin for fear of being blown off deck.

“Very good,” remarked the baronet. “This aerial vehicle begins to realize my expectations.”

The ship now put forth the full power of her mighty wings. She sped over forests, dashed through ravines, whizzed up mountain slopes, soaring from peak to peak, whirled in great spirals far above the clouds, till they seemed like a vast aerial ocean floating beneath; then,

sweeping down like a meteor from those awful altitudes, flew over the plains like a hurricane. The sound of her mighty rush was like the roar of a cyclone.

“What is her rate of speed?” quietly asked the baronet.

“Five miles per minute,” replied Captain Sussonac.

“Really, my dear Captain, I see nothing extraordinary in this. In that very excellent work by His Grace the Duke of Argyll on ‘The Reign of Law,’ the flight of a bird through the air is scientifically elucidated. Now if a poor little carrier pigeon, without any science, can fly more than a mile a minute, it strikes me that this big machine, full of science, certainly should be able to fly more than five miles a minute.”

It struck me that the baronet was expecting a good deal from science ; but I hoped to be able to accommodate him.

“It can,” I replied. “Our friends have perfected a great invention. They can erect magnetic stations in our large cities through the country, and by means of powerful magnets affixed to the prows, our ships can fly at the rate of fifty to seventy-five miles a minute.”

“Very good ; that begins to look like business ; how exceedingly convenient. If you and I happened to be in London at my club, say about eight o’clock in the morning, and wished to take a trip, we could embark on our air-ship, fly over the

Atlantic to New York in time for nine o'clock breakfast, cross the United States to San Francisco before finishing our cigar, speed over the Pacific, reaching Yokahama in Japan in time for noon lunch ; course over China, India, Persia, Turkey, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, France, Belgium, the channel, back to London in time for our three o'clock drive in Hyde Park. Now if your friends should ever wish to sell the patent right, or go shares, come over to London. We'll get up a big syndicate and pay them a thumping price for the bargain. We'll sell our railroads for old iron, consign our ocean steamers to the break-up docks, and hoist our locomotives on the shelves of our antiquarian museums."

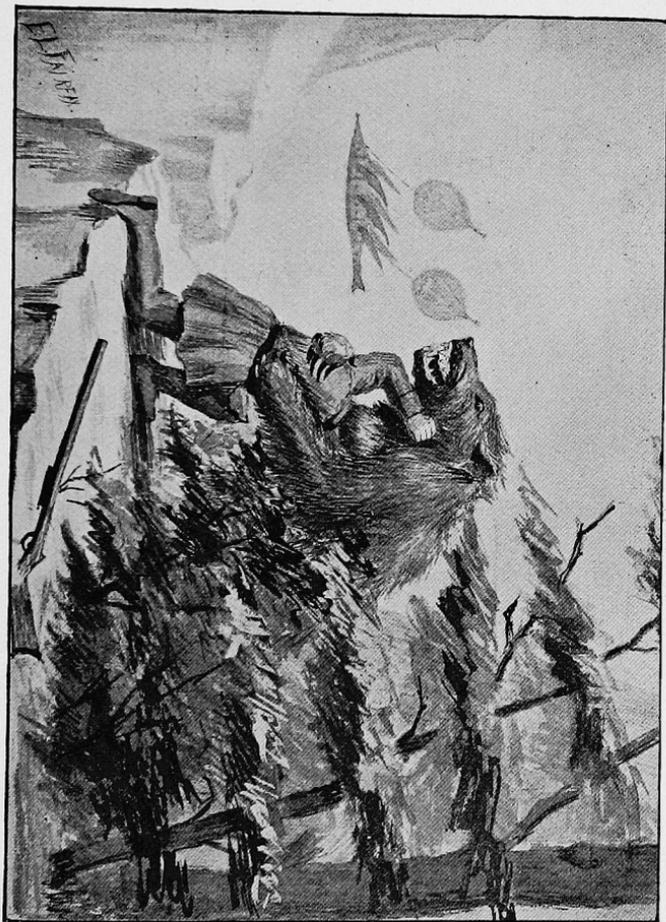
It was evident that any human being on Earth or Mars who should attempt to surprise Sir Archie Græme Blake with anything in the shape of an invention would have his hands full. I was pleased to see also that he was quite ready to accept any practical illustration of a scientific truth, no matter how stupendous it might be.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WILD WEST HUNTER.

WE now entered Wyoming, coursing over the plateaus and mountains of this remarkable country. Although it was winter, the weather was fine, and during a great part of the trip we had remained on deck, viewing the splendid scenery. We reached the Big Horn Mountains and were skirting the edge of a great ravine nearly three thousand feet across, its rocky banks sloping steeply down several hundred feet to a rivulet running at the bottom. These ravines, or gulches as they are called, are generally dry in summer, but during the great spring freshets caused by the rapid melting of the mountain snows, and also when great cloud-bursts take place in the mountains, they become converted into furious torrents filled nearly to the brim, pouring down into the plains and valleys below, sweeping everything before them, spreading for many miles out in great shallow lakes, which are speedily evaporated by the sun, or sucked up by the porous, alkaline soil.

On the opposite side of the gulch was a narrow ledge running up the mountain slope, covered



MR. JINKS' ENCOUNTER WITH THE GRIZZLY. — (PART I, CHAP. VI.)

with a dense growth of underbrush and trees. We were coursing slowly along, when suddenly a human cry was heard, mingled with savage roars. On the opposite ledge a tall and powerfully-built man was desperately defending himself from a huge shaggy-haired beast. He was standing on the narrow ledge, beating the animal over the head with the butt end of his rifle.

"Really," said the baronet, laying down the "Times" and taking a quiet observation through his field-glass, "that grizzly bear seems to have important business with the hunter."

Our Martians were in a high state of excitement, never having witnessed such a scene before.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Altfoura, "the poor man will be killed. Haste! let's fly to the rescue."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," replied the baronet, "if I presume to suggest that it is quite unnecessary for us to fly. In my humble opinion the rescuing business can be effectually accomplished here. Lieutenant, will you kindly ask our New Zealand friend to bring from the cabin my Rigby, marked *Long range* on the stock."

John ran down and brought up the weapon. It was plainly mounted and appeared to have seen much service. The baronet examined the loads and adjusted the telescopic sight.

"Captain," continued he, "will you kindly direct this aerial steed to pause in her gambols for a few seconds?"

Captain Sussonac gave the order, and the airship paused with gently waving wings. We were on a line with the opposite ledge nearly half a mile distant. Hartilion watched the combat with sparkling eyes.

“By Pluto!” exclaimed he, “I would like to tackle that grizzly, as you call it, single-handed.”

“You would find him an exceedingly tough customer, my dear colossus,” replied the baronet. “*Ursus major hirsutus* is an antagonist not to be despised. He has remarkably well-developed claws and canines, and would undoubtedly make matters highly interesting for you, strong as you are. In a set-to between *Ursus* and *Leo*, I would bet my bottom dollar, as the miners say, on *Ursus*.”

The butt of the hunter's rifle suddenly broke short off, and the next moment the bear had him down on the edge of the precipice, fiercely biting and clawing, while the man was striking swift blows with his long knife ; but powerful as he was, and evidently accustomed to such encounters, it was plain that he would be torn in pieces. We were all terribly excited, but the baronet was cool as a cucumber.

“Good God ! Sir Archie,” I shouted, “the poor fellow will be killed in half a minute.”

“Pardon me, my dear Lieutenant, if I doubt your somewhat premature conclusion ;” and the baronet methodically raised his rifle, his

eye to the sight, his finger on the trigger, then paused.

“Exceedingly awkward ; the man’s arm is playing around the bear’s ribs over the very spot where I desire to deposit my shot. It is the supremest folly to introduce your shot in any other part of grizzly ursine anatomy except just back of the left shoulder. Now, if I am to score my game on that desirable spot, I shall be under the painful necessity of transmitting my charge through the man’s fore-arm, directly between the bones ; I grieve to do it, but as ‘*necessitas non habet legem,*’ ergo, *Homo et Ursus habent.*”

The baronet’s form became rigid as iron ; he touched the trigger ; a long flash shot from the muzzle, and while the sharp crack rang in our ears, the bear sprang up with a hollow roar, bowed his huge head under his fore-paws, and rolled down the steep slope to the bottom.

The applause greeting that magnificent shot made the rocks ring. The baronet laid his rifle across his knee and quietly resumed the “Times ;” the man staggered to his feet and glanced wonderingly around. We hurried across the gulch, drew up near the ledge and stepped out. The hunter presented a fearful sight ; his tough leather jacket and leggings were torn and ripped, and his face as covered with blood. He held his wounded arm, still clasping the knife, in his left hand ; his broken rifle lay at his feet ; he stared at the ethervolts, the ship, and us, alternately.

“Jeehoshophat! Glass b’loons hitched onto a big flyin’ fish! What in thunder won’t them Yanks get up next?”

“Are you much hurt, my friend?” I asked, stepping forward.

“Waal, clawed ’n chewed up a bit, that’s all. Fact is, stranger, I’m kind o’ used to bar. Hev had bizness with a good menny in my time, but that grizzly war a little too hard on me. Cartridges guv out afore I cum across ’im. Ef old Joe hadn’t got his stock broke ’n my Arkansaw tickler gin eout, I’d ’ave bested the bar. Who ar’ yew fellars, ennyhow; war d’ye hail from; what ar’ that maysheen?”

“We’re a party of tourists from the Eastern States, on an air-ship.”

“Dang my skin ef I didn’t take ye for a travellin’ Chinee theayter, with yer dime-show freaks, red-skins, yaller skins ’n blue skins. Haven’t washed yer stage paint off.”

“Oh, we’re travellin’ *incognito*.”

“Yaas;—sailin’ under aliases. Right smart sprinklin’ o’ them chaps ’round these diggin’s. Who fired that shot, ef I’m ’lowed to ask?”

I pointed to the baronet.

“Looks like a Britisher.”

I nodded affirmatively.

“Hello, thar! Mister Britisher! Look o’ here,” showing his arm. “See!—yew’ve bored a hole ‘twixt the bones. My carcass ar’ chock-full o’

shot, but cuss'd ef I ever war parforated that style befoh."

Sir Archie laid down the "Times," limped down from the deck, and hobbled forward.

"My dear man, I am deeply grieved that I was under the painful necessity of producing a solution of continuity between your right radius and ulna; but they were meandering immediately over the fifth rib of my game; consequently it was impossible for me to deposit my charge without raking the aforesaid member. I sincerely hope I make myself clear to you."

"Clear as mud," replied the hunter, looking down on the baronet benignantly. "Waal, stranger, that p'int bein' settled, mebbe I'm 'lowed to ask whar' war ye when ye squinted for the bar?"

I pointed across the gulch.

"'Bout half a mile off; tip-top shootin', by Joe! Stranger, yew're a trump, sure as my name ar' Ephraim Jinks, 'n all the ranch-boys 'lows Uncle Eph ar' no chick'n with a shute-iron."

The baronet bowed his appreciation of the compliment; I introduced them; the hunter greeted him with a tremendous left-hand grip.

"Mister Barrynet, yew've saved my life, 'n I thank ye for't. Ef it warn't fur that shute o' yourn', Eph Jinks war a gone coon, sartin."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Jinks, I beg," replied the baronet, returning the grip with interest. "Now, as I happen to be something of a dabster,

as they say, in the way of physic and surgery, permit me to attend to your wounds."

"All right, Doc Blake; pr'aps I requires a little stitchin' up. Go ahead with your surgery; I'm agreeable."

One of the men brought a neat and compact little surgical case, with the usual appliances, from the baronet's portmanteau. The hunter's body and limbs had been severely lacerated and bitten in many places, even through the tough leather jerkin. Water was brought from the stream. Sir Archie dressed the wounds with a skill that would have done credit to a regular army surgeon; Mr. Jinks laughing, joking, and telling stories about "bar" all through the operation, as indifferent to the clipping and stitching of scissors, needles, and thread as a tailor over his board. The operation concluded, John offered him a bottle of Kentucky bourbon. The hunter raised it to his lips.

"Here's yer good healths, gen'lmen, yer wives 'n your fam'lies,' as old Rip Van Winkle says; may they all live long 'n prosper."

Mr. Ephraim Jinks was as magnificent a specimen of a Wild West hunter, Indian fighter, and scout as one would wish to see. He stood six feet six. Raw-boned, long-limbed, sinewy, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, his whole herculean make-up showed prodigious muscular strength, combined with extraordinary activity. His countenance displayed indomitable courage, resolution,

and self-reliance. His complexion was swarthy ; his iron-gray hair thick and shaggy ; his heavy eyebrows shaded his rather fierce but good-humored dark-gray eyes ; his tremendous mustaches were horned up almost to his ears ; his age was about fifty. He informed us that he had a sheep and pony ranch up in Montana. A roving band of Crow Indians had burned him out, ran off his ponies, killed his "pardner," and he had narrowly escaped with his life ; but he had succeeded in "squarin' 'counts" with a dozen of the thieves and was on his way through the forest to Cheyenne. The baronet, who had greatly admired his stalwart proportions, innocently queried if he were a native of North Carolina or Texas, which States enjoy the reputation of producing very tall men.

"Mister Doc, if enny gen'leman but yew had ax'd that onperlite question, I'd bin riled. Texas ? North Car'liny ? No, sir-e-e-e, not by a jugful. Ef thar's enny cuss trash I dew deespize off the face o' this arth, it ar' a Car'liny tar-heeler 'n Lone Steear keow-boy. I hearn tell o' them critters as jined a Wild West show, 'longside a pack o' blarsted red-skin devils, travellin' the States 'n forrin' parts. I 'spizes 'em worse nor a Missouri puke, a Denver gambler, or a Leadville bully ; mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve I've wiped the floors of a good many sheebangs with dozens of 'em. Them varmints hev' to roost oncommon high when Uncle Eph comes 'round. I war born in

the mountains of East Tennessee, consekently am what ar' called a 'Big Bender,' 'n most folks knows what that means."

The "Big Bender" looked quite competent to bend the toughest "tar-heeler," cow-boy, gambler, or bully, several times double in ten seconds.

Sir Archie queried about the game in these parts.

"Plenty bar', cinnamon, brown, 'n grizzly; lots o' wolf, catamount 'n coyote. Red-skins tew, if yew're arter that sort o' game."

The baronet averred that he was opposed to taking human life except in self-defence.

"Mister Doc, mebbe I 'm 'lowed to observe, a red-skin ar' the cussedest varmint on the face o' the arth, allers lyin' in wait to sarcumvent ye, the skulkin', sneakin' devils! My rule is, shoot 'em on sight."

Sir Archie queried if buffalo were to be found.

"Did yew ever squint squar' at buff'lo?"

The baronet confessed he never had.

"Danged ef yew ar'nt the honestest spoken gen'leman I've set eyes on these twenty years, a-a-nd the fust as warn't a reg'lar blower on buff'lo, a-a-nd did'nt swear he'd brought 'em down by the dozen. Sportin' gentry ar' heavy on boast-in', verry--speecial 'bout buff'lo. Them beasts war pretty nigh all killed off long ago. I've keeled over many a big bull in my time, but I wouldn't draw bead on 'em now for a double handful o' the shiniest gold chinkers yew could offer. It goes entirely agin' my grain to take aim at the last o'

them noble beasts that once roamed these plains in mighty droves."

Hartilion now came forward. I introduced him as Mr. Hop-o-my-thumb, and the six-foot-sixer and ten-foot-sixer shook hands. The Big Bender, for the first time in his life, was compelled to adopt the latest pump-handle style to reach the mighty Martian's palm. These titans of different worlds viewed each other's magnificent proportions with mutual admiration.

"Mister Hop, Uncle Eph ar' proud to knew ye. The big Philistine King David keeled over with a sling, as the Bible tells on, couldn't hold a candle to ye. Tennessee mountains projuce some right tall chaps; mebbe I'm 'lowed to ask, whar d'ye hail from?"

"The mountains of Patagonia," replied Mr. Hop, with a grin.

I now introduced the Martians by Americanized names, without announcing their residence or titles. As it would be difficult to convey Mr. Jinks to any fort or settlement without subjecting ourselves to public curiosity, the prince invited him to join our party."

"Mister Al'Fury, I 'low yer invite ar' harnsome, 'n I'm not the tike to butt agin it. Fact is, I'm gettin' old, 'n kind o' tucker'd out o' this wild life. Thar arn't a livin' soul as bears my name. I'll jine ye, providin' I kin pay my way 'n arn my livin' on the squar'."

The prince set his mind at ease on that point.

“That pint bein’ settled, mebbe ye’d like to know suthin’ ’bout my reecord ; for when a fellar shows up his docket befo’hand, it makes pardnership all the more ’greeable.”

“Very true, Mr. Jinks.”

“You ’grees to that. So I may as well tell ye I’ve done a heap ’o human slaughterin’ in my time. Yes, Mister Al’Fury ; Ephraim Jinks can trewly say, his trail ar’ red with human gore, Injuns’ included.”

The Martians looked rather aghast at this extraordinary confession.

“’Arly in the sixties, when I war a young chap, I married my gal. She war’ a beauty ; good as gold ’n true as steel. We had a home, ’n the little ones come along in dew time. We war verry poor folks, ’n it war hard scrabblin’ to make both ends meet. Brother-in-law parsuaded us to leave the mountains o’ Tennessee ’n go to Salt Lake to better ourselves. Woeful day that war fur us all. When we got settled ’n war doing well, the Mormons tried to make us jine their religion, but we weren’t no backsliders to desert the faith of our forefathers. Then they began to parsecute us, as they had parsecuted the gentiles all along. One o’ the high cockalorum apostles sot eyes on my Ruth, ’n offered her fine dresses ’n jewels to leave me ’n be sealed to him, as they call it,—wife Number seventeen ; but she slapped his jaws ’n kicked him out doors. Them war the days o’ the ‘Danites’ ’n ‘Destroyin’ Angels,’ who did the

apostles' bloody work, murderin' gentiles. One evenin' I come from the field to my little home ; my wife 'n little ones war gone. That gray-haired old lecher, with his gang, had carried her off to his rake-hell seraglio, had killed brother-in-law, 'n sot his spies to lay in wait for me. I fled ; war an outcast, a wand'rer ; no wife, no little ones. God in Heaven ! I wonder I didn't go mad, or die. I fled to the wilderness ; made my home thar'. I didn't vow vengeance. Oh ! no, gentlemen ; I went for it straight. I war on the track o' that apostle 'n his gang day 'n night like a sperrit ; in the city, the field, the desert, the forest, through cold 'n heat, through rain 'n snow. Seven long years I shadowed 'em. Forty-six o' that gang fell beneath my rifle, my bowie, my naked hand. I caught the apostle at last. How that old sinner did beg for life.

“ ‘What's become o' my wife, my Ruth ?’ says I.

“ ‘She stabbed herself to death that very night, afore she'd be sealed to me, and it's God's truth I'm tellin' ye, Mr. Jinks. She war true to you.’

“ ‘I knows that,’ says I ; ‘no use for you to say it. What's become o' my children, my dear little babes ?’

“ ‘We bro't 'em up to serve in the temple to become the elect,’ says he.

“ ‘Yes, to ruin them, soul and body, with your devil worship,’ says I.

“ ‘Would ye like to know what's become o' that

apostle, gen'lmen? Ask the buzzards 'n crows that picked his bones clean when he was strung up alive on the tree. Pr'aps their Mormon God tuk him 'n his gang to the Mormon heaven. But on the Judgment Day, when we'll all hev' to stand befo' that bar, with my Ruth and my dear ones by my side, I'll enter my plea agin' Brigham Young, his Apostles, his Saints, Danites, and Destroyin' Angels; so 'elp me God."

Many an eye was moistened at this touching recital.

"Since them days," continued he, "I've bin a wand'rer o'er these mountains, forests, and desert plains, from the Mississippi, over the Rockies and far beyond, from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico. Now, gen'lmen, ef my reecord suits ye, I'm yer man."

We all assured Uncle Ephraim that his docket was perfectly satisfactory, and shook him warmly by the hand.

The dead bear was a magnificent specimen of the grizzly species, and of enormous size. Altfoura was desirous to take the pelt home as a trophy of the baronet's skill as a marksman. Ephraim had frequently mounted wild' animals for sporting parties. Under his directions John and the men removed the skin with the head and paws, stuffed it with dried grass and sewed it up in so workman-like a manner that it looked almost like the original Jacobs, standing up on all fours in the fore-cabin.

We now hastened our departure. The ship flew over the Big Horn Range and great volcanic plateau to the famous Yellowstone Park. Mr. Jinks, who was familiar with these regions, pointed out the more important objects of interest, the chocolate buttes, geysers, hot springs, and lakes. We passed over Montana, British Columbia, crossed the famous Selkirk Mountains, called the American Switzerland, with its snow-field and glaciers, running down to the forest-clad valleys, with their magnificent spruce, cedar, hemlock, and pine trees of gigantic size. Many of these views are far more grand and beautiful than those of the Tyrolean Alps. We continued our journey without interruption, and by midnight, having flown more than two thousand miles, reached the mouth of the great Mackenzie river, which empties into the north polar ocean at latitude 70. Vast fields of snow and ice extended around us. We were within the Arctic circle, immersed in the darkness of the polar winter's night, which continues nearly six months; fourteen hundred miles lay between us and the pole. What obstacles and dangers we might encounter in our flight over those desolate regions we knew not. Skirting along the ice-bound shore, and finding a quiet little cove, we lowered the ship and ethervolts to the water and moored to a stationary iceberg. The calorific apparatus kept our ship warm and comfortable. We took supper and retired to our cots for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

ALASKAN ESKIMOS.

EARLY next morning we left the bay, crossed the ice-bound coast, and flew to the northeast over the open sea, which was dotted here and there with icebergs and floes. We had advanced about two hundred miles when John, who had been looking through the dome, suddenly called out—

“Hi! muchee funny-lookin’ creatures out there on the ice.”

A low, flat, irregular-shaped floe-berg was slowly floating about half a mile distant.

“They appear to be some strange species of hairy animals,” said the officers.

“Them ar’ Alaskan Eskimos,” said Ephraim. “I travelled through Alaska three years ago; visited the forts ’n settlements; kin jabber a little o’ their queer lingo. Thar’s a thunderin’ lot o’ lingos among ’em; * a feller has to be a travellin’

* The dialects of the Alaska Eskimos along the coasts and in the interior are numerous and diverse, so much so that the different tribes cannot understand each other. This is markedly seen among the Alaskan and Siberian Eskimos, who, though separated only by Bering Strait, are incapable of holding any verbal

dictionary to find out what he wants from one settlement to t'other. Them chaps ar' castaways."

"We'll go to their relief at once," said the prince.

In a few moments we reached the floe-berg, lowered the ship to the water, moored alongside, and stepped out on the icy platform, a few acres in extent of solid blue ice, which rose in the centre to a small hillock. An Eskimo man, woman, and child, clad in their Arctic dress, were kneeling as if in fear. Two large Eskimo dogs ran howling to the other side of the floe. A kayak, or sealskin boat, with paddle, harpoons, lances, cords and buoys was fastened to the hillock. The poor creatures were evidently alarmed at sight of our ship and ethervolts. As we stepped toward them, the man rose to his feet; the woman remained kneeling and clasping a four-year-old chubby boy in her arms. The man threw back his hood.

"Whok! ka! Ki-na tam-na?" (Hello! who are you) said he.

"Mullekeet. Illi-gat shunet," (Americans, friends) replied Ephraim.

"Asheck pa! Tsham'uk at-cha?" (Good. What's your names) exclaimed the Alaskan, grinning from ear to ear, his black eyes dancing

communication with each other. See reports of the International Polar Expedition to Point Barrow, *etc.*, by Lieut. Ray.

with pleasure as we shook hands all round. Ephraim gave our names, the Eskimo repeating them over on his fingers to fasten them on his memory.

“Ki to sit ?” (What’s yours) asked Ephraim.

“Chingarook,” replied he ; then beckoning to the woman, smiling all over her round, olive face, showing her snow-white teeth, “Kalayunah. Nu-la-cha.” (My wife.) Then pulling forward the sturdy four-year-old, muffled up in his fur jacket and leggins, looking like a baby polar bear, cramming his fingers in his mouth, and frowning at us with his sharp, black eyes :

“Keeoquassi. Ili-le-gah.” (My son.) Then pointing to the dogs. “Oosisoak. Akojiuk.” The two canine giants came forward, wagging their tails and sniffing around us. Chingarook took great pride in introducing his interesting little family ; then standing on tiptoe and placing his hand on Ephraim’s shoulders, they began to rub their noses together. This is the seal of friendship, equivalent to kissing ; for the Eskimos never kiss. Kalayunah and Keeoquassi did the same, and our party went through the ceremonial.

“Kaich—tut enka ?” (Are you hungry) asked Ephraim.

“Wah ! Wah !” (Yes, yes) they cried. The officers brought out a liberal supply of food. It was interesting to see these poor half-famished castaways discussing viands brought from another world ; but had the fact been made known

to them it probably would not have surprised them. They enjoyed the Martian lunch with great gusto, frequently expressing their gratitude in lively terms, "Ku-yana, Ku-yana," (Thanks, thanks). Eskimos are enormous eaters, and can stow away a prodigious amount of whale blubber or seal fat. Oosisoak and Akojiuk came in for their full share, and their girths were greatly augmented by the time they were licking their chops. We drank water melted from ice over their primitive seal-oil stone lamp, a precious boon to these poor people. They were as fine specimens of the Alaskan Eskimos as could be found in that country. Chingarook was only about five feet six, but his broad shoulders, well-knit frame and splendidly developed muscles showed great strength and activity.* His features were pure Mongolian; high cheek-bones, flat nose, ruddy, olive complexion, sparkling black eyes, coarse black hair, and magnificent teeth. His expression was honest, open, and ingenuous. He was about twenty-five years old. Kalayunah was a pretty specimen of an Eskimo beauty; her form round and plump; cheeks rosy as a

* The Eskimos, though short of stature, possess extraordinary muscular strength and activity. They excel in many athletic exercises, often surpassing the whites. They are wonderfully fleet of foot, and are expert wrestlers and boxers. In one of the settlements a woman carried a box of nails weighing over two hundred pounds on her shoulder two miles through the snow, and a man lifted an anchor weighing eight hundred pounds into a boat.

peach ; teeth white as ivory ; and her eyes like black diamonds. Keeoquassi was a sturdy and vigorous boy. They were clad in their usual dress of reindeer, fox, and seal skins, tastefully arranged ; and Kalyunah wore ornaments of walrus ivory, earrings, bracelets, and turquoise necklace.* She was tattooed in the usual style on the chin. Chingarook could talk a little broken English. He informed us that, in consequence of the great destruction of seal, walrus, and whale, by the piractical American and foreign hunters and whalers along the coast, † many of the tribes were compelled to travel farther north in search of food. He, with several other families, had departed with their reindeer, dogs, sledges: and traps, across the country, and had established their camp at Mackenzie Bay on the firm ice-floes, giving them easy access to the open water. During the winter many of them had perished from starvation. One night, during a severe storm, the floe on which he camped broke away and was driven out to sea. They barely escaped with their lives ; had lost their sledges and all but two of their dogs, but managed to save their kayak and traps.

“ Esho-wuk, I-wok, Okawuk, Nauook, Tin-ooop,

* The richest deposits of this precious stone are found in northern Siberia and Alaska.

† Full accounts of the indiscriminate slaughter of these creatures, which constitute the staple food of the American Eskimos, have been given in our government reports.

Ookenlik, Ah-lokto." (Seal, walrus, whale, bear, silver fox, reindeer, all gone.) "Ah-pa, An-na, Ilyuga, Nooka, Nuigilu, ok vin ile gam-uch-ta iluhut in noon-a-sinik" (Father, mother, sister, brother, friend, six dogs, all dead), said Chingarook, the tears rolling down his cheeks; while Kalayunak and Keeoquassi cried as if their hearts would break. The situation of this poor little family appealed to our sympathies; to leave them would ensure their death by starvation, and the nearest settlement was many hundred miles distant.

"We will take them home with us," said Altfoura.

Ephraim explained to Chingarook that we were travelling in an air-ship, and would take them to a warmer country where they could get plenty of food, whereat they seemed highly pleased. The kayak was lashed on the ship's deck; their traps, arms and dogs were taken to the fore-cabin. We embarked; our ship rose from the waters, taking course to the northeast. We expected our new guests would be frightened at being aboard such a craft, but they seemed to enjoy it. Keeoquassi jumped up and down, clapping his hands and shouting, "Iki-gika! Oomeakpuk Tingaro ongaruit. Nutan!" (Hurrah! ship fly very big. Well done!)

CHAPTER VIII.

ARCTIC BEARS.

IN a few hours we reached the Parry group of islands, about half-way to the pole. Altfoura wished to secure specimens of polar birds frequenting these regions. The ship was lowered to a little cove and moored to the beach. Several of our party set out to take a stroll over the snow-clad landscape; Hartilion, Ephraim, and Chingarook remaining on the deck. We had gone some distance, when John, who led the way, passed around a rocky headland. Suddenly we heard loud shouts, and he dashed out from behind the rock, pursued by an immense white bear, while her three cubs followed.

“Run, Capn’ Fred!” he yelled. “Run, gentlemen; ’coz if you no gettee aboard ship terrible quick, white bear eatee you up. By Jingo!”

We were unarmed. Discretion was the better part of valor. We stood not on the order of our going, but went, rolling and tumbling over each other on the slippery ice. John ran like a deer, the bear after him like a texan steer.* Reach-

* Polar bears are provided with stiff short hairs on the soles of

ing the ship, we leaped on deck and rushed pell-mell down the ladder to the cabin. The bear halted about a hundred yards off, her cubs trotted up in front of her, rose on their haunches, cocking their heads this way and that, elevating their noses, sniffing and regarding our craft with great curiosity.

Our Martian friends wished to secure the cubs, but as such an undertaking involved the killing of the mother, Altfoura would not permit it.

“Umph!” grunted Chingarook. “Want baby nau’-ook? (bear) Me catch ’em;” then turning to Ephraim,—

“Chli-buk, shach’ lak, nuknechtuk,” said he.

“Ching wants sweet cakes, cookies, ennything o’ that sort. He ar’ goin’ to try the honey-fugle trick,” said Ephraim.

Among our stores was a supply of cakes flavored with delicate Martian spices and honey. The Ursine tribe are blessed with a sweet tooth and a decided *penchant* for cakes and confectionery; as for honey, they will attack bee’s nests and hives regardless of stings. A bear prefers apples, cookies, mince-pies, and molasses candy to acorns, beechnuts, or young pork, any day.

John filled a paper bag with cookies. Chingarook, wrapping the red Indian blanket around his body and head, his nose only sticking out, took the bag, descended from the ship, crawled

their feet which prevents them from slipping on the ice; they can run more swiftly than any other carnivorous animal in they world.

on his hands and knees over the snow toward the bears. Arriving within about thirty yards, he squatted down bear fashion, and began to eat the cookies, making peculiar sounds resembling the whine of a young bear. The Ursines manifested the utmost curiosity at sight of this red nondescript. The cubs poked their noses forward, scenting the cake and gazing at Chingarook wistfully with their bright little eyes.

"Y-e-e-a-a-ow. Y-e-e-a-a-ow," whined Chingarook, in exact imitation of a young cub.

"Y-e-e-a-a-ow," responded the cubs.

"O-o-o-fff!" muttered Madame Ursa, sniffing suspiciously.

"Off, you say?" replied Chingarook. "Baby nau-oooh want cookee?" tossing one toward them.

One of the cubs sprang forward, snatched and swallowed it, smacking his lips. Chingarook tossed another; two sprang forward. Then came the *mêlée*. The way those infant Ursines boxed and cuffed each other would have aroused the applause of the featherweight fraternity. Each got his share, looked supremely happy, glanced at Chingarook wistfully, and wagged its abbreviated caudal appendage vigorously. He tossed the cookies more rapidly and at shorter distances. They advanced nearer, without fear, and finally stood up in front, feeding out of his hand. Martian cookies were certainly at a premium.

A three months' baby polar on his native plains

is one of the wonders of creation. With his soft fleecy wool, white as snow ; his pretty pink nose, sparkling eyes, wriggling little ears and tail ; his cunning, coaxing ways ; and his plaintive "Y-e-e-a-a-ow," he is perfectly irresistible. He never scratches nor bites, but stands straight up and boxes *au* Marquis of Queensberry. Could any of our fashionable canine-petting dames secure one of these beauties, she would not trade him for all the skyes, terriers, pugs, and poodles in the kingdom.

Chingarook tossed cakes to the mother, but she resisted temptation, keeping her eye fixed suspiciously on the red stranger who had enticed her young ones. The infants looked supremely blest, regarding their generous donor affectionately, licking their chops, smiling all over their pretty faces, and yeeaowing for more cookies.

All at once he crammed their mouths chock-full, tossed the bag to the mother, threw off his blanket, seized one of the cubs by the nape of its neck in his teeth, grabbed the others and bolted for the ship. The old bear gave a thundering roar, and rushed after him, gnashing her teeth furiously. Chingarook, having gone nearly half-way, dropped one of the cubs. The mother paused and began shoving and pushing it along toward the rock with her nose and forepaws. By this time Chingarook reached the ship and ran down the ladder cubs in hand. We all applauded vigorously.

“ Iki-gika what-doa, Nah-go ” (Don’t hurrah just yet), he puffed. “ Nau-ook come right off, heap mad, ”—cramming the cubs into a basket and stuffing them with cookies.

In a few moments back she came, her eyeballs like coals of fire, her hair standing on end, her huge jaws wide open. She bounded on deck, tearing and clawing at the hatchway in a fury ; had it not been of the strongest metal, she would have ripped it off. Her roars were frightful, as she raged and ramped over the deck, which trembled beneath her bounds.

“ Madame Ursa appears to have lost her temper, ” said Hartilion. “ I think I had better go up and soothe her down a little. ”

“ Escuse me, Mister Hop, ” said Ephraim, “ I knows suthin’ ’bout she bar ’; hev been thar be-foh. Yew’ll find that polar the toughest customer yew ever tackled. I’ve sized the critter up. Look at her claws. Danged ef she couldn’t rip the gizzard out of the biggest menagery lion or tiger that ever travelled, in a jiffy. The only individooal as mought stand up agin’ her ar’ a grizzly. B’gosh ! Wouldn’t I like to see a squar’ fight ’twixt ’em ? Thar’d be some lively tusslin’. Mebbe I’d bet my bottom dollar on the grizzly, ’n mebbe I wouldn’t. ”

“ I think I’ll go up and introduce my Rigby to the irate female, ” said Sir Archie, taking up his weapon.

“ Mister Barrynet, ef yew ar’ anxious to hev

yer head took straight off yer shoulders befo' ye kin squint yer eye on her—why, go ahead.”

In the meantime, Madame Ursa had undisputed possession of the deck, and the question arose how the writ of ejectment was to be served on her.

“Gen'lmen,” said Ephraim, “I hev a little pro-jeck on hand, 'n ef I'm 'lowed to practise on't without no interferin', I'll guarantee to sarve the walkin' papers.”

The Big Bender was duly empowered to regain tenancy at will. He spoke a few words to Ching-rook, who grinned from ear to ear; then throwing a white blanket over his head and shoulders, he ascended the ladder, quietly slipped the hatch-way aside, and raised himself half-way out. The bear, taken by surprise, drew back a few paces, growling furiously. Sir Archie crept up close by his side, rifle in hand.

“Yew'll escuse me, marm,” began Ephraim with a bland smile, “ef I'm 'lowed to obsarve yew ar' makin' yerself a leetle too promiscus 'round these premises. Fact is, marm, ye ar' trespassin' whar ye don't b'long, 'n that ar' a noosance 'cordin' to law. Neow take the advice of an old hunter as has tackled many an individooal o' your sort, tho' not of your color, n' please make yerself a leetle more 'greeable, or a leetle more scarce, jest as yew please.”

“Ou-u-u-uff! Ou-u-u-uff!” roared the madame in double bass tones that shook the ship, gnash-

ing her terrible fangs and rearing up on her hind legs.

“Come, now, old lady, the bellowin’ bizness ar’ played out. Eph Jinks don’t scare worth a cent. Ef ye don’t conduce yerself like a decent female, I’ll introjuce one o’ yer country cousins from Wyoming. Mebbe you’d like to make his ’quaintance.”

“O-o-o-ff! O-o-o-ff!” roared madame, ten times louder than before, advancing toward her blanketed interlocutor step by step, her long fore legs stretched out. Woe betide any living thing that meets the affectionate embrace and hooked talons of an irate *polar Ursine*. Sir Archie leveled his rifle under Ephraim’s shoulder.

“Mister Barrynet, this ar’ my game, ef yew please, and I’ll ’low no foolin’ round here with a shute iron. Hello! Ching, bring up cousin Grizzly.”

Sir Archie retired rather chopfallen. Chingaroo and John brought the stuffed bear up the hatchway and shoved it out on all fours, right in front of the polar. She drew back, silently regarding her defunct country cousin for several moments, then, reaching out her long neck, brought her nose in contact with that of the grizzly. What she thought, hoped or feared, will probably be never known to mortals; but her feelings were deeply affected. She looked wistfully in the glazed eyes of her southern cousin and whined, affectionately licking the clay-cold nose,

cheeks, and ears. Then raising her eyes heavenward, uttered a long, most pathetic and heart-broken howl ; shook her head in melancholy style, turned slowly about, marched to the railing, uttering another more prolonged howl, clambered down the ship's side, took a leisurely lope toward her distant icy lair, and disappeared over the snow-clad plains.

CHAPTER IX.

HUNTING WALRUS.

THE waters of the cove were quiet; beyond, where the tide swept the shores, they rolled in heavy breakers. A faint bellowing sound was heard in the direction of a rocky bluff jutting out in the ocean.

“Whok-ka! Kwau! I-wok! I-wok!” (Hello there!—hark!—that’s walrus!) exclaimed Ching-rook, pricking up his ears and grinning with delight.

“Ching, I reck’n that ar’ egzackly the sort o’ game you allers takes a shine to,” said Eph-
raim.

“Wah! (yes) me go catch ’em.”

The kayak was lowered to the water.* Ching-

* “The kayak of the Eskimo and Greenlander is a shuttle-shaped canoe, fourteen to sixteen feet long, as many inches wide in the middle, with no keel, its bottom being round. Both ends taper upward in a high curve. Its framework is of whalebone, or some light strong wood, covered all over, except the round hole in the middle, with tanned seal skin sewed by the women with reindeer sinew thread, and perfectly water-tight. The hole in the top is just large enough for the kayaker to squeeze his legs and hips into. It is surrounded with a wooden rim over which the kayaker securely laces the lower edge of his jacket with cords, rendering it im-

arook jumped aboard, squeezed his legs into the central opening, cording his jacket around the rim, his harpoons, lines, and sealskin bladders blown up with air,* lances and spears by his side. John offered his rifle, but he shook his head.

“Nah-ga. Nah-ga. (No. no.) Catch 'em so, so!” pointing to the harpoons. Chingarook pushed off and, whirling his paddle, sped over the cove like a sea-mew. Could our university boat-crews or professional oarsmen have seen him, they would have yelled with delight. Chingarook could have distanced the best of them any day. His wonderful kayak seemed almost to fly. To give us sport, he indulged in aquatic pranks, whirling over and over in summersaults like a wild duck, boat and all; Kalayunah and Keeo-

pervious to water. In this frailest specimen of marine architecture that ever carried human freight, the bold kayaker propels himself with a wooden, double-bladed paddle about six feet long. It is grasped in the centre and smites the water right and left alternately. In its motion through the water the kayak is graceful as a swan; having neither ballast nor keel, it is rather top-heavy and liable to tip over. It takes long practice to manage it. Children paddle around in their little kayaks. No tight-rope dancer ever needed more nerve or skill of balance. Yet in this frail craft the kayaker can rush through whirling surf, or ride the most tremendous billows that would swamp any boat, no matter how skillfully manned. Often in mere sport he will turn complete summersaults in the water, like a wild duck.”—Hayes, “Open Polar Sea.”

* When walrus or seal are harpooned, they instantly dive to the bottom. The line and bladder mark their course through the water, and also help to bring them up when dead.

quassi squatted on deck, laughing and clapping their hands. Reaching the cove's mouth, where the billows rolled tumultuously, he mounted their crests like a feather, plunging into their deep hollows, rushing through clouds of spray, and disappeared behind the bluff.

Several moments passed. All at once loud roars and bellowings, like lions and bulls in combat, were heard.* Chingarook had encountered a herd of walrus. Our party manifested great excitement.

"By Joe!" exclaimed Ephraim, "that ar' like a big herd o' buff'lo on a tearin' stampede."

"Out with a life-boat," said I. "Chingarook is having a busy time. He may need help, and we'll see some fine sport."

The boat was got out. Our party, Ephraim excepted because of his disabled arm, jumped aboard with rifles and revolvers; we rowed from the cove, entered the breakers, and rounded the bluff into the open sea. A highly spirited scene was displayed.

Chingarook had harpooned a big walrus behind the shoulder, but not in a vital part. The creature had dived, as they always do, and after a few moments had come up for breath; Chingarook wrapped his harpoon line around the wooden peg on the rim. The walrus was tearing through the waves, roaring with pain and rage, dragging

* The tones of walrus are deep and ponderous, resembling the bellowing of the bull or baying of the mastiff.

the kayak, while the driver kept it upright with strokes of his paddle. He was surrounded by the whole herd, bellowing like mad bulls, many of them rearing half-way out of the water, trying to hook their long tusks on the boat and upset it; while he was doing his best to fight them off, pounding their noses with his paddle. It was fortunate we came at the moment, or the kayak would have been upset and its driver torn to pieces. It is dangerous business to encounter a herd of enraged walrus, in a boat, even with a well-armed crew; more so than to meet a herd of mad buffalo on their native plains. The scene was novel and exciting. We rushed the boat into the thickest of the herd, following the kayak, pouring volleys from our winchesters and revolvers, killing many walrus. Crowds of others, uttering loud, harsh shrieks, their huge, red mouths wide open, their long, sharp tusks gleaming as they plunged forward, trying to hook them over the gunwales of the boat, gathered around us, while Hartilion and the rowers banged them over the snouts with their oars. Chingaroo had already harpooned four, when one huge fellow, who had been pursuing the kayak, wheeling about, rushed through the waves toward our boat, roaring in a fury. He was evidently one of the leaders of the herd. Sir Archie, who had been cool as a cucumber, bringing down his game in quiet, sportsmanlike style, levelled his Rigby.

“Hold !” said Hartilion. “I’ll put that fellow through his paces.” The baronet lowered his weapon.

The walrus rushed toward us. He was full sixteen feet long, and his body was larger than a sugar hogshead.* With his fierce eyes, red as coals, his bristles standing up all over his broad snout like porcupine quills, his gleaming tusks and enormous red mouth, a more formidable and ferocious-looking antagonist could not well be imagined. The moment he got alongside to hook his tusks over the gunwale, Hartilion hit his nose a stunning blow, snatched a rope, and before the astonished brute could recover his senses, sprang on his back in front of the flippers, threw the slip-noose around the lower jaw, grasped the ends in his left hand, and beat the walrus over the flanks with his oar. The creature, struggling furiously to shake off his rider, tried to dive ; but Hartilion, clasping his powerful legs around the shoulders, jerked up its head ; the walrus started off at full speed, the triumphant jockey flourishing his cap and shouting at the top of his voice—“Hurrah ! Come on, boys ! Follow in the wake of your terrestrial Leviathan.”

The whole herd, frightened to see their comrade mounted in that style, scattered over the sea as fast as their flippers and tails could carry them.

* A full-grown bull walrus will weigh from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds.

In the meantime Chingarook pulled alongside his exhausted walrus, despatched him with his lance, and paddled ashore, towing his game behind him. Hartilion followed, driving his steed on shore, then, dismounting, seized him by the tusks and, exerting his herculean strength, dragged him high and dry on the beach, where he lay flapping his flippers and tail.

“Well done, my brave little sea-horse,” said Hartilion, scratching and patting the bristly snout. “I haven’t had so good a ride since I mounted old leviathan.”

The Martians examined these denizens of the polar seas with much interest. Chingarook paddled out and despatched several of the wounded walrus with his lance, and they were drawn on shore. Altfoura was desirous of securing specimens for mounting in the royal museum. Chingarook and Ephraim performed the taxidermic operation, and chopped out the tusks of others, securing a full supply of walrus ivory, which was deposited in the fore-cabin. Chingarook secured a quantity of walrus meat and blubber, and the dogs made a hearty meal off the carcass. We caught eider ducks, ivory gulls, ptarmigans, and guillemots, and deposited them in baskets.

“What shall be done with our sea-horse?” asked Hartilion.

Regretting we had no extra ethervolt to take this polar Leviathan on a Martian trip for consignment to the Zoo gardens, it was decided to

let him go. Hartilion untied the rope, scratching and patting the huge head. The Arctic equine seemed pleased, looked up gratefully to his rider, uttered several contented grunts, wheeled about, scabbled over the ice, plunged into the sea, and made off for his scattered herd. The life-boat and kayak were lashed to the deck railings, the air-ship and ethervolts rose from the cove, and we steered for the pole, eight hundred miles distant.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLIZZARD.

WE had advanced about two hundred miles when the sky became overcast, and a dense mass of dark clouds, charged with a tempest of snow and sleet, came looming up from the western horizon. A polar blizzard was approaching.

“Be in readiness to elevate the ship above the storm belt,” ordered Captain Sussonac.

Thalek, the electrician-in-chief, announced that one of the antigravs had accidentally become exhausted of its power. An hour would be required to replenish it, and it would be impossible to elevate the ship more than three thousand feet above the surface.

“Then we shall have to encounter the tempest as it comes,” replied the captain. “Withdraw the propelling wings, project the tips only of the fore storm-wings out to steady her, and veer the ship about. We shall have to scud.”

The ship and wings were placed in position ; the hatchway was closed ; two men were stationed at the wheel, as the strain on the aerial rudder would be very great.

The cloud mass, rising like an immense curtain,

ascended to the zenith and slowly passed over to the opposite horizon. The heavens were immersed in darkness ; all at once a deep and mournful tone vibrated on the still, cold air.

“ ’Tis the boom of the coming storm,” said Captain Sussonac. ‘Keep her head straight to leeward ; the fore storm-wings well up, to steady her. If the wind strikes broadside she will capsize.’”

Scarce had the words left his lips when the blizzard burst on us in all its fury. Torrents of snow and sleet flew by on the whirlwind. The ship and ethervolts were tossed like leaves. We momentarily expected the latter to break loose ; had such a dreadful accident happened, we might never have been able to return to Mars ; but the strong cables held them fast, as we scudded before the tempest, which howled and shrieked around us in a terrible manner.

“What’s the speed of the wind ?” asked Captain Sussonac.

“A hundred and thirty miles per hour,” replied Vidyuna, consulting the instrument.

The lights were lit in the cabin. The surges of the ship were so violent that we were compelled to cling to the supports. In spite of the heating apparatus the cold grew intense. The metallic hull creaked under the molecular contraction caused by it, and the machinery almost blistered the fingers of the engineers. The spirit thermometer outside the window registered 90 degrees

below zero.* Clad in our heavy fur jackets, leggins, and capotes, we looked like a company of polar bears standing on their hind legs.

“*Deva Hiamanta!*”† growled Hartilion, stamping around the cabin, swinging his arms and pounding his shoulders with his huge hands. “If this isn’t enough to freeze the marrow in a whale’s bones.”

“Sir Archie,” said Altfoura, with a twinkle in his eye, “I fear we have made a mistake by taking a polar trip in the dead of winter.”

“On the contrary,” replied he, “by doing what no other polar navigators dare undertake we shall achieve the greater glory.”

“Provided we ever get there,” remarked Captain Sussonac. “From present appearances, it looks as if we should be blown all around the pole.”

“Law bless ye, cap’n,” laughed Ephraim, “this ere arn’t a sarcumstance to them big blizzards as comes tearin’ down the plains of Wyoming ’n Montany. Jeehoshaphat! don’t they make things howl?”

Poor Doctor Hamival sat muffled up to the eyes, his teeth chattering in his head. The commodore mounted on his perch, his head buried in his feathers, looking forlorn and miserable. Little Marie was quietly sleeping in her cot.

* See Kane’s “Arctic Exploring Expedition” and other works, for intense cold at the polar regions.

† The Martian mythological deity of winter.

Chingarook, Kalytunah, and Keeoquassi, quite at home in any sort of polar weather, were enjoying a hot walrus stew in the fore-cabin. Ephraim and John had set the young polars by the ears, and they were boxing and cuffing each other in Marquis of Queensberry style, to the great admiration of Sir Archie, who, like many baronets, was a patron of the good old English ring.

“These Ursine children of the Arctic should be christened,” said Altfoura,” and no time could be more appropriate than in the midst of their native tempest.”

“I suggest they be named Punch and Judy,” said the baronet.

The cognomens were regarded as quite appropriate, for the punching proclivities of Mr. Punch and wife have been the delight of all terrestrial juveniles from time immemorial.

In three hours the storm blew over. We had been driven three hundred miles out of our course to Grinnell Land on the west shore of Peabody Bay. Seven hundred miles still lay between us and the pole. The sky was clear; the full moon hung low in the horizon, and the twinkling stars shed their bright rays over the snow-clad plains. The great propelling wings were projected and we flew onward. Passing Washington Land, Franklin Mountain, and other points opened up by recent discoveries, we reached that point where the greatly expanded horizon began to show the flattening at the poles; the diameter of the globe

being twenty-six miles less at these points, than at the equator. It was as if a great segment of the terrestrial surface, thirteen miles thick, had been sliced off as one would slice the pip end of an apple. The horizon was not bounded as on the sea-board, by a narrow circle, but stretched out on either hand to an immense amplitude, till lost in the far-distant skies. We were flying over a measureless plain, glittering like polished marble under the moon's bright light. As our ship flew onward, the silence was unbroken save by the rustle of her wings. Here and there a rock, a crag, or mountain peak loomed up amid the dreary expanse. As we drew near the pole the ship's speed slackened. Asterion watched the dials of the instruments. Stationed under the dome we gazed on the pole star steadily ascending in the heavens. The moments passed; the clock struck midnight.

"North latitude 90 degrees," called Captain Fulminax.

"Pole star directly in the zenith," called Vidyuna.

"Center of the north polar axis reached," called Bhuras.

"Halt!" ordered Captain Sussonac; and the ship paused in mid-air.

We looked around. The moon had sunk below the horizon and the stars gleamed in the black firmament. The absolute silence, the solitude, the utter desolation, were appalling. It seemed

as if the heavens were wrapped in eternal repose, and the earth was shrouded in her last winding-sheet. The scene was calculated to inspire the profoundest awe, and the grand lines of Young came to mind :

“ Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE POLAR AXIS.

WE were hanging motionless in the air ; a thousand feet below, spread the polar expanse ; in the eastern horizon the faint glimmerings of the aurora cast their mingled rosy and golden beams over the snow-white plains.

“Lower the ship to the center of the polar axis,” ordered Captain Sussonac.

The ship and ethervolts slowly descended to the soft bed of snow, only a few inches in depth, but covering a foundation of frozen snow and ice. How deep the snow and how hard the ice is at the pole may perhaps be ascertained by future polar navigators, provided they are ever able to get there.

At the terrestrial poles no marked meteorological phenomena exist, except during the equinoxes, and for obvious reasons. At the equator, the globe is revolving at the rate of a thousand miles an hour ; at the poles this rotation is almost *nil* ; consequently none of the usual meteorological changes in other parts of the globe take place here. There are no trade-winds nor storms ; absolute calm and silence prevail. There

is no life here. These two axial points are the great cemeteries, the silent tombs of Earth, where all the forces of nature, except the electrical and magnetic, lie in everlasting repose.

We stepped out from the air-ship on the snow. Our friends strolled in different directions. The baronet and I were standing directly over the polar axis.

“There is no open polar sea here, nor magnetic mountain,” said I. “We have lost the honor of a great discovery.”

“My dear Lieutenant,” replied he, “we achieve a higher honor than any such discovery could bestow. Standing on opposite hemispheres of the world, we can shake hands with each other and walk around the polar axis quicker than the globe itself can wheel.” Joining hands, we suited the action to the word, the word to the action.

The polar star was directly overhead, the constellations Ursa Major and Minor revolving around it. Beyond were the Dragon, Whale, Northern Crown, Lyre, Swan, Cassiopeia’s chair, Perseus, and Andromeda, bespangling these northern heavens. Far in the east rolled royal Jupiter in stately splendor. To the west gleamed the soft light of snow-white ringed Saturn. At this moment a rosy little orb appeared glimmering in the southern horizon.

“Look,” said I. “There lies Mars.”

“Very beautiful indeed,” replied he, raising his

field-glass. "The god of war looks like a ruby. I much prefer viewing him this way than through the great Greenwich equatorial. That huge affair makes him look more like a stilton cheese or a pot of boiling metal than anything else."

As I was mainly responsible for bringing the baronet to the North Pole, and as taking him over to London was out of the question, I felt it necessary to approach the subject of our final destination diplomatically.

"Sir Archie, permit me to ask your opinion as to the possibility of the inferior planets of our system being inhabited by human beings; Mars, for instance."

"Many of our distinguished scientists and philosophers admit the theory that they might be peopled. But it has always appeared to me there need be no theorizing about the subject. How conceited we terrestrials are, to fancy our miserable little world the only inhabited one of the eight planets rolling around the sun, like the grubs of the gooseberry bush who held their own bush to be the only inhabited one in the garden. Mars, did you say? with those lands and seas, those clouds, that atmosphere, all going to waste? Nonsense? If Mars is not inhabited, egad! it ought to be."

"That's the very question our friends propose to settle," said I.

"Delighted to hear it. But I see no telescope here; the presence of that useful instrument is

necessary to ascertain the fact, and it will have to be of about thirty million power."

"We intend to take a trip there."

"Do you, indeed? Excellent; the question will then be settled to the entire satisfaction of the astronomical world and the public generally."

"Sir Archie, in behalf of my friends, I invite you to join us. May we hope to have the pleasure of your company?"

"My dear Lieutenant, to employ a favorite Americanism, I have *hustled* around this terrestrial ball *considerable*. Have pretty thoroughly *done up* Europe, Asia, Africa, and your old States. I have basked on the sands of Egypt, hunted tigers on the plains of Hindustan, elephants and lions in the jungles of Africa, and wolves on the steppes of Russia. I have ridden on the sledges of the Kamchatkans, the camels of Arabia, the wild steeds of Tartary, the oxen of China and Japan; have travelled through the Polynesian and West India isles and the great plains of South America. I came to these regions in quest of new adventures, yet I knew full well, when they were over, I should weep like Alexander, when he found no more worlds to conquer. That other world shining so brightly undoubtedly contains many objects of interest. I accept your invitation with pleasure. By the way, how far distant is it?"

"About a hundred and twenty-five million miles."

“Is that all? A mere trifle compared with Jupiter, Saturn, and the other old fellows; and compared with the distances of the fixed stars, it is hardly worth mentioning. How long will it take to get there?”

“About ten days, more or less.”

“That’s at the rate of about five hundred thousand miles an hour; eight thousand per minute; a hundred and thirty per second. Little meteors fly around this Earth more swiftly than that. When you get up into interplanetary space with your ethervolt machine, having improved locomotive science to back it, you certainly should be able to outstrip any meteor.”

It was evident that nothing on Earth or above the Earth, relating to the practical application of science, could elicit the slightest manifestation of surprise from Sir Archie Græme Blake, or ruffle the supreme equanimity of his Anglo-Scotch blood.

“By the way,” continued he, “do you fancy there is any game on that planet, any chance for a sportsman?”

“Mars is certainly many thousand years older than Earth. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that all the game was killed off by the Martians long ago, unless they cultivate them in parks and Zoo gardens.”

The baronet seemed quite disappointed.

“But as our friends propose to take a trip to the planet Venus next fall, if it will please you to ac-

company us, you will probably find abundant game of all varieties on that young world."

"Venus, did you say? Evidently there's opportunity for putting in good Rigby and Frazer work. Go with you? By the ghost of Nimrod! of course I will. There's my hand on't. We'll have a glorious time on the 'star of love and beauty,' and the sooner we're off, the better."

I now approached Mr. Jinks, who was tramping around in the snow to limber up his legs, smoking his pipe, and after a few preliminaries, laid the subject before him.

"Jeerusalem!" puffing a huge cloud of smoke, "ef this 'ere news don't bust me! Jest hold on till I pull myself together, will ye?"

"Take your time, Uncle Ephraim."

"Kurnel, mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve, I allers suspicioned them glass b'loons 'n this flyin' may-sheen war mannyfactured fur oncommon travellin'; 'n when I sot eyes on these peculyer complected friends o' yourn, 'n Mr. Hop in partickler, I conceited the idee they didn't b'long to this ere arth; 'n travellin' up here, whar thar's nothin' but snow 'n ice, no houses nor folks livin' in em, I koncluded yew war goin' to the land's eend, 'n the Lord only knows whar that mought be. Now Eph Jinks arn't no tike to butt agin yer perlite invite, so if yew fellars ar' goin' to make tracks for that steeär a shinin' off thar' I'd like to ask a question befo'hand, as it kind o' bears on the p'int."

“Certainly, Uncle Ephraim.”

“Yew say, that steeär ar’ a world?”

“Certainly, Uncle Ephraim.”

“Chock-full of folks like this e’re arth?”

“Several times fuller.”

“Waal, here’s the p’int. Ar’ that steeär world furder off from heaven than this arth, or not? ’Cos ef she ar’ furder off, danged ef I goes.”

“Uncle Ephraim, no matter on what world we live, heaven may be just as near, or just as far, from one as the other. It entirely depends on what sort of lives we lead. Don’t you see?”

“Reck’n yer right, Kurnel. Fact is, I allers had that idee myself, ’n didn’t need a parson fur to tell me. But as I never had no book larnin’, I tho’t best to find out from them as war wiser than I. Waal, that p’int bein settled, all I hev to say is, —go ahead. I’m yer man.”

Mr. Jinks now proceeded to explain matters to our Eskimo friends, and succeeded so well that Ching-rook and Kalytunah gazed on the rosy orb with a grin of delight. Little Keeoquassi reached out both hands toward it, like any four-year-old after a shining bauble; his eyes dancing with pleasure, and shouting at the top of his voice:

“I-ki-gika! Ugli-ria! Ah-regay. Tulla Kelima. ku! ku!” (Hurrah! pretty star. Come, hurry up; get on fast as ever you can.)

CHAPTER XII.

FLIGHT TO MARS.

WE hastened our departure. The luggage was removed to the ethervolts ; other articles were left in the ship, and its antigrav batteries raised to the proper tension for transit through interplanetary space. Our party was divided between the two cars, a partition being screened off for Ching-rook's family, the bears and birds. The batteries were charged with the Terrestro-Martian magnetism and all were in readiness to embark on the cosmic stream running between the poles of the two planets.

By this time the aurora was in full activity, displaying its magnificence far beyond what is seen in latitudes distant from the pole. The whole horizon was surrounded by a cordon of flame, resembling a vast conflagration. Pillars, columns, and spires were flashing up to the heavens. The auroral clouds were unrolling their gorgeous banners over the sky. The zenith seemed hung with waving curtains of crimson, green, and gold.*

* Various hypotheses have been advanced by scientists as to the cause of auroras. By some they are held to be electric discharges passing between the magnetic poles of the earth. That

The sight was inexpressibly beautiful, showing that the cosmo-magnetic streams were issuing from the polar axis with irresistible power. We entered the cars and the doors were shut. The engineers took their stations; the ethervolts and air-ship rose lightly from their snowy bed, swiftly traversing the atmosphere and gaseous envelope, the great polar snow-cap continually growing smaller as we advanced, until the globe itself finally disappeared from view, and we entered inter-planetary space.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment and admiration of our terrestrial friends as the glories of the starry Universe burst on their gaze.

It was necessary for our guests to go through the

they are of an electric or magnetic character is generally admitted, but the phenomenon is still involved in mystery. At the North Pole the region of their greatest frequency is not at the geographical, but at the magnetic pole, and in the vicinity of the Arctic circle. Great auroral displays are accompanied by remarkable disturbances in the terrestrial electric currents and magnetism, as are shown in the difficulty of transmitting telegraphic dispatches, and also the perturbations of magnetic needles. Their periodicity and connection with the appearance of sun spots are well known. The black spots seen on the sun are the result of great disturbances in the solar atmosphere, and they are also accompanied by emanations which are instantly felt on earth, as shown in unusual disturbances in the terrestrial magnetism and electric currents. Whatever the nature of these emanations may be, it is the fashion to term them electric or magnetic. The same forces which produce these tremendous hurricanes and vortical cyclones in the solar atmosphere, simultaneously thrill to the remotest planets of our system in waves not only of light and heat, but also of magnetism and electricity.

preliminary acclimative process, to prepare them for translation to another world. The respirators were charged with the chemically prepared Martian atmosphere, and all took their daily inhalations, little Marie and Keeoquassi vigorously breathing in their small inhalers. Punch and Judy, the dogs and birds were also given an occasional dose, although birds and animals generally sustain planetary transitions without much inconvenience. The cosmic motor was not put up, and we pursued our course through space at the rate of about twenty million miles per day, Vidyuna's ethervolt, with the air-ship in tow, following. The time was passed discussing terrestrial and Martian affairs generally. The proprietors and editors of earthly magazines and newspapers will doubtless be pleased to know that their best articles and editorials were generously commented on by denizens of another world, this being the best compliment they could possibly receive.

On Tuesday, January 10th, 1893, terrestrial time, we arrived over the north pole of Mars ; traversed the atmosphere ; reached the ethervolt station ; the superintendent and assistants appeared ; the cars and air-ship descended to their platforms, and we stepped out on the floor of the amphitheatre.

" Welcome, Sir Archie Græme Blake, to the world of Mars," said the prince, warmly shaking the baronet's hand.

" I am truly honored, Your Highness, to be

the recipient of your gracious welcome, and I beg Your Highness also to accept, through their humble representative, the high considerations and friendly greetings of the kingdom and people of merrie old England," replied the baronet.

"Welcome, Uncle Ephraim," said I, "to the world we were talking about."

"Waal, I don't diskiver verry much of a differ 'twixt this steeär an' old arth we kim from ; I squinted at her as we kim along, and thar' arn't nary so much of a differ betwixt 'em as 'twixt Texas an' Arizony."

Our Eskimos took to their new environment at once. Punch and Judy, the dogs and bird were provided with quarters near the amphitheatre. Altfoura entered the opsiferon room.

"Signal His Highness, Grand Duke Athalton, Royal Palace, Elfrezulah," said he.

The operator touched the key ; the instrument responded ; the prince approached the opsiferon and spoke :

"Here we are, all safe and sound, direct from Earth ; shall embark on the fleetest air-ship ; be with you soon as possible."

The voice of the Duke was heard through the instrument :

"Thanks be to God for His great mercies."

"Amen," replied the prince ; "and thanks also to Asterion, who has released us from an awkward predicament."

At this moment a sweet voice spoke :

“ The compliments of the Princess Suhlamia to Prince Altfoura and friends, and requests the pleasure of their company at dinner, seven o'clock P. M. precisely.”

“ The Prince of Mandal-Uttima and friends accept with pleasure the polite invitation of the Princess Suhlamia. The prince also suggests the addition of six additional plates for other tourists from Earth ; two ladies and four gentlemen, great and small, representing different terrestrial nationalities,” replied Altfoura.

“ The Princess and Grand Duke of Mandal-Uttima extend their highest considerations to the representatives from Earth, and solicit the honor of their company also, on this occasion,” replied Suhlamia.

The baronet was commissioned to respond in behalf of the tourists.

“ The compliments and highest considerations of Sir Archie Græme Blake to their Royal Highnesses of Mandal-Uttima, and accepts the distinguished honor conferred upon his terrestrial friends and himself.”

The fleetest government cruiser was ordered up ; we embarked, flew over the lands and seas of the polar regions and north temperate zone, entered the Kingdom of Mandal-Uttima ; late in the afternoon reached Elfrezulah and landed in the grounds of the palace.

It is impossible to describe the joy of our

friends, who had almost given up hope of ever meeting us again. Altfoura and Suhlamia threw themselves in each other's arms. The duke was almost overcome with emotion. The officers and members of the royal household surrounded us with acclamations. Asterion was hailed as our guardian angel, to whom we owed our lives, and Hartilion, who had saved us from shipwreck, received his full share. Our English guest responded to the courtly salutations of the princess and grand duke in a manner that would have done credit to the highest peer of the realm ; and Uncle Ephraim received so kindly a greeting from the princess as brought tears in his honest old eyes. Chingarook, Kalayunah, and Keeoquassi received their share of notice with exclamations of delight, in purest Alaskan.

But the crowning event was the reception accorded to little Marie.

The recital of her rescue, related by Altfoura, deeply affected all, and the princess could not restrain her emotions as she clasped the poor little orphan to her breast. The strife between the royal court ladies and beautiful girls over this dear little waif was surprising. Such an event as an earth-born infant taking a trip of more than a hundred million miles through space to be petted and caressed by princesses and royal ladies of another world is of rare occurrence, and Miss Marie would probably have been smothered to death with kisses had not Suhlamia snatched

her up, and, announcing her own special guardianship, swiftly fled to her private boudoir.

After due preparation, the doors of the grand *salle à manger*, which glittered with splendors unknown in any palace on Earth, were thrown open. A shipwrecked infant, held in the arms of the loveliest of princesses, an English baronet, a Wild West hunter, an Eskimo family, a tattooed New Zealander, and a United States naval officer sat down to dine with the most eminent of royal courts, at a table spread in another planet. Could the news of this unusual event have been transmitted to earth, it certainly would have occupied a conspicuous notice in London, New York, and Washington society columns; but those columns must wait for the important items relating to the various styles of Martian female attire, the *menu*, courses, speeches, etc., until como-telegraphic communication is fully established between the cities of these two planets.

The news of our arrival was flashed o'er the Martian world, and congratulations were showered on us from every hand. To our great joy it was announced that the gigantic cloud of meteors threatening to fall upon the kingdom of Mandal-Uttima had departed to a distant quarter of the heavens during our trip to Earth, having been drawn away by the attraction of some other and larger offshoot from the meteoric belt lying beyond the orbit of the planet. This news was confirmed

by Asterion himself, from observations made at the royal observatory. The universal alarm that had prevailed passed away, and tranquillity was again restored throughout the Martian world. Grand banquets and receptions were given in honor of our arrival by King Polath, Prince Harovian, Duke Oneigar, and other Martian princes and dignitaries, and Asterion was the hero of the hour.

Thoridal joined us, having been released from his confinement through the intervention of Lord Chumivant.

The Emperor Diavojahr, of Sundora-Luzion, had withdrawn his forces from the south polar station, abandoned his proposed invasion of Mandal-Uttima, and paid large indemnities to that kingdom. He had also ceased his demands for a matrimonial alliance with the Princess Suhlamia, and was negotiating for the establishment of harmonious relations with Mandal-Uttima and also all the other kingdoms of Mars.

PART SECOND.

A JOURNEY TO VENUS.

CHAPTER I.

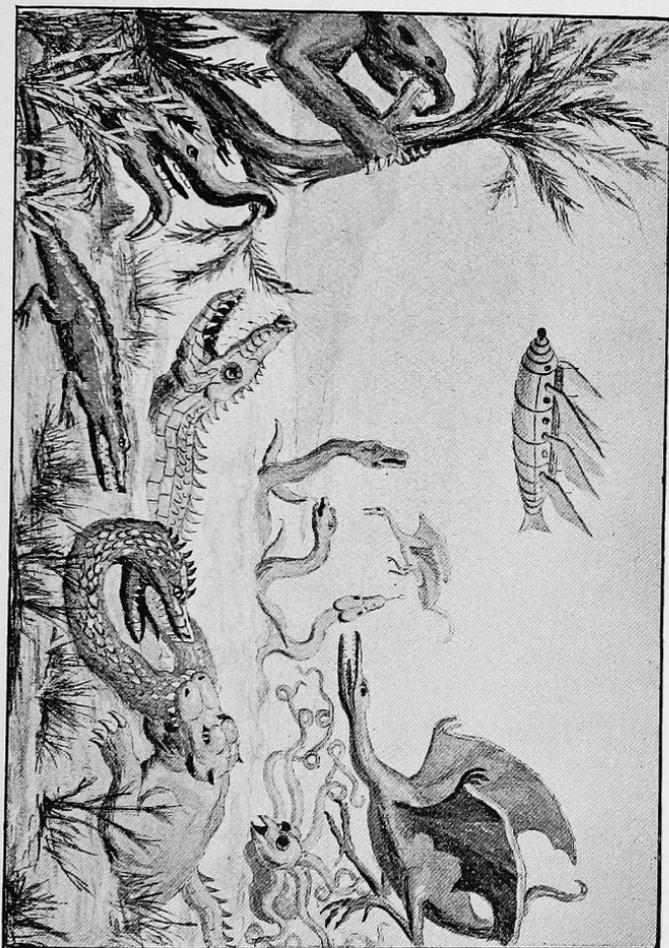
THE PLANETARY EXPEDITION.

THREE months had passed since our return from Earth. It was now the Martian fall season, and the landscape was clothed in autumnal robes. The balmy air, hazy sky, and gorgeous hues of the foliage resembled those of our Indian summer, although far more varied and beautiful.

This season on southern Mars corresponds to our terrestrial spring, and, according to our calendar of time, was the month of April, 1893.

In company with several friends, we had spent an afternoon in Asterion's studio and workshop, examining his wonderful instruments and inventions. We took a quiet dinner with him in the grounds of his villa, under a charming arbor. The service and *menu* were all that could be desired. Asterion's habits with respect to so-called pleasures of the table were exceedingly abstemi-

THE AIR SHIP AND THE MONSTERS. — (FRONTISPIECE — PART 2, CHAP. I.)



ous, almost to asceticism. He eschewed luxuries of all kinds, his principal diet being bread, fruits, and water. On this occasion, however, out of compliment to his guests, he partook of the *menu*. The repast concluded—

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I have news for you. Vidyuna, Bhuras, and your humble servant propose to take another planetary trip, and have arranged our plans accordingly.

“Really, Asterion,” said Astronomer Solaris, “you are the most inveterate planetary tramp in the Universe.”

“’Tis said that every man and woman has his or her own particular sphere of action, and perhaps mine is to roam around among the celestial spheres.”

“What planet do you propose to visit?”

“Venus.”

Several of our party had looked forward to this trip with much interest.

“Gentlemen,” continued Asterion, “who of you would like to accompany me?”

“I,” replied Prince Altfoura, his countenance all in a glow.

“I,” exclaimed Prince Harovian, of Audresar, who still cherished the idea of laying a horsewhip over the serene shoulders of his imperial majesty, the Emperor Diavojahr, at the first opportunity.

“I,” said Captain Fulminax, the young and distinguished naval artillery officer, a personal friend of Prince Altfoura.

"I," said Admiral Erumpitos, commander of the ice-bombarding fleet.

"I!" "I!" chimed Captains Samadron and Armazon, commanders of the decks of Leviathas and Zeuglissa.

"We," shouted the brother Plutonian giants Hartilion and Benoidath, the renowned leviathan-tamers, who rode on the crests of those festive hippocampuses.

"Myself included," remarked Captain Sussonac, the gallant commander of the royal air-ships.

"Excellent," said Asterion. "We could not get along without you, my dear aerial navigator, for we shall take air-ship trips over the Venusian lands and seas."

"I," "I," "I," "I," "I," "I,"—chorussed six brilliant young scientists, personal friends of Asterion and Altfoura.

Prof. Anthropos occupied the chair of Ethnology in the Royal University, Prof. Therios the chair of Zoology, Prof. Chemian the chair of Chemistry, Prof. Herbeus the chair of Botany, Prof. Petrosus the chair of Geology, and Prof. Concha the chair of Mineralogy and Conchology. All these young scientists were highly distinguished in their several departments.

"A goodly company, so far," said Asterion. "Anyone else?"

"My dear interplanetary navigator," said the baronet, "if there is any opportunity for a sportsman, any chance for the exercise of my Rigby

and Frazer, among the forests, and fields decorating the 'Star of Love and Beauty,' I should be delighted to avail myself of your polite invitation."

"Abundant opportunity for the full enjoyment of your sporting proclivities, I beg to assure you, my dear baronet," replied Asterion.

"And how is it with respect to our esteemed friend, Uncle Ephraim?" asked the prince.

"Waal, ef—as war obsarved—thar ar' plenty game, 'cludin' bar, buff'lo, cattymounts, 'n Injuns, I'm agreeable," replied Mr. Jinks.

"Plenty of game, Uncle Ephraim," said Asterion; "but as for Indians, I fear they are very scarce."

"Mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve on that pint, ef them pesky red-skin varmints hev bin extractuated, Eph Jinks kin trewly say, it ar' a oncommon disappointment in the shootin' bizness, yew bet."

"On that point, I entirely agree with you, Uncle Ephraim," remarked the baronet, emphatically.

"And how is it with our friend John?" queried Asterion.

"Hi! me muchee like travellin' among shiny stars, big heap," replied John, with a grin.

The terrestrial lieutenant now begged permission to join the expedition.

"Really, Fred," remarked Altfoura, "we were all wondering whether you had the nerve to undertake it."

The lieutenant declared that no officer in Uncle Sam's navy would decline any voyage proposed, and that he was ready to take a trip to the pole star, the dog star, or any other star,—the milky-way included,—on ten minutes' notice.

"May we also hope to have the company of our eminent astronomer-royal?" asked Asterion, turning to his old friend and associate.

"My dear Asterion," replied he, "were I twenty years younger nothing could give me more pleasure; but advancing years and infirmities, you know——"

Asterion's great ancestor had made three trips to Venus, and was lost on the third. The records of his journey, deposited in the archives of the Royal Observatory, were of great value. He had made extensive surveys over the planet, and his reports of the physical aspects of this "Young World," the primitive geological condition of its lands and seas; its remarkable meteorological phenomena; its earthquakes, volcanoes, and tempests; its immense mountains, forests, and jungles, with their primeval vegetation; its wonderful and monstrous forms of life; its great mammals, land and sea monsters, had rendered this planet an object of great interest to the scientific world, and, particularly at this juncture, it had awakened special attention; for in the possible event of an emigration to another planet, Venus might offer, as well as Earth, a final refuge to the Martians. The planet was

only about a hundred million` miles distant, and in the most favorable situation for making the journey.

Asterion had arranged his plans on an elaborate scale for making extensive surveys over the lands and seas, and also to establish cosmo-telegraphic communication between the two planets. Special precautions had also been adopted to encounter safely the dangers and vicissitudes of the journey.

The expedition consisted of four hundred courageous and enterprising young men, personal friends and colaborers of Asterion and Prince Altfoura, including captains, officers, engineers, artisans, and seamen.

Two large, swift sea-going vessels were manned and equipped with electro-motors, artillery, etc., for sailing over the Venusian oceans ; four large and powerful air-ships, with antigrav batteries and motor machinery of great power were prepared for aerial navigation over the planet. Fifty ethervolt cars, to which the sea-going vessels and air-ships were attached by cables, were fitted for transportation through the abysses of interplanetary space, and two extra cars were specially constructed for the four great eagles, Ombrion, Leuca, and their giant companions, Aquila and Falco, with their keepers. These feathered warblers were for occasional trips over certain delectable parts of the planet.

On a certain day, the fleet was transported to the north polar magnetic station, and placed on the platforms in the great amphitheatre, ready for departure.

CHAPTER II.

GOLD AND DIAMOND-FINDERS.

A FEW days before our departure, the prince, Asterion, the baronet, and I took a quiet dinner with our old friend Doctor Hamival at his pretty country villa. Asterion had urged him to accompany us, but the doctor pleaded advancing age and infirmities, and that he had enjoyed sufficient planetary trips to satisfy him for the remainder of his days. The repast concluded—

“Asterion,” said he, “your renowned ancestor, who was an old friend of my father, communicated to him a few important facts relative to Venus, with strict injunctions that they be kept secret until one of his descendants should have the courage to undertake a journey there. I now deem it proper to communicate them to you. On certain islands in the northern hemisphere, which you will find marked on his geographical charts of the planet, immense deposits of gold and other valuable metals exist, also mines of diamonds and precious stones, of a size, beauty, and splendor surpassing any in our world.”

“My dear Doctor,” replied Asterion, “what

possible interest do you suppose I take in gold and diamonds ?”

“We know you care nothing for them ; but humanity generally rejoices in a comfortable exchequer, and the fair sex confesses to a pardonable weakness in the way of glittering ornaments.”

“If any of my boys wish to spend their time digging after gold and diamonds they are welcome.”

“The secret is to be communicated to none but yourself, the prince, and our terrestrial friends.”

“We don't propose to waste time prospecting and digging.”

“Quite unnecessary. You will find them above ground. I'll show you the famous gold and diamond-finders which my old friend Professor Mechianos, long since deceased, invented, and bequeathed to me.”

The doctor unlocked a handsomely inlaid cabinet, took out two small caskets, and removed two beautifully made instruments, each about the size of a small pocket-compass and shaped like a watch, with crystal cover, and dial-plate marked with figures, and a delicate revolving needle.

“This is the finder of diamonds, and this the finder of gold,” said he, placing them in our hands.

The needle of the former glittered like purest crystal, throwing off prismatic colors ; that of the latter had a brilliant azure color. The doctor then removed from the cabinet two other caskets ; one contained a large uncut diamond of purest

water, the other a nugget of gold ; then, giving us the finders, we went out in the grounds surrounding the villa.

“Take your stand here,” said he, “holding the finders in your hands and watching the needles. I will go to the other side of the grounds with the diamond and nugget, and when I remove them from their caskets will signal you.”

The doctor walked a long distance, and was concealed by the trees. After a few moments he called out,

“Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

“I now take the nugget from its case ; watch the needle.”

The blue needle instantly whirled around on its pivot, pointed accurately to the doctor’s position, and remained motionless.

“I leave the nugget here and go to the other end of the grounds ;” and he went off a long distance.

“Are you ready?” said he.

“Yes.”

“I take the diamond from its case.”

The crystal needle whirled on its pivot, pointing to the doctor’s new position ; the blue needle still kept its point in the other direction. The doctor replaced the diamond and nugget in their caskets and returned.

“These finders will accurately point out the exact location of any diamond or gold field within

a radius of six miles," said he. "My old friend Mechianos and I have tested them many times in different localities where the mines exist, but have never utilized nor made the secret known."

We returned to the house. The doctor opened his cabinet and took out a number of gold garnatas and laid them on the table.

"Examine them," said he.

We did so. Their lustre, ring, and weight were apparently genuine; they certainly would have been pronounced so by any terrestrial bank cashier.

"Place the gold-finder on the table," said he.

We did so; the needle instantly flew around, presenting its tail to the coins.

"That settles the question; these coins are sophisticated; manufactured to show the test. Any base metal, no matter how small the amount, mixed with gold, is instantly detected."

He unlocked the cabinet and took out a few necklaces and bracelets, mounted with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, surpassing anything of the kind among the richest collections of Europe, and laid them on the table.

"Examine and pronounce upon them," said he.

"In purity and brilliancy of lustre," said the prince, "they seem equal to any similar specimens in our kingdom."

"Place the diamond-finder on the table," said the doctor.

Altfoura did so. The crystal needle flew around its pivot, presenting its caudal appendage to the pretentious display.

"Paste-work!" said Altfoura; "but they would deceive an expert."

"Manufactured by one of our best artists expressly for this test," replied the doctor.

"How valuable these wonderful detectors would be to our California miners and the gold market generally, as well also to our wealthy and fashionable dames in their sometimes risky dealings with our great diamond merchants!" remarked the baronet.

"Lieutenant, I place them in your hands," said the doctor. "You may find them useful on your trip. I have another remarkable natural production to speak of, existing on that planet, a spring which, in its wonderful properties, surpasses even our famous Fountain of Youth."¹

"Its name?" asked Altfoura.

"The Waters of Life."

¹ Journey to Mars, chap. XXXVII.

NOTE.—Venus is the second in size of our inferior or terrestrial planets, Earth being the largest. It is 7,660 miles in its equatorial diameter, about three hundred miles less than that of Earth. Its density and force of gravity are nearly equal to that of Earth. It is situated about sixty-seven million miles from the Sun. Revolving in its orbit once in about two hundred and twenty-four of our days, its year is about equal to seven and a half of our months; its day is only thirty-five minutes shorter than ours. Its orbit being the most circular of any in the system, its seasons are therefore of uniform length. The light and heat it receives from the Sun are nearly twice that received by Earth. Next to the Sun and Moon,

it is the most brilliant and beautiful object in the celestial heavens. It sometimes casts a distinct shadow, and is sometimes even visible by day to the naked eye. It is only seen by early morn in the eastern, and by night in the western sky, according as it happens to be east or west of the Sun. During part of our year it rises early in the east, ushering in the day-dawn, being as it were the fore-runner of the Sun. Hence it is called in many places in the Bible the "bright and morning star." The ancients called it "Hesperus," or "Vesper." In Isaiah it is addressed, "O Lucifer, son of the morning!" At other seasons, when it sets in the west after sunset, it is called the "Evening Star." When it happens to be in what is called inferior conjunction with Earth, on a line between us and the Sun, it is only about twenty-five million miles distant from us, the nearest approach of any planet.

CHAPTER III.

THE WATERS OF LIFE.

AT this moment a white-haired, well-preserved old Rohitan gentleman, about seventy-five, of rubicund, jovial countenance, entered the room. This was Zar Josiphar, superintendent of the royal aviary, and one of the most distinguished ornithologists in the kingdom. He was an old friend of the Doctor, who greeted him with great cordiality, as did also the Prince and Asterion.

“I was speaking to his highness and friends about the Waters of Life,” said the Doctor; “you are more familiar with that subject than I.”

“It will give me much pleasure to communicate my knowledge of them,” replied Josiphar.

“Please do so,” said Asterion.

“About fifty years ago, when I was a young fellow, I accompanied your grandfather on his second trip to Venus and saw many wonderful things there, among which were these waters, found on an island described in his reports. They are possessed of the almost miraculous property of preserving the life of a man or animal to nearly

twice the usual allotted term of years, accidents of course excepted. No disease of any kind can attack him."

"Rather unfortunate for the doctors," remarked Asterion.

"But it has this peculiarity," continued Josiphar. "When a person begins to take it he gradually loses all appetite and taste for customary food, and after a time fails to derive any nourishment from it; he must subsist on nothing but bread and water for the remainder of his life, which may continue from fifty to a hundred years beyond the allotted term. During this period, if he indulges in any other food, or neglects to take his daily dose of *aqua vitæ*, he dies in a few weeks."

"Purchasing longevity at a great sacrifice," remarked the Prince,

"On the contrary," said Asterion, "I should consider it a great blessing to get rid of the disagreeable necessity of depositing miscellaneous viands in one's digestive laboratory three or four times a day, without considering the other annoyances of cooks and waiters. My dear Josiphar, why was I not informed about this water long ago?"

"Your grandfather," replied the Doctor, "knowing your peculiarities on the subject of diet, enjoined upon me and Josiphar not to let you know of it, for he was confident that you would begin imbibing at once."

“Certainly I would,” said Asterion.

“And what an interesting display you would have made at my own and the tables of our friends, with your everlasting loaf of bread and bottle of *aqua vitæ*,” said the Prince.

“How much of this water does a man need to take?” asked Asterion.

“Two small wine-glasses per day,” replied Josiphar.

“Will he retain his intellectual and physical powers unimpaired through this period?”

“Perfectly; the former are often greatly strengthened, and its effects in this respect are extraordinary. The *aqua vitæ* drinker finally loses all interest in worldly affairs, becomes introspective, contemplative, in fact, seems to lead a quasi-ethereal or spiritual existence.”

“The very best for the harmonious development of the moral and intellectual powers. Now if there existed no other incentive than this, I would incur any personal danger to secure some of that wonderful water. Have you ever tried it on yourself, doctor?”

“My dear Asterion, I certainly have no desire to prolong my sojourn in this vale of tears, and I prefer to wait for ethereal or spiritual existence till I have laid aside this tenement of clay. It will hardly do to mix up two kinds of existence on this mundane sphere.”

“We brought over a quantity of this water,” continued Josiphar, “and as a few of our friends

were anxious to experiment with it, we permitted them to do so."

"And what were the results?"

"Seven of them abandoned the world and retired to the caves in the mountains. They lead a life absorbed in contemplation and reflection, have become the profoundest of philosophers, use no language, but communicate with each other by signs. They are called the Silent Philosophers."

"An improvement on the Seven Sages of Greece, who discoursed and argued about philosophy constantly," remarked the baronet.

"How about the other experimenters?" asked Altfoura.

"Have not turned out so well. Two of them are heartily tired of the experiment. They fall into paroxysms of envy when they see the other old fellows enjoying their good dinners; their intellectual sharpness manifests itself in withering sarcasm and biting satire, and they are the most unhappy of human beings."

"Those persons never had good dispositions or kind hearts to begin with," said Altfoura.

"Another committed suicide a few years ago."

"How did the poor creature accomplish it?"

"Ordered up a magnificent dinner, declaring it was the first pleasure he had enjoyed for half a century; gave up the ghost two hours afterward, supremely happy; and left his fortune to his cook, blessing him with his last breath."

“That philosopher thought more of his stomach than his brains,” said Asterion.

“We experimented with a few animals and birds, and prolonged their lives far beyond the usual period. We caught a very remarkable bird near the spring and brought her home with us. She is at my country house a few miles distant.”

“We should like to see a sample of the water and the bird,” said Altfoura.

Josiphar stepped to the opsiferon and gave his order. In a short time one of his assistant bird-keepers arrived in an air-chariot, entered the room with a large covered bird-cage and several bottles of the water, and placed them on the table. Josiphar filled the glasses and set them before us. It was of bright emerald color, and sparkled like champagne.

“It will take away your appetite for everything but bread and water till this time to-morrow,” said he.

“So much the better,” replied Asterion. “It saves me the trouble of ordering grapes.”

We quaffed each other’s good health in the *aqua vitæ*. The flavor was so fine, we quaffed another.

“Appetites gone for two days,” said Josiphar.

“Very complimentary to the Princess Suhlamia, with accepted invitations in your pockets to her to-morrow afternoon tea, in company with the Princess Luzella,” said the Doctor.

Our party looked quite crestfallen.

“Heavens!” exclaimed Altfoura. “I had totally forgotten that tea. What a trio of idiots we are, surely.”

“The Princess is very hospitable,” replied the Doctor. “She will order full supplies of bread and water for you.”

“Show us your bird,” muttered Asterion, swallowing his disappointment as best he might.

“This bird was at least sixty years old when we caught her near the spring,” said Josiphar; “that is fifty years ago. She has subsisted on nothing but bread and water, with small daily doses of *aqua vitæ*, ever since I have had her in charge. Her intellectual faculties are highly developed. She has been under the instruction of an experienced trainer and can converse very fluently. She belongs to the rare species of Mollivant parrots. I have named her Miss Molly, and she calls me Uncle Joe.”

Josiphar opened the cage door and out stepped the most magnificent parrot ever seen. She was large as an eagle; her plumage gorgeous with crimson, green, gold, and snowy white, although showing the marks of great age; her forehead was remarkably developed; her powerful hooked beak and claws were ebony black; her wings long and sinewy, showing great power and speed; her eyes had a wonderfully keen and knowing expression. She flew gracefully to the top rail of Josiphar’s chair, cast a swift glance around, then, administering a gentle peck on her master’s ear—

“Uncle Joe,” said she.

“At your service, Miss Molly,” replied he.

“Toilet, if you please.”

Josiphar took out a comb and brush, and held a small hand-glass up to her face. Standing on one leg, she took the implements in her claw, combing and brushing her brilliant plumage with all the care and skill of any fashionable dame arranging her *coiffure*; scrutinized herself in the mirror, then addressed her master :

“Am I presentable?”

“You are always presentable and beautiful, Miss Molly,” replied he.

Evidently highly pleased with the compliment, she began to ambulate back and forth with great self-complacency and mincing step, glancing at us coquettishly. The voice of this remarkable bird was not harsh, like that of our terrestrial parrots, but sweet and musical. The Doctor rose from his chair and, with a profound bow, said :

“Good-morning to your ladyship. How do you do? I hope you are well.”

“Very well indeed,—happy to say,—hope you are the same,—my compliments,” holding out her claw.

The Doctor approached and shook it very politely, to which she responded with stately dignity.

“We have a few friends who solicit the honor of an introduction to your ladyship,” said Josiphar.

“Delighted. Your most obedient,—my compliments,” standing on one leg and holding out her claw, which we gently shook, Josiphar introducing us formally all round. Miss Molly received us with the gracious condescension of a princess; then turning to the bird-keeper, said :

“Ho, there! waiter; pass the *Aqua Vitæ*.”

The man filled the glasses; standing on one leg she raised her glass gracefully to her beak.

“Your good healths, gentlemen;”—and she curved her head back and swallowed every drop, while we did the same; then, handing the empty glass to the keeper, Molly wiped her beak with a napkin like any dainty dame.

John and the raven, who had been sojourning with the doctor for a few days, came in from the garden. Jack, who had never seen Miss Molly, perched himself on the doctor’s chair, cocking his head one side, and squinting at her with his sharp black eye.

“Miss Molly,” said the doctor, pointing to Jack, “here is a new acquaintance called to pay his respects to your ladyship. This is Commodore Jack, the giant-killer.”

Molly glanced at him, then throwing her head back, broke into a shrill “Ha, ha, ha!”

“Commodore,” said the doctor, “go over and shake hands with Miss Molly and say ‘How d’ye do?’”

The raven flopped over to Josiphar’s chair,

stood on one leg, drew himself up, offering his claw to the laughing Molly.

“How do you do, Commodore?—hope you are very well, sir,” said she.

“All ri—,” muttered he, whisking out of the window, while Molly retired majestically to her cage.

“The group of islands on which she was caught near the spring are called the ‘Islands of Fire,’” said Josiphar, “and from my knowledge of the instincts of birds, if you will take her with you, when you arrive near the island and let her loose, although half a century has passed, she will fly directly to the spring and guide you there, like a homing pigeon.”

It was decided that Josiphar and Miss Molly should accompany the expedition.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD IN YOUTH.

THE day for our journey was at hand. Our party, consisting of Asterion, Altfoura, Vidyuna, Bhuras, the professors, the baronet, Captain Sussonac, and officers, departed at early morn by air-ship for the north pole. The ethervolt fleet, with the sea-vessels and air-ships, were mounted on their platforms in the amphitheatre. The exploring army of four hundred—captains, officers, and crews—had taken quarters in the adjoining buildings, ready to depart at any hour. Our baggage and instruments were transferred to Asterion's pioneer ethervolt, to which also was secured a small life-boat for sailing over the Venusian polar sea. Asterion, in company with Admiral Erumpitos, Captain Fulminax, and Prince Harovian, who were to accompany the Admiral's party, entered the telegraph station, and Bhuras set up his Martio-Venusian telegraphic instrument, placing it in charge of the operator.

“Venus is about a hundred million miles distant,” said Asterion. “We will not employ the electric driver, but travel at our usual rate of speed. If no delays or accidents occur, we

shall reach the planet in about five days, land on the north pole, set up our Venusio-Martian telegraph, and communicate with you at once."

We entered the ethervolt, rose from the station, traversed the atmosphere, and flew through the interplanetary space, glittering with its celestial splendors, at the rate of eight hundred thousand miles per hour. We encountered few meteorites on the way, and by the close of the second day had crossed the orbit of Earth. As we advanced toward Venus, her orb expanded steadily, until coming in full view, her whole topography was displayed. Her lands and seas are arranged differently from those of Earth or Mars. The oceans are of a deeper blue; the continents of a bright green, interspersed with other brilliant colors, showing her profuse and rich primeval vegetation. Her mountain-ranges are far higher than those of Earth or Mars. Here and there stupendous volcanoes appeared, pouring out vast volumes of flame and torrents of molten lava. The clouds are more dense and extensive than those of Earth, often obscuring many parts of her surface. Her snow-caps, which are relatively small, showed the inclination of her axis to be somewhat greater than that of Earth,¹ with a corresponding arrangement of her climatic zones.

¹In consequence of the planet's nearness to the Sun, the inclination of Venus' axis is difficult to ascertain. The views of our eminent astronomers are not in agreement on this question.

On the morning of the sixth day we reached the planet, traversed the gaseous envelope, entered the atmosphere, and paused about fifty miles above the north pole. The surface below was not, like the pole of Earth, a vast expanse of ice-fields and snow-clad plains, but was covered with water, interspersed with a few small islands. Asterion examined the topographical charts of his ancestor, which corresponded with the scene.

“There is far more water than land, here,” said he. “The Arctic continent has not yet emerged from this primeval polar ocean.”

It was the season of spring on the northern hemisphere. The sun, which is twenty-six million miles nearer this planet than to Earth, its disk appearing one-third larger than seen by us on Earth, was revolving in a spiral circle around the horizon and bathing these regions with a far brighter glow and more genial warmth than on our Arctic pole. The ethervolt descended within a few miles of the surface.

“Examine the atmosphere,” said Asterion.

Bhuras placed the instrument outside the window for a few moments, then withdrew it. Professor Chemain examined the contents of the bulb.

“The chemical constituents are eighty and a fraction parts of nitrogen, by nineteen and a fraction of oxygen, with the addition of watery vapor and traces of carbonic acid,” said he. “The weight is about five hundred and thirty-six grains to the cubic foot. The barometric press-

ure, allowing for rarification in this altitude, is about fifteen pounds to the square inch."

"Exactly like the atmosphere of Earth in all respects," said the baronet.

The antigrav batteries were gradually checked, and the car descended to the waters of this Venusian sea over the polar axis. The surface was flattened like the pole of Earth, and the surrounding horizon correspondingly extended. The waters moved under a gentle swell. The air was mild almost as that of our temperate zone, and a warm breeze wafted from the south. About half a mile to the east was a small island.

We removed the life-boat from its fastenings, got aboard, and, taking the ethervolt in tow, rowed to the island. It was a few acres in extent, of igneous rocks and covered with polar vegetation. There was very little snow, and no ice visible on the water, showing that the severe climate of our terrestrial poles does not exist on this planet.

CHAPTER V.

TELEGRAPH TO MARS.

“WE will now lay the polar cable,” said Asterion.

The cable drum was removed from the ether-volt and placed aboard the boat. It was smaller than the one used on the south pole of Earth, and the magnetic globe was lighter. We rowed out to the centre of the polar axis.

“Take soundings,” ordered Captain Sussonac.

The sounding line, with its plummet and instrument for ascertaining the character of the sea bottom, was lowered, then drawn up.

“Sixty fathoms only ; sea bottom solid igneous rock ; no sedimentary deposits,” called the officer.

“These polar regions are undergoing the same gradual geological changes of all planets. This shallow sea bottom will eventually be upheaved above the surface, forming the nucleus of a great Arctic continent,” said Professor Petrosus.

“And when that has taken place, these regions will be far colder than at present,” said Professor Chemain.

“The warmth of these waters and the surrounding air is due, not so much to the planet’s nearness to the Sun, as to the free currents established between the equatorial and polar oceans,” said Petrosus.

This fact was quite in correspondence with the thermal action of our terrestrial Gulf Stream. With this planet it was on a far more extensive scale than on Earth, showing that her equatorial oceans were far warmer than those of Earth.

The cable and magnet, which were composed of a peculiar metal possessing extraordinary electromagnetic properties, were unrolled from the drum and lowered to the bottom of the sea precisely at the centre of the polar axis, where the cosmic streams running between the poles of the two planets are most powerful. We rowed back to the island, slowly paying out the cable, which sank beneath the waters. The cosmo-telegraphic instrument was set up on a small platform of rock, the free end of the cable attached to it, and the proper connection made. All being in readiness, Bhuras touched the key; the bell on the dial-plate instantly sounded.

“Interplanetary telegraphic communication is established between Venus and Mars,” said he.

The ringing cheers following this announcement were probably the first ever heard on this young world.

“In our old Grecian mythology,” said the baronet, “Mars, the god of war, and Venus, the

goddess of love and beauty, were devotedly attached to each other, but found it difficult to carry on their correspondence, owing to the watchful vigilance of old Mother Terra, who was continually coming between them."

"This little cosmic messenger will enable the lovers to communicate their mutual sentiments freely, and their hopes and desires will be abundantly gratified," remarked the prince.

"Lieutenant," said Asterion, "I delegate to you the honor of sending the first message from Venus to Mars."

"How shall I date it?" I asked. "Time on this young world has not yet been established."

"True," replied Asterion, "but I delegate also to you the authority to establish the first stroke of time on this planet, and it shall be in accordance with the standard calendar of your terrestrial world."

What higher honor than this could be conferred on a human being—that an inhabitant of one planet should be empowered to unfold the wings of Time's swift and unending flight, to establish the first beginnings of days, years, and centuries on the virgin shores of another planet? My soul was awe-struck when I reflected that under my hand at this moment the first stroke of time was now to be sounded for weal or woe to this young world, and that this was the beginning of her historical career, her hopes and joys, her sorrows and sufferings, laid up in store for her,

to be chronicled day by day, year by year, and age by age, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

I touched the key.

"Planet Venus. Monday, May 1st, 1893, six o'clock A. M.

"To His Royal Highness, Grand Duke Athalton. Palace at Elfrezulah. The Planet Mars.

"Arrived all safe. Venus sends a May-morning greeting to her dear brother Mars; wafts to him her first message of sisterly love on the cosmic breezes; extends both hands in friendship; begs him to accept her most affectionate regards, with sincerest wishes for his future welfare and happiness, with ardent hopes that the union so auspiciously begun may continue henceforth, throughout all time."

The next moment was flashed out on the dial:

"Mars gratefully receives the salutation of his dear sister Venus, and sends the kiss of fraternal love. He begs her to accept the fullest measure of his esteem and affection, with the earnest hope that, as she advances from the budding season of youth to the full bloom of mature beauty, she may shine the brightest orb amid her galaxy of planetary brothers."

"That is from Her Royal Highness, the Princess Suhlamia," said the prince.

"And this queen of love and beauty may well be proud to receive it," said Asterion.

He now touched the keys.

“To Admiral Erumpitos and Captain Fulminax.

“We are on a small island in the Venusian north polar sea, close to the axis. Surroundings are favorable. Start soon as possible :

“ ASTERION.”

The next instant the dial flashed.

“Order received. We shall be *en route* within two hours.

“ ERUMPITOS.”

We proceeded to make ourselves comfortable until the arrival of the fleet. The ethervolt was secured to the shore, and a tent pitched on the rock. We spent the intervening time in sending and receiving messages to and from our friends in Mandal-Uttima and making occasional explorations around the sea in the life-boat. The few islands in the vicinity showed the usual polar vegetation, with light snow-fields here and there, which would melt as the summer advanced. Very little ice was seen around the shores, and no floes nor bergs ; this, together with the comparative mildness of the air, showed that the poles of Venus are far warmer than those of Earth or Mars. The sun sank below the horizon about nine o'clock P. M., rising at one o'clock A. M., giving us four hours night. As the summer advanced it would ascend higher and revolve in a spiral circle around the horizon, producing continual day in these regions. Every night the

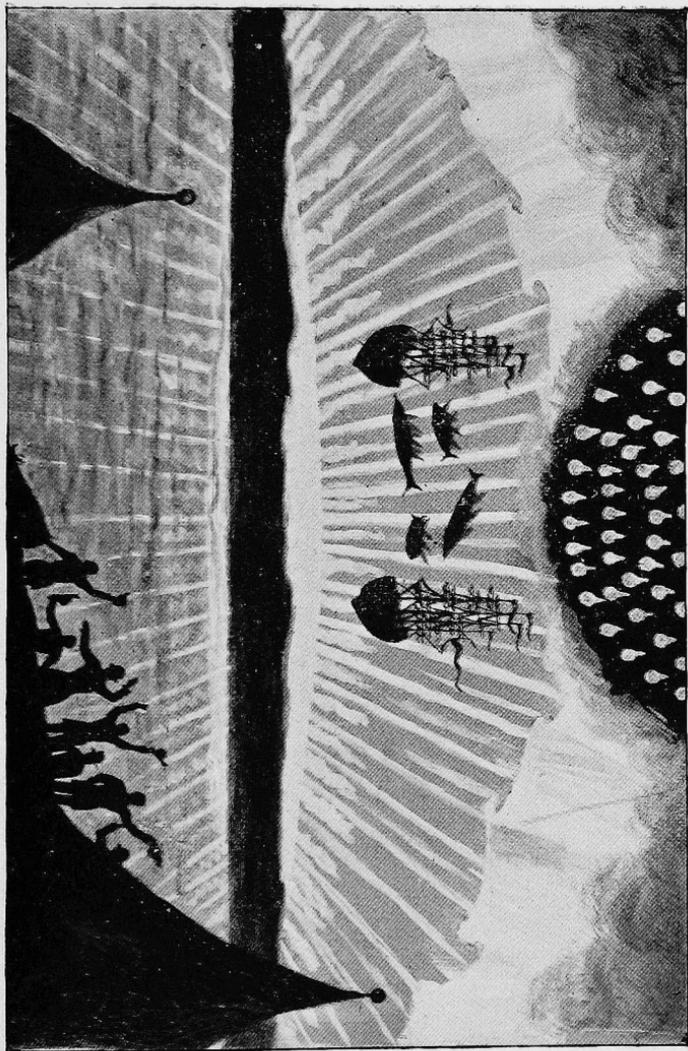
Venusian Aurora exhibited its splendid displays. After the fourth day the sky was hourly watched for the fleet. On the night of the fifth we were aroused by the officer of the watch.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL OF THE FLEET.

“THE Interplanetary Fleet is in sight!” shouted he.

We sprang from our cots and rushed out on the platform. The splendor and beauty of the scene almost defies description. The whole horizon was surrounded as by a wall of fire, casting its bright beams over the waters. Columns and spires of crimson and golden flame flew up to the heavens. High in the zenith appeared what seemed a vast circular canopy of black velvet, and standing out in brilliant relief on that dark ground, like the jewelled stars in the sword-handle of Perseus, hung the fifty ethervolts, throwing from their crystal surfaces the magnificent hues of the auroral flashes, and glittering like gems in the celestial vault. As they slowly descended with the ships in train, they seemed like angel chariots wafted from the heavens. The officers fired the signal gun and threw up brilliant rockets, indicating our position. In a few moments the fleet descended and floated quietly on the waters. The crews unlashd the boats, got aboard, and drawing the ethervolts and vessels in tow, rowed to



THE ETHERVOLTS HUNG LIKE GLITTERING GEMS IN THE CELESTIAL VAULT. — (PART 2, CHAP. VI.)

the shore, and the little army gathered on the rock. Prince Harovian, the Admiral, Captain Fulminax, Ephraim, Josiphar and John with the birds, and all our friends were cordially welcomed to the New World. Ombrion and Leuca, with their giant companions, Aquila and Falco, stepped out from their ethervolts, rolled their kingly eyes around, spread their great wings, and flew to and fro over the waters. Amid the glittering stars that bespangled the celestial vault, gleamed the soft, silvery light of mother Earth and the rosy-hued Mars, as they hung like gems in the heavens. Bhuras sent a dispatch to our friends in Mars, announcing the arrival of the fleet. Admiral Erumpitos planted the royal standard on the rock and took possession of the planet Venus in the name of the kingdom of Mandal-Uttima.

Preparations were made for our voyage over this young world. The ethervolts were securely moored to the shore and their contents transferred to the sea-vessels and air-ships. Admiral Erumpitos and Captain Fulminax took command of the former, with their officers and crews ; and Captain Sussonac and brother officers, of the latter. The eagles were provided with comfortable quarters on the deck of the Admiral's ship in charge of Ronizal and the keepers, Miss Molly and Commodore Jack in charge of Josiphar and John. A few officers were detailed to remain on the island till the return of the expedition, which might

occupy several weeks on the voyage. The operator took charge of the telegraph, the vessels and air-ships also being provided with aerial telegraphic instruments, by which messages could be transmitted to and from the polar station, through the aerial electric currents traversing the atmosphere, no matter how far distant the ships might be.

The air-ships rose from the waters of the polar sea. Our party got aboard the Admiral's vessel and, followed by the vessel of Captain Fulminax, left the island, taking course due south. The vessels sailed by their powerful electro-motors at the rate of forty to sixty miles per hour, which speed could be greatly increased if necessary. The air-ships were elevated at distances from a thousand feet to two miles above the surface, making occasional detours to the east and west for topographical observations. We crossed that part of the planet corresponding to the Arctic circle on Earth and entered the north temperate zone.

The oceanic expanse of these regions is far greater than, and the arrangement of the lands and seas wholly different from, that of Earth or Mars—relatively less land and more water than on those planets. We encountered few opposing winds and no storms. The clouds are more dense and heavy than those of Earth, the ocean is a deeper green, and the solar tides—in consequence of the planet's nearer vicinity to the sun—are higher

than those of Earth. The atmosphere was also much warmer. Nothing of especial interest occurred during the journey, and we continued our course without interruption.

CHAPTER VII.

NATURE'S PRIMEVAL KINGDOMS.

At the close of the fourth day we had advanced nearly three thousand miles, having reached that part of the planet's hemisphere corresponding to the 45th parallel, north latitude, on Earth. A large continent covered with primeval vegetation came in view to the west. We reached the shore, skirted by a long rugged reef, against which the waves rolled heavily, and entered a small bay penetrating the land where the waters were quiet, and cast anchor. The air-ships descended to the water and moored to the vessels. The sun sank in the west and the evening shades gathered. Through the dark clouds covering the sky occasional glimpses of the Venusian moon were seen in her final stage of conflagration, preparatory to assuming her rôle as queen of the Venusian night. She was about the same apparent size as our Luna, revolving at about the same distance. Her color was a deep blood-red, interspersed with occasional gleams of bright yellow flame, casting a sinister glare o'er the scene.¹

¹ Journey to Mars, chap. XIII.

As the night advanced an extraordinary spectacle was displayed. The whole sea was illumined by a brilliant phosphorescence. Myriads of Radiates and Polyps swarmed over the waters, shedding their bright hues everywhere. There were Medusæ, whose gelatinous bodies, shaped like flattened disks, with long tentacles like strings of purple and yellow beads, emitted a flickering greenish light; Pyrosomæ, their bodies, long cylindrical tubes, standing upright like little candles of flame; Lanternos, their serpentine forms throwing off bright coruscations; Torrea Vitreæ, resembling little glass balls or bubbles, gleaming with prismatic hues; creatures with bodies like twigs of trees, or roots of plants, or spreading masses of sea-weed, or spokes of little wheels, or coiling locks of hair, swimming, floating, and dancing in the phosphorescent light. The scene brought to mind the lines in the "Ancient Mariner:"

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship,
I watched their rich attire;

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.”

The air was filled with clouds of Noctilucas, Lamprides, and insects like our beetles, dragonflies, and shard locusts, bat-shaped creatures, and all manner of strange flying things, unknown on Mars or Earth. They shone like sparks or will-o'-the-wisps, swarming over the ships, clustering over the decks, or hanging in festoons from the flag-staffs and rigging, shedding flashes of bright light all round. With all these, and others that cannot be described, the waters of this young World abounded, even as did the primeval seas of our own far older World, long ages before the creation of Man.

The commanders posted the deck watch, and we retired to our cots. At midnight we were roused by a tremendous concussion. The bow of the Admiral's vessel was heaved above water, and two of the air-ships were almost capsized ; at the same moment loud and angry roars were heard. We hurried to the decks ; a huge scaly creature, larger than any finback whale,¹ was floundering in the waters and lashing furiously with its tail. It had run foul of our ships, and the waters were tinged with its blood. It was whirling its vast head

¹ This species of whale is the largest in the oceans of Earth. They attain a length of from ninety to a hundred feet or more, and are exceedingly fierce and dangerous.

around, and gnashing its enormous jaws, big enough to take in a ship's long-boat, their glittering tusks champing with the sound of a rock-crushing machine; a pair of eyes larger than dinner plates glared on us with a greenish light. The monster uttered another thundering roar and dashed beneath the waves like the rush of a sinking ship. All night long the metallic hulls of our ship resounded with grinding and rasping sounds; other monsters were biting or testing their teeth on them. This was our introduction to the Reptilian Epoch of this young World, with its primeval denizens, such as once inhabited our own oceans, whose fossil remains, gathered in our museums, constitute the study of the paleontologist.

Next morning we left the bay and coursed along the shores, new wonders meeting us on every hand, an adequate description of which would require almost a new language, and certainly a new scientific nomenclature.

The waters in the vicinity of the shores, and extending out to sea for many miles, were of a grayish-white color, as if saturated with magnesia or chalk. This phenomenon is produced by countless myriads of Infusoria and microscopic Mollusks, whose skeletons form the vast calcareous or limestone deposits all through the great oceans of our own and other worlds, covering their igneous rocky foundations with layers of various depths from one to twenty thousand feet. Im-

mense expanses of these foundations are subsequently upheaved as the "dry land," fitted by these depositions for the maintenance of vegetable and animal life. The organic kingdoms of nature owe their birth, growth, support, and development to these infinitesimal creatures. Venus was preparing, beneath her oceanic waters, additional continents and islands for her teeming populations of animal and vegetable life in the future, which same process Earth and Mars went through long ages ago.

The silent labors of the little coral insect were wonderfully displayed. The shores were skirted for miles with great reefs of pure red, white, or emerald-hued coral, sometimes built up to great heights above water. Against these reefs the rolling waves dashed with thundering sound. Out in the ocean were large islands, their foundations of primitive igneous rock and solid coral, their upper strata of calcareous earth, supporting primeval vegetation, inland lakes and pools of fresh water, accumulated from the rain-falls.

The lands of this young World were a perfect revelation, illustrating the third day of the Mosaic narrative of Creation, the six days of which are not natural days,—diurnal periods of twenty-four hours each,—but represent six geological epochs or ages.¹ The low, flat shores, plains, and mountain slopes of this continent were covered

¹ Notes 1, 2, end of chapter.

with vast forests, impenetrable jungles, gloomy fens, dank morasses and swamps, closely packed with the rank and profuse primeval vegetation belonging to the Mesozoic epoch. This vegetation was rapidly germinating, growing, maturing, and decaying in the warm, moist soil, still heated by the subterranean fires, bathed in an atmosphere reeking with watery vapors and loaded with carbonic acid gas, which is the natural food of this vegetation.¹

Here were the great primeval trees—the stately *Lepidodendrons*, lofty *Conifers*, stout *Sigillarias*, with enormous and massive trunks, fifty to a hundred feet high; the monstrous *Calamites* or rushes; the *Equisita* or giant horse-tails, with trunks thirty to fifty feet high and two feet thick.

Here were the giant *Cryptogams* (*Thallogens*, *Ferns*, peat beds, and lichens); massive trunks with no branches, with little tufts of foliage growing on top; others covered with leaves from roots to summit; others with thick scales, sharp thorns and spikes, or huge fungous masses; some apparently upside down, their roots in the air, branches in the ground; others destitute of bark or leaf, stretching their skeleton branches in all directions. The foliage of the trees and undergrowths was of various colors—blue, green, grey,

Many of these trunks are found in our coal-beds converted into coal or petrified.

yellowish, white, and red ; so fantastical in form and appearance as to defy description.

This is the Carboniferous, or coal-making epoch, through which all habitable worlds have passed, and all planets must also pass in the course of their evolution and development. These islands, shores, and continents, originally upheaved from the ocean depths, and blooming with verdure, are submerged ; the sedimentary deposits of the sea settle over them, packing down in successive layers all this dense vegetation. The lands are upheaved above the surface ; new primeval forests take root and grow upon them. Once more they are submerged, and the sedimentary deposits are once more laid over them ; again they are upheaved, and other primeval forests grow ; and so on these changes continue. All this vegetation beneath the soil, by the enormous superincumbent pressure and a slow process of partial combustion, is converted into coal. All our anthracite, bituminous, cannel, and other varieties of coal, forming the great coal-beds all over our world, were produced this way ; it is so with all habitable planets, and Venus is preparing her own coal-beds for the uses of her Venusian man, yet to come.¹

Remarkable phenomena appeared, showing the various geological changes going on in certain parts of these lands, where the terrestrial crust

¹ Note 3, end of chapter.

was scarce cooled from the heat of the subterranean fires. There were broad and deep river-channels pouring out torrents of hot, scalding water into the sea ; others flowing with warm ooze or liquid mud. There were lakes and pools boiling like caldrons ; others black as ink, and pouring out streams of scalding acid waters, showing the chemical decompositions going on in their hot, rocky bottoms. There were sunken swamps filled with warm water, at the bottom of which were dense primeval forests in full bloom.

The different classes, orders, and species of primeval animal life were displayed on a great scale. Flocks of birds, of enormous size, strange forms and plumage, flew over the forests, morasses, and waters in pursuit of their prey ; oftentimes fleeing from the ravenous pursuit of winged reptiles more powerful than they. Along the shores, basking on the sands or wallowing in the miry fens, were huge land reptiles, the Iguanodons, Megalosaurus, and Dinosaurs. Sporting in the surf or swiftly coursing amid the rolling waves, were the gigantic oceanic monsters and reptiles ; the Ichthyosaurs, Elanosaurus, and Edentosaurs ; sometimes pouncing upon the inferior creatures and devouring them, or fighting each other. The land reptiles would lie in wait on the water's edge, and grappling with their powerful claws, drag them out and devour them ; while the sea-monsters would in their turn lie in wait, crawl out of the water, seize and drag their foes into

their own element, terrible battles frequently taking place between them. These were but the beginnings of the wonders displayed on this Primeval World.

¹ This is proven by the science of geology and the varied significance of the word day, not only in the Scriptures, but in all the ancient Chaldean, Egyptian, and Grecian cosmogonies. The Hebrew language, far beyond any other, abounds in metaphors ; and the Scriptures are replete with them. "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." The Chaldeans measured creative time in accordance with the precession of the equinoxes into cycles of twenty-five thousand years each. The word day is often employed to designate a "time," an "era," an "age," an "epoch," an historical period in the life of a race, a nation, kingdom, monarchy, republic, *régime*, a national or civil administration, a society, custom, or fashion. It represents the beginning, the progress, and final completion of a specified act or work ; the beginning of a cause, its progress and final result. In the Divine economy of Creation, it expresses the beginning, progress, and completion of the creative act. Each Genetic day is a Cosmic day, or age, denoting one single and complete era in the life of our globe. These six eras or epochs are scientifically classified in strict accordance with historical geology, and it is of little moment whether we accept their periods of duration as stretching to tens or hundreds of million years, or not ; these are mere subjects of scientific speculation.

² The profuse and wild vegetation of this epoch is illustrated at the present day in the dense forests, jungles, and marshes of India, Africa, Java, the Polynesian islands, and the valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco in South America. Baron Humboldt said that a monkey might travel from the Amazon to the Orinoco, a distance of over a thousand miles, all the way on the tree-tops without touching ground on his journey. The dense undergrowth around the tributaries of these rivers is, in many instances for scores of miles, absolutely impenetrable to man or beast. In many of these jungles the sun's rays are wholly intercepted by the thick canopy of foliage, and the dense undergrowth is immersed in com-

parative darkness, yet, in spite of this deprivation of light and chemical rays, germinating and flourishing in immense profusion.

⁸ In this epoch of our world the continents were in embryo, half submerged beneath the oceans. North America consisted of one moderately-sized low area, with a few outlying islands. Great Britain and Europe were a mere archipelago of islands; and so far as geological science shows, South America, Africa, and a great part of Asia presented similar geographical features. During all this epoch the coal, limestone, and other deposits were slowly forming and spreading themselves out in alternate layers.

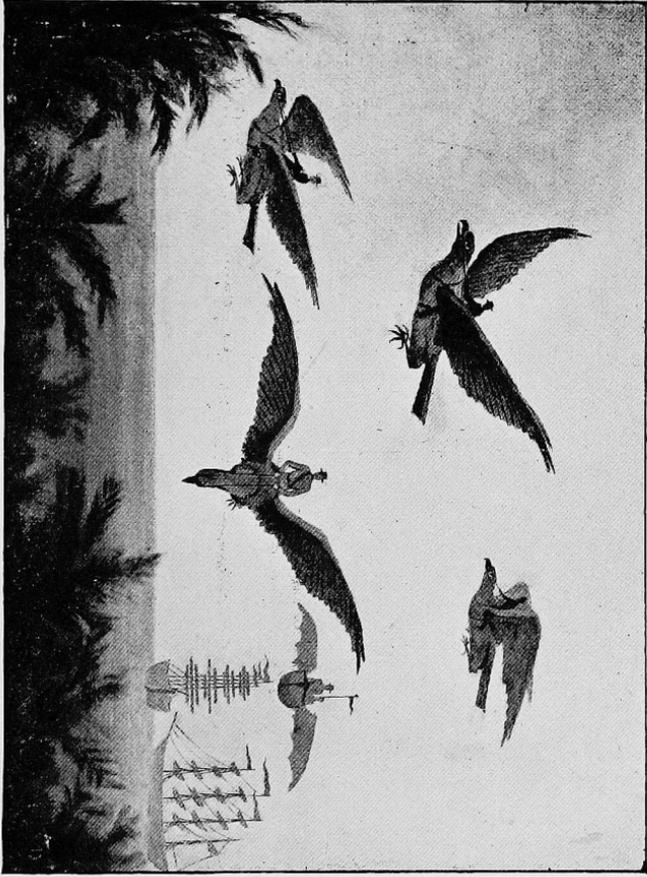
CHAPTER VIII.

THE ISLANDS OF FIRE.

WE now sailed out into the broad ocean. Its waters were free from the sedimentary deposits, and their color was a rich emerald green. The waves rolled with majestic rhythm, like those of our Pacific under the tropical trade-winds, the arrangement of the lands of this remarkable planet permitting uninterrupted flow of the oceanic currents and tides. We sailed about a thousand miles to the east, when a long line of islands appeared in the distant horizon.

“Those are the Islands of Fire,” said Josiphar ;
“I recognize them at once.”

Those famous islands constitute a great archipelago, resembling the clusters of the Polynesian groups in our Oceanica of the Pacific Ocean, which undoubtedly are the denuded summits of great mountain-chains occupying a vast primeval continent sunk beneath the Pacific Ocean in ages long gone by. As we coursed amid the group, their appearance fully corresponded to the title with which they were designated. Nowhere upon the face of any habitable planet could such islands have appeared except during the violence



WE MOUNTED OUR MIGHTY EAGLES AND FLEW OVER THE SEA. — (PART 2, CHAP. VIII.)

of some widespread and tremendous geological cataclysm. They were filled with volcanoes ; over many of them hung clouds of sulphurous vapors and volcanic dust, obscuring the sun. Columns of flame shot up to the skies ; torrents of lava flowed o'er the rocks into the sea, converting the waters into a boiling caldron. The thunders of these explosions reverberated far and wide. The whole sea was shaken by the frequent submarine earthquakes. It was evident that this part of the exterior crust, for many hundred thousand square miles, was relatively thin, and yielded to the tremendous forces of the internal fires, which in time would upheave a great continent on this part of the Venusian ocean.

The air-ships coursed many hundred miles over the archipelago. Asterion determined to make this a basic point for extensive surveys over the ocean, and, if possible, to discover another continent on this part of the hemisphere. As the Prince was desirous of finding the island containing the waters of life and diamond-fields, he directed the Admiral, with his vessel and one air-ship, to continue the search ; while Asterion, in company with Captain Fulminax's vessel and the other air-ships, departed over the ocean to the southeast.

We drew near one island environed by a great coral-reef. The surrounding waters were saturated with the calcareous deposits and filled with masses of algæ or sea-weed, retarding the pas-

sage of the ship. The waves, like those of our Dead Sea, rolled sluggishly, without surf or spray. The island was covered with the usual primeval vegetation, and in the interior was a great volcano spouting volumes of flame and smoke. Josiphar, who had been watching it for some time through his glass, now addressed the Prince.

“This looks like island No. 7, as specified on the chart, but as those observations were made fifty years ago, many changes may have taken place in its physical appearance.”

“Bring your bird on deck ; perhaps her native instinct will enable her to discover her former home,” replied the Prince.

The bird was brought up in her cage. She manifested the utmost excitement, beating the bars with her wings, thrusting out her head, uttering pathetic cries, and looking with longing eyes toward the island.

“The wonderful instinct of this bird is more true than our charts,” said Josiphar.

For certain reasons it was deemed advisable to keep the locality of the spring a secret. The Admiral gave orders, and the vessel cast anchor off the reef. Altfoura decided to make the first trip in search of the spring mounted on the eagles. Ombrion and Leuca, with their giant companions, Aquila and Falco, were saddled by Ronizal and his assistants. Our party consisted of the Prince, Hartilion, Sir Archie, Ephraim, and John. The baronet had taken the keenest

delight in eagle-riding, and pronounced his feathered steed quite superior in mettle, speed, and bottom to the finest English thoroughbred he had ever bestriden; in which verdict our readers would certainly agree, could they ever enjoy the opportunity of an aquilan ride. We clothed ourselves in the usual Martian sportsmen's attire, with strong leather boots reaching to mid-thigh. As to arms, we carried Martian-made winchesters and revolvers, of a considerably improved pattern. Sir Archie preferred his favorite Rigby and Frazer. Hartilion belted on his mighty cutlass, one stroke of which, wielded by his gentle hand, could have decapitated an elephant. Ephraim pocketed his Arkansaw toothpick, distinguished for its persuasive influences on "bar." John sported his South-Sea-Island creese, which also owned to very clever business ability. We also carried in our pockets a delicate Martian toy about the size of a Spanish senorita's little fan, by means of which our Andalusian beauties so artistically convey their sentiments of love or coquetry; but it is more persuasive than even that potent weapon, aided by the usual accompanying seductive glances. In the handle is a minute battery. Held in the hand, by touching a concealed spring, it flashes forth an electric discharge that instantly benumbs or paralyzes an assailant at close quarters. It is called the "gentle coaxer," and would be the most efficient of all weapons for our preservers of the peace. Could a small posse

of Martian police, clad in their bullet-and-dagger-proof attire, which is soft as silk and light as cork, make their appearance amid our terrestrial ruffians, toughs, or communistic mobs, the potent influences of their gentle "coaxers" would be manifested to the entire satisfaction of our peace-loving citizens. One single policeman, waving his little fan, could meander among the mob like Samson among the Philistines; and when the aforesaid ruffians saw their companions prostrate on the ground in a state of complete hemiplegia, or hobbling with locomotor ataxia, unable to articulate a single word, but screaming in horrible agony and gasping for breath, they would show the white feather instantly, and probably continue to show it for the balance of their lives. The toughest ruffian would rather be hung or shot at once than be coaxed in that style a second time.

Miss Molly and the Commodore were firm friends. They were also the especial pets of Ombrion, Leuca & Co., had enjoyed free range of the ship, and their colloquial accomplishments were a source of much edification. Molly's excitement at once more viewing her native island became so great that Josiphar restrained her with difficulty.

"Mount your eagles," said he. "I will let her loose and she will fly straight to the spring."

The prince and party vaulted into their saddles; Hartilion and Ephraim got aboard a beautiful little air-chariot provided for the trip; Josiphar let Molly loose. With a loud cry of delight she

spread her swift wings and took a bee-line for the island, closely followed by Jack. Our feathered steeds unfurled their mighty pinions, rose from the deck, and sped after them with the air-chariot. We flew over the reef and entered the interior, traversing the plains with their immense forests; crossed a great swamp filled with millions of rushes, calamites, and horse-tails, amid which hordes of primeval crocodiles, lizards, and other monsters were wallowing, bellowing and fighting. Finally we reached a broad sandy beach, skirted with high rocky barriers. Poor Molly, exhausted by her unaccustomed exertions, uttered a feeble cry and sank fluttering to the ground, panting for breath. We dismounted from the eagles and watched her movements. In a few moments she recovered breath and crawled around a buttress of rock. We followed, and just before us, springing up from a natural basin of black rock amid clouds of steam, spouted a magnificent fountain of bright green waters, sixty feet high, falling back in showers of spray that glittered under the sun like emeralds. Overflowing the basin's brim, they ran in a little rivulet over the sands into the swamp.

"*Aqua vitæ*, if you please, gentlemen," feebly ejaculated Molly, as, crouching on the sands, she gazed wistfully on the fountain.

The water was boiling hot; we filled our cups, blowing until it was cool. The prince presented her his cup, which foamed like champagne.

“Your very good health, sir, and gentlemen also,” said she, bowing graciously, standing on one leg and quaffing the contents of the cup.

We responded politely to her ladyship’s toast in abbreviated sips, not wishing to dispense with our appetites at present. This ceremonial concluded, she stepped gingerly to the cool rivulet and proceeded to take her ablutions, in which the Commodore also participated ; and the happy pair enjoyed their douche and plunge-bath like a brace of young ducks.

As our eagles had eaten nothing but ship fare during their interplanetary and oceanic journey, their appetites were whetted for something fresh. Altfoura ordered John to let them loose, that they might find game in the adjoining forests and jungles. Altfoura registered the location of the spring on his tablets. We strolled along the beach in search of adventure. Altfoura decided to take a short trip with Hartilion over other parts of the island, and would join us at the spring in an hour or two ; then, mounting the air-chariot, they flew away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CROCODILE LIZARD.

As Sir Archie was desirous of instituting a few experiments with his Rigby on the primeval denizens of the swamp, we shouldered our weapons and strolled along the barriers, Miss Molly and Jack flitting ahead, keeping their eyes open for smaller game. The precipices were perforated in many places with deep recesses and caverns overhung with running vines. All at once a peculiar grunting and squeaking, like that of young pigs, was heard from a deep cavern.

“Hark!” said Ephraim. “Them ar’ young alligators. The squeakin’ ar’ like the genwine Floridy ’gator. Hev peppered lots of ’em in the Floridy swamps. But who’d conceited the critters war’ ’round these foreign parts.’ Gators ar’ verry useful varmint.”

“Pretty fair game, Uncle Ephraim, when one is floating down the St. John’s river, and has nothing better to shoot,” said Sir Archie.

“The hide of a ’gator, well tanned, keeps out water better ’n ox-hide; the tongue of the ’gator ar’ better ’n a beef’s; the tail of a ’gator ar’ sweeter ’n tenderer ’n spring chicken; the ile

of the 'gator cures rheumatiz ; 'n the gall o' the 'gator ar' sartin' death on ager shakes 'n yeller janders besides. So yew see, Mister Barrynet, the 'gator, in a ginerall pint o' view, ar' a verry useful individool, altho' he ar' inclined to gobble up a little nigger when he gets a chance."

It was admitted that alligators, in this view, were highly beneficial to humanity in many ways.

"Gen'lemen," continued Ephraim, "we ar' in fur a thunderin' big dose o' malaria, ager shakes I calls it, meanderin' round this 'ere swamp. I moves we go down that hole 'n extractuate the gall-bladders out o' the varmints. They ar' a heap better nor quinine, Mister Doc."

"What if we should encounter the mother of the brood down there?" queried the baronet.

"She ar'nt thar; ef she war', you'd hear her gruntin' like a dozen big porkers. Reck'n she's off in the swamp 'arter mud-turtles 'n eels; ef she comes 'round, squint squar' at her left peeper with yer Rigby."

We lit our portable electric lanterns and entered the cave, Ephraim and John in advance. Sir Archie paused for a moment to light his briarwood pipe. The floor of the cavern descended on a slight incline. At the further extremity a dozen or more nondescript-looking creatures, about the size of half-grown alligators, were huddled together. Their bodies were covered with scales; they glared upon us with their

goggle-green eyes, twisting their long snaky necks and tails, snarling and spitting like enraged cats.

“Dang my skin!” exclaimed Mr. Jinks, “ef them ar’nt the ugliest varmin’ I ever sot eyes on.”

“They look like a very peculiar species of alligator,” said I.

“Nothin’ o’ the sort; no ‘gator ‘bout em. Cuss’d ef I seed sich reptyles befoh. Reck’n they ar’ a sort o’ mongrel ‘twixt lizards ‘n sarpients. Howsomever, I’m ‘arter their gall-bladders all the same.”

Ephraim drew his revolvers, firing right and left, killing several. The others scrambled off in all directions, uttering loud squeals like stuck pigs.

All at once thrilling screams from Molly were heard outside, mingled with loud cries from Jack. The mouth of the cave was suddenly darkened; a loud, harsh roar was heard, a human cry—the baronet was grasped in the jaws of a gigantic monster. We rushed forward, the creature backed out of the cavern dragging its prey.

It was a jurassic lacertian or crocodile lizard.¹ Its body was thirty feet long and covered with dark-green hexagonal plates; its huge crocodilian jaws were armed with long curved fangs, its webbed feet with black talons; its eyes, protruding like those of the frog, were of a ghastly green

¹ The fossil remains of these primeval land lizards are seen in our paleontological museums.

color. Hearing the cries of her young, she had rushed from the swamp and seized the baronet by both his legs. We sprang forward, firing volleys from our rifles and revolvers straight at her; but the bullets glanced off, or were flattened against her impenetrable scaly hide. In vain we attacked her with sword, bowie, and creese. The monster made rapid strides for the swamp, dragging her prey over the sands.

“Cussed ef this ar’nt the toughest varmint I ever tackled,” growled Ephraim. “By the great horn spoon! Mister Barrynet, ef we fellars can’t extractuate yew out o’ this ere scrape, yew ar’ a gone coon, sartin.”

“Quite agree with you,” puffed the baronet, clutching desperately at the shrubs as he was dragged along. “Really—not anxious to be converted into a—defunct racoon; should be—several times obliged if you’ll kindly extractuate—best way you can; don’t stand on ceremony—I beg.”

In a dozen strides the monster would reach the swamp, and the horrible fate of the baronet would be sealed.

“By Joe!” roared Ephraim, “thar’ ar’ more ways than one to skin a cat;” and he sprang astride the reptile’s back just in front of the shoulder, clasped his arms around her snaky neck, squeezing with all his giant strength and digging his powerful fingers under her horny scales down to the windpipe.

“I’ve got her by the throttle, Mister Doc. Folks dew say, when Eph once gets a squar’ holt, suthin’ hev got to break loose, bet yer life.”

“Thanks, Mr. Jinks,” puffed the baronet. “I perceive the jaws are beginning to loosen up a little already.”

The monster reared on her hind-legs with gurgling roars, tossing her head, vainly striving to shake off her rider. Molly and Jack flew at its eyes, and Jack succeeded in pecking one of them out. The liquid humors ran down the reptile’s cheek.

“Bully fer yew, Jack,” puffed Ephraim ; “yer gougin’ bizness ar’ fust-class. Go ahead—extractuate t’other peeper.”

In the meantime John and I were hammering away on the monster’s ribs with the butt-ends of our rifles, about as effectually as if on the rock of Gibraltar.

“Go ahead with yer pounding ; pr’aps yew fellars kin break her backbone. But when ye gets through, I reck’n thar’ won’t be much left o’ yer weepsons. This ar’ a verry peculyar constructuated individooal ; a reg’lar ironclad.”

The reptile showed signs of great distress under the tremendous throttling of the Big Bender. Her struggles grew more feeble, and she gasped for breath, opened her jaws, letting the baronet loose, and sank down on the sands, apparently strangled ; we ran toward Sir Archie.

“Don’t give yourself the slightest uneasiness,

I beg of you," said he, pulling off his boots and rubbing his legs. "Pelvic extremities only squeezed a little—a scratch or two, that's all. The Martian leather entering into the construction of these boots is certainly in advance of anything our London bootmakers can get up. I am all right, happy to say ;" and Sir Archie danced a Scotch hornpipe to prove it.

"Hello thar, yew fellars!" shouted Ephraim. "Cut off them vines ; rope the critter's jaws 'n legs ; be spry about it."

We cut off several vines, which were strong and flexible as ropes, and lashed them securely around the reptile's jaws and legs, rendering her helpless. The Big Bender dismounted from her back. Sir Archie, his clothing torn and covered with dust in the fearful struggle, shook him warmly by the hand.

"Uncle Ephraim," said he, with fervor, "you have saved my life, and I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can repay."

"Mister Barrynet, didn't yew save my hide in the grizzly bizness? That war' a tol'able close call for Eph, 'n mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve this 'gator bizness war' a leetle closer call fur yew. I likes to pay off them compliments when I git's a chance ; so I reck'n we ar' 'bout on the squar' ;" and the Big Bender returned the baronet's thanks with interest.

All at once our ears were greeted with a chorus of loud barks, snarls, and growls, mingled with

sepulchral laughter. We looked around ; a crowd of hyenas were stealthily descending from the rocks. They were of far greater size than our modern terrestrial species ; their coarse, gray hair striped or spotted ; their backs, heads, and ears covered with stiff bristles. With their red, gaping jaws, hound-like teeth, and hungry, savage eyes glaring on us, a more ferocious and formidable horde of brutes could not well be imagined.¹

The crocodile-lizard was instinctively conscious of an inveterate foe ; she struggled to break loose from her bonds and escape to the swamp.

These primeval cemetery ghouls, whose descendants dig up graves and feast on dead bodies, seemed anxious to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with man, the first they had ever seen. They gathered on the beach in troops, glaring at us and the reptile alternately, as if debating which to begin with. Our situation was full of peril, for although we might shoot them in scores, it was evident we should speedily be overpowered by numbers and devoured.

“Gentlemen,” said the baronet, “we appear to be in something of a dilemma ; the important question is, how to solve it.”

¹ The fossil bones of the primeval cave hyena and bear, far larger than our present species, are found in various parts of England and France. They were contemporaneous with the mammoth. The laughing hyena is found in many parts of India. The teeth of the hyena are stronger than those of any other carnivore, being capable of crushing the hardest bones.

“Yew means a scrape, don’t ye, Mister Doc?” queried Ephraim.

“Decidedly,” replied all.

“Waal, I reck’n we fellars kin crab out o’ this ’ere, providin’ ye’re willin’ to take advice on’t.”

“We’re only too willing ; in fact, quite anxious for advice.”

“I’ll bridle the beast ; jump on her back ; yew foller suit ; I’ll guarantee she’ll make tracks across this ere swamp ’n land us fellars safe on t’other side. Have done it befoh ; rid clean across a Floridy lagoon on a ’gator’s back when the peccaries war arter me.”¹

“Go ahead, Uncle Eph ; we’re panting for a swamp ride,” replied all.

Drawing his Arkansaw toothpick, he bored a hole through the reptile’s nostrils, passed a long flexible vine through them and knotted it ; tied other vines around her body like circingles around a horse ; loosed her jaws slightly so she could breathe easier, the creature expressing great dissatisfaction at the manœuvre. The throngs of hyenas drew nearer, snarling, laughing, and licking their chops.

“Get aboard,” ordered Ephraim, snatching up a thick stick and jumping astride her shoulder.

We vaulted on her back in regular order, John behind.

¹ Florida peccaries in their native lagoons are fierce and savage as wild boars.

“Let her loose,” said he ; and we severed the thongs around her legs.

“Hold fast to the belly-bands,” shouted Ephraim, seizing the reins.

We held tight ; the monster reared upon her hind legs, snorting and bellowing like a mad bull ; bucking and pitching like a Mexican bronco. The hyenas rushed forward with loud yells ; the reptile scrambled over the sands and dashed into the swamp ; the disappointed hyenas ran up and down the bank, howling with rage. Furiously lashing the waters with her tail she sped onward, crushing down the reeds and rushes, bespattering us with ooze and slime.¹ The other monsters raised their horrible heads. Evidently frightened to see their comrade laden with such uncommon freight, they fled in all directions. She tried to dive several times, but Ephraim jerked her head above water. We had crossed about half way, when she baulked. Ephraim banged her ribs with his club, and we with the butt ends of our rifles, but in vain ; she did nothing but spin round and round.

“Hye-e-ar ! Gee up ! G’ lang ! ole gal,” coaxed Ephraim, rattling the reins and flourishing his club in jocky style ; but Madame Crocodilis appeared insensible to the flattery, and spun around faster than ever. It seemed as if she

¹ The celebrated African explorer Captain Clapperton, R. N. once crossed a tributary of the river Niger on a crocodile’s back, escaping the pursuit of a pair of hungry tigers.

determined to drown herself and passengers in a small whirlpool.

“Wantee swamp horse to go ahead?” queried John.

“Decidedly,” replied Sir Archie. “If you can induce this cantankerous specimen of feminine obstinacy to mend her paces a little, we should be exceedingly obliged.”

“All right, me try.”

Suddenly the self-willed madame uttered a tremendous snort, and dashed off at a rate that would have done credit to a steam-tug. Molly and Jack flew ahead, hurraing with delight; the gnats, mosquitoes, gadflies, sand-flies, and millions of other nameless flies, that had been biting and stinging us almost to death, were left behind.

“Clar’ the track! Lightnin’ Express, special,” yelled Ephraim as the surrounding monsters dashed right and left from our furious career.

“Madame Crocodilis comports herself splendidly,” remarked Sir Archie. “I would stake her against the crack winner of the Derby.”

“John,” queried Ephraim, “how d’ye wake up the old gal so lively?”

“Me tickle her with little coaxer.”

He had applied the powerful weapon to the monster’s spine. The electric current paralyzed the muscles engaged in the turbulent revolutionary movements, and stimulated the orderly go-ahead ones, thereby demonstrating its great value.

“We ought to have used it instead of sword and bullet when we were fighting her,” said I.

“Danged ef she would’nt hev run off to the swamp all the quicker,” replied Ephraim. “Then whar would yew fellars hev been with the hyenas arter ye?”

It was evident that, if we had foolishly used this potent weapon, we should have lost our only refuge, and been consigned to the stomachs of the hyenas.

John applied the coaxer systematically to the flexors and extensors of our swamp horse, and she sped on like Tam O’Shanter’s Meg, with the witches and goblins after her. We crossed the swamp, reached the shore; Ephraim spurred her high up the bank. We dismounted; tied her legs and tethered her to a tree, for if we should encounter any more hyenas or land monsters, the swamp would be our only refuge.

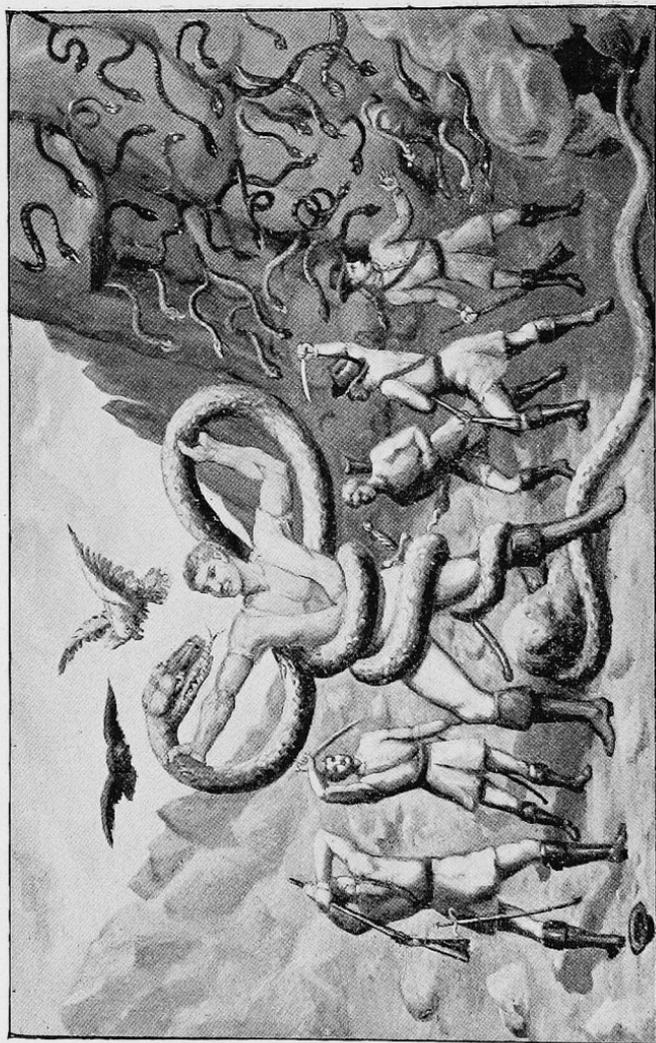
We ascended the bank to a plateau extending for many miles. Far beyond was a mountain-range. The plateau was a desert of coarse sand, covered with boulders, and appeared to be the dried-up bed of a great lake. With our glasses we discovered a little green oasis a few miles distant. We walked over the plain under the burning sun, and reached the spot. It was a few acres in extent, covered with primeval conifers and thick foliage. To our joy we found a little pool of pure fresh water. We were parched with thirst and almost overcome with the fierce heat. We washed and dried our clothes, reclined

under the foliage, patiently awaiting the return of Altfoura and Hartilion. The day passed and night came on ; we were filled with torturing anxiety as to the safety of our friends, and whether, if safe, they would ever be able to find us in these wild, desolate regions. The night passed and morning broke. We continually scanned the horizon, but there was no sign of our friends or the eagles. Late in the afternoon, John, whose eye was keen as a hawk's, suddenly shouted—

“Hi! Little chariot flying over mountain, off yonder!”

We rushed out from the trees and saw the chariot coursing swiftly to and fro, over mountain-peak and plain, many miles away.

We ran over the burning sands, waving our coats, firing rifles and revolvers, and shouting with all our might. As the wrecked mariner, cast on a desert isle, sees the prow of a passing ship veer to landward in answer to his signal, so our hearts bounded with joy as the prow of that little chariot turned toward us



HARTILION WAS WRAPPED IN THE COILS OF AN ENORMOUS PYTHON. — (PART 2, CHAP. X.)

CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS.

LIKE a bright meteor from another sphere, that tiny golden chariot flew across the sands and lighted on the glade.

“Heaven be praised!” exclaimed Altfoura, tears of joy gathering in his eyes as he clasped us in his arms.

“We soon returned to the spring,” said Hartilion, “saw the marks of struggle on the sands, and the flattened bullets. ‘Great God!’ I exclaimed, ‘they are lost—devoured by the monsters.’ ‘Nay,’ our prince replied, ‘our friends are not to meet such a fate. We’ll fly, if need be, o’er this planet in search of them.’ Trembling between alternate hope and despair, we penetrated the jungles, traversed the forests, and coursed for miles o’er mountains and plains.”

Sir Archie briefly related our adventures, praising the clever manœuvre of Uncle Ephraim, which was the means of saving our lives. Altfoura’s rapier and Hartilion’s cutlass were encrusted with gore, and their attire was stained with blood; there were also a few wounds, which the baronet skilfully dressed.

“We had a little scrimmage with monsters of different species, and sent a few hundred to their long homes,” said Hartilion.

“And our leviathan-tamer gave a grand banquet to the hyenas,” remarked Altfoura.

“Really,” said Sir Archie, “that’s the newest thing out. ’Tis to be hoped they enjoyed it.”

“Immensely. He dragged a few carcasses of the monsters, big and heavy as they were, into your cavern. The whole hyena troop, reinforced by crowds of others, entered and enjoyed a glorious feast. We blocked up the mouth with rocks and wet sand, and smothered them with burning sulphur, of which we found a supply near at hand.”

“By Rickshanik !” laughed Hartilion, “you ought to have heard the rumpus going on in that banquet-hall. It was like flies around a street lantern ; the insiders anxious to get out, and the outsiders fighting to get in.”

John cleansed their garments and arms in the spring. We opened our knapsacks and lunched under the cool shade.

“Where are our eagles ?” asked Altfoura.

“Discussing their Venusian dinner, probably,” replied the baronet.

“So long time has elapsed since they left us, I fear we have lost them,” remarked the prince.

“Oh ! they’ll turn up all right,” said Hartilion. “If not slaughtering serpents, they are probably taking an after-dinner trip over this new world.

If they don't come to time, I'll fly to the vessel and bring up the air-ship."

I took out my watch to note the time; the diamond-finder accidentally fell to the ground. I opened and glanced at the dial; the needle pointed persistently to the west.

"There is certainly a diamond-field in that direction," said Altfoura. "I propose we go in search of it."

We shouldered our arms, and leaving the chariot under the trees, took bearings by a compass and wended our way over the sands, following the direction of the crystal pointer. We walked several miles and reached the verge of an irregularly-shaped valley about three miles in circumference, sloping steeply down a few hundred feet to the bottom. It resembled the crater of an extinct volcano. The needle pointed toward its centre.

"The mine is in this valley," said the prince.

We descended the slope, loose earth and stones rattling around us. The bottom was covered with sand and boulders. Little springs of pure water rippled up here and there. The walls of this great amphitheatre were steep barriers and precipices, in many places calcined with former volcanic fires, and perforated with fissures and narrow caverns. Miss Molly and Jack flitted here and there, the latter warily glancing around with his sharp black eyes. We had traversed about one-third the valley when the needle suddenly

wheeled around to the right. John sprang forward, and scraping in the sand near a boulder, drew out a handful of stones.

“Rough emeralds,” said the prince.

“And of the finest lustre,” pronounced the baronet, who was an excellent judge of gems.

“Put them in your knapsack, John,” said Altfoura ; and he did so with a grin.

We advanced some distance further, the needle suddenly wheeled to the left. Hartilion ran to the base of a precipice and drew out a handful of gems, presenting them to the prince. Some were as large as chestnuts.

“The finest rubies,” said Altfoura.

“Surpassing anything of the kind in Europe,” exclaimed the baronet, with astonishment.

“Put them in your knapsack, Hartilion,” ordered the prince.

“All I care for is one little diamond ring for my sweetheart,” he replied.

“On your wedding-day she shall have a complete outfit of rings, bracelets, brooches, and necklaces of the finest gems here,” said Altfoura.

“I was not aware this wonderful finder could discover any other gem than the diamond,” said I.

“It seems to be a universal gem-detector,” replied the prince.

“If we go on at this rate we shall be able to buy out the Rothchilds several times over,” said the baronet.

We had reached the middle of the valley, when the needle began to exhibit extraordinary perturbations, whirling this way and that on its pivot, like a ship's compass under the influence of conflicting magnetic forces.

"Jeehoshophat!" exclaimed Ephraim, "look at the shiners!"

The scene was almost indescribable. We were in the midst of a mine of gems compared with which all the combined jewels of earth sink into insignificance. They glittered over the sands, flashed under the boulders, twinkled in the crevices, scintillated amid the rocks—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, sapphires, chrysolites; some partly encased in their matrices, others shining in their naked effulgence as if fresh from the wheel of the lapidary, and throwing off the sun's rays in such showers of dazzling splendor as almost blinded the eye.

In the meantime, Hartilion and John had gone some distance ahead, under the shadow of the precipices. While we were gazing in astonishment at the scene a cry was suddenly heard; we turned, and to our horror saw Hartilion wrapped in the folds of an enormous python. The reptile, crawling stealthily from its cave, had sprung upon him from behind, and cast its coils around his loins, chest, and left arm. With its fierce, malignant eyes glittering and its red-fanged mouth wide open, the monster waved its hideous head aloft, hissing and vibrating its forked tongue.

Whoever has contemplated that wonderful work of statuary art, the Greek Laocoon,¹ might form some idea of the picture ; but no horror and despair, such as stamp the anguished face of the doomed priest of Apollo, appeared on the countenance of this young Plutonian. The struggle, though terrible, had its features of beauty and grandeur. It was a combat between the concentrated vigor and almost superhuman might of a physically perfect human being, cast in the grandest mould, and the vast, bestial strength of primordial animality. It typified the battle between the wild and turbulent elements of Nature and the mighty laws of force that control them.

¹ Laocoon, the high-priest of Apollo during the Trojan War. While offering in the exercise of his sacerdotal functions a bullock to render the god Neptune propitious to the Trojans, two enormous serpents, issuing from the sea, attacked and destroyed him and his two sons, crushing them to death in their folds. This dreadful punishment was inflicted by the goddess Minerva in revenge for the part Laocoon had taken in endeavoring to dissuade the Trojans from admitting within the walls of Troy the famous wooden horse, in which an armed band of Greeks lay concealed. (Anthon's Classical Dic.)

This superb work of art was found in the ruins of the Baths of Titus in Rome in the year 1506. The Pope ordered a public festival in honor of its discovery. It belongs to the 4th epoch of Greek sculpture of the school of Rhodes. It was the combined work of three great sculptors, Agesander, Athenodorus, and Polydorus. When found, the right arm was wanting. Michael Angelo was commissioned to restore a marble arm, but after several trials gave it up in despair. The group stands in the Vatican at Rome. An excellent copy is in the Corcoran Art Gallery of Washington, D. C.

Hartilion stood like a bronze Hercules, his limbs braced and rigid as iron as he resisted the efforts of the serpent to throw him down, fending off with his right hand the coil that threatened his neck. Four scaly coils, larger than ship's cables, encircled his body. The reptile's tail was clasped around a rock, writhing and twisting, as it strove to drag Hartilion within its den. We drew our weapons and rushed forward. For a moment we knew not what to do. We could not strike a vital part without danger to Hartilion, and wounding the reptile would only irritate it all the more and prolong the battle. Molly and Jack flew at the serpent's eyes with loud screams, diverting its attention. Hartilion with a tremendous effort, wrenched his left arm free. The serpent lowered its head to avoid the assault of the birds. Hartilion seized it by the throat. Half strangled by that iron grasp, the vast muscles of the monster's neck swelled like knotted ropes. The coils tightened with a power that could have crushed the ribs of an elephant. Hartilion's countenance darkened; steadily, with resistless power, he dragged down that hideous, scaly head, its eyeballs starting from their sockets, its horrible jaws dripping blood; the coiled form of the monster grew rigid as if by a tetanic spasm.

“Off with its head!” laughed Hartilion.

Altfoura sprang forward—one sweep of his rapier, and the decapitated python fell down upon the sands.

“This is a genuine Naga vodra, evidently full-grown,” remarked Hartilion. “We have a young one in our Zoo gardens; crushed one of our finest lions to a jelly the other day. I am glad to have met so fine a specimen.”

The “fine specimen” was sixty feet long, and capable of crushing the largest elephant.

We were noting the proportions and making our comments on the monster, when the baronet happened to glance around.

“Great God! Look! look!” he shouted.

The most frightful spectacle that ever blasted the eyes of man burst upon our gaze.

CHAPTER XI.

COMBAT WITH SERPENTS.

THE amphitheatre was covered with serpents —pythons,¹ colubers, amphisbænas,² dipsas,³ cerastes,⁴ anacondas, vipers, asps, with other

¹ Pythons. The largest species of these serpents inhabit India and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. They are of gigantic size, from thirty to forty feet in length. There is an authentic record of one upward of sixty feet long having been destroyed after a hard battle. They lie in ambush in the jungles, or ascend trees, dropping down from the branches on their prey, or float at full length on pools or streams of water, lying in wait for animals that come to drink. The largest can crush and swallow deer, cattle, buffaloes; even the lion and tiger sometimes fall victims to their voracity.

Ancient history records that on the northern coast of Africa the army of the renowned Roman general Regulus was attacked and thrown into confusion by an enormous serpent which killed many of the soldiers. It was finally destroyed by the military engines used in the siege of fortified cities. The monster measured over a hundred and twenty feet in length. Its skin was sent to Rome and suspended in a temple, where it remained many years.

² Amphisbæna, a species of serpent that moves with either end foremost.

³ Dipsas, a poisonous serpent whose bite produces extreme thirst.

⁴ Cerastes or horned viper, found abundantly in Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Northern Africa. It is from one to two feet in length, exceedingly active in its movements, capable of springing

species unknown and undreamed of on Earth, crawled from the rocks and precipices in myriads. Some had scarlet crests on their heads like the fabled cockatrices. Others had single, double, and triple horns, or their skulls and backs covered with knobs and stiff spines. Some had fangs like wild boars, or teeth like sharks; their bodies invested with rough horny plates or scales. Others had webbed feet and legs like crocodiles,¹ or long snouts like pikes; many had tails like scorpions, armed with stings, or mandibles like the jaws of the African warrior ant. They were of all sizes and colors, red, green, yellow, brown, black, and mottled white. As they crawled over the sands, rattling their scales, wagging their forked tongues from their jaws, and glaring upon us with their malignant eyes, it seemed as if the bottomless pit had vomited up its most hideous incarnated demons. They had evidently assembled to avenge the slaughter of their chief. Escape was impossible.

“Gen’lemen,” said Ephraim, “we fellers ar’ goin to hev lively times with them sarpients. It arn’t no use tacklin’ em with bullets; ’cos why;

several feet. Its bite is venomous. In the male, above each eye projects a sharp curved horn-like process, which adds to the malignity of the reptile’s aspect. Authentic history records this serpent, and not the asp, as some believe, to have been used by Cleopatra as the means to effect her suicidal death.

¹ The Gymnophthalmi have four weak legs terminated by toes. The Lialides have hind-legs only. These reptiles are found in Australia and some parts of the West Indies.

bullets only parforates one or two at a shot. Load yer weepous up to the muzzles with gravel on top o' yer cartridges. Ye kin rake 'em fore and aft. Stand with yer backs agin the rock ; fire when I orders, not befoh."

We grasped up handfuls of the gravel and pebbles, cramming them in our rifles, and stood close against the precipice. The horrible horde advanced, loudly hissing. Their pestiferous breath was like the stench of a charnel. Hartilion, who had no winchester big enough for him to handle, stood laughing and playing with the handle of his cutlass.

"All ready?" shouted Ephraim, giving his orders like a drill-sergeant and raising his rifle.

"Yes," levelling our own.

"Aim low. Fire!"

Five simultaneous discharges, and the dismembered fragments of fifty serpentine bodies flew over the amphitheatre. Our missiles had hit the mark and all around it also.

"Splendid!" exclaimed all.

"Told ye so," smiled Ephraim. "Go ahead, as Captain Bragg says; 'giv 'em a little more grape, boys.'"

We treated the crowd to a little more of the same sort even more satisfactorily than before. The raking business was certainly at a premium.

"Hi!" giggled John, "me heap sorry for poor snakee; hab no chance, nohow."

"And I am equally sorry for my poor Rigby,"

said Sir Archie, examining the bore of his weapon. "Egad! it will be ruined."

"Ef ye vally yer shute-iron better than yer hide, Mister Barrynet, go back to yer lone cartridge."

"Too late, Uncle Ephraim. It will never shoot straight again."

"Scatterin' shutes ar' more 'greeable whar pizen sarpients ar' consarned. Yew fellars will administrate a few more o' the same sort, ef yew please."

A few more of the same, and a good many more besides, were generously administered. Rows of dead serpents and scraps of lacerated flesh covered the sands. The serpentine army were concentrating their scattered forces. Crowds of reinforcements descended from the rocks; by this time our ammunition was exhausted; affairs began to look rather dubious.

"Give the scaly vermin a taste of cold steel," said Hartilion, drawing his cutlass.

"That's the tork, egzackly, Mister Hop," said Ephraim, producing his Arkansaw toothpick.

The prince drew his glittering rapier. John unsheathed his formidable creese. I produced my cut and thrust; Sir Archie produced nothing.

"Hev an extra Arkansaw tickler on hand, ef ye like, Mister Barrynet," said Ephraim.

"I have always had a horror of edged tools," replied Sir Archie; "but I can handle a shillalah equal to any Corkonian."

“We Tennessee fellars never tuck a shine to them Irish jigs; howsomever, yer welcome to this 'ere,” tossing him the club he had used on our swamp horse. Sir Archie caught and flourished the sprig like a Tipperary boy at Donnybrook fair, uttering a loud whoop. Commodore Jack, who had watched the platoon exercise with the eye of an old martinet, uttered a tremendous oath, spread his wings, and flew over the precipices, followed by Miss Molly, screaming with all her might.

“Mister Barrynet, ye've skeered the birds off with yer Corkonian shines. Danged ef I ever conceited ye war a Paddy.”

“Bless you! Uncle Ephraim; I am Scotch-English to the backbone.”

“Folks say them chaps ar' good fighters. If that ar' so, now's the time to show yer pluck. Them pesky sarpients ar' comin' on like thunder.”

The reinforced serpentine army crawled over the heaps of slain, surrounding us in thousands. Hartilion sprang in their midst, whirling his mighty cutlass in gleaming circles, as rank upon rank fell beneath its terrible sweep, like grass under the scythe of the mower. Altfoura's rapier glanced like lightning. The Tennessean's formidable bowie and John's sharp creese flew up and down, right and left amid the throng. Sir Archie's Tipperary sprig cracked many a snaky skull and broke many a twisting spine; and the cut and thrust did very good work both ways.

The sand was soaked with gore, and strewn with decapitated heads and squirming bodies, but the horrible horde still pressed on. The combat was desperate ; our arms were weary with slaughter ; we could not hold out much longer ; suddenly the sharp cries of the birds were heard mingled with ringing screams.

“Hurrah !” shouted Altfoura. “The birds have brought the eagles.”

“By Rikshanik !” grunted Hartilion, “these damned snakes will sing another tune now.”

“Mister Barrynet,” puffed Ephraim, “I takes back wot I obsarved about them Paddy shines, ’n axes yer pardon fur it. Yer sprig hev put in fust-class licks in this ere sarpiant bizness.”

Flying over the rocks came Ombrion, Leuca, Aquila, and Falco, closely followed by the birds, with screams that rang through the amphitheatre. Terrified by those sounds which announced the onset of their mortal foes, the serpents wheeled about, tumultuously rushing over each other in their frantic flight. The mighty eagles swooped down upon them like a whirlwind, crushing them with the blows of their wings or tearing them to shreds with beak and talon. As these plumed monarchs dashed hither and thither o’er the ensanguined field, they looked like incarnate genii of vengeance, hurrying on their mission of destruction. Clouds of sand arose, partly concealing the carnival.

“Hurrah!” shouted Hartilion. “Here come the dragons!”

“Jeerusalem!” exclaimed Ephraim, “ef them ar’nt the funniest little devils I ever sot eyes on.”

“Egad!” remarked Sir Archie; “most extraordinary zoological productions—must say.”

“By Jingo!” chuckled John. “Bull-terriers; fly likee birds, hab tail likee snake.”

We viewed the arrival of these new allies with much curiosity, as scores of them flew down the rocks. Although by no means equal in size to the fabled dragons of antiquity, their aspect was sufficiently formidable. They were two to three feet long, jet black, shaped like lizards, and covered with stiff spines like the hedgehog. Their heads resembled bull-terriers, their jaws were armed with fine, sharp teeth. They had no true wings, but membranous expansion of the skin on each side of the body, extending from the fore to the hind legs, like those of the flying squirrel. Their tails were long and serpentine; their legs armed with sharp claws.¹

The dragons flew at the necks of the retreating serpents, clutching with their claws and tearing at their throats with the ferocious pertinacity of bulldogs. It was impossible for the serpents to shake them off. Meanwhile, Miss Molly and Jack were darting to and fro, pecking out their eyes as

¹The *Draco volens*, or little flying dragon, is found in many parts of Africa and the East Indies. They are the deadly enemies of poisonous serpents, and destroy them in great numbers.

fast as possible ; and between the eagles and dragons the serpentine army was annihilated, the few wounded survivors feebly dragging themselves to their holes and dens.

“ Well done, my brave Ombrion and Leuca ! ” exclaimed the prince, throwing his arms around their necks, while they bent their royal heads to his caress. The kingly Aquila and Falco came in for their full share of encomiums from all. The Commodore and Miss Molly received the same ; the former with dignified condescension, the latter very coquettishly.

We strolled over the field ; passing some distance ahead, around a rocky buttress, I saw a huge python holding in his jaws an immense diamond, while a dragon was clinging to his throat. The reptile was making for his den. I ran in front, harassing him with my sword, but he held his head out of reach, dodging my blows. Finally, maddened by the bites of the dragon, he swallowed the diamond, and made straight at me with his jaws wide open. I plunged the sword down his throat, severing the spine, and he fell dead. I ripped open the stomach and drew forth the diamond.¹ It is impossible to describe my astonishment. It was a flat circular disk six inches across, and over three inches thick in the centre ;

¹ Small diamonds and other precious stones have sometimes been found in the stomachs of certain species of serpents in the vicinity of diamond-fields in Africa and India. What purpose of digestion they serve to the reptile is unknown.

part of the matrix on one side was off, leaving the surface exposed, which glittered with a splendor rivalling the noonday sun. I held in my hand a Venusian gem whose intrinsic value was almost equal to the wealth of a kingdom. I cleansed it on the grass, placed it in my bosom, and leaving the dragon to slake his thirst in the blood of the python, rejoined my companions, who were filling their knapsacks with jewels.

The eagles cleansed their plumage in the springs; we washed our garments and arms. Altfoura marked the locality of the field on his chart. We remounted, flew out of the valley and over the plain, reached the oasis, and sent the air-chariot back for Hartilion and Ephraim. I took out the gold-detector; its needle pointed directly toward the mountains several miles distant. We remounted, flew over the desert and reached them. They extended in a great chain east and west, separated by broad ravines and deep gorges. Their strata of quartzite, felspar, and crystalline rocks indicated gold deposits. We entered a deep gorge, evidently the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, its environing precipices showing old volcanic action. Crystalline grains of gold glittered among the sands, and the whole bed shone with their brilliant lustre. We thrust our weapons deep in the sand; it was perfectly saturated with gold. As we advanced still further, all along the rocky slopes were great gold-bearing quartz veins, teeming with nuggets and masses of vir-

gin gold from one to twenty and fifty pounds weight.¹ We dug them out, and in less than two hours collected enough to have filled a forty gallon cask. As the gorge extended many miles the supply was inexhaustible. There was more of the precious metal here than in all the mines of Earth from the time of Solomon's temple to the present day. We placed a few nuggets in our knapsacks, already crammed with the diamonds and jewels. Altfoura marked the locality on his chart; we remounted, and sped our way to the swamp, where the crocodile-lizard was still tethered to the tree.

"Gentlemen," said Altfoura, "this poor creature was instrumental in saving your lives; you should feel correspondingly grateful."

"Most true, Your Highness," replied the baronet. "We all feel the deepest sentiments of gratitude; Madam Crocodilis saved us from the stomachs of the hyenas."

"That ar' all right harnsome," remarked the old hunter. "but mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve, ef it hadn't bin for the chokin' bizness, Mister Barrynet, yew would hev bin inside her stummick 'n deegesticated long ago."

It was generally agreed that such would have been the result, so far as the baronet was concerned.

¹ In 1851, a nugget of gold was found in Australia weighing over a hundred pounds, embedded in a matrix of quartz. Its value was \$36,000.

“ We can best manifest our gratitude by letting her loose ; she will return to her brood, who by this time are certainly very hungry,” said he.

“ What’s left of ’em,” muttered Ephraim.

Hartilion dismounted from his chariot and cut the thongs. The poor childless mother, ignorant of her offspring’s fate, turned an almost grateful look upon her deliverer, plunged into the swamp, and disappeared. We flew over the swamp to the fountain, filled our canteens with the “ Waters of Life,” and sped over the forests and plains, Miss Molly and Jack leading the van. We crossed the reef, landed on the deck of our ship, retired to the cabin, and took lunch, while the admiral and officers listened with astonishment to the recital of our adventures.

CHAPTER XII.

PRIMEVAL MONSTERS.

NEXT morning we left the island, and, coursing amid the group, drew near another more inviting. Its shores were sandy beaches skirted with forests and jungles; valleys and hills were in the interior.

The noises and commotions of the waters during the night indicated the presence of sea-monsters engaged in their gambols or combats. The Admiral directed the ship to be in readiness against any attack, should we happen to encounter them. The officers in charge of the artillery put the guns in order and stationed the gun crews. We had also a full corps of skilled sharpshooters quite equal to the best "crack shots" our terrestrial military regiments or shooting clubs can produce.¹ In compliment to his terrestrial guests, the Grand Duke of Mandal-Uttima had ordered the manufacture of a goodly supply of small arms made by the gun factories on the Winchester and Springfield pattern, much improved; and many

¹ The Martian armaments have been described in "A Journey to Mars."

of our Martian friends, who had been so long accustomed to their own noiseless electric weapons, took to these noisy implements as a pleasing variety. Noise is a very good thing in its way, oftentimes more useful and effective than silence. In battle it stimulates military ardor, and performs the valuable function of drowning the cries of the wounded and dying. It inspires Dutch courage and sometimes mollifies cowardice.

Fancy two armies drawn up in battle array and firing at each other with noiseless weapons. Their bloodthirsty ardor would soon cool; they would become frightened or disgusted at the yells and curses of the wounded; and unless the officers kept the ardor at fighting heat by stationing bands to play "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star Spangled Banner," on one side, and "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the Queen," on the other, continually (in case England and America should get together by the ears), the soldiers would soon tire of the sport. Smokeless powder is a late military invention. Let some genius invent noiseless powder and the game of war is ended, unless the soldiers are clad in bullet-proof garments, in which case they can blaze away at each other all the time.

The air-ship put out with her officers and crews to make topographical surveys over the interior of the island. As we drew near the shores, the waters swarmed with countless myriads of moluscan life. Nummulites, with bodies shaped

like coins ; annulites like rings ; sea-cucumbers, shaped like that vegetable ; sea-urchins, or hedge-hogs, their bodies covered with stiff spines, some as large as a two-bushel basket. Fenestrellas, with bodies shaped like window-sashes ; cuttle-fish, with tentacles surrounding their heads, and squirting a thick inky fluid from their mouths which, by blackening the waters, conceals them from their enemies ; hydrozoas ; bryozoas ; asteroids ; echinoderms ; ophiuroids ; cirripeds ; with countless others unknown on Earth. The waters were thick with these creatures ; they crawled up the hull ; swarmed over the deck, giving the crew lively work shovelling them over-board. Our learned Professor Concha was delighted, and collected great numbers of specimens for transportation to the Martian Academies of Paleontological and Conchological science. These creatures constitute much of the food of larger monsters.

While we were busy with these small Venesian productions, others of a more interesting sort appeared. A hundred or more huge Pterodactyls, or Alligator-bats, came flying over the waters. They were much larger than the descendants of the imported specimens in the Martian Zoo gardens. These gigantic winged reptiles, whose fossil remains are found in many parts of our globe,¹ were from twenty to fifty feet long, with wing-stretch from ten to forty feet. They were covered with black scales. Their necks were like the serpent's ; their jaws like the croc-

¹ Journey to Mars, chap. xxxvii.

odile's; their wings like the bat's, with long hooks; their legs like the stork's, with long claws; their forked tails like a whip-lash. As they drew near in their lumbering flight, flapping their black wings, their tails coiling like serpents, their goggle eyes like coals of fire, with their horrible grunting roars, they brought to mind the dragons of ancient fable. Our eagles, mounted on their perches, recognized their old enemies, and were transported with rage. Their struggles to break loose and attack them were so vehement they were restrained with difficulty by Ronizal and the keepers. Our rifles had been put in good order from the serpent fight; we terrestrials, panting to win laurels in the way of wing shots, drew up and fired; but although our game was within easy range none of them wobbled in the expected pigeon style. We fired again and again, but the flock lumbered on as usual.

"Really — very extraordinary, — must say," muttered Sir Archie, lowering his Rigby with great chagrin.

"I'll be cuss'd ef them big bats ar'nt fust-class flyin' ironclads," growled Mr. Jinks.

"Give them a small dose from the artillery," ordered Admiral Erumpitos."

The cannoneers elevated and fired their guns simultaneously, and the instantaneousness with which the whole Pterodactylean flock was converted into a cloud of floating mist was as wonderful as it was beautiful.

"Do you employ explosive bullets?" queried Sir Archie, in open-mouthed amazement.

“We do not,” replied Professor Chemian. “That crude mode of pulverizing living creatures was discarded centuries ago. Our bullets are charged with chemical substances which resolve all the compounds of living tissues into their first principles.”

“This illustration of swift chemical analysis is certainly the most brilliant I ever saw,” said the baronet.

“Our weapons are called chemical annihilators,” remarked the admiral.

“If this beautiful invention could be made known among our terrestrial nations, military surgeons, hospitals, and national cemeteries would be dispensed with.”

All at once a terrible commotion arose over the sea. Thousands of monsters, aroused from their oceanic lairs by the sound of the explosion, appeared around the ship, rearing their hideous heads above water, and snapping their jaws. The heaving and surging of their huge forms, the lashing of paddles and tails, threw the waters into a tumult ; and their roarings and bellowings were deafening. There were Ichthyosaurs thirty to forty feet long, their bodies shaped like the whale, with four paddles, their jaws and teeth like the alligator, and eyes a foot in diameter.¹ There were Elanosaurus, Edentosaurus, and Atlantosaurs, their lizard-shaped, scaly bodies fifty to sixty feet long, their heads like crocodiles.

¹ This great development of the visual organs was necessary to enable the creature to discover its prey at long distances under water. The organ possessed telescopic vision, and its eyewinkers were thick horny plates.

There were Ganoids, resembling a mixture between the garpike and sturgeon, their bodies covered with thick horny scales, their mouths filled with a pavement of molars from front to the throat, and capable of crushing the hardest shells. There were immense sharks, their jaws filled with sextuple rows of saw-like teeth; sea-wolves, sea-cats, and sea-owls, whose heads resembled those creatures, their jaws armed with rows of tusks like wild boars'. There were turtles, their carapaces fifteen to twenty feet across; octopi, with their barrel-shaped heads and parrot-like beaks, waving their ashen-colored tentacles, fifty feet long, like coiling snakes, and glaring around with their ghastly knob-shaped eyes. There were crowds of other aqueous monsters unknown in our terrestrial paleontology. As they surged toward the ship, evidently regarding it as some new monster trespassing on their own special domain, they seemed transported with rage, some of the more powerful and active leaping high above the surface.

"Give them a taste of our rifles," said the baronet.

"Squint squar at their peepers," suggested Ephraim.

We drew up and aimed; eyes are not easy marks to hit in a miscellaneous crowd, but, in spite of this disadvantage, the rifles accomplished very pretty work, and many a specimen of primeval creation gave up the ghost. But like the Saxon kerns¹ at Macbeth's Dunsinane, "the

¹ "Buttermilk-eaters." A term of derision given by the Scotch to the English soldiers.

cry is still they come ;” and when one actor on this war stage made his exit, a dozen others made their *entrée*. It was evident that the safety of the ship required a resumption of chemical treatment.

“Give them a broadside to the north and south, then turn on the right wheel and give another, east and west,” ordered the Admiral.

This was done according to the established rules of naval tactics. The potent analyzers converted the sea surface into clouds of mingled oxygen and hydrogen, and resolved the multitude of monsters into their ultimate atoms and molecules.

“When I get home,” said Sir Archie, “I shall present to our Military Bureau my essay on the Science and Practice of War conducted on chemical principles.”

A crowd of land monsters, aroused by the sound of the artillery, issued from the forests and jungles along the beach, tossing their heads, snorting, bellowing, and stamping. Our learned Professor Therios, the celebrated zoologist, was in ecstasies.

“Excellent !” exclaimed he, with enthusiasm ; “what a magnificent field for conducting scientific investigations among these living representatives of paleontological science !”

“Wait a moment, my dear professor,” interrupted Sir Archie. “I joined this expedition to have some good sport, and I have been immensely disappointed so far. In the snake fight I was compelled to insult my Rigby with charges of sand and gravel. Before you introduce your scientific

investigations, or the Admiral introduces his chemical decompositions, on that desirable game over there,—which may be sport to you,—I beg you to allow me a little sport of my own beforehand.”

“By all means,” interrupted the Prince. “We’ll go over and have a gay time, take the field fresh and the first pickings ; and science may take our leavings.”

“I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for Your Highness’ sympathy with my feelings on this point,” replied the baronet.

One of the boats, manned by its crew, was lowered. One party rowed ashore. As we landed on the beach, numbers of huge amphibious reptiles, asleep on the sands, woke up and, alarmed at the sight of human beings, crawled off into the water. Paleotheriums, shaped like tapirs, larger than our rhinoceroses, waddled off to the bushes. Mammoths, sixteen feet high, covered with shaggy brown hair, with long, hooked tusks, tossed their heads, curled up their trunks, and, uttering loud trumpetings, retreated to the forest, crushing down small trees under their ponderous tread. Kangaroo-lizards, standing twelve to fifteen feet high on their hind-legs, their heads and forelegs shaped like a rabbit’s, skipped about with prodigious leaps over the sand. There were Oreodons, resembling a mixture of the deer and camel ; giant wingless birds ten to fifteen feet high, covered with coarse gray feathers, their bills armed with sharp teeth, running through the surf and catching fish.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANIMAL-DEVOURING PLANTS.

ALTFOURA directed the boat to follow along shore, but to make no attack against any creatures we might encounter, unless by orders. We passed up the beach, the professors collecting specimens and making sketches of interesting natural objects belonging to their scientific departments. Along the forests and jungles were many strange-looking trees, plants, and shrubs, of extraordinary forms and colors, wholly unknown on Earth or Mars, which would have puzzled our botanists to arrange and classify. They belonged to that primeval order of vegetation which inhabited Earth and Mars during the early geological ages, which was afterward swept away to make room for the present classes and orders.

We came across a plant, the great size and extraordinary appearance of which arrested our attention. It consisted of a rough, fibrous stalk about two feet thick and four feet high from the ground. Its summit was surmounted by an enormous calyx divided into six sepals radiating outward from the centre, like those of the rose. They were six feet long, three feet broad in the widest part, six inches thick in the centre, thinning off toward the edges. Their outer surface was a dark, polished green, like the Mexican cactus; their inner, a faint rose-color, and covered with sharp, strong spines. Their edges were

armed with rows of barbed hooks. Inside the calyx was a circular cavity about a foot deep ; around its upper margin was the corolla, shaped like a gigantic rose, of pink and gold color, edged with purple and white. The central cavity was filled with a thick yellowish liquid. Strange as it may seem, the odor emanating from this magnificent rose was like that of fresh raw beef, and very powerful. Altfoura made a sketch of the plant, and Professor Herbeus secured some of the fructifying seeds. A swarm of wild bees were clustered around the receptacle. Professor Chemian collected a small quantity of the liquid and applied his chemical test.

"Genuine honey," said he, "of fine flavor. This is a honey-manufacturing plant."¹

While we were tasting the product, Ephraim suddenly shouted :

"Hurrah ! Here comes a bar. Danged ef he ar'nt a whopper."

An enormous cave bear, twice the size of a Rocky Mountain grizzly, trotted out from the forest toward us. He was covered with shaggy brown hair, and looked big and strong enough to combat an elephant. We levelled our rifles.

"Don't shute, gen'lemen," said Ephraim. "He's arter the honey. The stingers'll tackle him ; thar'll be fun."

The bear, attracted by the perfume of the honey, advanced without noticing us, reared on his hind-legs, and plunged his head into the

¹ A few varieties of the honey-secreting plants are found in certain parts of South America.

cavity. To our astonishment, the sepals suddenly sprang upright, enclosing his head and neck in their terrible grasp, the sharp spines and hooks penetrating the flesh. The bear roared and struggled in vain to break loose, furiously clutching and tearing at the sepals with his long, sharp claws. They slipped from the hard, smooth surface as from polished iron. The calyx clasped tighter; the spines and hooks sank deeper; the blood flowed out in jets, and the bear's struggles grew weaker.

"Caught like a rat in a trap," said Professor Therios.

"What a terrible plant!" exclaimed several.

"It belongs to the order of flesh-eating plants," said Professor Herbeus. "The head of the bear will soon be deprived of its blood, the flesh digested and absorbed within the structure of the plant."¹

¹ Of flesh-consuming plants, sometimes called insectivorous or carnivorous plants, about five hundred species are known and classified that catch and use insects, etc., for food. They have different methods of catching them. Some have cavities into which insects crawl and cannot escape; the *utricularia* or bladderworts have little traps that close with elastic valves; the animals being caught, soon die, and their remains are absorbed by sucking organs inside the trap. All sorts of insects, ants, worms, etc., constitute their food. Another species of these plants has leaves shaped like pitchers, urns, bottles, funnels, and tubes, lined on the inside with sharp spines, directed downward, preventing escape of the prey; some secrete a species of honey, or display bright colors to attract their prey. One species, the *genlerea*, found in Africa, South America, and the West Indies, has a trap shaped like a purse with a narrow round opening surrounded with sharp hooks. In the *Sarracenia purpurea* or common pitcher-plant, found all over the United States, the leaves are shaped like bags or pitchers, frequently half full of water, the inside lined with stiff bristles.

“The order of nature seems to be reversed on this remarkable planet,” said the baronet. “Instead of the animals eating plants, the plants eat animals.”

“It is too cruel to allow the poor bear to be destroyed in this horrible manner,” said Altfoura.

“Cruel as it may seem to us,” remarked Pro-

Some of these get so full of dead insects as to become offensive ; birds frequently pick out the insects. The *Sarracenia variolaria*, found in the swamps of Florida and Alabama, has a regular pathway leading from the mouth to the bottom, lined with honey to attract the insects. Some plants have labyrinthine channels and cavities among which the insect wanders around until it is lost. Some perform certain movements to catch their prey ; some throw out long tentacles, winding around the insects ; of these about forty species are known : some secrete a gummy, sticky fluid on the surface, in which the insect falls and cannot extricate itself. The fluid secreted by all these plants which digests the insects possesses all the properties of animal gastric juice. The leaf of the *Drosera rotundifolia*, or common sundew, looks like an oval-shaped cushion with pins sticking in it ; the juice secreted by the leaf is a regular mixture of acid and pepsin ; the moment the insect alights on it, it is firmly glued down and speedily digested. In some species of the *Drosera* the insect is held down by tentacles. The common Venus fly-trap has leaves shaped like a claw, armed with hooks and tentacles on the edges ; they ordinarily lie wide open ; when the insect touches the inside, the two halves of the shell shut up together, securing the prisoner ; the inside secretes an acid juice, which soon destroys and digests the insect. Electric currents also have been observed, positive and negative, in the plant, running from the roots to the extremities of the leaves. In Oporto, many of these flesh-devouring plants are cultivated and utilized by the farmers to catch flies and other insects.

A HORRIBLE PLANT.

THE MAN-EATING TREE OF MADAGASCAR. HOW IT SELECTS ITS VICTIMS.

(*Letter from Carl Leche, the discoverer.*)

“If you can imagine a pine-apple eight feet high, and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and denuded of leaves, you will

fessor Therios, "it is one of nature's processes to keep superfluity of population within bounds."

"Granted," replied the prince; "but in this particular instance I prefer to interfere with nature's conservative process. Uncle Ephraim, you may let Bruin loose."

John ran to the boat and brought an axe.

have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of the anana, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight leaves hung down to the ground, like doors swung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined at the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped very much like the American agave or century plant. They were two feet through in their thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looks like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer surface, and on the inner, slightly concave. This concave face was thickly set with strong thorny hooks, like those upon the head of the teasel. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fibre. The apex of the cone was a round, white, concave figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower, but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear treacly liquid, honey sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and soporific properties. From underneath the rim of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched in every direction. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to a half-inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these (between the upper and under cup) six white, almost transparent palpi reared themselves upward, twirling and twisting with incessant motion.

"Then the natives surrounded one of the women and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly and with despairing face she climbed up the stalk of the tree and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twirling all about her. 'Tisk, Tisk,' cried the man; and stooping down, she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face and convulsive chorea in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she intended to do. Oh! no. The ferocious cannibal that had been

Ephraim chopped off the calyx close to the stalk ; the bear drew his bleeding head out and stared wonderingly around.

“Ole gen’leman,” said Ephraim, “I knows lot’s o’ yer elbow cousins in them parts as I hail from. When I goes back, mebbe I’ll carry ’em yer compliments. What say, ole fellar ; ar’ ye agreeable ?”

The Venusian Bruin paused a moment to paw the blood off his face and eyes, and looked up with an almost grateful expression to his deliverer.

“Now let an old hunter give ye a bit of advice. When ye’re arter honey agin’, tackle a bee’s nest ; don’t make a blamed fool of yerself, ’n stick yer nose inside o’ wegetable bar-traps.”

The honey-eater nodded his head as if appreciating the advice, uttered a few contented grunts,

so inert and dead came to sudden savage life. The slender delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered for a moment over her head, then, as if by instinct, with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils, round and round her neck, and arms then while her awful screams and still more awful laughter rose, to be instantly strangled down again into gurgling moans, the tendrils one after another, like green serpents, with infernal rapidity, rose up and wrapped her about fold after fold, tightening with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose lowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approaching one another, and closed about the victim with the silent force of an hydraulic press. A moment more, and while I could see the bases of the great leaves pressing more tightly toward each other, from their interstices trickled down the stalks streams of viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim.”—Otto Luggen on “Flesh-Consuming Plants.”

and trotted off to the forest. Passing on still further, we came across another plant, with the head of a huge *Paleotherium* caught in its deadly grasp. The animal had been dead several days, and was in an advanced state of decay ; hundreds of crabs and other unknown creeping things were devouring the body. Still further, we encountered the skeletons of other bears, tigers, hyenas, lizards, and serpents, lying beside many of these carnivorous plants that had strangled and devoured them.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRIGHTFUL GORGONS.

WE frequently witnessed extraordinary scenes in the water. Large fish, ganoids, sharks, crocodiles, sea-lizards, mososaurs, enaliosaurs, and other monsters were lashing their tails and darting to and fro as if under great excitement or pursued by some relentless enemy. The jaws and heads of many were enveloped by what seemed to be great bags or hoods, of a pale, whitish color, and their necks enwrapped with long tentacles, like ropes. The monsters seemed in great distress, as if being strangled or suffocated. Several were dead, and floating belly upward. One of these hood-shaped creatures unwrapped its tentacles from the body of a dead shark, whose skeleton head had been stripped of its flesh, paddled to a half-submerged rock near the shore, and crawled up the flat surface, displaying its form in full view. The

body of the creature was shaped like a cylinder, about six feet long, three feet thick, covered with white scales, and terminated by a broad flat tail. Its head was shaped like a pine-apple, and was as large as its body. Around the neck were six tentacles twenty feet long, like those of the octopus; the head and tentacles were covered with long reddish hair. The lower part of the body was provided with a great number of short, stout legs, shaped like those of the centipede. Having reached the rock, the creature paused a few moments as if resting from its exertions, and we witnessed an extraordinary spectacle.

The pine-apple head opened wide and expanded itself into five separate parts, radiating around the centre like the sepals of the carnivorous plant. Their inner surfaces were studded with suckers like those of the octopus. In the centre of each sucker was a stiff, sharp spike, like the point of a stiletto. The central part, surrounded by the five arms, opened in a circular mouth armed with saw-like teeth. On the tops of the arms five fierce red eyes appeared, protruding like the eyes of a frog. The body of the creature began to palpitate and throw off colors like the dolphin. The tentacles reared up, coiling like serpents—the long red hairs twisting in all directions. The aspect of the creature was terrible; yet in spite of its hideousness, there was something strangely attractive which riveted our gaze, as it waved its tentacles, its red eyes glaring, its five-jawed mouth wide open, like some horrible monster from the nether world. Our scientific friends were at

a loss to classify or name the creature, no such ever having been seen on Mars.

“It belongs to the family of Star-fishes,” said the baronet, “and this species is called the Sea-Gorgon; they are found in the tropical oceans of earth, although the largest are only a few inches long.”¹

“The breed must have sadly degenerated,” remarked Professor Therios.

A powerful and aromatic odor, resembling that of musk and some unknown flower combined, issued from the mouth of the gorgon, permeating the air. In a few moments a crocodile-lizard, similar to the one that carried us across the swamp, came out from a jungle near by, evidently attracted by the perfume, crawled rapidly

¹ Sea Gorgons. The Euryalidæ (so named from Euryale, one of the Gorgons) belong to the class of the Echinodermata family Stelleridæ, or Star-fishes so named from their resemblance to a star. The body is pentagonal in shape, with five arms radiating outwardly from the centre; they are furnished with cirri, or hairs, which, by their confused or tangled appearance, has caused the creatures to be compared to the Gorgon's head, with its snaky locks. Their bodies are invested with flexible calcareous plates; they are provided with a multitude of feet terminated with suckers, like the common house-fly, by which they move about; they can crawl up the surface of glass with perfect ease. They are exceedingly voracious, catching their prey by means of their arms, which are in constant motion. Their prey is drawn through the oral orifice or mouth, situated in the centre, into the digestive cavity: and as they have no anal orifice, the excreta are rejected through the mouth. They are found principally in the tropical seas, although some species exist even in the icy waters of the Arctic regions. They are all rare. Some species eject a corrosive poisonous fluid from the mouth. Some varieties of the Stelleridæ actually possess the power of suicide; when drawn up forcibly out of the water, they not unfrequently break themselves in pieces.

over the beach without noticing us, approached the Gorgon, and thrust its snout into the circular mouth. The five radiating arms instantly descended, tightly enclosing the reptile's head, and the long hairy tentacles wrapped themselves like ropes around its neck. The throttled victim struggled violently, tore the Gorgon from the rock, tossed his head up and down, vainly striving to shake off his foe, reared up on his hind-legs, whirled over the sand a few moments, then sank down, dead.

"What a terrible creature!" exclaimed several.

"A fust-class garrotter," said Ephraim.

"A regular Thug of the sea," remarked the baronet.

"Its mode of attack is so extraordinary, also," remarked the naturalist. "It first attracts its prey by its perfume, then entraps and destroys it."

With her five jaws engulfing the head of the reptile, the Gorgon began to suck its blood, her cylindrical body alternately contracting and expanding like a huge pumping-machine; its corpse-like hue gradually changed to a dark crimson, the body swelled out to an almost globular form, and the creature looked like a huge bottle-spider.

The scaly body of the crocodile-lizard began to shrink and contract into wrinkles, as it was drained of its life fluids; the tentacles of the Gorgon unwound themselves from the victim's neck, coiling like red serpents around its head; its

fiery scarlet eyes, protruding from their snail-like sockets, glared upon us with a diabolically malignant expression. The sight was so inexpressibly hideous we turned away in horror and disgust.

“Wa-al,” exclaimed Ephraim, “I’ll be eternally smashed of that arn’t the torn-down, infarnalest varmint I ever sot eyes on. The devil’s grandmother would fly into conniption fits at sight of him.”

“Egad!” said Sir Archie. “That horrible head would frighten the fabled Medusa herself, with her snaky locks, whose look turned beholders into stone. ’Pon my word! the thing will surely haunt my nightly dreams.”

“Mister Barrynet, ef the varmint’s head ar’ goin’ for to skeer ye, my advice ar’ what King Richard advises Mister Buckingham—as I seed onct at ’Frisco theayter.”

“You mean ‘Off with his head, so much for Buckingham’?”

“That war hunchy King Dick’s advice, eg-zackly.”

“Go ahead, off with her head. ‘Now, by Saint Paul, I swear I will not dine until I see the same.’”

Ephraim raised his axe and chopped off the gorgonian head with the skill of a state executioner. But the jaws still clung to the head of its victim in a death grip. He then chopped off the head of the reptile in the same style.

“Double execution ar’ done,” said Ephraim. “Two head’s ar’ better ’n one; yew sees ’em; now,

Mister Barrynet, order up yer dinner 'cordin' to hunchy King Dick. Hope the sperrits won't haunt ye, as they did him, when he ordered up t'other hoss."

CHAPTER XV.

HARPIES AND HELL-HOUNDS.

ALL at once loud, discordant screams were heard, and a flock of horrid-looking birds flew from the jungle, wheeling in circles over our heads. We retired a short distance, and they swooped down on the bodies of the Gorgon and lizard. They were from two to three feet high, resembling a mixture of the screech-owl and condor. Their feathers were coarse, of gray color, standing up in tufts over their bodies. Long feathery filaments hung down their heads, cheeks, and throats, like straggling beards. Their faces were bare, of a corpse-like hue, and seamed with wrinkles; their long hooked beaks resembled the aquiline noses of old Indian women. With their shaggy eyebrows, green eyes, and corpse-like visages they looked like the old hags and witches of Scandinavian mythology. As they clustered over the carcasses, tearing off scales and skin with their talons, plunging their beaks deep into the reeking flesh, their fierce eyes rolling, and uttering guttural screams, the sight was hideous beyond description.

"These interesting feathered warblers are exact counterparts of the old mythological harpies," remarked Sir Archie.

"To what class do they belong?" asked the prince.

None of the professors were able to decide, no such birds ever having been seen on Mars. The baronet opened his evolutionary budget.

"They are probably the primeval ancestors of our eagles, falcons, hawks, owls, and other predatory birds," said he.

"Mebbe that ar' so," remarked Mr. Jinks, "but danged ef I kin diskiver much of a family likeness 'twixt them game birds 'n these 'ere peculyer-lookin' fowls, ennyhow."

"The game birds are improved by evolution," replied the baronet.

"I see; family likeness kind o' guv' eout."

"Exactly; just what evolution is constantly doing."

A loud chorus of barks and snarls was heard, and out rushed from the forest a pack of repulsive and ugly-looking creatures. They were about the size of bull-terriers, their bodies covered with stiff bristles and hair mixed; their feet armed with sharp claws; their necks clothed with a thick ruff of bristles like porcupine quills; their heads resembled a mixture of the bulldog and hyena; their ears were like those of the vampire bat; their wolfish eyes glared with a ferocious expression; their red mouths stretched from ear to ear; their teeth were like those of the hound and wild boar mixed. Their whole aspect was so gaunt, grisly, and repellent, we involuntarily grasped our weapons.

"B' gosh!" muttered Ephraim, "ef them arn't genwine hell-hounds."

"Really," said Professor Therios, "this young world is capable of evolving the most fearful and wonderful zoological productions it ever entered the imagination of man to conceive."

"What are these creatures?" asked the prince.

"They are probably the primeval ancestors of our modern dog," said Sir Archie.

"Really, my dear baronet," exclaimed the professor, "this is a little too much. How a man of your education and common-sense can entertain the idea that our magnificent breeds of dogs, our great mastiffs, fox-hounds, setters, pointers, coach-dogs,—not to speak of pugs, poodles, and terriers,—could have descended from such hideous beasts as these, is beyond my comprehension."

"My dear Professor, the science of evolution, which originated in merrie old England, explains all that, with its origin of species, natural selection, environment, survival of the fittest, *et cætera*."

With a perfect hubbub of howls, yells, and snarls, so discordant and direful as seemed to confirm Ephraim's idea that the creatures had actually come up from the bottomless pit, the whole pack of canine primevals rushed forward to drive the feathered primevals from their feast. The latter rose, flapping their wings, snapping their beaks, and uttering fierce screams. The canines displayed wonderful agility, jumping up, catching the birds in their jaws or claws, and tearing them to pieces; while the latter directed their attacks at the eye of their foes, pecking

them out very cleverly. The battle was hotly contested ; but finally the pack, being deprived of one or both eyes, fled howling back to the woods, and the harpies resumed their repast. Miss Molly and Jack, who had watched the combat with much interest from the top of a tree, flopped over to a rock near by, Miss Molly, with a sweeping salutation to the gormandizing harpies, sung out :

“ Good-morning, ladies and gents,—how are you ? Hope you enjoy your dinner,—my compliments.”

“ Mornin’. How ar’ ye, ole hens an’ chickens ? ” echoed the commodore.

The harpies, instead of politely returning the salutation, stared stupidly at their visitors, and began to shuffle around uneasily, as the lower orders of humans sometimes do in the presence of their superiors. The awkward movements and evident discomposure were very comical.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ” exclaimed Miss Molly at the top of her voice, throwing back her head and shaking her sides with peals of laughter. “ Awkward boobies ! ”

“ Ho ! ho ! ho !—Never say die,—Hurray ! All ri !—Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o’ ! ” bellowed the commodore.

This uproarious salutation of their cultivated and enlightened descendants was altogether too much for the dignity of their primeval ancestors ; they left the feast and flopped back to the forest, uttering squalls of dissapprobation.

“ Miss Molly,” asked the baronet, “ why do you

not show more filial respect to your primeval ancestry?"

"Explain yourself, sir," replied she, tartly.

"According to the theory of evolution, they are your great-great-grandfathers and great-great-grandmothers; and you should——"

"You miserable slanderer! scandal-monger!" screeched her ladyship, snapping her beak, ruffling her feathers, and looking mad enough to twist his head off.

"Fact, by Joe!" emphatically growled the commodore, looking as if he would like to peck the baronet's eyes out for the insult.

"Miss Molly, I beg ten thousand pardons," submissively replied the baronet.

"Bosh!" muttered the irate Molly, flopping up into the tree and turning her back on him.

"Rats," muttered the commodore, flopping up beside her.

The decided stand taken by Miss Molly and the commodore forever settled the question as to the improbability of their having evolved or descended from harpies, or any other feathered creatures, except their own original, Simon-pure race of feathered Mollies and Jacks.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIPSY GORILLAS.

WE passed up the beach, John and Ephraim in advance, gathering berries from the bushes. Suddenly an enormous gorilla rushed out from

the jungle with a tremendous roar, sprang upon John, threw him down, and seized him by the throat with his jaws. The poor fellow would have been killed in an instant, but Ephraim grappled the creature and tore him off. The gorilla furiously attacked him with his long powerful arms and teeth, and it would have gone hard with the hunter, in spite of his athletic strength, had not Hartilion strode forward, seized the creature by the nape of the neck, and choked him till his eyes started from their sockets. John jumped up, considerably dazed, but, to our great joy, uninjured.

“Danged ef you arn’t the ugliest menagery baboon that ever travelled,” exclaimed Ephraim, looking the creature in the face. “Cuss’d ef I ever conceited a blarsted show monkey could hustle me in a squar’ tussle.”

Our Martian friends had never seen such a specimen, and could not restrain expressions of astonishment.

“What is this extraordinary zoological creature?” queried the naturalist.

“It is designated the gorilla,” replied Sir Archie. “I have shot a few of them in the jungles around the Congo river in Africa; but this Venusian specimen is certainly the most tremendous fellow I ever saw.”

The creature was nearly seven feet tall, covered with coarse tangled hair; his long muscular arms reached below his knees; his black and horrible visage was seamed with wrinkles. With his ferocious and brutal aspect, fierce eyes, and

dog-like teeth, he looked like some devil incarnate. He roared, yelled, and fought like a tiger to break loose; but Hartilion held him with a grasp of iron, occasionally tapping his shins with a stick, which soon cooled his ferocity, and he cowered down, scowling and growling as only such apes can.¹

“I should like to secure this Venusian Troglodyte, and take him home with us,” said Professor Therios. “He will make an interesting subject for scientific investigation.”

“And when he gives up the ghost under your experimental vivisections, you can anatomize him and discover his great points of resemblance to the human being,” said the baronet.

The gorilla was securely bound to a tree; after growling a while, he settled down quietly.

It so happened that Ephraim had brought several bottles of old rye and Bourbon on this trip, and the baronet had also laid in a brace of good old Hennessy brandy, to be ready for any wounds or little sicknesses. This was probably the first instance of a second exportation of ardent spirits from one planet to another; and as they had taken two trips of over a hundred million miles each, their qualities were doubtless greatly improved thereby; that is, if the testimony of liquor importers on that point is to be credited.

¹ A full-grown gorilla is a most formidable and dangerous foe for any man to encounter. They are more than a match for the largest and most ferocious bulldog or bear-hound. The only tender place in their anatomy is the shin-bone, as in negroes; a few smart blows, well laid on, will soon bring them to terms.

John had found a nest of small turtle's eggs in the sand. He ran to the boat, brought out the bottles, with a supply of milk, sugar, and spices; and proceeded to concoct a well-known appetizing spirituous compound in a big pitcher.

"Makee nice egnog for big monkey,—hab heap fun," said he.

"This seductive composition, prepared with brandy from Earth, milk, sugar, and spices from Mars, and eggs from Venus, is not seen every day," remarked the baronet. "I propose we pay our respects to it."

The terrestrial tourists, being somewhat fatigued, followed the baronet's suggestion, and experienced refreshment thereby. Our Martian friends, out of compliment to their guests, probably for the first time in their lives laid aside their teetotal principles and partook of the same.

Their verdict was unanimous that no better egnog could be gotten up on any planet of the system.

"We must also extend our spiritual hospitalities to our Troglodyte friend," said the baronet.

Meanwhile, Sir Gorilla, bound to the tree, had watched our bibulous indulgences with much interest and curiosity. As the fragrant odor of the concoction wafted around, he elevated his nose, sniffing with evident pleasure. John prepared a big bowlful, from the Kentucky Bourbon and old rye mixed, with a dash or two of the Hennessy to give it flavor; then, marching up to the captive, held it up to his nose. One whiff

was enough. Sir Gorilla plunged his muzzle into it and drank every drop, smacking his lips like any human gourmand over his "extra dry," and smiling all over his handsome phiz.

"Wantee more?" queried the tempter.

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted Sir Gorilla emphatically.

John mixed a fresh bowlful, which was duly appropriated. In a few moments another gorilla, with a young one clinging to her back, came sneaking out from the jungle and paused a moment, looking with great curiosity on the scene.

"Hello?" exclaimed Ephraim. "Here comes Mister Baboon's better half with her cub."

Meanwhile John had untied the gorilla's hands and allowed him to squat down on the ground with the rope around his waist tied to the tree. The creature had the bowl between his knees, and was pulling away at the nog with great satisfaction.

"Wha-a-ah, ye-e-e-o-o-o? Wha-a-ah, ye-e-e-o-o-o?" whined Madame Gorilla inquiringly.

"Monkeys kin jabber their own lingo," said Ephraim. "That ar' means, 'What ar' ye 'bout?'"

"Ugh! Ko-o-om ya-a-h," replied her lord, looking up and beckoning to her with his hand.

"That ar' means, 'Come 'n take a swig, ole gal,'" said Ephraim.

The female, who was smaller than her mate, and whose charms could not be contemplated without a shudder, advanced rather timidly, glancing at us suspiciously; coming within a

short distance she paused, turned up her nose, sniffing the flavor; then, overcome by the temptation, she waddled fearlessly up, squatted down by her lord's side, and plunged her muzzle into the bowl, drinking with avidity. These Venusian primevals were certainly endowed with a high appreciation of spiritual blessings, and grunted their mutual approval accordingly.

"Quite a unanimity of sentiment on the excellence of John's concoction," remarked the baronet.

"Really this is very extraordinary," said Professor Therios. "These primeval apes take to liquor as naturally as fish take to water."

"Law bless ye, Mister Profess," replied Ephraim, "when I war a little chap, I got ducks, geese, turkeys, 'n pigs drunk as biled owls on brandy cherries, many's the time. Yer orter see crows 'n buzzards get glorious tight on whisky corn-mash."

"Our terrestrial performing monkeys in our circuses are often thoroughly awake to the merits of John Barleycorn," said the baronet, "and demand their gin-cocktails or brandy-smashes after every performance; and many of them positively refuse to show off until they have had their bitters beforehand."¹

John prepared another bowlful, the effects of

¹The two gorillas—Chiko and his female mate—recently imported to this country were daily supplied with from one to two quarts of strong wine. They would make merry over it, and often manifested strong appetites for whisky, gin, and other liquors, and, if permitted, would drink to intoxication. They took to it naturally.

which were soon manifested. The gorillas became jovial, uttered sounds like laughter, got highly affectionate, throwing their arms around each other's necks. The young one, who was rather better-looking than his parents, and evidently astonished at their peculiar behavior, dismounted from his mother's back, put his nose into the bowl, got one taste, and ran off, spitting and bawling, then squatted down, regarding his "Oh!-be-joyful" papa and mamma with supreme contempt.

"A division of sentiment in this happy family, on the temperance question," remarked the baronet.

"Mister Barrynet, can't yer see that ar' cub hev'n't cut his eye-teeth yet? Wait till he gets out o' mammy's leadin'-strings; reck'n he'll swig it lively as the old folks, and prehaps a leetle livelier."

The facility with which these primevals, as well as our terrestrial apes, swine, domestic fowls, crows, and buzzards, take to alcoholic potations seems almost to prove that the appetite is originally and naturally inherent in them, and particularly that man, if he has really descended by way of evolution from the monkey tribe, has clearly inherited it, and is therefore not morally responsible for the same, and only blamable when he indulges too liberally and frequently. Still, it cannot be denied that John was, on this occasion, the original arch tempter in this Venusian paradise, and awfully responsible for his wicked experiments on primeval innocence and virtue.

By this time my lord and lady Gorilla were happy as Burns' "jolly beggars." Their physiognomies were wreathed with smiles. They chattered, laughed, and yelled with delight. Ferocity yielded to fun, and their antics evoked shouts of laughter. My lord danced a regular hornpipe in his bonds, while my lady waltzed and capered around him. John cut him loose. The inebriated pair cavorted over the sands in a style that completely outdid the liveliest coryphees of the French leg drama, hiccuping for more spiritual blessing, which John liberally supplied, regardless of his onerous moral responsibility in tempting original innocence to original sin in the way of drinking.

All at once a loud flapping and grunting were heard in the jungle. An enormous Pterodactyl, or Alligator-bat, was entangled in a thicket of vines, in which she had been caught by the legs and wings while pursuing a colony of snapping-turtles, her favorite food.¹ As the naturalist was desirous of securing this primeval flying reptile for scientific examination, we all took hold and dragged her out, in spite of her struggles. The creature was over forty feet long, and her wings were nearly the same across the tips. She furiously lashed the sands with her tail, uttering loud grunting roars; but we tied up her jaws and legs with ropes. The snapping turtles crawled out

¹In order to get at the flesh of the turtle, the creature would carry it several hundred feet high in the air and allow it to fall on the rocks, which cracked the shell open. Eagles and other large birds have been known to accomplish the same result with tortoises and turtles.

from the bush, watching the performance on their old enemy with evident satisfaction.

"Gentlemen," said John, "me gettee up funny little circus performance, if you likee. Can catchee plenty more Alligator-bat and show monkey."

A Venusian circus performance was acceptable, so we told John to go ahead with it. He went up to the merry gorillas, who were now "o'er all the ills o' life victorious ;" led them dancing up to the reptile, and by a little coaxing with fresh supplies of the "Oh !-be-joyful," got them astride the creature's back, tying their legs around her body. Ephraim bored a hole through her nostrils with his knife, passed a long rope through them, placing the free ends in Sir Gorilla's hand. My lady clasped her arms around her lord's neck. The young one bawled lustily to get on his mother's back, but as the naturalist wished to secure him, he was taken to the boat for transportation to the Martian Zoo gardens.

John and Ephraim caught a dozen of the snapping-turtles and placed them in a row, with their noses to the reptile's tail, and they snapped tight hold of it in their vise-like jaws.

"Now lettee big bat loose," said John.

The ropes were cut. Madame Pterodactylus scabbled up, squealing like a pen of stuck pigs ; flapped her bat-shaped wings ; rose from the beach, and away she flew over the sea, with my lord and lady Gorilla clutching at her scales and yelling like mad, and the snappers holding to her tail like grim death.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROSES AND HONEYSUCKLES.

WE passed a long distance up the shore and saw many remarkable natural productions. Here and there amid the jungles were little shrubs like our rose-bushes, with graceful, spreading branches, blooming with roses and exhaling fragrant perfume. The calyces of the flowers were larger than those of our roses, and of a satiny appearance. The leaves were a brilliant green on one side, and a burnished silver on the other. The remarkable and beautiful appearance excited our admiration.

“Gentlemen,” said Sir Archie, with enthusiasm, “here is the rose that all are praising; how forcibly it reminds me of merrie old England! How beauteous their hue!—how delicious their fragrance! ’Twould be cruel to allow them, like the flowers in Gray’s country churchyard, to ‘waste their sweetness on the desert air,’ or, like Tom Moore’s last rose of summer, to ‘pine on their stem.’ I suggest we follow Tommy’s advice, and do as he did with that ‘last rose of summer.’”

The baronet’s suggestion met with the approval of all, Ephraim excepted, who owned to no sentimentality of the floral sort, and we stepped forward to pluck them. Suddenly the calyces sprang up, closed violently on our hands, thrusting out sharp prickles and wounding them. Spines and stiff thorns, hitherto concealed in the leaves and

satiny bark, shot up in all directions, giving the tree a ferociously belligerent aspect.

"That bush ar' a reg'lar wegetable fightin' rooster," remarked Ephraim.

"Evidently blessed with a testy temper," said the prince.

"Endowed with the instinct of self-preservation against undue familiarity and any attempt to pluck its budding sweets," said Professor Herbeus.

We pinned the dearly-bought flowers to the lapels of our coats, and marched on. In a few moments they lost their hue and fragrance, withered, and emitted so disagreeable an odor that we threw them away.¹

"Excellent botanical illustrations of not a few individuals we meet in the daily walks of life; attractive at first, but who fail to improve on acquaintance, and sadly disappoint us," remarked the baronet.

We entered a small open glade covered with a profusion of slender vines running along the ground, with sweet-smelling flowers, beautiful and graceful in appearance.

"How these charming honeysuckles remind me of home and the happy days of childhood!" said the baronet. "I used to weave them into garlands with roses, harebells, and jasmine, for the country lassies. How invitingly they bend their lovely heads on their delicate tendrils toward us, seemingly saying, 'Why don't you come

¹ A tree exhibiting similar properties is found in certain parts of Arizona.

and take us?' Had we time to take a noon siesta, I should surely suggest, as Shakespeare says,

"Here we'll make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies."

We have been disappointed in our rose *boutonnieres*. I propose we now select our honeysuckle one."

The baronet's suggestion met with a response from all. Several of our party advanced to pluck the honeysuckles, but the instant they touched them, the vines sprang up as if endowed with life, coiling around their limbs like serpents, thrusting out sharp thorns hitherto concealed, and wounding them through their clothing. The more they strove to break loose or unwind the coils, the tighter the vines clasped.

"Jeeshophat!" exclaimed Mr. Jinks. "Who ever seed sich a lively honeysuckle befo'? Danged ef it hev'n't played a fust-class honeyfugle trick."

"These vines are full of electricity," said Professor Chemian.¹

"From your scientific point of view, the fact is undoubtedly highly interesting," replied the other professors, "but from our moral point of view, these infernal vines, with their flowers and thorns, are brimful of deceit, treachery, and cruelty."

"Mister Barrynet," said Ephraim, "ef ye want 'to make yer beds of roses, 'n a thousand fragrant posies,' now's yer time."

"Rather too thorny," growled Sir Archie. "Egad! they are excellent botanical illustrations

¹ Similar electric vines are found in certain parts of Java and the East Indies.

of beautiful female sirens, who attract by their charms, wheedle by their allurements, then throw their coils around their victims and sting them to death," philosophized the baronet.

"Fact. Them sort o' female individooals ar' reg'lar snakes in the grass. Seed one of 'em down in 'Frisco; she war a reg'lar Californy adventuress,—right harnsome,—got holt of a lawyer, drained him dry as a bone, 'n pizened him in the bargin'," philosophized Mr. Jinks.

"Did they hang her?"

"Hang her! no, not much; they don't hang harnsome she-things in Californy. Judges 'n juries ar' principled agin' it. She got off with flyin' colors. The harnsome sarpiant then got holt of a rich Arkansaw gambler, sucked him dry as a chip, then tried the pizen bizness, but he intro-juiced a carvin'-knife under her corset. That war a gory hoperation, yew bet."

"Introduce your gory carving-knife, Uncle Ephraim, and release us poor victims from the fatal embraces of these floral sirens. Don't stand on ceremony; do it in genuine Arkansaw style."

Ephraim stepped forward, and by a liberal employment of his carver, released us from the vicious enthrallments. We felt happy as the victims of Circe, released by Ulysses. In a few moments the honeysuckles we had plucked lost their fragrance and withered away.

"The electric currents were their life," said Professor Chemian. "Separated from their parent stems, and thereby deprived of the currents, they quickly perish."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELECTRIC TREES AND PLANTS.

PASSING still further, we saw small clumps of trees growing along the edge of the forest. They were about the size and shape of our apple trees, the trunks and branches of a dark-brown color, and bearing different varieties of apples.

“Perfect counterparts of our golden pippins,” said Professor Herbeus, pointing to one tree.

“And those resemble our old-fashioned English seek-no-farthens,” said the baronet, pointing to another.

“I propose to pluck some of these pippins and take the seeds home for planting in our botanical gardens,” said the botanist.

“I always had a special fancy for seek-no-farthens, and I propose to enjoy them,” said the baronet.

The appearance and presumed flavor of the apples were inviting. Some of our party advanced to the pippins; others to the seek-no-fathers. The instant they took hold of the branches their fingers were spasmodically clenched as if grasping the wires of a powerful electro-galvanic battery. It was impossible for them to let go; they wriggled and danced around the trees like jumping-jacks, shouting with laughter.

“Can it be possible, gentlemen, that you have met with another rebuff?” queried the prince.

“On the contrary, Your Highness, we have

received a most pressing invitation to intimate acquaintance," replied the baronet, vainly striving to loosen his fingers from the seek-no-farther branches.

"If the acquaintance were more brief, it would be more agreeable," remarked the professors, who were jumping violently around the pippin tree in their efforts to disengage themselves.

"Our learned and grave colleagues are favoring us with a brilliant terpsichorean performance," remarked Professor Petrosus, who had not joined the apple-paring party.

"But it's exceedingly monotonous—hasn't even the merit of a variety show—same heel-and-toe movement all around," remarked Sir Archie.

"All hands 'round—change partners—swing right—swing left!" vociferated Hartilion, who was doing his best in the performance.

"My dear colossus," puffed the baronet, "if you will kindly loosen our fingers we will endeavor to obey your orders."

"Would if I could," replied the giant; "but I'm in as tight a fix as you are."

"Hi!" giggled John, "me feelee as if could cut double-shuffle."

"Go ahead, Johnny," said Ephraim; "give us a reg'lar New Zealand war-dance."

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "your terpsichorean evolutions are somewhat disorderly. Can you not regulate them?"

"Involuntary and spasmodic movements are not amenable to regulations," puffed the professors.

"This is a regular *mania saltatoria*, or St. Vitus' dance," puffed the baronet.

"Gen'lemen," said Ephraim, "ef thar war a fiddle handy, reck'n I could fetch ye around all right to the tune of 'Jump Jim Crow' or 'Pop Goes the Weasel.'"

"But that festive utensil not being present," said the baronet, "we should be exceedingly grateful if you would kindly disunite us from this somewhat unpleasantly intimate arboreal consociation."

"Mister Barrynet, I don't egzackly get the hang o' yer larned obsarvation."

"Uncle Ephraim, you appear rather dull of comprehension," replied the baronet, slightly exasperated. "Shall I be plain? Cut off these infernal branches; and if 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly, as Will Shakespeare says."

"Mister Barrynet, Bill Spokeshave, as you calls him, warn't the chap as said that ar'. Johnny McCullough made that obsarvation when his knife-and-bloody-bowl better half war coaxin' him into the Macbeth murderin' bizness, as I seed onct in 'Frisco theayter. That war a right gory performance; them Scotch Macs war heavy on the slaughterin'. I seed the dagger Johnny war talkin' to on the stage, hangin' by a string afore his eyes. It warn't no great shakes for a weepson. Arter performance war over, an' Johnny had slaughtered all t'other fellars an' got slaughtered himself in the bargain', I went behind the stage an' showed him my Arkansaw toothpick. 'Mister

Macbeth Chowder,' says I, 'ye orter had this 'ere to screw yer courage to the stickin' place.' 'Mister Jinks,' says he, 'ef I had seen that weepoon hangin' afore my eyes, I'd hev skeedaddled out o' the murderin' bizness like a streak o' greased lightnin'; an I reck'n he would. Wa-al, that pint bein' settled, here goes for a ginerall jail delivery."

Ephraim drew his toothpick, and with a few swift strokes severed the branches, receiving several smart shocks himself through the steel blade, and released us from our involuntary fandango. We sat down on the grass, rubbing the electricity out of our limbs as best we might.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "we may as well enjoy our golden pippins and seek-no-farthens."

"Certainly," replied the electrized party. "To the victors belong the spoils."

Each selected his fruit, inhaled the rich fragrance for a moment, and then bit into it. A bitter, dust-colored powder gushed out into our mouths.¹

"The old proverb, 'All is not gold that glitters,'" remarked the pippin party.

"Apples of Sodom we'll seek no further," declared the baronet.

¹ The bitter apple, or apple of Sodom, as it is termed, growing in certain parts of Syria, the elaterium, or squirting cucumber, and the *Lycoperdon bovista*, a species of fungus, when ripe, exhibit this peculiar property.

An electric plant has been discovered in the forests of India, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

LEAVING the glade, we entered a great plain resembling one of our western prairies. The soil consisted of volcanic debris and scoriæ, mingled with fragments of metal; Professor Petrosus examined specimens.

“This is magnetic iron ore in combination with another unknown metal possessing powerful magnetic properties,” said he.

“How do you explain the presence of so extensive a deposit of these peculiar metals?” asked the prince.

“They may have been thrown out by an immense eruption from some volcano, or from a which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storms its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain, the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder-shower: it remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected by it. One never sees a bird or insect alight on the electric plant: an instinct seems to warn them that they would find sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found, neither iron, cobalt, nor nickel, an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant. Light and heat, phosphorescence, magnetism, electricity—how many mysteries and botanical problems does this wondrous Indian plant conceal within its leaf and flower?”

shower of meteorites falling upon this part of the planet," replied he.

"Or perhaps the planet may have encountered some comet," said Professor Chemian. "The tails of many comets consist—in addition to their gaseous vapors—of various metallic and mineral particles possessing highly electric and magnetic properties."

Not a single tree was seen. The whole plain was covered with tall, coarse grass, of a bronze color, every spire standing stiffly upright. As we trampled them down, they sprang up again like elastic steel wire, throwing off fine electric sparks, which made our limbs tingle.

"The metallic surface of this plain is saturated with electricity," said Professor Chemian. "Violent chemical action is going on among the metals and minerals in the deeper strata, resulting in the production of great quantities of the electric fluid."

"And the fibres or the acid juices of this remarkable species of grass, like those of the electric vines and trees, conduct the electric current from the earth," said Prof. Herbeus.

From time to time the plain trembled as if under the undulations of an earthquake.

"The terrestrial crust is relatively thin over these regions, and yields to the upheaving force of the subterranean fires," said Prof. Petrosus.

About two miles distant, in the centre of the plain, appeared the summit of a solitary mountain. As we advanced toward it, the grass spires no longer stood upright, but curved over, until they lay nearly flat on the ground, with their

heads pointing in the opposite direction, as if some powerful magnetic influence emanating from the mountain forced them to assume this peculiar position. The needles of our pocket-compasses also, hitherto pointing to the north, began to vibrate around their pivots, as if under the influence of conflicting magnetic forces, till finally they pointed directly toward the mountain.

"This is a magnetic mountain," said the geologist; "we shall probably witness some peculiar phenomena."

We advanced to within a quarter of a mile. It was an enormous pyramidal-shaped mass, two thousand feet in diameter, rising from the plain over a thousand feet high. It consisted of igneous rock, interspersed with vitrified masses of quartzite, magnetic iron ore, and an unknown metal. The question arose, whether the mass was a Venusian production or not.

"I doubt if it was ever upheaved from the deep strata by any violent geological cataclysm," said Prof. Petrosus. "The uniform regularity of its shape and the level surface of the surrounding plain forbid such an assumption, and strongly indicate that it was originally an immense meteorite, flung down either from some stray offshoot of our great meteoric belts or by a comet."

The mass weighed millions of tons, and the greater part of its bulk lay far below the surface. The wonder was that it had not ploughed a hole directly through the crust of the planet in its tremendous downfall. As we drew nearer, the singular phenomena spoken of by the geologist

began to be manifest. Our cutlasses, swords, and daggers hanging from our belts, rose from their dependent position in defiance of gravitation, and pointed directly toward the mountain. Our rifles, suspended over our shoulders, obeyed the powerful attraction, and swung around, pointing their muzzles in the same direction.

“By the great horn spoon!” exclaimed Ephraim, “sperrits ar’ ’round these diggin’s, gen’lemen, sure as you ar’ born.”

“It really does seem as if invisible active intelligences were pulling our weapons around toward that mountain,” remarked the baronet.

“Aim to the north, yew fellars ; see ef yew kin keep yer squint thar,” suggested Ephraim.

We levelled our rifles in that direction, but it was difficult to hold the aim ; invisible hands seemed turning the muzzles toward the mountain on the west.

“Quite a pretty illustration of the power of magnetism,” said Prof. Petrosus.

“Yew kin call it the power o’ maggotism, Mister Profess ; but I call it the power o’ sperrits. I seed ’m onc’t lift a pianner up to the ceiling, ’n play ‘Yankee Doodle’ on a big bass fiddle, ’n ‘Shoo Fly’ on a banjo ; a—a—nd nobody warn’t handlin’ ’m, neither.”

About two hundred yards to the north was a small boulder of rock lying in the grass.

“Squint at the boulder ; see ef yew kin hit it,” said Ephraim.

We fired directly at it, but not a single bullet hit ; they all flew off to the right.

"The magnetism of the mountain has an equally repellent action on lead," said Prof. Chemian, "constituting what is called the phenomenon of diamagnetism ;¹ that power drives the lead away."

"It war the sperrits druv the bullets off, Mister Profess. Reck'n they ar' in the mountain. Blaze away, yew fellars ; meb'be yew kin hit 'em."

We wheeled about and fired a regular broadside, point-blank at the mountain. Not a single bullet struck ; ere they had reached half the distance they were driven back, and fell in the grass around us.

"Told ye so," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Jinks. "That mountain ar' chock-full of 'em. I seed a fellar onct aim at a sperrit, 'n a tip-top shot he war. That bullet cum strait back to him wrapped in a piece o' paper, a-a-nd war writ on it, 'Take a leetle closer aim next time, Mister Sharpshooter.'"

"Lieutenant," said Sir Archie, "we'll take a lot of this ore home and start a big factory for the manufacture of bullet-proof clothing ; our respective governments will clothe their standing armies in it and we can whip all creation ; the bullets will fly back and kill our enemies."

"But all creation will manufacture iron bullets, which will be sure to bore our brave boys through, no matter whether our enemies take aim at them, or not," I replied.

¹ Some metals, gases, and organic substances exhibit this property. It was discovered by Faradav.

“Egad ! I hadn’t considered that side of the question.”

We advanced nearer, the magnetic attraction growing more and more powerful. Our weapons stood out at right angles to our belts, actually drawing us forward. Our walk was forced into a run ; finally, unable to resist, we were thrown down and dragged through the grass as if drawn by invisible ropes.

“The spirits are urgently inviting us to join them in their happy mountain home,” said the baronet, clutching at the grass.

“We shall enter their presence in a rather undignified posture,” puffed the professors.

“Yew fellars,” shouted Ephraim, “ef ye don’t want yer hides torn clean off yer backs, cut loose yer weepens. That’s what the sperrits ar’ arter.”

“An unconditional surrender of our arms to superior powers is the only alternative left us,” remarked the prince.

“Attention company !” roared Hartilion.
“Present arms !”

We cast our belts loose ; away went rifles, cutlasses, daggers, knives, whizzing through the air as if shot from a cannon ; they struck the rocky surface of the mountain with a tremendous clang, and clung like iron filings around the poles of a horseshoe magnet. We tossed our bullets in the air and away they whizzed in the contrary direction. This exhibition of magnetic attraction and repulsion was as wonderful as it was beautiful.

Our evolutions and tumblings ceased. We rose from the ground, brushed our clothes, and ap-

proached the huge, rugged mass. Our weapons clung as if welded to it, resisting all efforts to remove them.

"If we should happen to encounter any monsters," remarked Sir Archie, "we should be in a rather awkward situation."

"Draw your gentle coaxers," said the prince.

We drew out our little fans, our fingers on the keys.

"Recover arms," said he, touching his weapon with his fan. We did the same; down tumbled rifles, cutlasses, and knives, on the ground.

"Beautiful scientific illustration—must say," exclaimed Sir Archie, enthusiastically.

"Greased lightnin' ar' death on sperrits," remarked Ephraim.

The electric currents emanating from the fans had completely neutralized the magnetic attraction.

"Shoulder arms!" ordered the prince.

We obeyed orders and marched back over the plain, waving our potent fans in triumph.

This ground was one of those wonderful electro-magnetic parks with which this young World abounded. The electric phenomena were produced by the energetic and widespread chemical action going on among the deep plutonian rocks and metallic oxides below the surface. These electric currents, sweeping around in all directions, intensified the magnetic power of the mountain, which was an enormous magnetic bolide, precipitated from the depths of space.

A slight shower of rain now fell, intensifying,

as dampness does, the electric action of the grasses. An electric aura seemed to pervade the atmosphere. The raindrops hanging on the grass spires shone like millions of electric sparks. Blue and yellow halos hung upon the points of our weapons and the muzzles of our rifles. Our hair stood on end, our fingers tingled, and as we tramped through the grass our limbs were almost paralyzed by the continual strong shocks. There certainly was enough electricity here to supply motor power for all the dynamos, telegraphic machines, and electric railways on our terrestrial globe, could it be imported in reservoirs.

“Gentlemen,” said the prince, “perhaps we had better retire from this ground, else we may become transformed into human electric batteries for the remainder of our lives, and it will be highly dangerous to shake hands with our friends.”

We hastened away from this plain, where the molecular forces were holding such high frolic with primeval nature. The electric halos disappeared from our weapons. We sat down on the grass, and, after much rubbing, got our electrified and semi-paralyzed limbs back to their natural status.

“Gentlemen,” said Sir Archie, “it strikes me that we have enjoyed a sufficient acquaintance with these charming illustrations of the convertibility of the forces, and the conservation of energy, and spiritual manifestations to satisfy us for the remainder of our lives.”

It was agreed all round that our personal experience with these extraordinary phenomena was wonderful, beautiful, and satisfactory.

CHAPTER XX.

A PRIMEVAL INFERNUS.

WE now penetrated a dense jungle and descended to a valley, in the centre of which was a small lake, about half a mile in diameter. It was surrounded by strange, weird-looking trees, with gnarled and twisted trunks and branches. The foliage was of an ashen color, withered and uncouth. Many of the trees were covered with long gray tendrils, or festooned with vines and funeral moss. The trunks and branches of others were covered with scales, knobs, and spikes. Not a single green leaf or plant was seen. There were skeleton trees, without leaf or bark, their long withered branches dripping a yellow sap. Not a breath of air stirred; neither beast, bird, reptile, nor insect was seen; the silence was profound; it seemed a vale of death.

“This is a genuine Stygian forest, such as we read of in Spenser’s *Faerie Queen*,” said Sir Archie. “It is doubtless haunted by Venusan elves, imps, and goblins.”

We descended the banks of the lake; its waters were smooth as a mirror; not a ripple disturbed their surface; they were black as ink, and covered with myriads of bubbles continually rising to the surface. They flowed out in three streams through the forest.

“By Jove!” said the baronet, “here is a capital picture of our old Grecian mythological

infernal regions. We have the Lake Avernus and the rivers Acheron, Phlegethon and Styx."

On the edge of the lake was a rugged igneous rock, its shape presenting a striking resemblance to a pair of colossal human figures sitting side by side.

"See," he exclaimed, "Pluto and Proserpine, the presiding divinities of Infernus."

A short distance in front of the rock was another rugged mass, in shape resembling the Egyptian Sphynx, its upper part divided into three huge knobs or protuberances, not unlike the heads of dogs.

"Here, certainly, is the three-headed dog Cerberus, who guards the gates of Infernus."

In one of the streams, elevated just above the surface of the water, was a long, narrow, flat rock, in the centre of which rose a tall pinnacle, resembling a human figure.

"'Pon my word! there is the old ferryman Charon himself, with his boat, ready to row us across the river Styx to the gloomy realms of Hades."

"So far as material objects can represent or symbolize spiritual things, this is almost a genuine Venusian Inferno," said I.

"Egad!" shouted the baronet, "the picture is complete. Don't you smell the sulphur?"

We stooped down and inhaled the odor.

"Sulphuretted hydrogen gas," said Prof. Che-main. "It arises from the chemical decomposition going on below among the sub-aqueous beds of sulphur, and is continually ascending to the

surface in the bubbles. The whole lake is covered with a stratum of the gas nearly two feet deep."

"What are its properties?" asked the prince.

"It is highly poisonous when inspired, and also inflammable."

The presence of this gas accounted for the total absence of living creatures in the vicinity. The air for a short distance above ground was full of it, and to inhale it was certain death.

"Many thanks, my dear professor, for your timely scientific information," said the baronet. "I was just on the point of reclining under the shade of yonder tree and taking a quiet little smoke. It is rather evident that, had I done so, I should have been lulled into a lethean slumber that knows no waking."

"But that is not all, my dear baronet," continued the chemist.

"Indeed! it strikes me that were quite enough to wind up one's mundane career;—any more chemical consequences following?"

"Had you lit your pipe, we should all have been blown to the four winds of heaven by the explosion of this inflammable gas."

"And my pleasant little smoke would have been quite spoiled," replied the imperturbable baronet.

"Not entirely, if you look on it in that light; all of us would have been converted into smoke."

"B' gosh! Mister Profess," said Ephraim, "ef that ar' so, reck'n we fellars hed better vamose out o' this 'ere. We mou't as well be trampin' over a magazine o' dynamite."

We accepted Ephraim's advice at once, and "vamosed" from these sulphuretted hydrogen quarters with more celerity than dignity; reaching high ground, we were out of the explosive stratum. The baronet drew me aside and, with a quizzical look, said :

"I propose we get up a little scene of the infernal order. Here's just the place for it; the Lake Avernus and the three infernal rivers. We'll have some diabolical fun."

"How will you get it up?"

"Lay a train of gunpowder from the lake up to the bank, put a slow match to it, run off to a safe distance; the gunpowder will explode the gas, the whole lake and three rivers will be set on fire. We'll have a genuine Venusian Tartarus on a small scale."

"Excellent," said I; "and what is still better, it will never stop burning, for the gas will never cease evolving till the next geological upheaval."

The whole party entered into the baronet's infernal plot with enthusiasm. Ephraim laid the train; Sir Archie lighted the slow match; we ran through the jungle to the beach. The Tartarean evolution materialized sooner than expected. The explosion of the great gas stratum was like ten thousand Krupp cannon fired off at once. We were thrown heels over head, rolling in the sand. A huge pyramid of blue flame half a mile in diameter shot up a thousand feet in the air, then settled down. After a short time we advanced cautiously to the valley. The trees for nearly half a mile around were torn to pieces;

the whole surface of the lake and three streams was covered with blue flames, waving like a sea of fire.

“Look!” exclaimed Sir Archie. “The presiding divinities of these Tartarean regions have sprung to life.”

A most extraordinary spectacle appeared. The stony figures of Pluto, Proserpine, and Charon glowed as if with infernal light, and the flames brought out with startling distinctness their forms and countenances, majestic and terrible. The triple-headed Cerberus, that monster guardian of the gates of Hades, seemed to glare around those dreadful realms with eyes of fire.

“If we only had a company of demons rolling amid those blazing surges,” remarked the baronet, “the scene would be quite Miltonic.”

“It strikes me you have established a Venusian Tophet rather prematurely on this virgin world,” said I.

“On the contrary,” replied he. “The Venusian Adam and Eve will appear in due time; also the garden of Eden and the forbidden fruit. Satan will enter the Venusian paradise all ready with his temptations. This material Tophet symbolizes the spiritual Tophet which awaits the disobedient. I establish it beforehand. The Venusian happy pair will see and recognize what it signifies. Forewarned is forearmed. They will laugh at the temptation, kick the devil out of the garden, keep themselves in the path of obedience—which our ancestral Adam and Eve failed to do—and save their descendants a world

of sin, sorrow, and suffering. What a pity our own garden of Eden could not have had a similar Tophet established near by for the instruction of our primeval ancestors !”

“My dear baronet,” said the prince, “your desire to inculcate wholesome moral lessons by means of sulphuretted hydrogen illustrations is eminently praiseworthy, meets with my entire approval, and I sincerely hope will prove effectual in the case of the Venusian happy pair.”

“And we compliment Sir Archie for getting up the prettiest chemical illustration of hell fire ever seen,” said the professors.

The baronet bowed his appreciation of the compliment.

We returned to the beach, called up the boat, and boarded the vessel. The admiral cruised among the islands several days, making topographical surveys and observations. One morning Asterion’s air-ship came flying over the sea from the southeast, reached the vessel, descended to the water alongside, and Captain Sussonac stepped on deck.

“Letters from Asterion and Prince Harovian of Audresar,” said he, presenting them to Prince Altfoura and the Admiral. The latter opened and read :

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

“I have discovered a new continent fifteen hundred miles distant from your station to the southeast, its exact position marked on the accompanying chart. You will immediately depart from the island and make sail for the point desig-

nated, where we will meet you. Sail by day only, as night travel over these primeval oceans is dangerous. Direct our friends to embark on Captain Sussonac's air-ship; they can reach us in half a day's journey. This continent is three times larger than our kingdom of Mandal-Uttima, and I have named it Altfouran in honor of our Prince Royal. ASTERION."

We congratulated the prince on the compliment.

"I deeply appreciate the honor Asterion has bestowed upon me," said he; then opened and read Prince Harovian's letter:

"MY DEAR OLD COZ,—

"*Imprimis*—For our learned and distinguished scientific friends. This new continent is a perfect menagerie of geological, paleontological, chemical, zoological, ornithological, and botanical wonders and curiosities, calculated to make the venerable boys weep for joy."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Anthropos, Petrosus, Therios, Chemian, Herbeus, and Concha, *una voce*, waving their caps, portfolios, and baskets.

Altfoura continued:

"*Secundus*—For the benefit of our bloodthirsty lieutenant and baronet. Abundant game of all kinds, more than sufficient to gratify their sporting proclivities. I have already worn out my shot-gun and used up my ammunition."

"Thanks to His Royal Highness of Audresar for this delightful news," replied the baronet. "I shall do myself the honor to beg His Highness' acceptance of my own particular Frazer."

Altfoura continued:

“*Tertius*—For the special benefit of Uncle Ephraim. Big herds of buffalo and plenty of ‘bar’ and catamount, although rather of the primeval sort.”

“Hurrah!” shouted the old hunter, swinging his cap. “That news ar’ fust-class. Danged ef I keers how primeval the critters ar’, providin’ they ar’ the prime fightin’ sort.”

The prince continued :

“*Quartus*—The plains are covered with wild horses, and we want Ephraim to show us how to catch and tame them.”

“Jeehoshophat! That news ar’ gallorious! Old Eph arn’t no blower, but mebbe he ar’ ’lowed to obsarve, he kin whip any Lone Steear cowboy or Mexican ranhero in lassooin’, corallin’, ’n tamin’ wild broncos.”

Altfoura continued :

“*Quintus*—For our oceanic Jehu, Hartilion. Benoidath is quite sure he has discovered traces of a great Venusian Leviathan.”

“Good for little Ben,” smiled the colossus. “By Pluto! we’ll catch and tame him.”

Altfoura closed :

“P.S.—Jump aboard the captain’s ship and come over at once. We’ll have a splendid time.

“I have the honor to be, faithfully,

“Yours till death.

“HAROVIAN.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW CONTINENT.

EVERYTHING was made ready for our departure. The vessel put out from the island. Our party embarked on the air-ship and flew over the ocean at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles per hour. By noon the great continent of Altfouran came in view. Altfoura doffed his cap and, with a princely bow,

“I salute thee, beautiful land of this young World,” said he.

As we drew near, its physical appearance was so different from that of the other lands as to awaken our surprise.

“This continent is evidently the earliest that has been upheaved from the ocean depths, and is correspondingly advanced in development,” said Prof. Petrosus. “It has reached what is termed in our geological science, the first age of the Cenozoic epoch. This epoch is divided into two ages : the Tertiary, or Age of Mammals, and the Quarternary, or Age of Man.”

“Look along the shores and over the forests,” said Prof. Herbeus, raising his glass. “See the later, more modern forms of vegetable life mingling with the early primeval forms.”

We looked through our glasses and saw the oaks, maples, beeches, spruces, pines, and palms growing side by side with the giant Conifers, Lepidodendrons, and Sigillarias ; amid the swamps

and jungles, those forms of vegetation which grow in the valley of the Amazon and morasses of Africa and India to-day were mingled with the primeval Calamites, Horse-tails, and Cryptogams.

"In process of time this primeval vegetation will be displaced by these younger and more vigorous productions,"¹ said Prof. Herbeus.

"This continent having advanced to the age of Mammals," said Prof. Therios, "we may expect to find great numbers of these creatures in the forests and plains, and also the primeval ancestors of our modern forms of animal life."

"My dear Professor," said the baronet, "nothing could give me greater pleasure than to know that Prince Harovian's statement is corroborated by your scientific conclusion, and that this magnificent field is now displayed for the exercise of my Rigby and Frazer."

"And as it is in accordance with the order of nature that the primevals must take their exit from the stage to make room for the modern zoological forms, our sporting indulgences will be eminently valuable in assisting nature's processes," said the prince.

"That ar' meets my sentiments egzackly," remarked Ephraim. "Prehaps I'm 'lowed to observe, I goes the whole hog in ginerall slaughterin' hoperations agin' cattymounts, reptyles, sarpients, 'n varmint, Injuns included."

¹ Geology shows that the Mesozoic and Cenozoic ages are sometimes apparently blended together until the gradual disappearance of the former from the stage of life. This is wholly in accordance with the process of geological change and development.

"But, Ephraim, the second age of the Cenozoic epoch has not yet arrived," said Prof. Anthrosos.

"Man has not yet appeared on this planet."

"But arn't thar' Injuns here, Mister Profess?"

"Certainly not."

"Danged ef this 'ere 'arth arn't in luck. But it ar' a disappontment to me, Mister Profess."

As we drew nearer we saw that the ocean was free from its myriads of infusorial life, having lost its chalky whiteness, and that it rolled with the same sea-green billows, surf, and spray as on our older world. It was evident that continental development was not taking place uniformly over the surface of Venus, but that some parts were progressing to the higher condition more rapidly than others.

We had arrived within about a hundred miles of the point of landing designated by Asterion, and were skirting the shore. The prince being desirous of sketching some picturesque scenery near by, the ship entered a quiet little cove penetrating the land, and was lowered to the water. We took boat and rowed to the shore, a high sandy beach, skirted with jungles and forests extending back to the plains of the interior country. The professors collected many interesting specimens appertaining to their several specialties. We sat down under the shade of a spreading *Lepidodendron*. The prince took out his tablets to make a sketch of the scene. Sir Archie, who was exceedingly clever with his pencil, did the same.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SHARK AND OCTOPUS.

ALL at once a loud surging and splashing was heard in the water a short distance from the shore.

“Hello!” shouted Ephraim, “that ar’ a right lively scrimmage.”

We looked around. An immense shark was struggling in the grasp of a gigantic octopus, whose tentacles were wrapped around his body like cables; they were thirty feet long, tapering to the end like a whip lash, their under-surfaces covered with double rows of suckers, from the size of a tea-saucer to a silver dollar, and armed with sharp, horny spikes which, when the coils embrace the victim, pierce deep into the flesh, while the suckers, acting like cupping glasses, suck out the blood, which flows through the hollow tentacles into the stomach. The body of the octopus was shaped like a cylinder, twelve feet long by four feet thick. Its color was a ghastly white, like that of a corpse. The struggle was desperate. It was impossible for the shark to break loose or get his head around to bite the octopus. The waters were lashed into foam. Our party were quite interested in the struggle, and expressed their various opinions as to the issue of it.

“I have had some personal experience with these formidable creatures in our Indian Ocean,”

said the baronet. "They can destroy any living thing around which they wrap their tentacles. The octopus certainly has the advantage and will soon kill the shark."

"Me know allee 'bout shark," said John. "Skin tough as sole leather ; canno' stickee knife in 'em, 'cept one little spot under breast fin."

At this moment the octopus reared her horrible head above water ; her eyes—large as saucers and of a ghastly green color—gleamed with a diabolical expression. Aiming her sharp, black, horny beak, shaped like that of the snapping turtle, she thrust it repeatedly at the shark's side ; but the tough skin resisted her blows, and the point of her beak slipped off as from polished iron ; the monster seemed nonplussed.

"The shark seems iron-clad. How is the octopus to penetrate it ?" queried several.

"She probably will have to call in the help of a borer, one of those aqueous creatures armed with augers that bore into the hulls of vessels," explained Prof. Concha.

"The tentacles of the octopus are more powerful than the coils of a boa constrictor," said the baronet. "If she fails to make an impression with her beak, she will squeeze the shark to death and devour him afterward ; *ergo, sharkus defunctus est.*"

"Me no sure of that," said John.

"I am quite confident of it," said the baronet.

"Me bettee fifty dollar big sea-spider no killee shark," continued John ; "will any gentlemen takee bet ?"

The baronet, like the generality of English gentry, was quite ready to back up his opinion in the usual style, and accepted the challenge at once.

“My dear John,” said he, “I will do myself the pleasure to cover your stake and go you fifty dollars better, as the Californians say.”

Hartilion was appointed stakeholder. John and the baronet drew up their checks on the royal bank of Elfrezulah and deposited them in his cap. Our Martian friends, among whom the science and art of betting were never practised,—that interesting avocation being confined to the luxurious and corrupt court and gilded aristocracy of Sundora-Luzion,—were inclined to regard it with disfavor; but when Sir Archie explained that it was classed among the usual innocent amusements of many terrestrial aristocratic and fashionable circles, they admitted that the fact was not at all surprising, in view of the somewhat crude state of moral sentiment prevailing among the inhabitants of our more immature world.

All at once an enormous pair of jaws emerged from the water close by the shark; they opened wide; there was one snap, and the octopus was severed in twain. The tentacles loosed their hold, flopped down like ropes, and both head and body sank beneath the waters.

“By Jove!” exclaimed the baronet. “*Octopus defunctus est.*”

“Quite a disappointment,” said the prince. “We are deprived of the pleasure of witnessing a boa-constrictor movement on her part.”

“Egad! who could have dreamed of it? So swift a decapitation goes ahead of the French guillotine.”

“The stakes belong to John,” said Hartilion.

“My dear baronet, I deeply sympathize with you in your loss,” said the prince.

“Many thanks, Your Highness. But I am quite accustomed to losing. Indeed, I can truly say it is my usual good luck,” replied he, as John pocketed the stakes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SEA-DEVIL.

THE unknown pair of jaws now seized the shark by the head and began towing him toward shore. All at once another and huger pair of jaws grasped the shark's tail, and the struggle between the invisible monsters for the possession of their prey began in good earnest. The waters fairly boiled as they pulled and jerked each other in opposite directions.

“The octopus-killer has encountered a rival on the field,” said the baronet.

“It is like the struggle between two dogs over a bone,” said Professor Therios.

“Excuse me, Mister Profess,” remarked Mr. Jinks. “Mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve, I knows suthin' 'bout dorg; ye never sees two dorgs a pullin' contrawise on a bone; they allers hev' a big fight befohand, 'n the top dorg gits the bone.

This ar' like two pike pullin' on a eel ; I hev seen one pike swallow up the eel 'n tother pike in the bargin'."

"It would be interesting to see either one of these monsters swallow the shark and the other monster," said the professors.

"I fancy it would be still more interesting to see them both swallow each other," remarked the baronet.

"That ar' a common practyce among copper-heads 'n rattlers down in Arizony," remarked Mr. Jinks.

All at once the second monster leaped bodily above water

"B' gosh!" exclaimed Ephraim, "that ar' a right harnsome daisy."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professors, "what a frightful creature! What can it be?"

"Uncle Ephraim's pike," replied Hartilion.

"Yew'll escuse me, Mister Hop. I never conceived the critter war a pike. I 'lowed she war a daisy, 'n so she ar'; the harnsomet I ever seed. Fur a fust-class sea-devil she ar' a reg'lar rip-snorter; hev seen 'em tackle alligators in the Floridy bayous. She ar' one o' the sort as never lets go when she onct gets squar' holt."

Ephraim was right. The creature was of that species. They are found in the oceans of our world, although not of such dimensions. The sea-devil is the most repulsive of all the fish tribe.¹

"I have seen nearly all the different classes

¹ *Lophius piscatorius*, commonly called the angler, fishing-frog, sea-devil. From the top of its head project two long fila-

and species of the finny tribe that inhabit the waters of our earth, but such a beautiful specimen of concentrated ugliness never met my eyes before," said the baronet.

The aspect of the creature was the most repulsive and horrible that could be conceived. It was twenty-five feet long. Its head, which constituted nearly half its bulk, was semicircular, flat like the serpent's and six feet broad. Its jaws were armed with rows of shark-like teeth, and when opened could take in the body of an ox. Its black skin was covered with colored warts and tubercles, resembling ulcerated cancers. Along its back ran an upright bony ridge bristling with thorn-like spines. Its small green eyes were set close together near the snout, and protruded like those of the frog. Its feet and claws were like those of the alligator; its fins and tail like the shark's. The struggles of the monsters continued and they lashed the waters into a whirlpool of foam. Finally the superior strength of the hitherto unseen assailant prevailed; he reached the shore, dragged the shark high and dry on the beach, the sea-devil still holding to its tail, and his form was fully displayed to view.

ments tipped with silver-colored bulbs; lying on the bottom or partly burying its body in the mud, its mouth open, it waves the filaments to and fro in the water; the shining bulbs attract other fish, which, drawing near, are at once snapped up and swallowed. It is exceedingly fierce and voracious. It is able to crawl upon the beach and move about by means of organs of locomotion attached to the pectoral fins. Not unfrequently, fishermen having caught a cod or conger-eel, the sea-devil will swallow cod, hook, and eel, and suffer itself to be drawn up out of the water. Living fish are frequently found in its stomach.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TERRIBLE MEGALOSAURUS.

THE aspect and dimensions of the monster were so formidable that we grasped our weapons and drew back. Hartilion whipped out his huge cutlass and advanced to attack.

"Hold!" ordered the prince. "Make no assault."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the giant, "I would exceedingly like to flesh my little weapon on that big fellow."

"My dear colossus," said the baronet, "powerful as you are, and mighty tho' your weapon, 'twould make no more impression on the flinty cuirass of that monster than on the rock of Gibraltar."

"Mister Hop," said Ephraim, "thar's goin' to be a right lively tussle 'twixt that big salt-water 'gator 'n the harnsome daisy; we fellars would like to obsarve how they 'grees about it."

Hartilion sheathed his cutlass with a disappointed air.

"What is this formidable creature?" asked several.

As no such monsters were known on Mars, the professor of zoology was unable to reply.

"It is the Mesozoic Megalosaur," said the baronet, "such as inhabited our Earth in the primeval ages long anterior to the creation of man. Their fossil remains have been found in

certain geological deposits of our world, and restored specimens grace our paleontological museums. They are probably the primeval ancestors of our modern alligators, who have greatly degenerated."

The creature was over forty feet long; its enormous crocodilian jaws were armed with fangs like those of the lion and wild boar, but immeasurably larger. It stood on its four legs like a quadruped, over six feet in height. A rough, bony, saw-shaped ridge extended the whole length of its back and tail. Its body was covered with black, horny scales, along the throat and under parts, a dingy yellow. Its powerful legs were terminated by webbed feet and long black talons. Its eyes, surmounted by an overhanging bony brow, were jet black, surrounded by a crimson circle, and gleamed with a fierce and commanding expression.

"By Pluto!" exclaimed Hartilion, "this primeval alligator could whip a dozen Crocodile-lizards in twenty minutes."

The Megalosaur now let go his grasp on the shark's head and sprang forward with a roar of rage to attack his enemy. But the sea-devil was wary, and the instant he sprang at her, she opened her vast jaws, receiving his head full length; closed them tight, burying her saw teeth through the scales deep into the neck, nearly back to the shoulder.

"Caught like the bear by the flesh-eating plant," said the botanist.

"Or the Crocodile-lizard by the Gorgon," said the naturalist.

In the meantime, the shark, which was still alive, released from the grasp of its captors, managed to squirm around and get its head into a little pool of water close by, where it lay quiet. The half-strangled Megalosaur now tore around in all directions, dragging the sea-devil here and there, rearing up on his hind-legs, vainly striving to shake her off. The sand flew up in clouds. Finally, apparently exhausted, he sank down on the sands. The terrible jaws of the sea-devil grasped tighter. Our party were greatly interested in the combat, and expressed their opinions as to the issue of it accordingly.

“Which do you think will win, Sir Archie?” asked the prince.

“The sea-devil, most assuredly, Your Highness,” replied he. “The odds are wholly in her favor. Indeed, I should not hesitate to wager heavily on her.”

“Me bettee hundred dollar sea-devil no killee big alligator,” said John.

“Really, John,” replied the baronet, “it strikes me you are taking a very great risk.”

“Alligator my fav’rite,” said John, with a grin.

“Indeed? Well then, the sea-devil is my favorite. I’ll do myself the pleasure to cover your stake and go a hundred dollars better.”

“Mister Barrynet,” said Mr. Jinks, “I knows suthin’ ’bout ’gator, ’n what they can do on a pinch; consekently I stands by Johnny in this bet, ’n goes ye a hundred dollars better the ’gator will claw out o’ this ’ere. What d’ye say?”

"All right, Uncle Ephraim, as you please," replied the baronet.

The checks were drawn up and deposited in Hartilion's cap.

"Wa-al, the bettin' bizness bein' settled, I prognosticates Johnny's fav'rite ar' goin' to put in fust-class clawin', 'n that harnsome daisy ar' a gone coon ; bet yer life."

All at once the half-smothered Megalosaur aroused from his lethargy and attacked the head and jaws of his foe with his fore-claws, scratching and tearing like an enraged grizzly bear. He tore out the eyes, pulled off the black, cancerous skin in shreds, ripped up the gills, and clawed out the liver, stomach, and lungs ; then, and not till then, did those terrible jaws release their hold. The Megalosaur jerked out his bleeding head, lay down at full length, snorting and puffing, while his vanquished foe rolled over on the sands, a lacerated corpse.

"Told ye so," quietly remarked Mr. Jinks ; "'gators 'n grizzlies ar' very respectable hoppers in the clawin' bizness."

"My dear baronet," said the prince, "we all deeply commiserate the untimely demise of your favorite."

"And so do I," replied Sir Archie, as Ephraim and John pocketed the stakes.

The Megalosaur now crawled toward the shark, still lying in the pool ; laid his fore-paws over the body, and lowered his head, preparing for his repast.¹

¹ The Megalosaurus belongs to the class of Lacertian Saurians



FIGHT BETWEEN THE MEGALOSAURUS AND PRIMEVAL TIGER. — (PART 2, CHAP. XXV.)

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRIMEVAL TIGER.

“HELLO!” shouted Ephraim, “here comes a striped menagery cattymount. Danged ef he arn’t a reg’lar ripper.”

A gigantic *Machairodus*, or cave tiger,¹ twelve feet long from nose to tail and four feet high at the shoulder, came crawling stealthily from the jungle toward the *Megalosaur*, from behind. His tawny hide was traversed with jet-black stripes; his jaws were armed with long sabre-shaped teeth. Creeping silently over the sands, he came within a short distance of his anticipated prey, and paused for the fatal spring.

The aspect of this primeval carnivore was formidable. Stretching out his enormous paws, his talons nervously clutching the sand, his flexile

or amphibious Lizards, and was undoubtedly the largest, strongest, and fiercest of the whole saurian tribe. According to Baron Cuvier and Professor Owen it was from forty to sixty feet long, and stood on its legs from six to seven feet high. Its neck was relatively short, and its tail long, like the crocodile’s. Its feet had three toes, armed with powerful claws. Its teeth were sabre-shaped. An upright bony ridge, serrated like a saw, ran from the back of its head to the extremity of the tail. It was carnivorous, and fed upon crocodiles and other saurians. Its bones were hollow, like those of the lizard. Its fossil remains and skull have been found in England and France, and enrich the Paleontological museums of those countries.

¹The fossil remains of this prehistoric tiger have been found in certain parts of England and France, with teeth eight inches long and curved like a sabre. It was more than double the size of the modern tiger, and dwelt in caverns.

tail waving from side to side, his eyes glowing like torches in the dark, the sound of his deep purring was like the tone of an organ. A more magnificent illustration of feline ferocity, strength, and nerve-force could not well be imagined.

“I have shot the great man-eaters in the jungles of India and Bengal,” said the baronet, “but this specimen surpasses them all. He could tear the largest Asiatic lion to pieces in five minutes.”

“I think I will give him a taste of cold steel,” said Hartilion, grasping his cutlass and stepping forward.

“Hold up, ef yew please, Mister Hop,” interposed Ephraim. “Thar’s goin’ to be a argyment ’twixt that cattymount ’n ’gator. We fellars ar’ cur’ous to see how it pans eout.”

“A friendly conversazione between *Felis tigris* and *Crocodilia megalosaurus* would be highly appreciated by this critical audience,” remarked the baronet.

“Ef it ar’ all the same to yew, Mister Barrynet, I chuses the ’gator fur my fav’rite.”

“And I select *Felis tigris*.”

The loins of the tiger quivered under the nervous tension of his powerful muscles. His back curved upward; his hairy croup lowered; his ears drew back; his eyeballs dilated; he uttered a terrible roar, leaped with a mighty bound, and plunged down on the back of the *Megalosaur* like a thunderbolt, his sharp talons digging under the horny scales, his long sabre-like teeth tearing at the bony ridge.

The astounded Megalosaur sprang to his feet, lashing the sands with his tail, uttering loud grunting roars, snapping his huge jaws in vain efforts to bite the tiger ; rushed hither and thither, vainly striving to shake him off, till, apparently exhausted, he sank down on the sands, the tiger still tearing at his shoulders and spine.

"Uncle Ephraim," said the baronet, "I grieve to see that your favorite appears to be in a bad fix."

"Mebbe that ar' so ; but I knows suthin' 'bout 'gators, a-a-nd what they kin do on a pinch."

"Nevertheless, it is quite evident *Felis tigris* will soon finish him."

"Bet ye a cool fifty yer striped cattymount don't do the job."

"I shall be pleased to accept your wager and go fifty better," replied the baronet.

The checks were drawn up and deposited in Hartilion's cap.

All at once the Megalosaur reared straight up on his hind-legs and threw himself violently backward on the ground, crushing the tiger beneath his ponderous weight, rolling over and over him on the sand.

"Hurray !" shouted Ephraim. "That ar' a fust-class smasher. I seed a young 'gator in Floridy swamp sarve a cattymount that same trick, as war clawin' at his liver."

"What became of the catamount ?" queried the baronet, rather anxiously.

"The 'gator wheeled about a-a-nd gobbled him up in a jiffy."

The discomfited tiger managed to scramble out from under his foe, but before he could get off, the Megalosaur wheeled about and seized him back of the hips in his jaws. For a few moments the struggle was terrible, but it was evident the tiger was caught at a disadvantage.

"Mister Barrynet," smiled Ephraim, "ef ye'd like to go a hundred better on yer fav'rite, now's yer time."

"Perhaps I had better wait until feline affairs loom up a little brighter," replied the baronet.

The tiger managed to squirm around, facing his adversary. Coiling his supple body over the snout, he furiously bit and tore at the skull and jaws, his screams of pain and rage mingling with the loud grunting roars of his foe. The Megalosaur reared up on his hind-legs, tossing his head, but the tiger held on. The scales rattled off; the skin of the Megalosaur's head hung down in shreds, disclosing the raw flesh and bones. A great flap torn off his forehead hung over his eyes, partly blinding him, but he still held tight to the tiger's hind-legs and began to drag him toward the water.

"Mister Barrynet," queried Ephraim, "how 'bout feline affairs? kind o' looks like yer fav'rite war' goin' to be gobbled up like the Floridy catty-mount."

"Evidently a foregone conclusion," replied the baronet, resignedly.

"We deeply sympathize with you, Sir Archie, in your anticipated loss," said the prince.

“Many thanks, Your Highness; ’tis my usual good fortune to lose wagers and win sympathy; so perhaps the balance is about even.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MIGHTY DINOCERAS.

ALL at once a loud, deep bellowing was heard. The trees and branches of the forest crashed, and out strode an immense land mammal, whose dimensions and aspect were so formidable that we grasped our weapons and stood on the defensive. The ground shook under his ponderous tread.

“’Pon my soul!” remarked Sir Archie.

“Good heavens!” ejaculated the professors.

“By Pluto!” muttered Hartilion, “here comes a stunner.”

“Jeehoshophat!” exclaimed Ephraim, “Jumbo ar’ nowhar’.”

The creature was more than three times the size of our renowned and lamented Jumbo. He was full twenty-five feet long, and stood sixteen feet high at the shoulder. His skin, of a dark-gray color, was covered with stiff bristles. He had no proboscis, but a long, prehensile muzzle, like that of the modern tapir. His enormous head, shaped like a mixture between the elephant and hippopotamus, was armed with six huge horns, black as ebony. Two were behind the ears, two midway between the eyes and nose, and two on the snout in front of the nostrils. They

were nearly three feet long and six inches thick at the base. This mighty primeval colossus stood whisking his tail, pawing the ground with his ponderous forefeet, alternately glancing at us and the Megalosaur with his fierce, wicked little eyes, as if hesitating on which to bestow his compliments first, snorting and growling like a dozen great bulls of Bashan rolled into one.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Archie, "the *entrée* of this new actor on the stage promises an interesting change of programme."

"What is this tremendous creature?" asked the prince. "To what class or order of land mammals does it belong?"

Neither Prof. Therios nor his colleagues were able to answer, no such zoological productions ever having been seen on Mars within the knowledge of history.

"This animal is termed in our terrestrial geological works the *Dinoceras mirabile*," said the baronet, who was well posted in paleontological science. "The fossil remains of these primeval mammals are to be seen in our geological museums."

The *Dinoceras* glanced toward us as if cognizant that we were discussing his points, and uttered a snort of disdain.

"He evidently considers us Lilliputians, quite beneath notice," remarked the prince.

Meanwhile, the Megalosaur was making off toward the water, dragging the still fighting tiger over the sands. The *Dinoceras*, probably regarding him as a personage worthy his notice,

uttered another deep bellow, lowered his head like a bull, charged full upon him, striking him on the haunch, and rolled him over on the sand. Assailed by this new enemy, the Megalosaur opened his jaws, letting loose the tiger, who got on his legs and limped off to the jungle, uttering growls of pain and baffled rage.

“I am delighted to see that feline affairs loom up considerably brighter,” said the baronet.

“That ar’ a fact, Mister Barrynet; yer fav’rite ar’ pretty well chawed up, but he arn’t gobbled up like the cattymount.”

“As he did not finish up the Megalosaur according to my wager, the stakes belong to you,” replied the baronet.

“It ar’ a fact. Yew ar’ euchered on the tiger; but this six-horned critter havin’ interfered in the bizness, consekently, ’cordin to my thinkin’, the fight ar’ a draw. Ar’ ye ’greeable on that pint?”

The baronet accepted Mr. Jinks’ sentiments as conclusive, and the bets were declared off.

The Megalosaur quickly rose to his feet, wheeled right about with astonishing agility, and struck a tremendous blow with his long and powerful tail against the fore-legs of the Dinoceras, knocking him down on his knees. Then rearing up on his hind-legs, he sprang upon the head and neck of his foe, burying his sharp teeth and claws deep in the flesh. The struggle was terrible, as the monsters whirled around, scattering sand and pebbles, the Dinoceras revolving on his knees, bellowing with pain and rage as his antagonist

bit and tore his flesh in shreds. Finally, borne down by the ponderous weight, he sank apparently exhausted, with his head on the ground, puffing like a steam-engine ; the blood ran down his flanks and shoulders in little pools. The whole party manifested the greatest interest in the combat. Sir Archie was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

“This is truly a magnificent battle,” said he. “I have witnessed terrible combats between lions, tigers, elephants, and rhinoceroses in their native wilds ; but none of them could be compared with this.”

“Gentlemen,” asked the prince, “do you take any financial interest in the issue of this contest ?”

“The Dinoceras’ stock is quite below par and the Megalosaur’s away above premium,” replied the baronet. “I should not hesitate to wager that the latter will win.”

“Mister Barrynet,” said Ephraim, “ar’ that big ’gator yer fav’rite ?”

“I admit the impeachment, Mr. Jinks.”

“Gen’lemen,” asked he, looking around the party, “ar’ the varmint a fav’rite o’ yourn likewise ?”

“It is our decided opinion the Megalosaur will win,” replied the professors.

“Ar’ ye willin to back up yer ’pinions with yer dollars ?”

Here was a challenge that no high-toned Martian or Terrestrial gentleman could honorably decline, and for the first time in their lives, prob-

ably, the Martians had to accept it, or lose cast in Ephraim's good opinion.

"Although we are morally opposed to betting," said the naturalist, "still, we are willing on this occasion to forego our sentiments and support our opinions with our dollars, as you say."

"All right, gen'lemen; glad to hev' yer 'pinions on this 'ere; but mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve, dollars ar' worth more than 'pinions whar' fightin' ar' consarned."

Ephraim took out his pipe, stuffed the bowl with Lone Jack, and began to smoke, taking John one side.

"Johnny," whispered he, "I seed a cow onct, down in the lagoons o' Floridy, hook a' 'gator to death that war arter her calf. Cows are sartin' death on 'gators when they gits on the rampage. Neow (puff, puff) I hev a little projec' on hand, as I kind o' conceit will do the job; ef so, that six-horned critter will (puff, puff) rip that 'gater all to rag-shags. Yew go ahead; bet heavy on the horns; I'll follow suit, a-a-nd introjuce my little projec' (puff, puff). I reck'n we fellars will win."

Meanwhile the triumphant Megalosaur was biting and clawing his prostrate foe harder than ever. Prospects appeared rather dubious for Ephraim's risky venture.

"Hi!" giggled John; "me bettee two hundred dollar, big alligator no whippee six-horner, no-how. Will any gentlemans takee bet?"

"Johnny," replied the baronet, "it strikes me you are assuming a great risk; your favorite is evidently about to give up the ghost; consequently I shall do myself the pleasure to cover

your stake, and go two hundred better that the Megalosaur will whip him."

"Any other gentlemans takee bet?" queried John, looking around.

"We also join Sir Archie in the wager," said the professors unanimously.

"Gen'lemen," said Ephraim, "I'm right glad to see yer dollars backin' up yer 'pinions. Johnny and I goes snacks in this 'ere. I covers yer bets, 'n goes ye a couple o' hundred better, all around."

The checks were drawn up and deposited in Hartilion's cap. By this time the two antagonists, being somewhat exhausted, had ceased their mutual struggles and were quiet.

"Now, Johnny," said Ephraim, "here goes fur my little projec'."

He filled his pipe with a big pinch of sulphur, warily approached the fighters, stooped down under the body of the Megalosaur, who seemed not to notice him, got close to the head of the Dinoceras, and blew a cloud of tobacco smoke and sulphur fumes up his nostrils; then crawled quickly out and ran back.

The stinging fumigation was altogether too much, even for this huge mammal. He uttered a tremendous sneeze and, with a desperate effort of his prodigious strength, upheaved the ponderous weight of his antagonist; got on his fore-legs and, lowering his head, drove his six horns up to the roots in the belly of the Megalosaur, ripping it open.

"Hi!" giggled John, "big six-horner no likee pipe."

“Told ye so, Johnny,” said Ephraim ; then turning to the professors, who were greatly astonished at the maneuver, he continued :

“Gen’lemen, I reck’n them horns ar’ goin’ to put in toll’able lively work on yer fav’rite.”

The Megalosaur roared with agony and rage as the Dinoceras thrust his terrible horns right and left ; then, letting go his grip, sank down and began to crawl off toward the water ; but his implacable foe charged upon him again and again, rolling him over and over, tearing open the chest, abdomen, flanks ; and the dying monster gasped out his life on the sands.

“Ephraim and John have won the stakes,” called Hartilion.

“My usual good luck,” said the baronet.

“And this is the first time we ever bet in our lives. Bad luck,” said the professors.

“You’re sure to hev’ good luck next time,” said Mr. Jinks.

“If it had not been for your brimstone trick, Uncle Ephraim, you would have lost,” said Sir Archie.

“All tricks ar’ fair in love, war, a-a-nd bettin’, Mister Barrynet.”

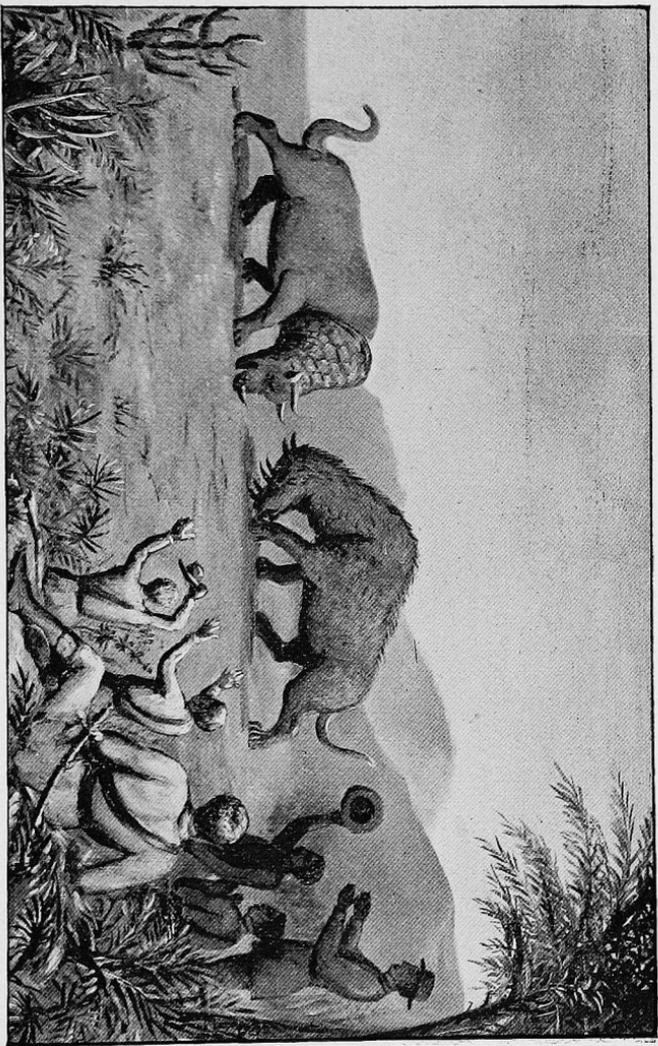
The Dinoceras shook himself, and plunged into the surf, wallowing like a hippopotamus. Having finished his ablutions, which apparently staunched his wounds, he ascended the shore, sniffed at the dead Megalosaur, uttered a loud bellow of triumph, and strode over the sand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIGHTING TRICERATOPS.

SCARCE had the echoes of that sound died away, when another and harsher bellow resounded from the forest as if in challenge to the victor. The trees crashed, and out strode another enormous mammal, whose formidable appearance pronounced him a worthy antagonist for the mighty *Dinoceras*. He was over twenty feet long, and stood twelve feet high at the shoulder. Although of less stature than the *Dinoceras*, his body was more bulky and heavily built, his form resembling our modern rhinoceros. A long and powerful horn surmounted his snout. Two other great horns on the top of his head projected forward and outward like those of the Andalusian fighting bull. His head was covered with thick horny scales ; but the most remarkable feature was a great circular bony plate surrounding his neck like a collar, extending back to the shoulders. This was his shield of defence, a natural buckler fitted to ward off the attacks of his enemies. The other parts of his body were invested with folds like those of the rhinoceros, and apparently tougher than tanned ox-hide. His thick and ponderous legs were terminated by blunt horny toes, like those of the elephant.

As none of the professors was able to pronounce upon the zoological classification of this new primeval, the baronet was requested to elucidate a little more paleontology.



THE MIGHTY CHAMPIONS RUSHED TOGETHER WITH BELLOWINGS THAT SHOOK THE FOREST.—(PART 2, CHAP. XXVII.)

“This individual is scientifically designated the *Triceratops prorsus*,” said he. “A restored specimen exists in our London geological museum. It is supposed to be the primeval ancestor of our modern rhinoceros.”¹

The giant monarchs of the forest stood glaring at each other, lashing their tails, pawing the ground, and uttering smothered bellowings.

“Gentlemen,” said the baronet, “these primeval colossuses are evidently animated by

“‘The stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel.’”

“That ar’ so, Mister Barrynet,” remarked Ephraim. “A tremendous big fight—bet yer life on’t; ’twill be a squar’ stand-up tussle, horns agin horns.”

The rival primevals now poured from their vast lungs bellowings that shook the forest, lowered their fronts like bulls, and rushed toward each other. The crash of their huge heads and horns was like the collision of two locomotives. The shock threw them back on their haunches. Recovering themselves, they dashed again at each other and again recoiled. One of the horns of the *Dinoceras* snapped off against the buckler of his foe; but he succeeded in ripping a great gash on his lower jaw, while the snout horn of the *Triceratops* reciprocated the compliment on the shoulder

¹ This huge mammal flourished in North America at the close of the Mesozoic period, contemporaneous with the great Mesosaurs, Plesiosaurs, and other monsters. Its fossil remains have been found in Kansas and Colorado, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Its head was four times as large as that of the elephant. One skull weighed more than two thousand pounds.

of his antagonist. The combatants then retired to a short distance for a breathing spell.

This introductory onslaught was received with great applause by our party, who expressed their various sentiments as to the merits of the respective champions.

“Splendidly matched and in magnificent fighting trim,” exclaimed Sir Archie, with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur.

“Gentlemen,” asked the prince, “have you formulated your opinions as to the issue of this contest?”

The baronet, Ephraim, and John averred that they had selected their favorites and were not averse to backing them up in the usual style.

“What d’ye call the chunky three-horner?” queried Mr. Jinks.

“The primeval rhinoceros,” replied Sir Archie.

“The six-horner whipped the ’gator, consekently he ar’ my fav’rite. I bets three hundred dollars he whips the rhino-curious-hoss. Who’ll take?”

“Me bettee three hundred dollars rhinocurious-horse whippee six-horner,” called John.

“Hello, thar, Johnny! goin back on yer uncle, hey? All right,—hope ye’ll win.”

“I perceive that the Triceratops is fresh, quite up to snuff, and also a remarkably tough customer,” said the baronet. “I perceive also that the Dinoceras is pretty well battered up from his previous encounter. Therefore I will do myself the pleasure to join forces with John, and lay my wager to the amount of three hundred that the Triceratops will whip the Dinoceras.”

“Which side do our scientific friends take?” asked the prince.

“We had bad luck on our first venture,” they replied, “but as Mr. Jinks has informed us we would have good luck on our second, we join our forces with him, and lay our wagers, individually and collectively, to the amount of three hundred, that the Dinoceras will conquer the Triceratops.”

“Much obleeged to ye, genl'men, fur goin' snacks 'n plankin' yer dollars on this 'ere,” said Mr. Jinks.

“'Tis to be hoped, gentlemen, you see your way clear in this important issue,” said the prince.

“We shall surely win,” replied the Dinocerites.

“And so shall we,” echoed the Triceratopsites.

“My compliments, gentlemen, and sincere wishes for your joint success in this enterprise,” said the prince. “When both parties win, there's joy without alloy.”

All drew up their checks and deposited them in Hartilion's cap.

“Hello, thar! yew six-horner,” called out Ephraim. “Me 'n the larned profesh' hev' bet heavy on yew; go ahead; be lively on yer pins; put in yer prettiest licks on that chunky rhino-curious-hoss; cos' ef yer don't, yew ar' a gone coon, sartin'.”

“Ho there! Sir Rhinoceros Primevalis,” called out Sir Archie, clapping his hands, “the Prince of New Zealand and Baronet of —— Manor, Scotland, have selected you as their champion. Bear off.

yon haughty foe in triumph on your horn, as your terrestrial descendants are bearing off elephants on their horns in the jungles of Africa every day. The eyes of representatives from two worlds are on you. To the onslaught, thou gallant Venusian primeval! Rush to the bloody field and win imperishable laurels. Shout your battle cry—

“‘Lay on, Macduff!

And damn'd be him that first cries ‘‘Hold! enough!’’”

as Will Shakespeare says.”

“‘Look o’ here, Mister Barrynet, yew ar’ gettin’ things mixed up. It warn’t Bill Spokeshave, as yew call him, as said that ar’. Mister Johnny McCullough, Macbeth Chowder, said that, when t’other Scotch Mac introjuced a carvin’-knife under his waistcoat. Reck’n the oatmeal-eater got enough.’”

With the rush of two opposing cyclones, the mighty champions sprang to the onset; the ground shook; the sand flew up in clouds.

“‘Bravo!’” shouted Sir Archie, with enthusiasm. “‘How grand, how Miltonic the scene! It forcibly reminds me of the meeting between Satan and Death at the gates of hell:

‘As when two black clouds,

With Heav’n’s artillery fraught, come rattling on,
Over the Caspian.’”

“‘Good for yew, Mister Barrynet. It ar’ a fact; them horns dew rattle. The devil hev’ horns, a-a-nd death’s bones ar’ allers rattlin’. Yer poeticals hits the mark egzactly.’”

The huge skulls of the combatants crashed together like the shock of two catapults. They

recoiled on their haunches, gathered themselves up, and again rushed forward.

“Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!” shouted the baronet.

The champions stood front to front. Their snortings were like the puffing of locomotives. The blows of horns on skull and bony buckler were like the hammerings of pile-drivers. The combat raged with varying success, as they reared, plunged, and tramped around each other. The Dinoceras had lost two of his horns by blows against the buckler of his antagonist, and the Triceratops had lost his snout ripper. Their heads, necks, and shoulders were fearfully gashed. Our party were greatly excited, for the battle was certainly the most tremendous exhibition of brute strength and ferocity ever witnessed by man. All at once they lowered their heads, locked their horns, and strove to push each other back. Their vast muscles swelled like ships' cables, and their big joints creaked, as they struggled to overpower each other. Twice was the Triceratops forced back on his haunches by his taller antagonist; but recovering himself, he braced his short legs like tree trunks in the sand, and violently exerting the full power of his ponderous strength, shoved his foe backward step by step. The Dinoceras, whose previous wounds from the fangs of the Megalosaur had opened afresh, grew weak and began to stagger.

“Uncle Ephraim, your favorite is getting shaky on his pins,” remarked the baronet.

“Hello thar! six-horner,” shouted Mr. Jinks.

“Brace up—put in yer heavy licks. Me’n the larned profesh ar’ yer backers, a-a-nd don’t yew forget it.”

The Dinoceras failed to brace up, and staggered still worse; his antagonist drew back, struck a stunning whack on his head, and down he tumbled on the sand.

“Bravo!” shouted the baronet. “Why don’t you hurrah, John? Applaud the first knock-down for our favorite.”

“Hi!” giggled John.

“Never yew mind, Mr. Barrynet. First knock-downs arn’t much ’count; second knocks does the business; jest wait a bit.”

In a few moments the Dinoceras sprang up, drew back, and rushed like a tornado on his foe, hit him square on the forehead, and down he tumbled on the ground.

“Told ye so,” smiled Ephraim.

The Dinoceras now advanced to give his fallen antagonist the *coup de grace*.

“Beware! beware! my gallant champion,” shouted the baronet. “The foe cometh! ‘Stiffen the sinews; summon up the blood; disguise fair Nature with hard-favored rage.’

“‘Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colors wave;
And either victory, or else a grave.’”

Evidently inspired by this warlike appeal, the Triceratops sprang up, rushed forward, and met his foe half-way, front to front. The concussion was like the impact of two battering-rams; down sank both champions inglorious on the sands, with their horns firmly interlocked.

“Double knock-down,” remarked the baronet.

“Wa-al,” soliloquized Mr. Jinks, “I hev seen many a squar’ tustle ’twixt buff’loes in my day, but danged ef this ’ere warn’t the squar’st stand up argyment betwixt horned cattle I ever seed befoh.”

“Drawn battle, gentlemen,” called Hartilion. “All bets are off.”

“We fellars ar’ euchered all ’round,” said Mr. Jinks. “I moves we separate our fav’rites a-a-nd set ’em at it agin’ to a clean finish.”

The interlocked zoological giants rose to their feet, struggling desperately to break loose from each other in vain, then sank down again, head to head, snorting like a pair of derailed locomotives.

“It certainly would require fifty yoke of oxen or a couple of steam-tugs to pull them apart,” said the baronet.

“Cuttee horns off,” suggested John.

“That’s the tork, egzackly,” replied Mr. Jinks.

A couple of saws were brought from the boat. Hartilion and Ephraim marched up to the fallen champions and went to work like professional wood-sawyers. The primevals seemed conscious that delivery operations were going on, and remained quiet. The interlocked horns were sawed asunder, but the fighters did not rise.

“Gee up! you lazy six-horner,” ordered Mr. Jinks, kicking his favorite on the haunch. “Get on your pins—tackle yer game.”

The favorite seemed indisposed to tackle, and lay puffing as usual.

“Played out,” muttered Ephraim.

“Hi!” giggled John, “horns allee goné; nothin’ but stumps left. No horn, no fight.”

“That ar’ a fact, Johnny.”

“Ho there! Sir Rhinoceros Primevalis,” ordered the baronet, bestowing a similar compliment on the haunch of his favorite. “What has come o’er the spirit of thy dream? Why this abject posture?”

***** “‘have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue?
Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen.’”

But the chunky primeval, with only half a horn left and splintered at that, heeded not the stirring appeal of his backer, puffed jointly with his *vis-à-vis*, and closed his eyes.

“Mister Barrynet, yer poeticals ar’ wonderful soothin’. Danged ef he arn’t gone to sleep; ef ye want him to snore, sing this ’ere:

“‘Hush a bye, don’t you cry,
Teeny, weeny babby, O;
Go to sleep, Bo peep,
Mammy rocks the cradle, O.’”

The soothing influence of Ephraim’s lullaby was still more lethean; the wearied champions yawned, turned over, and snored in concert.

“Gentlemen,” asked the prince, “how do you propose to wake these primevals from their infantine slumbers?”

“Wantee for to wakee babbies up?” queried John. “Me do it; you see.”

John took Ephraim’s pipe, stuffed it with lone jack and sulphur mixed, set it going, and stoop-

ing down blew a cloud of smoke up the nostrils of the infantines. The effect was enlivening. They scrambled to their legs, snorting and sneezing as if they would jerk their heads off, cast a look of intense disgust at each other and all around, turned tail, and scampered off to the forest, crushing everything before them in their flight.

“ He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day, ”

remarked Sir Archie.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HAIRY MAMMOTH.

A LOUD hubbub of barks, snarls, and sepulchral laughter was heard, and a mingled crowd of hyenas and hell-hounds rushed from the jungle, gathering around the carcasses of the Megalosaur and sea-devil, and furiously fighting each other over the feast. During the *mêlée*, the shark managed to scramble out of the pool, made for the water, and swam off, demonstrating his wonderful toughness in surviving the assaults of three terrible enemies.

We passed some distance up the shore ; suddenly a shrill trumpeting resounded amid the trees and a young mammoth trotted out from the woods, paused, and stood curiously looking at us.

“ Hello ! ” exclaimed Ephraim, “ here comes Jumbo’s country cousin, all kivered over with har like a grizzly. ”

This primeval mammal was over ten feet high. His long and powerful tusks were curved up like pot-hooks, and he was covered with coarse, shaggy brown hair.

“What is this new-comer?” asked the prince.

“The primeval mammoth,” replied the baronet. “His fossil remains are found in abundance on our planet; he is undoubtedly the progenitor of our modern elephant.”

“Ef that ar’ a fact, why arn’t elephants kivered with har like this feller?” queried Mr. Jinks.

“The original capillary covering of these primevals has been gradually disevolved in their descendants by the process of evolution,” replied Sir Archie.

“Excuse me, Mister Barrynet, ef I don’t egzactly get the hang o’ yer larned obsarvation. Howsomever, I ’specks yew mean that elephants hev wore their har’ off by rubbin’ agin’ trees ’n rollin’ in the bushes. Ar’ them sentiments ’greeable on that pint?”

“They amount to about the same thing, Uncle Ephraim.”

“I seed a critter in a menagery onct, they call a camelopard, as war all neck and fore-legs. ‘Mister Showman,’ says I, ‘what fur hev this individoal sich a tarnal long neck?’ ‘’Cos he hev to reach oncommon high up the trees arter his grub; continual reachin’ fur grub makes necks grow longer,’ says he.¹ ‘Reck’n yew ar’ right,’ says I, ‘’n the reason why pigs necks ar’ so

¹ Darwin’s “Origin of Species.”

short ar' continual rootin' 'n feedin' out o' the pig trough.' Evolution ar' a wonderful thing on explainifyin' such queer matters, Mister Barrynet."

"Our paleontologists have never been able to explain why the tusks of the mammoth are curved up in this extraordinary manner, so different from those of our modern elephant," said the baronet. "They are really useless as means of attack or defence, and must impede the animal's passage among the trees. I cannot understand also, why he should require such a thick coat of hair in this warm climate."

"Bless ye, Mister Barrynet! can't ye see? them hooks ar' fur hookin' 'round their enemies' legs's 'n trippin' 'em up; 'n when they tramps through the woods, they hooks 'em 'round the trees 'n pulls 'em over. That suit o' har ar' fur keepin' off the gadflies, 'skeeters, punkies, 'n sichlike, from bitin' 'em."

Mr. Jinks' explanation of nature's means for the protection of mammoths against unfavorable environments was deemed quite in accordance with the theory of evolution.

Meanwhile the mammoth was sniffing, snorting, flapping his leather-like ears, tossing his head, curling his trunk, whisking his tail, and glancing at us askance with his ugly little eyes, as if not entirely relishing the scientific discussion going on about him.

"Hello! little Jumbo," queried Ephraim, "ar' ye tryin' to git yer dander up?"

In fact, Jumbo began to look so suspiciously

stormy, we thought best to get our weapons ready.

“Gentlemen,” said the baronet, “I have shot elephants in the jungles of Africa and Hindustan, but never had an opportunity to aim at a pachydermic primeval before; kindly permit me the privilege of bringing down this interesting specimen as a special trophy for my Rigby, and when I return home I will hang up the head and tusks in my ancestral hunting hall, for the wonder and admiration of all the sporting clubs of England.”

The baronet’s request was granted and he levelled his unerring rifle.

“Squint squar’ at his left peeper a-a-nd catch him half-way betwixt winks,” suggested Mr. Jinks.

“Thanks for your valuable advice, Uncle Ephraim. It was my full intention to adopt that system of tactics. I propose to direct my shot through the cornea, and pupil, the crystalline lens, vitreous humor, and optic thalamus, straight to the pituitary gland, situated on the *sella turcica*, which our great Grecian philosopher, Plato, has declared to be the seat of the soul. If mammoths have souls, my shot will surely unseat and escort it to the place where the souls of good mammoths go;” and Sir Archie touched the trigger.

But there’s many a slip between the cup and the lip. Bang! went the rifle, and up went Jumbo’s head simultaneously. It was evident he was not anxious for soul transmigration, nor that his head and tusks should grace a British baronial hunting hall to be admired of sporting

clubs. The bullet went straight to the spot where the eye ought to have been, but unfortunately, that optical organ was not there, and the missile bored a clean hole through the tip of the left tusk. The next instant the enraged Jumbo uttered a tremendous trumpeting, curled up his trunk, flapped his ears, and charged down on us like an express train.

“Missed! by the ghost of Nimrod!” muttered the exasperated elephant shooter.

“Jeerusalem!” yelled Ephraim, “ef ye don’t want Jumbo to make a ghost of ye right off, ye’d better make tracks out o’ this ’ere quicker than greased lightnin’.”

The most diplomatic policy for spectators to pursue with reference to an enraged pachyderm on the rampage is to get out of his way as quickly as possible. An elephantine onset means important business, and nothing short of a cannonball can stop it. We adopted Ephraim’s advice instantaneously; stood not on the order of our going, but made tracks, tumbling over each other very promiscuously. Hartilion, who had provided himself with a huge club, stood his ground, and as the mammoth rushed forward, hit him a tremendous whack across the pate, which staggered him; then leaping to one side, before the animal could turn, seized him by the tail, jumped on his back, got astride his shoulders, clasped his powerful legs around the neck, grasped the upcurled trunk in one hand, and pounded him vigorously on the ribs and flanks with his club. The astounded mammoth roared, bellowed, and struggled in

vain to shake off his rider ; then made off for the forest ; but Hartilion twisted the trunk, jerked his head around to one side, hammering his ribs with such a torrent of blows that the half-crazed pachyderm galloped over the beach like a runaway locomotive.

“By Joe!” exclaimed Ephraim, “ef this arn’t a fust-class circus performance! Bully for yew, Mister Hop ; ye kin take the shine off any circus clown ever seed befoh. Wild West shows ar’ no-whar.”

“Ten to one on *Elephas primigenus*,” shouted Sir Archie, with enthusiasm. “Who’ll take?”

“Danged ef I knows who yew ar’ bettin’ on, Mister Barrynet ; but I goes ye ten better, on Mister Hop a-a-nd Jumbo.”

Hartilion forced his pachydermic steed several heats up and down the beach at a speed that would have outstripped any crack winner of the Derby, then dismounting, gave his tail a vigorous twist, smote his haunches a parting thwack, and the disgruntled mammoth scudded off to the forest as if a thousand wild-cats were at his heels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

“GENTLEMEN,” said the prince, “as we have witnessed a sufficiency of primeval wonders and curiosities in these regions, we will now depart and join our friends.”

The boat was called up ; we rowed to the air-

ship, embarked, and coursing to the south about a hundred miles, entered a fine bay opening into the land ; at its head was the mouth of a large river. Captain Fulminax had anchored his vessel near shore awaiting the admiral's arrival. He informed us that Asterion's party had passed about five hundred miles in the interior. We took straight course across the country, reaching a broad, elevated plain covering an area of several hundred square miles, and bounded by a great mountain range. The plain and mountain slopes were covered with magnificent forests, among which were many trees and plants resembling those indigenous to our own world, which according to the law of geological change and development, would in time displace the early primeval vegetation.

Asterion's party, numbering over two hundred, the remainder being divided among the vessels and air-ships, were encamped on the banks of a beautiful river resembling our Hudson, which traversed the plain and poured its waters into the bay. It was supplied by numerous tributaries and streams running from the mountains and higher plateaus. The party had erected tents and booths on the greensward, along the banks and under the trees.

Sir Archie suggested that the settlement be designated as the headquarters of the Martio-Terrestrio-Venusian Scientific and Geographical Society ; in addition thereto, those members who desired to unite other pursuits to the above might establish a Venusian sporting club, with officers,

members, by-laws, etc., which would certainly occupy the front rank among all the sporting clubs of this universe from Mercury to Neptune.

The baronet's suggestion was accepted.

"I have flown in my air-ship over this entire continent of Altfouran," said Asterion. "It is large as the terrestrial continent of North America, comprising an area of over seven million square miles. It abounds with magnificent scenery, mountain ranges, plains, beautiful lakes, rivers, wonderful natural productions, and curiosities. With the exception of a few deserts and barren plateaus, it is a garden of fertility, and under proper cultivation could support a population of two thousand millions."

"Should the future condition of Mars ever require an emigration of our people, we should certainly select this young world in preference to Earth," said the prince.

"And should our own world, in process of time, ever become overcrowded and require a depletory exodus," said the baronet, "you Martians could teach us the art of interplanetary navigation, and our surplus populations could emigrate hither also."

"Under certain restrictions, which might not, perhaps, please some of your kingdoms and governments," the prince replied. "We certainly never would permit the lands of this young world to be profaned by the presence of your ignorant and vicious populations, the refuse of your prisons and offscourings of your cities."

"Our own great and glorious republic," said I,

“is called the hope of the nations and asylum of the oppressed. In the event of a desired exodus from earth, might not this young planet be regarded in the same light?”

“Every nation, kingdom, and republic of your world has yet to pass through a great moral and political upheaval, corresponding almost to a geological cataclysm, before it can become fitted in all respects for what you call self-government,” replied the prince. “Until that has taken place and you have emerged from your present condition into a state of moral excellence and intellectual enlightenment among your rulers and peoples, we certainly should not tolerate a form of government which permits political schemers, greedy for place and power, to further their selfish and ambitious ends by such processes as prevail in your republic.”

“Lieutenant,” said the baronet, “it is rather evident that, before any terrestrial emigrants would be permitted to land on these shores, they would be required to provide themselves with unexceptionable recommendations not from their respective governments, but from eminently respectable citizens.”

“And it is further evident,” said I, “that the majority of these recommendations would be consigned to the Venusian governmental wastebasket, and the minority pigeon-holed with yards of red tape.”

“And how about the primeval monsters?” queried several. “We fear they will give our emigrants some trouble.”

“Gentlemen,” replied the baronet, “the Venusian sporting club will adjust that little matter to the satisfaction of all concerned. Our coat of arms shall be emblazoned with all varieties of monsters *couchant* and *mourant*, surrounded with rifles, shot-guns, swords, and revolvers *ram-pant*; our motto: ‘*Per mare, per terras; mors monstris,*’ which shall be our guiding star and battle-cry, over many a bloody field, to victory or death.”

The next morning we embarked on the air-ship and took a trip over the country, which displayed far more grand and beautiful scenery, natural wonders, and curiosities than Earth or Mars. Roaming through the forests, over the plains, and along the banks of the streams were great herds of the *Bos primigenus*, *Bos frontosus*, and *Bos taurus*,—the same which in ages long gone by were the progenitors of our own Aurochs, Urus, and Arna, themselves the ancestors of our European bison, American and Indian buffalo. These colossal primevals had giant frames, huge humps, enormous horns, long legs, their hoofs not double, like those of their modern descendants, but three- or four-toed, for secure foothold over rocks, peat-bogs, and morasses. With these was the *Bos-longifrons*, ancestor of our famous Andalusian and Tatar bulls, those formidable fighters in the arenas of Spain and Havana. Their shaggy hair, long, sharp horns, fierce eyes, and thundering bellow, in which characteristics they far surpassed their modern descendants, combined to pronounce

them the most formidable combatants of all the herbivorous classes.¹

We saw troops of the primeval *Cervus megaceros*,² the counterparts of our great Irish elks. These magnificent progenitors were seven to eight feet tall at the shoulder, and standing twelve to fifteen feet from the ground to the top burr of their immense antlers, which stretched over ten feet from tip to tip. With these also were the progenitors of our European and American elk, moose, and other species of the deer tribe.

Here were the progenitors of our wild boars, the *Babiroussa*, or wild Indian hog, with its four huge tusks curving up to its eyes, the South American peccary, and other varieties of the porcine tribe. All these primeval animals were larger, stronger, and more fleet than the existing modern species. They also had triple, and sometimes quadruple, hooped feet, instead of double or single hoofs, which are a later development in our modern species.

The primeval progenitors of our eagles, falcons,

¹ Their fossil remains are found in many parts of Europe, Asia, and America, associated with the mammoth, cave-bear, tiger, and rhinoceros. They are much larger than the modern species. The *Auroch* was ten feet long and six feet high at the shoulder. The *Urus* was nearly as large as our elephant. *Cæsar* describes him in his "Commentaries." The *Arna* is a powerful and courageous animal, capable of overthrowing the elephant, and more than a match for the tiger, who usually declines the combat. Fights between these buffaloes and tigers were common in the old Roman shows and constitute a principal feature in the public entertainments of Indian princes.

² The fossil remains of many magnificent specimens of the great Irish elk of equal dimensions have been found in some parts of Europe and Ireland.

vultures, hawks, ducks, wild geese, and other species flew in countless flocks over the plains. The progenitors of the whole modern finny tribe, great and small, filled the lakes, rivers, and streams. Kit North and old Isaak Walton would fain have jumped from their graves at the prospect, and the sporting clubs of earth would probably struggle for the opportunity of a trip to this wonderful planet, to roam over these splendid hunting-grounds with rifle, shot-gun, and fishing tackle.

We planned a grand hunting expedition which would throw all similar terrestrial enterprises in the shade, and in honor of it, the baronet sang with great fire and spirit the air of that finest of huntsmen's choruses, from *Der Freischutz*, the words slightly altered to suit the occasion.

"What equals, on earth, the delight of the huntsman?
For whom does life's cup more enchanting flow?
To follow our game through forest and mountain,
When brightly the beams of morning first glow.

"O! this is a pleasure that's worthy of princes;
And health with its blessings will always be found,
'Mid woodlands and valleys,—o'er lakelets and rivers,
Our rifles and shot-guns shall merrily sound."

CHAPTER XXX.

FOREST AND FIELD SPORTS.

SIR ARCHIE was gifted with a beautiful tenor voice of unusual sweetness and power. He possessed exquisite taste, and was in all respects the beau-ideal of a finished singer, surpassing many

of our famous operatic artists. He was equally *au fait* in the choicest operatic arias, the best productions of our modern song-writers, and the old English and Scotch ballads. Often in the gloaming of eventide he would sing the songs of home and native land with a feeling and pathos that brought tears to our eyes. In these accomplishments, however, he was surpassed by Prince Altfoura, Harovian, and some of our other Martian friends. It would be difficult to institute any comparison between the Martian and Terrestrial human voice. The quality or *timbre* is essentially different. In sweetness, purity, and power of tone no such voices as the Martians' were ever heard on earth. They are superbly brilliant, rich, and mellifluous beyond compare. As to volume and power of tone, the great Leviathan-tamer would present a striking example. His *basso profundo* voice was almost superhuman. It certainly would endanger the safety of the windows in St. Peter's or Westminster Abbey, were he to sing in those edifices. And with scarcely any perceptible exertion he could easily overpower a terrestrial chorus of two hundred singers and an orchestra of a hundred musicians combined.

The superiority of the Martians in everything that appertains to the gifts of the muses will not surprise us Terrestrials when informed that the science and art of music in all its departments was in perfection on Mars long ages before our Jubal twanged his little three-stringed harp, or thumbed his one-octave organ without semitones. In vocal and instrumental music the

Martians are as much in advance of us as we are in advance of Indian tom-tom pow-wows and negro calabash war-howlings

One morning, bright and early, having planned a hunting excursion the evening before, we were awakened by one of Sir Archie's joyous matutinal carols, in which he introduced a perfect imitation of the huntsman's bugle call :

“A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
 Proclaim it a hunting morning ;
 Before the sun rises away we'll fly,
 Dull sleep in the drowsy bed scorning.
 To horse ! my brave boys, and away ;
 Bright sunbeams the clouds are adorning ;
 The face of all nature looks gay,
 'Tis a beautiful hunting morning.
 Hark—hark—forward !
 Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra !
 Hark—hark—forward !
 Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra !”

“Jeehoshophat !” shouted Ephraim, springing from his cot. “That bugle-call brings back old times when I war one o' Sheridan's cavalry boys. Wake up thar, yew fellars ! Don't ye hear the order ? Get out yer hosses, tighten yer girths, loose yer stirrups, jump to yer saddles, unsling yer carbines, draw sabres, close ranks, charge !”

Our whole party were on their feet in an instant. The distant woods were resounding with a deep and hollow rumbling.

“Hurrah !” shouted Ephraim. “D'ye hear that ? The wild broncos ar' comin' ! Hark to the gallopin' ?”

The next moment the woods rang with loud and shrill neighings.

“By Jove!” shouted the baronet, “that’s the most joyful sound I’ve heard since I left the plains of New Mexico. ‘A horse!—a horse! My kingdom for a horse.’”

“Look! look!” exclaimed the prince. “Here they come!”

With a rush like the dashing charge of Ney’s brilliant cavalry, out sprang from the forest a great troop of magnificent horses, from sixteen to twenty hands high. Their symmetrical and supple forms displayed a compactness of bone, muscle, and sinew rarely seen in any terrestrial horse. Their appearance was a perfect realization of the fine description in the book of Job. Their necks were arched gracefully like the swan’s, their long flowing manes and tails streamed out in the wind like flaming banners, as they bounded over the trembling plain. Their trumpet-toned neighings echoed from forest to mountain. Every horse was a Venusian Bucephalus that no Grecian Alexander could mount or bridle; a primeval bronco whose majestic and terrible presence would have put the boldest equine trainers to flight. Our party were roused to the highest pitch of excitement. In a few moments the troop checked their thundering career, trotted leisurely toward our camp, and arriving within a short distance, paused, gazing on us with wonder and curiosity.

“My grandfather described these animals,” said Asterion. “They are the Hipparions, Orchippuses, and Pleiohippuses, the primeval ancestors of the Venusian modern horse yet to come.”

“The fossil remains of similar equines are found on our earth,” said the baronet, “although not of such great dimensions. They were the ancient progenitors of our own modern horse.”

“Their feet are not solid hoofs like those of our modern horse, but are divided into three toes,” said several. “Please explain this remarkable peculiarity.”

“A characteristic feature of the primeval equines,” replied the baronet. “The three toes give them a more secure foothold over the rocks, peat-bogs, and morasses of these primeval plains. In process of time the middle toe will be developed into the solid hoof, and the other toes will dwindle away, in accordance with the law of evolution.”¹

Our party expressed an urgent desire that some of these primevals might be caught and tamed. One splendid animal, whose mane and tail swept the ground, galloped to and fro in front of the troop, tossing his head, neighing, and stamping. He was evidently the leader of the herd.

“By Jove!” exclaimed the baronet, “how I should like to mount that magnificent steed and fly o’er the plain like the wind.”

“Reck’n I kin catch the bronco ’n hev him under bit ’n saddle arter a while,” said Ephraim,

¹ The best developed horse, most like our modern, was the *Anchitherium*, existing in the Pleistocene age. Fossil remains of all the genera above-named are found in Europe, Asia, America, and in Utah and New Mexico abundantly. The transition of these primeval animals to the modern horse is one of the commonest facts in paleontology. The middle toe has developed into the modern hoof, the others having dwindled away.

who had been an experienced wild-bronco lassoer and tamer on our great western plains.

A large supply of Martian cereals had been brought over for transplanting on Venusian soil. He shouldered a bag of corn and oats, carried it outside the camp, advanced about half way to the troop, poured it on the ground and returned. We fully expected they would flee; but they seemed not to have that natural fear of man manifested by our wild animals. They stood their ground, watching his movements curiously, putting their heads together after the manner of wild animals, and exchanging their mutual opinions on the subject in their own vernacular; for who shall say that animals are not endowed by nature with a language of their own?

A few of the boldest cautiously approached the grain, stretching out their necks and sniffing inquiringly, then plunged their muzzles into it and ate with great gusto. This was certainly the first instance in the history of our solar system when the primeval horses of one planet were treated to civilized corn and oats grown on another. The taste once acquired, an important step was gained. Under Ephraim's directions the men went to work felling trees, and built a horse-pen, or stockade, outside the camp, enclosing a few acres, with sliding gates. During this proceeding Ephraim regularly fed the troop, which daily increased in numbers. All being in readiness, he walked out on the plain with a full basket, sat down, and began to scatter the grain around in handfuls.

The horses, having by this time acquired confidence, approached nearer; one pretty white-haired filly actually fed out of his hand. He then walked slowly backward toward the stockade, scattering the grain. They followed him without suspicion into the enclosure and the gates were closed. He then went out and enticed several others within the pen in the same manner. The subsequent taming and training were directed by Prince Altfoura and Harovian, who were ranked among the finest horsemen on Mars. Conducted on principles of kindness, its success was marvelous. Much of the suspicion and fear of man implanted in the breasts of animals is not innate, but the result of his abuse and cruelty. It is wonderful what kindness, gentleness, and patience can accomplish in man's dealings with domestic animals, given him by the Creator for his use. Liberal supplies of corn and oats, aided by apples and cakes, were eminently successful. Two tremendous twenty-four-hand-high fellows, selected for Hartilion and Benoidath, were somewhat belligerent at first, but they finally yielded and became docile as sheep. The workmen manufactured full supplies of bridles and saddles. Our party mounted their steeds, the gates of the stockade were opened, and we trotted out on the plain, Altfoura leading the van on his pretty white filly. The excitement among the herd was tremendous. They gathered around us, rearing, neighing, snorting, and pawing at a terrible rate. They seemed animated with contending passions, rage at us for the trick, contempt for their captured comrades, astonish-

ment at our centaur-like appearance, and longings for more oats and apples. We stimulated the latter, and enticed additional recruits within the stockade, and soon had a company of three hundred splendidly-trained thoroughbreds. Then came the fun. We had wild races and break-neck steeple-chases that would have amazed all the Derby and Beacon jockeys, "Wild West" cowboys, Indian and Mexican rancheros. The untamed Hipparions and Orohippuses followed us in troops, neighing and whinnying for civilization, crazy to be trained and ridden like their comrades, who seemed so proud and happy in bearing their human masters. We coursed over the plains, through forests and jungles in pursuit of our game. Sir Archie and Ephraim were in their element, and many a primeval "buff'lo and bar" fell beneath their rifles.

One morning, loud bellowings, mingled with savage roars, were heard a short distance from the camp, and a little company of Aurochs and Bos frontosus, with their females and helpless young, rushed from the woods pursued by a horde of fierce cave-lions and tigers. The herd had been attacked in the forest and sought the plain for safety, where they concentrated themselves in a compact ring; the females and young in the centre, the males outside, defending them with great courage, tossing the beasts on their horns, goring, or stamping them to death with their forehoofs; but the combat was unequal, the males being too few in number. The plaintive bleatings of the young, mingled with the loud bellowings

of the bulls and savage roarings of the beasts, made it evident that the little company would soon be torn in pieces.

“Arm! mount, and away!” shouted the prince. “Let us save those poor helpless creatures from that merciless slaughter.”

The excitement of our Hipparions was tremendous; between them and that ferocious horde dwelt inextinguishable hatred; their eyes flashed fire; they champed their bits and struggled to break loose, uttering loud screams of rage. We mounted in hot haste; no whip nor spur was required; our steeds rushed to the fray like a whirlwind; our company were fired with warlike ardor, and Sir Archie shouted at the top of his voice—

“The combat deepens! On ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!”

“Yer poeticals about chivalry ar’ right harnsome, Mister Barrynet, but I reck’n this ’ere charge o’ cavalry kin do the bizness,” remarked Mr. Jinks.

“*Per mare; per terras, mors monstris!*” shouted Sir Archie.

“Mister Barrynet, carbines ’n revolvers ar’ more to the p’int than larned obsarvations whar striped cattymounts, et cætera, ar’ consarned.”

We charged down on the beasts in solid phalanx; the ground shook under our mighty bounds like the vibrations of an earthquake; we plunged in their midst. Bang! went the rifles; pop! went the pistols; slash! went the swords; slam

bang! went the gun-stocks; whack! went the cudgels. Hartilion and Benoidath, mounted on their giant Bucephaluses, raged o'er the bloody field like the Titanic gods of war, their mighty cutlasses flashing like lightning. The furious Hipparions and Orohippusses screamed, kicked, plunged, bit, and stamped with their terrible three-toed hoofs among the carnivores as if possessed with devils. The lions and tigers fought desperately; but vain were paws, claws, jaws, and fangs against that equine onslaught. In less than twenty minutes the whole horde were brained, slashed, pounded, crushed, and kicked to death. Not one was left to tell the sanguineous story, and their bodies strewed the plain. Our gallant steeds, flushed with victory, uttered triumphant neighings and galloped back to camp, followed by the whole herd of grateful bulls, heifers, and calves, lowing and bleating with all their might.

Day after day we coursed over plains, forests, and jungles, immolating crowds of lions, tigers, bears, wolves, and hyenas; when our arms were weary with slaughter, our artillerists and sharpshooters would reduce whole battalions to their original elements with their chemical annihilators. We cleared off large tracks of country from the beasts, much to the satisfaction of the grateful bovines, deer, and other inoffensive animals. We enjoyed a fortnight of such splendid sport as, could it have been known among our terrestrial hunting clubs, would have sorely tempted them to embark in ethervolts, provided they had them, for the shores of this young world.

In the meantime Admiral Erumpitos had joined Captain Fulminax in the bay. The air-ships returned from their cruises over the continent and submitted their reports to Asterion. We turned our noble steeds out to grass, much to their grief, for they had become greatly attached to us. We left part of our band in charge of the camp, with one air-ship, and departed for the bay, to arrange plans for voyages to other lands and seas.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VENUSIAN LEVIATHANS.

THE vessels and air-ships left the bay, rounded the southern peninsula of the continent, put out over the ocean to the east, and after sailing nearly three thousand miles, reached the coast-line of another large continent corresponding in its position to Africa on our planet. On the evening of the fourth day we cast anchor near a long coral-reef, forming the entrance of a great bay opening into the land for a distance of many miles.

About midnight we were awakened by a deep and ponderous roaring, mingled with other terrible sounds. The deck watch sounded an alarm.

“Heavens!” shouted Hartilion, “that sounds like old Leviathan.”

All on board sprang from their cots and hurried to the decks; the moon, hanging low over the horizon, tinted the waters with a crimson hue; an extraordinary spectacle was displayed.

The whole expanse was covered with huge

monsters hurrying out into the open sea, evidently fleeing in terror from the approach of some creature far more gigantic and formidable than they. The air resounded with their roarings and bellowings as they hurried past the ships in thousands; the waters were covered with huge heads, lashing fins, tails, and paddles,—some of the animals, in their fear, leaping bodily out of the water.

In a few moments those appalling roars were repeated in tones that rolled over the sea like thunder, reverberating in long echoes from shore to shore. Two stupendous monsters, the perfect counterparts of our Martian Leviathans, came out side by side from behind a high rock. The moon lighted up their forms with a crimson glare. Their necks were arched gracefully, their eagle-shaped heads surmounted with the same helmet-shaped bony buckler, their beaks shone with rows of glittering teeth, columns of vapor issued from their nostrils, their terrible eyes gleamed from beneath their rugged brows like flames, their manes streamed out like immense banners, their vast paddles gathered up the billows in front, hurling them back in clouds of spray, their enormous tails, reared high in the air, flapped like the sails of a great ship, as they advanced majestically over the waters.¹

“They are the great Venusian Leviathans described by my ancestor,” said Asterion. “He named them ‘Maha-Raja Barthovans,’ or supreme monarchs of the Venusian oceans.”

¹ Journey to Mars.

All at once they discovered our ships, and wheeling right about, advanced within a short distance, paused, lowered their heads, and bent their great dazzling eyes on us, earnestly inspecting the remarkable-looking objects that had invaded their oceanic domain. The larger closely resembled our own Leviathan, the smaller, his mate,—although not so attractive in shape or color.

“They are certainly cousins to our sea-horses, Bhuvazon and Zeuglissa,” said Hartilion.

“Being wild, they may attack us any moment,” said the officers. “We should stand in no small danger; they could upset our ships instantly.”

The admiral ordered the gunners to fire on them at the given signal.

“For my sake,” whispered Hartilion to Altfoura, “do not allow it.”

“Admiral,” said the prince, “make no demonstration against those magnificent creatures until Hartilion requests you.”

“Your Highness’ order shall be obeyed,” the admiral replied.

By this time the surrounding waters were clear of the lesser monsters, who had fled in all directions; the larger Barthovan advanced nearer and paused, earnestly looking at us.

“I’ll try the effect of a little music on him,” said Hartilion; then mounting the railing, sang his rollicking sea-song, with a slight variation, out of compliment to this Oceanic Monarch:

“Here comes Barthovan,
O’er the billows bounding.
Gaily he dashes on,
’Mid thunders resounding.

“What cares Barthovan
For lightnings flashing?
Tempest and rolling waves,
O'er the sea dashing?”

“There is an Ocean King,
O'er Martian seas fleeting;
His name is Leviathan;
He sends you his greeting.”

While he was singing, the Barthovans appeared to listen with great attention. It almost seemed as if those clarion tones had awakened the first dawning of a musical idea in their minds. Occasionally, as if in response, they uttered a low, sweet musical note, not unlike the tones of their Martian cousin. When Hartilion ceased, they paused as if waiting to hear more, then, with a long, lingering look, turned and swiftly departed o'er the deep.

“That wild Barthovan is a magnificent fellow,” said Hartilion, with enthusiasm. “I'll ride over these Venusian oceans mounted on his crest.”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed the officers. “How will you ever catch and tame him?”

“Leave that to me,” he quietly replied.

Next morning we explored the bay; at its head was the mouth of a large river.

“From my knowledge of the habits of our Leviathan, I am confident this is the resting-ground of the Barthovans,” said Hartilion. “They will return by evening, and I will make my experiment.”

By his directions the crew cast nets and caught great numbers of edible fish, also gathering quantities of delicate sea-moss, which they chopped

and mingled together. Hartilion brought from his sea-chest several pounds of a powerfully narcotic fragrant drug, mixed it with the fish and moss, enclosing them in net bags, and affixing them to wooden stakes planted near the river-banks, where they floated on the water. The ships were concealed behind the rocky bluff, and we waited for results. Towards evening the Barthovans returned to the bay, discovered the packages, and, attracted by the fragrant odor, swallowed them. The effects were soon manifest; instead of sporting around the bay as usual, they became drowsy, and retiring to their coverts near the shore, went to sleep. They slept till late next day, then woke, appearing dazed, and paddled rather unsteadily out to sea in search of their usual dinner, which consisted, as with Leviathans, of the larger fish and sea-weed. The more savage and repulsive monsters they never ate, but amused themselves by tearing them to pieces in sport.

“My sleeping potion worked admirably,” said Hartilion. He then requested the admiral to have a metallic deck, brazen bands, stanchions, steel cap and morion for the head, mouth-piece and steel reins, constructed after the pattern of Leviathan’s harness. The ships had been provided with a full supply of materials for this purpose before leaving Mars, as Hartilion expected to discover the original Venusian Leviathans on this journey. The engineers went to work and in a few days completed the whole outfit.

Hartilion baited his packages of fish and moss with larger doses of the narcotic and placed them near the covert. Toward evening the Barthovans returned from their trip and entered the bay side by side like two great ocean steamers. They soon discovered and swallowed the morsels ; the effect was quickly manifested. Instead of retiring to their coverts, they stretched themselves beside an adjoining reef, curled their heads over their shoulders in the usual Leviathan style, and sank into a profound sleep.

“How strong a dose of your hypnotizer have you administered?” queried the officers.

“Enough to throw an army of two hundred thousand men into the sleep that knows no waking,” replied he.

The ships entered the bay and drew alongside the sleeping Barthovans. Their vast chests heaved under their deep and regular breathing like the swelling ocean wave. Steeped in profound lethean slumbers they were unconscious of all surroundings. The officers and crews wrapped strong cables around their bodies, necks, paddles, and tails, clinching them to the solid rocks. Hartilion and Benoidath mounted the head of the male, tied up his jaws with chains, and taking a huge auger, bored a hole through his nostrils, transfixed them with the great brazen ring, and buckled on the steel reins. The morion, with its platforms and jawbands, was secured on the head, and the saddle was planted on his crest.

Meanwhile the crews had encircled four great

brazen bands around his body, to which was fastened the metallic deck, a hundred and fifty feet long by forty feet wide, extending from its shoulders over the back to the loins, and surrounded by a high railing. Twenty electro-magnetic batteries were placed at regular intervals along the deck; holes were bored through the horny scales investing his body; slender wires connected with the batteries were passed through them down to the skin, covering the muscles of the chest, shoulders, paddles, and tail. These batteries were for the purpose, as in Leviathans, of controlling his more violent movements. Two strong cables, running from the head down the neck, were fastened to the shoulders like the check-reins of a horse; this was to prevent him from lowering his head to dive under water.

The narcotized monster lay quiet during the whole operation, which was completed on the following day. As the effects of this extra dose would not pass off till next morning, the ships drew off for the night. At daybreak the Barthovans, aroused from their stupor, opened their eyes and looked stupidly around. The male turned his head and contemplated his accoutrements; a look of intense astonishment came over his face, and he seemed conscious that a trick had been played on him. He made ineffectual efforts to move his paddles and tail and open his jaws, but all he could do was to heave up and down and utter smothered growls through his clinched teeth. The scene brought to mind Captain Gulliver, bound hand and foot by the Lilliputians.

The ships now drew alongside. The Barthovan monarch recognized them as a pair of foreign interlopers in his dominions and greeted them with low growls. His mate, some distance behind, uttered angry snarls, like a jungle-full of enraged tigers. Their eyes flashed fire ; they made tremendous struggles to burst their bonds, but finding their efforts ineffectual became quiet.

Hartilion now clothed himself in his crystal armor, fastened his great five-hundred-pound hammer and electric wand to his belt, stepped on the railing, and addressed his royal captive :

“Maha-Raja Barthovan, monarch of the Venusian Oceans, hearken to my words.”

The monster turned his vast head and bent his great blazing orbs upon him with a look of concentrated rage that almost made our blood run cold. Hartilion regarded him with a winning smile and sang an improved version of his song :

“I’m master of Leviathan,
Who roams the Martian seas.
I’ll conquer you, Barthovan,
And bring you to your knees.”

The eyes of the chained monarch flashed fire. He shook his head and uttered a growl of defiance like the muffled roars of a thousand lions.

“Very well, sir ; as you please. It’s of no consequence to me how you view it,” replied Hartilion ; then ordered the ship to be brought alongside. The monster’s vast bulk stretched far beyond the bows and stern. Hartilion leaped on his deck ; Captain Samadron and a hundred of the officers and crew followed.

“Every man to his station,” ordered Hartilion. “Engineers, take charge of the batteries. Cablemen, to your posts on the rocks, all ready to cast off at my signal.”

The men clambered up the rocks, Hartilion ascended the rope-ladder to the head, mounted the saddle, and grasped the reins. The monster, alarmed at these demonstrations, furiously struggled to break loose. Hartilion raised his ponderous hammer and smote him over the brows with a stroke that could have crushed the backbone of a finback whale, and the struggles ceased; then he grasped the jaw-chains ready to cast loose.

“Below there!” shouted he.

“Aye, aye,” replied Captain Samadron and officers.

“Be on the alert,—hold fast; he will make things lively.”

“Aye, aye,” replied from the deck.

“Cablemen, ahoy!—are you all ready?”

“Aye, aye,” resounded from the rocks.

“Cast off cables.”

The blows of hammers clanked; down flopped the cables; Hartilion flung off the jaw-chains; the wild ocean monarch was free.

“Now, sir, we will see who is master,” said Hartilion, grasping the reins.

The monster threw back his head, opened his vast jaws, gnashed his terrible teeth, and uttering a scream of rage that seemed to split the very rocks, whirled his enormous paddles and tail aloft, dashed furiously through the waters, swiftly sped from the bay out into the open sea, and the

struggle began. He tried to dive, but the check cables held him up. Tossing his head from side to side in vain efforts to unseat his driver, so desperate were his surges and plunges that the officers and crew clung with all their strength to the railing to prevent being flung overboard. He now began to spin round and round, as if determined to submerge himself and captors in the vortex of a whirlpool. His roars of rage shook the sea like rolls of thunder. His mane bristled all over his head. We were enveloped in masses of foam.

"Below, there!" shouted Hartilion, "how do you like the Leviathan waltz?"

"We are all getting very dizzy, and a drenching shower-bath also," shouted the officers in reply.

"Do you want the movement changed?"

"Decidedly," replied all.

"What style would you prefer?"

"A lively galop," suggested the baronet.

"It shall be done," replied Hartilion; then addressing his steed as if he were a human being—"My gay and festive terpsichorean, I am master of ceremonies and request you to cease your whirligig."

The waltzer seemed indisposed to obey orders, and roared louder and whirled faster than ever.

"Look out, sir. I shall be under the painful necessity of administering a little wholesome correction."

The defiant terpsichorean replied with a toss of his head, snorting with contempt, and spinning as usual.

The Leviathan-tamer raised his terrible whip, whirled it through the air with a crack that could have flayed a rhinoceros alive, and carolled—

“This greeting sends Leviathan :
 ‘Barthovan, cousin mine,
 Yield and obey Hartilion,
 Or taste his cat-o-nine.’”

Down flew the whistling lashes over Barthovan’s head, neck, shoulders, every stroke of the sharp glittering barbs throwing off showers of electric sparks through the horny scales, to the skin and flesh.

The mighty monster shuddered as if under a rain of fire, ceased his whirl, and sped swiftly over the waves, at times springing bodily out of the water in his furious bounds.

“Below there!” shouted the master of ceremonies, “how do you like the galop?”

“Magnificent!” shouted all on board. “Never enjoyed anything like it.”

The paddles whirled, the tail lashed, the oceanic galoper rushed through the billows at triple the speed of the swiftest Atlantic steamer.

“If he goes on at this rate,” remarked Asterion, “there’ll be collision and shipwreck somewhere.”

It looked very much like it, for our invincible racer was fully competent to override and swamp anything afloat.

“I’ll change the galop into a minuet,” said Hartilion, pulling at the reins; but the racer did not respond.

“Whoa, there! Barthovan. Whoa!” shouted

the Jehu, bracing his feet in the stirrups, tugging and sawing at the reins with a power that would have thrown a score of runaway horses on their haunches ; but the half-frenzied monster hurried on faster than ever ; he had sped ten miles out to sea in as many minutes.

“Throw a few paralyzing currents along his muscles,” ordered Captain Samadron.

The electricians touched the battery keys. A hundred thousand volts of electricity,¹ sufficient to knock down and paralyze a thousand elephants, flashed along the nerves and muscles of the oceanic monarch. He uttered a pathetic cry, trembling like an aspen ; his eyes grew bloodshot ; his paddles and tail sank helpless on the water ; a frightful convulsion ran over his frame, and he stiffened as if in a tetanic spasm.

“Check off those infernal batteries instantly,” roared Hartilion, springing from the saddle, his countenance like a thunder-cloud. “How dare you let loose those currents without my orders ? By Pluto ! Captain, if you ever do that again, I’ll fling you and your operators overboard. Barthovan is under my special protection, I would have you understand.”

Captain Samadron begged the indignant Leviathan-tamer’s pardon for his hasty order. The batteries were checked off ; the terrible spasm relaxed. Barthovan heaved a deep sigh, stretched himself out, his eyes regaining their natural

¹ The registered power of the Martian electric volt is from ten to twenty times stronger than the terrestrial, and can be still further increased if necessary.

expression. He turned his head around, regarding us with a reproachful look, almost human in its meaning, raised his paddles quietly from the water, and paused as if awaiting his master's orders.

"Conquered!" exclaimed all.

"I would have subdued him by gentle means," replied Hartilion. "No artificial lightning shall ever flash around my Venusian steed unless by my special orders."

"Barthovan having favored us with an exhibition of his wonderful powers as a racer," said the prince, "we will now return."

Hartilion gently pulled the left rein. The conquered monarch obeyed, wheeled slowly around, and with measured strokes of paddles and tail wended his way toward the shore. The vessels, which had been left behind in the race, drew alongside. We entered the bay and drew near Barthovan's mate as she lay bound to the rocks. She ceased her snarling and regarded her lord with looks of astonishment and pity, while his countenance wore an expression that seemed to say, "Dear and beloved consort, we are no longer rulers here; we have met our masters; 'tis but the common lot of all inferior beings in the presence of man, and we may as well yield with as good grace as possible to the inevitable."

The next day another complete outfit was made for the ocean queen. Benoidath took her in charge; the taming and training were conducted with gentleness. The madame displayed a good deal of self-will and obstinacy at first, but after

much tender coaxing on the part of her lord,—who kept close to her side,—aided by a little well-directed flattery on the part of Benoidath (who of the fair sex will not yield to that?), this proud and haughty queen became docile as a kitten. It was certainly a subject of gratulation on the part of our intrepid Leviathan-tamers that this young world had provided them with a pair of splendid ocean steeds giving promise of an educational development and cultivation equal to that displayed by their Martian cousins.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MISSING LINKS.

WITHIN a fortnight Hartilion and Benoidath had brought their ocean steeds under complete discipline. These magnificent creatures, who were endowed with extraordinary intelligence, rapidly improved under instruction, and manifested the strongest affection for their masters. Barthovan was even beginning to accompany Hartilion in his rollicking sea-songs. When the national anthem of Mandal-Uttima and the choruses were sung by the officers and crew, Barthovan would rear his head, his eyes glittering with pleasure, and join in with his grand bass tones, which rolled over the oceans of this young world like those of Leviathan over the seas of Mars. These wonderful beings were not only gifted with musical powers like many singing birds, but were

also endowed with an instinctive or intellectual appreciation of the same; in other words, had "music in their souls," and were "moved by the concord of sweet sounds."

Out of compliment to the United States of America, the prince and Asterion delegated to the lieutenant the honor of naming this new land the "Continent of Washington." It will doubtless please all true patriots and free-born sons of America to know that the great name of "the Father of his country" is perpetuated on another world than ours.

The expedition was now divided. Asterion departed with the air-ships to make topographical surveys; the vessels put out over the ocean, coursing along the northern shores. Our party, mounted on the Barthovans, passed along the coast toward the south. One day, being several miles off shore, we came across a floating island several acres in extent, covered with primeval vegetation. It had evidently been torn away from shore by a storm, and was being driven out to sea. As we drew near, loud roars were heard, mingled with furious yells and plaintive cries, like human beings in distress. We drew alongside, got out the boat, and rowed ashore. The foundation of the island was composed of closely interwoven roots of primeval plants, affording firm footing. As we knew not what monsters might be encountered on this trip, whose iron-clad hides were proof against any terrestrial weapons, we had armed ourselves with the potent small arm, chemical annihilators. We pushed

through the undergrowth and entered a small open glade, in the centre of which was a tall conifer. A primeval Orang-outan was desperately defending himself against the assaults of several crocodile-lizards. With his back against the tree, he wielded a huge club made of a tough sapling, and was pounding the monsters, right and left, as they sprang at him. Several were already dead, their skulls crushed or backs broken. At his feet lay a wounded little creature resembling a human being, whom he was defending. The Orang handled his weapon with prodigious strength and wonderful skill, and the glade resounded with his yells of rage, the roars of the monsters, and the plaintive cries of the wounded creature at his feet.

"The Orang shows splendid pluck," said Sir Archie. "He is a magnificent fighter."

Monkeys were unknown on Mars, the species having been evolved off the planet ages ago. Our Martian friends manifested great curiosity.

"What is this semi-human creature?" asked the professors. "To what class or order of beings does it belong?"

"It belongs to the order Simiæ," replied the baronet. "They are found on our Earth in Borneo and Sumatra. They are arboreal and frugivorous in their habits; their brains are more like that of man than those of any other ape; they are highly intelligent, susceptible to kindness and instruction, quite docile and gentle——"

"But the 'gators will gobble him up all the same," interrupted Ephraim, as fresh reinforcements of the reptiles crawled through the bush.

“Gentlemen,” said the prince, “we will illustrate Sir Archie’s and Ephraim’s scientific information with a chemical experiment.”

We levelled our weapons; each selected his subject for analysis, and the whole troop of monsters were reduced to their ultimate elements within five minutes. The Orang, astounded at the sudden disappearance of his foes, lowered his club and gazed upon us with looks of wonder and curiosity. This primeval ancestor of the modern *Simiæ* was about six feet high, and covered with long reddish hair. His complexion was a bright orange, the expression of his countenance mild and peaceful, the contour of his head and features altogether different from that of the ferocious gorilla.¹ He stepped quietly aside as we advanced to his prostrate companion. The appearance of this new creature excited great interest. It was a male, about four and a half feet high, its form well-shaped, approximating the human figure. Its body and limbs were covered with fine reddish-yellow hair, its head bore long, darker locks hanging down its shoulders. Its features were far less prognathous than those of even the Congo negro. Its face was destitute of hair, and was of a light rosy color. Its eyes were large, dark, and expressive; its hands soft and well-shaped. One of its limbs had been bitten by the monsters, and the baronet dressed it care-

¹The Orang-outans are superior in what may be called intellectual capacity to the whole tribe of gorillas, chimpanzees, gibbons, baboons, etc. Their deportment is quiet and grave, and their disposition peaceable. They build their nests of woven branches in the trees.

fully. It bore the operation patiently, regarding us with grateful looks and uttering a soft pathetic cry. Altfoura gave it milk to drink, and it seemed highly pleased. In the meantime the Orang was leaning on his club, watching the performance with great interest, occasionally uttering grunts of satisfaction. After a few moments our patient rose to a sitting posture, looked up to the foliage of the tree, uttering a soft and peculiar cry, which was answered from above, and another creature, with a young one clinging to its shoulders, issued from the foliage where it had been concealed, clambered swiftly down, fearlessly advanced, and squatted down by the side of its companion. The two embraced and kissed each other, the young one receiving its full share of caresses ; then putting their heads together they began to interchange their mutual sentiments and opinions in tones which were really sweet and musical, accompanied by graceful pantomimic gestures of the hands. The new arrival was smaller and more delicately formed than her companion ; her features were really pretty ; their expression was good-humored, and her eyes had a mischievous and winsome look ; her hair was lighter in color, soft and fine, hanging down to her waist ; she frequently looked up at us and smiled. This primeval pair were certainly very happily mated. Their son and heir was apparently a four-year-old, as fine a specimen of a what-do-you-call-him as one would find on any planet. He was covered with yellow downy hair ; was plump and pretty as a baby Eskimo ; his features were soft, round, and

chubby; he laughed and chattered almost like any human hopeful. The prince gave them supplies of milk, with Martian fruits and cakes, and friendship was established at once.

"We must have cognominal appellations for these interesting creatures," said the prince.

"I suggest they be designated respectively as Sir Harry, my Lady Kate, Master Billy, and the Orang as Captain Jock," said the baronet.

The titles were accepted as highly appropriate.

It was decided to take them on board. The family manifested perfect confidence in our good faith, and accompanied us to the boat; we embarked and rowed over to Barthovan, Captain Jock preferring to swim alongside; we ascended the deck, and the party were escorted under an awning. They all squatted down on the rugs, their lively chatterings and expressive pantomime at their new surroundings affording great amusement to the officers and crew.

We now returned toward the mainland, sailed along shore several miles, and reached a point from which the floating island had been washed away. Suddenly Captain Jock threw Sir Harry over his shoulder, Lady Kate did the same by her hopeful. They sprang overboard, swimming like dolphins, reached the shore, clambered up the beach, then turned toward us, uttering peculiar cries with gestures as of invitation.

"This is evidently their native ground," said the baronet.

"And they seem desirous for our company," said the prince; "we will accept their invitation."

We got out the boats, several of the officers accompanying us, and rowed ashore, the little family expressing great pleasure. Beckoning us to follow, they entered a dense forest, Captain Jock, club in hand, leading the van. It was wonderful to see with what unerring instinct he found his way through the dark woods. We emerged into an open glade surrounded with tall trees and bushes, bearing different varieties of wild fruits, nuts, and berries. We ascended a hillock; the little family sat down under a tree; the grass was cool, the shade inviting, and we sat down by them, wondering what new surprise might come next. They chattered together several moments, then Lady Kate rose, glanced around, uttered a shrill and peculiar cry, repeating it several times. In a few moments a rustling was heard amid the trees and out came a great multitude of monkeys of all varieties and species. Chimpanzees, long-armed Gibbons, dog-faced Baboons, puppy-faced Sapajous, pig-faced Cimbuees, Spider-monkeys with long skeleton arms and legs, Squirrel-monkeys with bushy tails, woolly and howling monkeys, Marmosets, bearded Molochs, and mustached Jibbers, with other varieties unknown on earth.

“Danged ef all the monkey shows in the univarse arn’t broke loose,” muttered Mr. Jinks.

They swarmed all over the glade, running to and fro, cutting all manner of capers, chattering, jabbering, and squealing. The hubbub was deafening. They gathered around us tumultuously, climbing over each other’s shoulders, grinning, jostling, and crowding on us.

"Really," exclaimed Sir Archie, "we shall be smothered to death among these simian multitudes."

My Lady Kate rose up and made a gentle gesture with her hand to Captain Jock.

"Ouff! Ouff! Ouff!" bellowed he, swinging his club; and the throngs scattered to a respectful distance.

"That plainly signifies 'Clear out,'" said the baronet. "Captain Jock has better control over a mob of his fellows than a whole *posse comitatus* of our police would have over a human mob."

An extraordinary scene now took place, which certainly would have astonished our menagerie-monkey showmen. Lady Kate uttered a series of peculiar sounds with appropriate gestures, as if giving orders. All the monkeys ran off to the woods and in a few moments returned, laden with varieties of luscious fruits and melons, unknown on Earth or Mars, also nuts and berries, and laid them before us. Others brought sparkling spring water in rude calabashes and gourds. Lady Kate seated herself by Altfoura's side, inviting him with expressive pantomime to partake, which he courteously did; and we all shared this primeval picnic. Meanwhile the simian throngs enlivened the feast with all manner of gambols over the glade, racing, boxing, wrestling, and playing leap-frog. Some of the prettier lady Simians favored us with rustic dances, taking hold of each other's hands, skipping and waltzing around each other quite gracefully. This was certainly the jolliest impromptu banquet and dance

gotten up by the primeval denizens of one planet in honor of representatives from two other planets ever seen. If this interesting family were really a bona-fide evolutionized development of the Venusian ape, the genuine links between that creature and the Venusian man yet to come, they certainly were far in advance of those savage and uncouth beings which our evolutionists have represented as constituting the links between the terrestrial man and ape, and were also vastly more hospitable and polite than millions of our enlightened and christianized humans.

The picnic concluded, we rose to depart, the little family and Jock accompanying us. The throngs of Simians surrounded us, desirous of following; but Lady Kate, with expressive gestures, waved them back; and they retired, manifesting much disappointment. We left the glade, passed through the forest, reached the shore, and took a stroll along the beach, the professors collecting many interesting natural specimens belonging to their different departments. All at once John and Ephraim, who had gone some distance ahead, uttered loud exclamations of amazement, and we hurried forward.

The gigantic imprint of a foot, nearly three feet long and twelve inches across the ball, closely resembling that of a human being, was deeply impressed in the sand. It was a left foot; about six feet distant was another imprint, the same size, of a right foot. We found several other imprints from six to ten feet apart, at regular inter-

vals along the sand, until they were lost in the jungle. It is impossible to describe our astonishment.

“Can this be some new and unknown monster?” asked the professors.

“No,” replied the baronet. “The creature that owns those feet is certainly formed like a human being, and stands from sixteen to eighteen feet in height.”

Whoever has read—and who has not?—that best and most original of all romances of adventure, *Robinson Crusoe*, one of our best models of pure English, of simplicity and vividness of style, will readily call to mind the fine description of *Crusoe’s* terror on discovering the imprint of a human foot on the sandy shore of that lonely isle, an incident conceived in the genuine spirit of poetry.

For a moment these same feelings of apprehension and alarm took possession of us as we gazed on these giant imprints.

“Gentlemen,” said the prince, “we may yet meet, in this gigantic being, the Venusian man, lord of this primeval world.”

We passed up the jungle and suddenly encountered the marks again, from fifteen to twenty feet apart, plainly showing the immense strides of the creature, either in flight or pursuit; and with them were mingled the imprints of huge webbed feet and claws. We passed around a projecting rock, the sand showing evidences of a desperate struggle; there lay an enormous reptilian monster, forty feet long, dead on the sand.

“This is the primeval *Iguanodon*,” said the

baronet. "Restored specimens are to be seen in our British museum."¹

The monster's skull was crushed, its body beaten to a jelly, its legs were broken, and its enormous fanged jaws absolutely torn and ripped asunder, down to the red, yawning throat!

We embarked on the boat with the little family, Captain Jock swimming alongside; reached Barthovan and mounted to his deck.

We greatly wondered what could be that stupendous being, that invincible Venusian giant, whether man or ape, whose resistless strength and naked hand could rend and tear that huge monster, as Samson rent the lion on the plains of Timnath.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GIANT ANTHROPOPITHEKOS.

WE now put out into the open sea about twenty miles from mainland. Barthovan was advancing majestically onward, his vast breast parting the waters like the prow of a great transatlantic steamer, his mighty paddles grasping the rolling billows as they arose in front and sweeping them back in masses of spray. Hartilion, clad in his crystal armor, his ponderous hammer and electric

¹ The fossil remains of this enormous monster were discovered by Dr. Mantell in the Wealden strata in Essex, England; since his time they have been found in North America, in the new red sandstone and chalk strata. It was from thirty to fifty feet long, and stood on its four legs like a quadruped. Its thigh-bone was over three feet long, larger than that of the elephant.

wand dangling from his belt, the electric lashes of his terrible whip glittering amid the hairs of Barthovan's great yellow mane, which streamed out in the wind like a waving mass of flame, was seated on the crest of his ocean steed, like a monarch on his throne. Suddenly he called out :

"Ho, there ! Captain. Something swimming toward us, about two miles away."

"Can you make it out ?" asked Captain Samadron.

"A long, large creature, with a head like that of a human being."

Altfoura ascended the rope-ladder to Barthovan's crest and, standing by Hartilion's side, looked through his glass.

"Its head is covered with long hair," said he ; "its body and limbs are also covered with hair ; its form resembles that of some enormous semi-human giant."

By the prince's order, Hartilion wheeled his steed about toward the creature, as it swam with great speed toward us. In a few moments it drew near, reared its gigantic form half-way out of the water, raised one arm with a commanding gesture, and shouted in a half-human, half-animal voice whose tremendous tones rang over the sea :

"Hoi-oi-oi-oi ! Hoi-oi-oi-oi ! Check, Check ! Ooff, ooff !"

"By Jove !" said the baronet ; "if that does not mean, 'Ship ahoy !' 'Check off,' or 'Lay to,' I don't understand sailor English."

It was evident that the creature, whatever it was, had a language sufficient for its purpose ;

its orders were given with all the vim of an admiral in command of a fleet. It was evident too, that our mighty ocean steed understood that imperious command ; he lowered his paddles and tail motionless in the water.

“Hartilion,” said the prince, “see how Barthovan obeys that order. You evidently have a rival on this field.”

“By Pluto !” replied he, “I shall be proud to make his acquaintance.”

All on board rushed to the railing. The little family manifested the utmost excitement, jumped on the top rail, clapping their hands, their faces wreathed with smiles, uttering their peculiar cries and beckoning to the new-comer, who replied with another tremendous shout of recognition.

“He certainly intends to come aboard,” said the prince.

“Look out he doesn’t do mischief,” shouted Hartilion. “He’s a tremendous big fellow.”

The creature swiftly advanced through the waves right in front of Barthovan’s breast, reared half-way out of the water, grasped his paddle, sprang on his shoulder, and bounded on the fore-deck, which trembled beneath his weight. The officers and crew rushed back to the quarter-deck and grasped their weapons.

“Hold !” shouted the prince. “Make no assault.”

The mighty colossus stooped down and gathered the little family in his arms with all the tenderness of a father for his babes, fondly caressing them and uttering gentle exclamations of pleasure,

while they clung to him with cries of delight. He then reared himself up to his full stature, folded his arms over his broad chest, glancing around upon the officers and crew with a calm and dignified look. His large, lustrous eyes beamed with extraordinary intelligence, and his countenance expressed great kindness. All on board stood in breathless amazement as they gazed upon him. The prince descended from Barthovan's crest, advanced a few paces in front, and calmly regarded him. At the same moment the little family ran forward and ranged themselves close by Altfoura's side.

This mighty Venusian Anthropopithekos¹ was eighteen feet in stature. His form, although bearing a general resemblance to the little ones, seemed more to approximate that of the human being. His body and limbs were covered with short, glossy, chestnut hair, longer around the hips and loins, surrounding those parts almost like a kilt or short skirt. His head was covered with long, thick, curling hair of a darker shade, hanging down his shoulders like a lion's mane. His features resembled those of the little ones on a colossal scale, but were more like the human in their outline and expression. His head was symmetrically developed; his forehead broad and full, and the facial angle higher than in many of our negro races. His face and those parts of the body destitute of hair were of a bright bronze color. His upper lip was clothed with a finely shaped moustache, and his flowing beard descended to his

¹ Man-Ape.

breast. His hands and feet were well-shaped, more resembling those of the human being than the ape, although the thumb was relatively shorter. The osseous and muscular developments of his frame were astonishing, displaying the most amazing strength and agility combined, completely showing his ability to rend and crush any Venusian land-monster that dare confront him.

“What a superlatively noble and majestic creature!” exclaimed the prince. “He is certainly worthy the title of Lord of the whole Venusian animal creation.”

A most extraordinary scene now took place. The colossus pointed toward the prince with his forefinger, glancing with a look of interrogation toward the little ones. They ran up to him, uttering peculiar sounds in sweet, plaintive tones, accompanied with appropriate gestures, Lady Kate being very demonstrative. Captain Jock stepped forward and joined his rough voice with theirs. It was evident they were describing, in language known only to themselves, the circumstances of their rescue from the monsters on the island. The *Anthropopithekos* listened attentively, nodding his head and glancing at our party with approving smiles. He then reclined his giant frame on the deck in an easy, half-lounging attitude, and held out his hand with a gesture of friendship and invitation toward the prince; at the same moment the little ones advanced to his side with soft chattering, took his hands, and sought to conduct him forward.

“Go not, Your Highness,” expostulated Captain Samadron and the officers.

"Have no fear," he calmly replied. "No guile nor enmity lurks in that noble creature."

Altfoura stepped close up to him. The vast head of the colossus, even in the sitting posture, towered full three feet above his own. Passing his mighty hand, gentle as the touch of a woman, with a caressing motion over the features and form of the prince, he uttered soft, musical tones, seemingly of commendation, while his countenance was wreathed with a benignant smile.

The little ones then ran forward and led up Sir Archie, who submitted to the same examination with dignity. Ephraim and John were also escorted and submitted to the inspection without a murmur. The United States Lieutenant passed through the ordeal without flinching. It was eminently satisfactory to know that we had passed muster in the commendatory regards of this mighty Venusian monarch, who could have wrung our necks off our shoulders with one twist of his little finger, had he thought proper to do so.

This royal reception, although wanting in the long-drawn pomp, freezing ceremonials, knee crookings, finger kissings, and other formalities which characterize the courts of St. James and Berlin, was much more satisfactory to the terrestrial visitors; for this Venusian monarch bestowed a far more gracious welcome than their serene majesties or heirs apparent of England or Europe could have possibly evolved from the sublime self-complacency and supercilious egoism of their inward consciousness. He seemed quite unconscious of that "divinity that doth hedge a king." It

was also even more pleasing than our "hail-fellow, well-met," "How-do-you-do, Mr. President? glad-to-see-you; hope-you-are-well," affairs, which transpire at the White House. The Venusian ruler, with eminent good taste, refrained from the customary hand-shaking; had he indulged in it, the tourists would certainly have suffered from palmar paralysis for the rest of their lives, even had they the good luck to escape compound and comminuted fractures of their finger-bones and joints under his friendly grasp.

Hartilion now descended from his station and solicited an introduction to royalty. Lady Kate coquettishly led him forward. At sight of the ten-foot-six Martian, the eighteen-foot Venusian did him the honor to rise from the recumbent posture. Hartilion's head reached a little above his waist. The monarch stooped over, regarding him with a benignant smile, and examined his anatomical and muscular developments with a good deal of interest. Then nodding his head as much as to say: "All right, little boy; I guess you'll pass muster," he dismissed him with a commendatory slap on the shoulder. Hartilion returned the compliment with interest, standing on tip-toe to accomplish it, and the two colossuses bowed to each other with mutual sentiments of esteem.

The officers, professors, and crew were contented to be the recipients of a general commendatory glance all around.

In a short time Madame Barthovaness, with Benoidath mounted on her crest, came up and

drew alongside. The Anthropopithekos glanced at her, and she at him, with the air of old acquaintances. He then stepped aboard her deck with the little ones, glancing benignantly at her officers and crew, who were at first almost frightened out of their wits, until the prince explained matters. Having inspected things generally, he returned to our deck and began to wander around with the little ones, examining everything with the liveliest curiosity, expressing their mutual opinions in usual pantomime and chatterings.

The admiral's ship now hove in sight, having returned from her trip. The prince signalled her to come alongside. To save wear to her electromotors, she had been provided with a full complement of masts, spars, sails, and rigging to be employed whenever the wind was favorable. The prince stepped aboard with the royal party and formally introduced them to the admiral and officers. The mighty monarch received them most graciously, then began to examine the accoutrements of the vessel, manifesting liveliest curiosity, reaching up his huge hands and feeling the sails, yards, and rigging, rattling the great anchors together as a boy would shovel and tongs, tossing up the life-boats and balancing them on his head, snatching up the heavy deck guns and peeping or blowing through their muzzles, occasionally snapping a tough spar across his knee, or testing the strength of a cable or chain. It was evident that there was nothing on board he could not play at Jack-straws with, from uprooting a mast to ripping off a bowsprit.

“Admiral,” said the prince, “you will immediately prepare an elegant pavilion for the reception of our royal guests.”

“It shall be done,” replied the admiral.

A large awning was spread on the quarter-deck, beneath which were laid handsome rugs and cushions. Baskets of Martian viands, fruits, cakes, and confectionery were duly laid. The prince then stepped up to the Venusian monarch.

“Will Your Royal Majesty and friends condescend to accept our hospitalities ?” said he.

His Majesty’s colossal countenance was wreathed with a benignant smile of acceptance.

“Sir Archie Graeme Blake will have the honor to escort my Lady Kate to the banquet-hall,” said the prince.

The baronet stepped forward and offered his arm with the air of a courtier, which my Lady politely accepted. Hartilion took the hand of His Majesty, being the only man on board who could reach it. Ephraim escorted Sir Harry ; John escorted Captain Jock ; the prince, with Master Billy trotting by his side, brought up the rear, the admiral bowing and marching backward, like the Lord High Chamberlain of St. James’ court. All entered the pavilion, reclined on the rugs, and partook of the feast, to which His Majesty did ample justice, to the amount of several ample basketfuls. The banquet was exclusively of a vegetarian and frugous character, the drinks were wholly aqueous or lacteal. Had any terrestrial kingly families been present, they certainly would have elevated their royal noses at them.

“The little ones having received their names and titles,” said the prince, “we must also get up a correspondingly royal title for His Venusian Majesty.”

“As he is to be regarded lord paramount of this planet, at least for the present, until the *bona-fide* Venusian man appears on the stage, I move that he be invested with the title of ‘Caius Julius Cæsar, Imperator,’ in honor of the greatest monarch that ever ruled on the terrestrial globe,” said the baronet.

This royal title was accepted as eminently appropriate, and the most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar received the reverential homages of Martians and Terrestrials.

The demands of appetite being appeased, Caius Julius opened his royal mouth in a yawn large enough to take in a good-sized watermelon, stretched his vast frame on the rugs, and resigned himself to the arms of Morpheus. The sleepy little ones cuddled down close to his side. Captain Jock, although half-asleep, manfully resisted the allurements of the drowsy god, and mounted guard over them with his club, giving all on board to understand that the slumbers of His Serene Majesty should not be disturbed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EVOLUTION FROM MONKEY TO MAN.

THE ship and ocean steeds cruised several days along the shore; Julius Cæsar and the little family became quite accustomed to their new surround-

ings. Their docility, intelligence, and powers of imitation were extraordinary. The sailors taught them many things appertaining to the work of seamen. Cæsar learned how to handle tackle, reef sails and splice cordage, and could easily accomplish many laborious tasks that would have required the combined efforts of a score of seamen. Sir Harry and Lady Kate could outstrip the fleetest sailors in ascending the rigging, and astonished all on board with their wonderful acrobatic feats. Master Billy was the special pet of all on board, and his extraordinary antics afforded much amusement. The ship's tailor made jackets and short skirts in pretty patterns, which they took great pride in wearing. It was decided to clothe them after a while in human attire, which, by helping to wear off their hair, would be a great step gained in evolutionary development. Lady Kate had already begun to manifest a decided liking for ribbons, furbelows, and other finery. What was still more interesting, we noticed that when conversing together, or giving an order to them, they would frequently endeavor to imitate the pronunciation of a word, showing that they were endowed with an idea of language. This inspired us with the hope that we might ultimately teach them to talk, which would certainly be the most important step gained in evolutionary development.

One warm noon, while they were enjoying their *siesta* under the awning, our party were seated outside, holding a discussion over them.

“It would be interesting to know,” remarked one, “whether this Venusian monarch has a con-

sort of corresponding stature and dimensions, and a family of children to match."

"We must wait until His Majesty condescends to introduce us to his queen and royal court," replied the prince.

"It would be interesting to know what relation the giant sustains to the pigmies," remarked the naturalist.

"He is undoubtedly their great-grandfather," replied the baronet. "The race being evidently endowed with unlimited capacities for growth, the latter will in time become as large as he."

"It would be still more interesting to know what relation, if any, these creatures sustain to the race of human beings," said Professor Anthropos.

"The science of evolution explains that question," replied the baronet.

Our Martian friends had not yet evolved that favorite theory, held by some of our terrestrial scientists, as to the origin and descent of Man by way of evolution, and the baronet was invited to elucidate it.

"Your Royal Highness and gentlemen," replied he, "I will endeavor briefly to explain this theory, hypothesis, or whatever it may be ; which is about as follows : Man has originally descended or evolved from some hairy biped,¹ whose fossil remains unfortunately have never yet been discovered on our Earth, which unknown creature is designated as the 'Missing Link,' or 'Half-way between.' This Link has descended or evolved

¹ "The Descent of Man," by Charles Darwin.

from the genus *Simia*, or Monkey. The monkey has evolved from some quadruped, whether herbivorous, frugivorous, 'fishivorous,' or carnivorous, is not specified."

"You terrestrials being omnivorous, perhaps you may have descended from all four," remarked the professor, humorously.

"True," replied the baronet. "As I was saying, this quadruped has evolved from some marsupial creature—kangaroo or opossum. The marsupial has evolved from some amphibian creature—frog or lizard. The amphibian has evolved from a fish, the fish has evolved from a mollusk, and the mollusk from some structureless protoplasmic germ, similar to those we see floating in stagnant water; which is all in accordance with the saying of the old Greek philosopher: 'Omne vivum ex ovo'; every living thing comes from an egg."

"According to this fascinating theory," replied Professor Anthropos, "you terrestrials, who plume yourselves as the highest in the scale of created beings, the glory and wonder of the Universe, have lineally descended from little microscopic eggs hatched out in frog-spawn. Really, you have reason to be proud of your ancestry."

"My dear baronet," queried the naturalist, "what creature laid those eggs?"

"No creature laid them."

"How came they into existence?"

"By what is termed a fortuitous or accidental union of their elements, oxygen, hydrogen, nitro-

gen, and carbon, with others, which form the substance of all eggs."

"How came those chemical elements into existence?" queried the chemist.

"By accidental unions, in certain definite proportions, of the primordial atoms of matter."

"How came those atoms into existence?" queried the geologist.

"They existed from all eternity."

"How do you know that?"

"We assume it."

"Your assumption is not proof. 'Tis merely a makeshift to support your evolution theory, according to which, all things being evolved by fortuitous accident or chance, your man is therefore a mere accident in the universe. Not very flattering to human pride, it must be confessed. Really, my dear baronet, it looks very much as if this charming theory was evolved from atheistical brains merely to get rid of an Almighty Creator."

At this moment the little ones opened their eyes, yawned, sat up, and appeared to manifest considerable interest in the scientific discussion.

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "the debate is verging toward theological disputations, and to such there is no end. I move we return to the original question, namely, our little ones here."

"He-e-e-ah! he-e-e-ah!" cachinnated the little ones, flourishing their arms and nodding their heads.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the baronet, "they are calling 'Hear, hear,' like our members of parlia-

ment ; they are certainly calling attention to Your Highness' remark."

"Yeh, yeh, yeh," cried the little ones.

"That certainly means 'Yes, yes,'" said the baronet. "'Pon my soul ! they are beginning to evolve a language already."

"So it would seem," replied the prince. "Please inform us what rank these interesting creatures occupy in your science of evolution ?"

"They are unquestionably the 'Missing Links,' the long-hoped-for 'Halfways,' between the genus homo and Simia," replied the baronet emphatically.

"But how is this ?" queried Professor Anthropos. "If, as you say, these links are evolving a language, they are doing so before they have disevolved their hairy covering, which is contrary to your laws of evolutionary development. This is somewhat of a paradox. Please explain."

"No paradox, my dear Professor. The evolution of language is manifested in many animals and birds long before they have disevolved any of their animal or bird-like characteristics. When the hippopotamus in his native jungles wishes to get rid of unwelcome visitors, he bellows 'Off, off.' The Yak of Thibet always bellows 'Hay, hay,' and the peccary of South America always grunts for 'Rum, rum.' The loon in her native swamps cries 'Go 'long, go 'long.' When the turkey comes across an appetizing morsel, he cries 'Gobble, gobble.' The guinea-hen always calls for 'buckwheat.' The duck says 'Quack, quack,' even in the presence of eminent members of the

medical profession. There is a bird in Australia that always cries 'Pettifog, pettifog,' in the face of the most distinguished lawyers. Another Australian bird always mumbles 'Drunk Bob,' right in your face, no matter how sober you are. There are birds in Java that say 'D—n ye,' like any sailor. One female bird in the South Sea islands always says 'Kiss me, kiss me,' no matter whether you feel disposed or not; and in the next tree you'll hear another female bird say 'Go 'way, go 'way.' The laughing bird of Soudan says 'Ha!—ha!—ha! He!—he!—he!' There is a bird in Madagascar always bellowing 'Beef, beef.' Another on the Cape of Good Hope calls 'Pork, pork.' Without alluding to our Whip-poor-wills, Bobolinks, Bob-Whites, and Poor-pillicoddies, who are always announcing their titles, why should not these 'Missing Links' evolve a language before disevolving their capillary coverings?"

"He-e-e-ah! he-e-e-ah!" said the links, louder than ever, and smiling all over their pretty faces.

"Bless your dear little hearts," said the baronet, patting their heads. "How thoroughly you coincide with my views! By Jove! I'll stand up for you as the genuine missing links between man and the ape."

"Mister Barrynet," interrupted Ephraim, indignantly, "I never conceited yew war a monkey; but ef yew means fur to insinivate that we human fellers hev evoluted from sich critters as Cap'n Jock, then yew'll escuse me if I says, bein' as how yer fam'ly hev kim all the way down from monkey stock, 'cordin' to natur, yew orter be a baboon, fur all yew ar' a barrynet."

The expression of Sir Archie's countenance at Mr. Jinks' retort plainly showed that he had evidently not before considered that evolution, when brought home to one's own family, is apt to hit rather hard at ancestral honors and dignities.

However, in spite of Mr. Jinks' home-thrust, the majority agreed to hold fast to the "Missing-Link" theory until some newer theory could demolish it, such being one of the allowable make-shifts of science with reference to all hypotheses, in general and particular.

Puissant Cæsar now opened his eyes, yawned, stretched his vast limbs, every joint loudly creaking, sat up, and looked benignantly around, smacking his lips.

"'Tis time for the royal lunch," said the prince. "His Majesty is evidently hungry."

John brought up a large basket filled with miscellaneous viands; Miss Molly and Commodore Jack perched themselves on top of the awning; the royal family and birds were deeply interested in that basket.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "I propose we begin the evolutionary process on our links, by some experiments in teaching them the uses of language, by object-lessons, as we teach our children foreign languages at the dinner-table. We display the object before their eyes, announce its name, and they repeat our words. It is called the kindergarten system, and is eminently successful."

"Begin with the birds," suggested the naturalist.

The baronet took out a loaf of bread, and holding it up to the raven, asked :

“Commodore, what is this?”

“Pooh!” replied he, with supreme disdain. He was probably looking for something more appetizing.

“Sir Harry, Lady Kate,” said the baronet, presenting the loaf to them, “kindly inform us what is this?”

“Poo,” replied the links, smiling all over their pretty faces.

“Bread, bread,” repeated the baronet.

“Poo, poo,” repeated the half-ways.

“They have evidently taken their cue from Jack,” said the professor.

“Mister Schoolmaster,” said Ephraim, “bread arn’t much ’count in schoolin’ bizness. Now I’ll show ye,” taking out a suspicious-looking bottle from the basket and holding it up to the raven.

“Jack, what ar’ this ’ere?”

“Grog,” smacking his beak emphatically.

“That’s the tork, egzackly,” remarked Mr. Jinks.

The baronet took out a bunch of grapes and holding them up, said :

“Now my little darlings, please say ‘grapes,’ and you shall have them.”

“Gog,” replied the darlings, looking up at the raven.

“Yer links hev tuck a shine fur Jack’s lingo,” remarked Mr. Jinks.

“The influence of that infernal bird is most pernicious,” exclaimed the exasperated baronet; “somebody please put him out.”

The commodore was "shooed" off to other quarters, swearing like a buccaneer. The baronet held up apples to his pupils.

"Fruit, fruit," said he.

"Foo, foo," replied they.

"Verry complimentary to yew, Mister Schoolmaster," remarked Ephraim.

The kindergarten teacher looked somewhat crestfallen.

"Hi!" giggled John, "me fetch 'em," taking out a handful of sweet cakes and holding them up.

"Cookee, cookee, cookee," chirruped he.

"Coo, coo, coo," joyfully chirruped the links, holding out their little hands, their faces wreathed in smiles. John tossed the "coos," which they caught and appropriated.

"Excellent!" remarked the baronet. "Now here is something that will surely bring an immediate response," holding up a box of confectionary.

"My darlings, please say 'confectionary,' and you shall have unlimited supplies."

The darlings looked wistfully at the box, held out their hands; their lips worked spasmodically, but it was evident the long word was rather too much for them.

"Mister Schoolmaster," said Ephraim, "pre-'aps yer langwidge ar' a leetle too high-falutin' fur 'em. Let Johnny try the sugar bizness."

John opened the box, took out double handfuls, and holding them before their eyes—

"Canny, canny, canny," shouted he.

"Canny, canny, canny," shouted the pupils,

grasping the tid-bits and cramming them in their mouths.

“Splendid!” exclaimed the baronet. “What wonderfully bright pupils! ’Pon my word, we’ll teach them the language, grammar, dictionary, and all, and save them the trouble of evolving it.”

“What next?” queried Prof. Anthropos.

“We’ll take them home; place them in the Anthropological nursery; train, educate, and develop them into the genus Homo.”

“What next?”

“Bring them back here and build a pretty paradise for them.”

“But suppose the new-created, non-evoluted, original Venusian man should appear on the stage, and dispute their claim to the garden of Eden?”

“There will be a tremendous battle between the evolutes and non-evolutes. The former, having the advantages of education, will surely win and be hailed lords of the Venusian creation.”

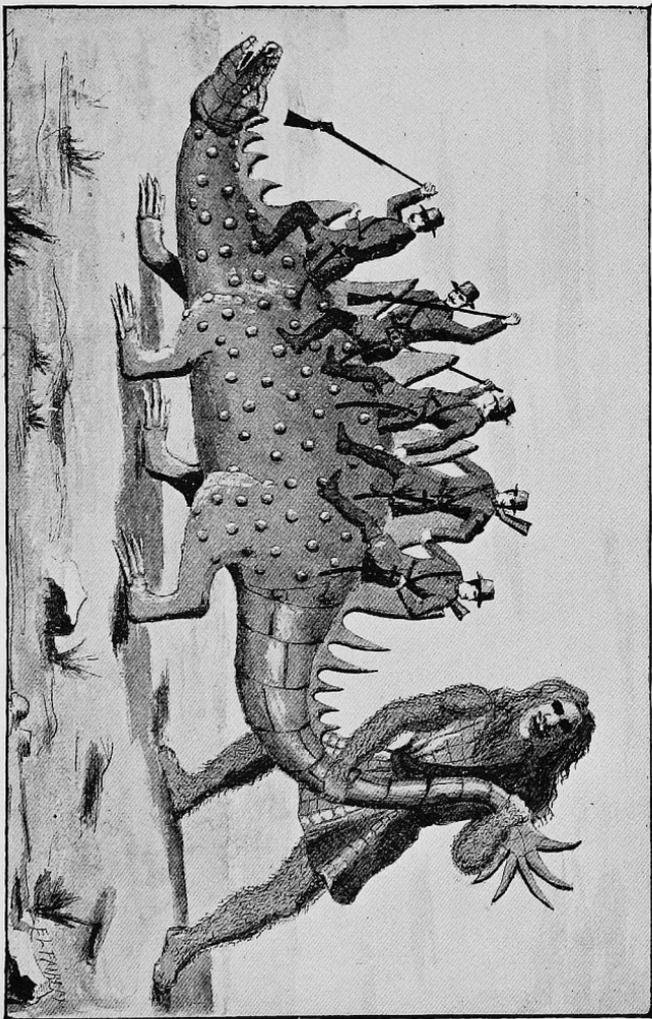
“He-e-e-ah! he-e-e-ah! Yeh! yeh! yeh!” vociferated the prospective evolutes with all their might.

The baronet and his ancestors evidently had the best of the argument on Evolution.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PRIMEVAL MENAGERIE.

WHILE sailing along the shores of this new continent, we met sea-monsters more gigantic and fierce than those encountered before. The mo-



FROLIC WITH THE STEGOSAURUS. — (CHAP. XXXV.)

ment they caught sight of our ocean monarchs, they fled in terror. Barthovan and his mate would rush among their throngs, crushing whole ranks with blows of their paddles and tails, or tearing them to pieces with their terrible jaws. Hartilion and Benoidath, mounted on their saddles, would lash them to shreds with their electric whips. Our gunners and sharpshooters destroyed thousands with their chemical annihilators.

We entered a large bay extending many miles inland, its shores covered with luxuriant vegetation. The professors being desirous of making a scientific excursion, the ship cast anchor; the exploring party, with a corps of officers and crew fully armed, got out boats, rowed ashore, and entered the forest. Barthovan and his mate, with their crews, departed to make explorations up the bay. Our party, consisting of the prince, Sir Archie, Ephraim, John, Cæsar, the little ones, and Jock, more intent on the pursuit of adventure than science, strolled up the beach. Sir Harry, Lady Kate, and Master Billy were in high glee, romping and skipping over the sands, picking up pretty shells and molluscs, running among the bushes, plucking berries and nuts. Puissant Cæsar was armed with a huge club, made expressly for him by the ship's carpenter, one blow of which could have shivered the famous weapon of Hercules, and pulverized all the lies in the Blarney stone. Cæsar swung it as a gentleman twirls his bamboo cane. He also carried on his shoulder several strong ropes and lassoes to catch any primeval freaks we might wish to export to

the Martian museums. Captain Jock, armed with his own particular club, with a big lunch-basket on his shoulder, trudged behind.

Passing up the shore we saw two enormous mammals quietly taking their dinner near the edge of a jungle. One, a clumsy creature larger than an elephant, with short legs, jaws big enough to take in a barrel, and armed with long tusks, was feeding on succulent plants growing near a tall conifer.

“What is that creature?” asked the prince.

“It is called the *Toxodon*,” replied the baronet, “probably the primeval ancestor of the hippopotamus.”¹

Near by, another huge creature, with a short, thick proboscis, two enormous tusks growing from his chin and curving downward like the tusks of the walrus, was digging up tubers and roots from the marshy soil, and eating them.

“That is the *Dinotherium*,” said the baronet, “the ancestor of our modern tapir, in which the tusks have been disevolved. The fossil remains of these creatures are in our British Museum.² The long hooked tusks, like pickaxes, enable the creature to dig up its food, and pull itself up steep banks, as walrus employ their tusks in climbing rocks and ice-floes in the Arctic regions.”

¹ *Toxodon*. First discovered by Darwin. Its fossil remains are found in Brazil and other parts of South America.

² *Dinotherium giganteum*. One of the great mammals of the European Miocene epoch, contemporaneous with other monster mammals. Its skull measures nearly four feet long, and is of corresponding dimensions. Its fossil remains are found in Germany, France, Greece, and Asia Minor.

Another enormous mammal of prodigious bulk and weight now came lumbering through the bushes. Its general configuration resembled our modern sloth. Its haunches and hind-legs were immensely large and powerful; its head and fore-legs relatively small.

“What is this creature?” asked the prince.

“The *Megatherium Cuvierii*,”¹ replied the baronet. “It is one of the largest of land mammals, probably the primeval ancestor of our modern sloth, which certainly has sadly degenerated in size. The *Megatherium* is the great up-rooter of trees. We shall probably be favored with an exhibition of his prodigious strength.”

The animal approached the conifer, reared itself upright on its ponderous hind-legs and thick tail like a tripod, its head reaching nearly thirty feet from the ground. Taking hold of the trunk with its fore-paws, it thrust out its long prehensile tongue, licking off the small branches and tender foliage. Having devoured all that could be reached, he grasped the trunk with his powerful fore-legs, hooked his long claws in the bark, and shook it with the power of a dozen elephants. The roots cracked, and the tall trunk swayed as if under a tempest. At this moment another enormous animal crawled from the bush and approached the tree.

“By Jove!” exclaimed the baronet, “here

¹ Discovered by Baron Cuvier. The fossil remains of this most gigantic mammal are found in various parts of Europe. It was a clumsy sloth-like creature, feeding on small branches and the foliage of conifers, lepidodendrons, etc. A fine restored specimen of the skeleton is in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

comes the biggest of all. He will probably have a dispute with the Megatherium over his dinner."

"What is this formidable creature?" asked the prince.

"The famous Titanotherium," replied the baronet. "His fossil remains are found in certain parts of our world. He was one of the largest of primeval mammals."¹

This gigantic creature was nearly fifty feet long from the head to the extremity of the tail, and stood on its four legs like a quadruped. Its body, although not so bulky as that of the Megatherium, appeared equally powerful. Its back was covered with a ridge of spines, and its feet were armed with long claws. With a growl of defiance, it reared on its hind-legs, grasped the conifer with its fore-paws, pulling it in an opposite direction. Under their combined efforts the tree was uprooted and fell directly across the loins of the Dinotherium, pinning him to the ground.

The two monsters instantly grappled in desperate battle, furiously biting and clawing each other. While struggling around the tree, the imprisoned Dinotherium, with a loud snort of pain and rage, raised his head and plunged his long, sharp, chin tusks, like pickaxes, full length into the flanks of the Titanotherium, holding him, in spite of his tremendous struggles, with a grasp

¹ One of the most enormous of the mammals. Its thigh-bone alone, restored specimens of which are seen in our fossil museums, is over six feet long and of corresponding thickness. According to Professor Marsh, the creature must have been over sixty feet long, and stood, on his hind-legs, twenty-five feet high.

that could never be loosed. At the same moment, the Megatherium, in trampling around the tree, accidentally trod on the Toxodon, breaking his hind-leg. The creature wheeled around and opening his huge jaws seized the Megatherium's hind-leg with a grip that would never let go while life lasted.

The tusk-hooked Titanotherium filled the jungle with his agonizing roars, while the Megatherium, with equally dreadful bellowings, slowly toiled along the sands on three legs, dragging the ponderous Toxodon behind him. The crocodile-lizards were crawling from their lairs to devour the imprisoned mammals in the bush; the hyenas and wolves were stealthily following the two others, ready to attack them when their strength was exhausted. The terrible flesh-eating plants and sea-gorgons were getting their honey-sweets and flowery perfumes ready to entice the devourers within their jaws, to be devoured in turn; and so, by mutually destroying each other, they all make room for the later and more highly developed forms of animal life.

As we strolled along, a loud splashing was heard in the water, and a most extraordinary-looking creature crawled out and ascended the beach. It resembled no animal ever seen on Earth, and was nearly forty feet long. Its huge, bulky body was covered with a thick, horny shell, studded over with large black knobs. But the most remarkable feature was a row of a dozen or more triangular bony plates, nearly three feet high, set edgewise with their points upward, all

along its back from head to tail. They resembled the teeth of a gigantic saw. Its long thick tail was armed with a row of horny spikes, standing up like sword-blades, which, together with the thick shell, afforded ample defence against the assaults of enemies, as well as an efficient weapon of attack. Its head and neck resembled the lizard; its legs were armed with strong claws; its arched back rose like a dome, eight feet from the ground.

“What is this strange-looking creature?” asked the prince.

“It is designated in our works on paleontology as the *Stegosaurus*,” replied the baronet. “Its fossil remains are in our British Museum.”¹

The creature had not seen us, and slowly jogged her way up the beach.

“Danged ef she arn’t a reg’lar trav’lin combination saw-mill ’n thrashin’ maysheen,” remarked Ephraim.

“I propose we mount this festive steed and course gaily o’er the plain,” suggested the baronet.

As we were in for any sort of fun, the proposal

¹ *Stegosaurus* (Roof-covered lizard). Its fossil remains have been found in the Rocky Mountains, in the Jurassic strata; also in Colorado and other localities. It was one of the strangest and most wonderful of the Dinosaurs. It possessed remarkably large eyes. Its limbs were short, massive, and provided with five fingers. Its fore-limbs could move like a human arm. Its tail was provided with enormous spines, and was a most efficient weapon of attack or defence. The brain-chamber in its sacrum is ten times as large as that of the skull. The creature had two sets of brains. Its upright triangular horny plates rose probably two or three feet above its back. Its haunch-bones were enormous.

was accepted. We ran alongside the "travelling combination," keeping clear of the formidable caudal appendage, grasped hold of the bony knobs, larger than door handles, clambered up and got astride the narrow spaces between the upright plates, the tops of which rose above our heads and were sharp almost as the teeth of a saw. Ephraim took his seat in front, the baronet behind. The creature, taken by surprise, uttered a loud, angry hiss, and scrambled over the sands at a lively rate, Cæsar, the Lilliputs, and Jock trotting behind.

"The Stegosaur is making excellent time," remarked the baronet. "I had no idea she had so much speed and bottom in her heavy corporosity."

"Go ahead, Aunt Steggy, hurry up; put in yer prettiest licks," coaxed Ephraim, administering vigorous whacks over her iron-clad ribs with the butt end of his rifle.

Aunt Steggy flopped up and down, lashing the sand with her powerful tail, hissing like a small locomotive, and ploughing ahead.

"Hold tight to the pommels o' yer saddles," suggested Ephraim.

It was rather difficult to do so, they were so sharp. In fact, we felt as if riding on a rail. Our disgusted steed gave a loud grunt, wheeled right about, and made for the water.

"Hello!" shouted Ephraim, "yew've jumped the track. Hold up, Aunt Steggy. Whoa! Haw!" pounding her ribs with his rifle.

But Steggy refused to whoa or haw, and scrambled faster than before.

“Egad! she’ll give us a plunge-bath sooner than we desire,” said the baronet.

“Yew Cæsar!” shouted Ephraim, “grip her tail ’n skew her around, t’other eend for’most.”

It is not known whether the monarch understood the order or not, but evidently comprehending the situation, he seized the member and, exerting his colossal strength, skewed her around so effectually that the caudal appendage broke short off, and down he fell, heels over head, inglorious on the ground.

“Great Cæsar fell! Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!” quoted the baronet from his dramatic budget.

“Egzackly what Mister Markus obsarved when he war spoutin’ pollyticks agin’ Mister Brutus on a slaughterin’ case, as I seed onct at Frisco the-ayter. Them chaps war heavy on speechifyin’. Ef they hed run fur Congress, I’d hev bet on ’m.”

Meanwhile the festive Steggy was perambulating toward her sea-bath, snapping her jaws, and grunting and hissing in a fury of rage at her irreparable loss.

“I have it,” said the baronet. “This creature has two brains: one in the skull, which controls forward moments; the other in the sacrum at the end of the spine, which controls backward movements. We can paralyze the skull-brain with our electric fans, and the haunch-brain will check her up. Go to work with your electricity, Uncle Ephraim.”

Ephraim drew his fan, and, leaning over, touched the skull; the head instantly sank to the

ground ; the creature ceased her forward movement, but to our great astonishment, began to run backward toward the jungle, stern foremost.

“Danged ef Steggy arn’t a reg’lar grasshopper locomotive,” remarked Mr. Jinks ; “she ar’ bound to dump us fellars in the swamp. Hello thar ! Mister Barrynet ; pull her up ! man yer brakes.”

The baronet applied his fan liberally over the enormous haunches, but the paralyzing current failed to penetrate the thick shell and massive bones of the sacrum. Brain number two was evidently lightning proof ; nothing short of a Krupp cannon ball could have paralyzed it. She sped backward with tremendous *vis a tergo*, toward the jungle ; rushed amid the horse-tails and calamites, cutting them off with the sharp edges of her dorsal plates, until, running against the low branches of trees, we were all swept off her back, sprawling in the weeds.

We picked ourselves up, and, passing along the beach, came across great numbers of enormous sea turtles and land tortoises,¹ the ancestors of our modern species ; also the *Glyptodon aspers*,² the ancestors of our armadillos, their bodies covered with an impenetrable cuirass of tessellated plate armor. Some of these creatures would have required from one to a dozen yoke of oxen to drag them along, and their shells were ten to fifteen

¹ The carapaces or shells were of enormous size. One found in the Himalaya mountains measures over fifteen feet in length and ten feet across : the creature must have stood five feet from the ground.

² One fossil specimen found in Brazil measures nearly nine feet across the back.

feet across. Cæsar amused himself snatching them up by their tails and flinging them in the sea, or flopping them over on their backs, helplessly wriggling their flippers like beetles upside down.

We now entered a plain covered with luxuriant herbage, amid which great numbers of animals and birds were feeding—Paleotheriums, Xiphodons, Brontotheriums, with many others unknown in our paleontology. There were gigantic Hadrosaurs, ancestors of our modern Kangaroos, fifteen to twenty feet high on their hind-legs, Hesperornithes, Epyronithes, Dinornithes, Moas,¹ gigantic wingless birds with teeth, ancestors of our ostriches, emus, and cassowaries, covered with coarse feathers or hair, and from ten to sixteen feet high. Alarmed at our approach, the birds sped off like race-horses, and the Hadrosaurs skipped away with prodigious leaps, covering thirty to fifty feet at a bound.²

“Gentlemen,” said the baronet, “I once enjoyed the pleasure of riding on a pet ostrich belonging to the king of Siam. While coursing over the plain like a lightning express train, the sportive bird regaled himself with my sun umbrella, panama hat, palm-leaf fan, seersucker coat, and Chinese slippers. It would afford me much

¹ The Moa in New Zealand was living less than a century ago. It was from ten to twelve feet in height, and the tibia (drumstick) was nearly three feet long. The Epyornis of Madagascar was still larger, its egg over a foot long.

² Fossil remains of the Hadrosaur have been found in New Jersey. It stood on its hind-legs from twenty to twenty-five feet high.

pleasure, from a scientific point of view, to ascertain if these interesting ornithological specimens are gifted with similar gastronomic propensities and capacities."

"Yew means fur to say as how yew'd like to straddle the critters?" queried Ephraim.

"Decidedly, and fly over this plain like the wings of the wind," replied the baronet.

"Danged if I ever heard the wind hed wings befoh. Them critters hev'n't got wings, consekently they can't fly; but they hev teeth, a-a-nd they mought chaw yew up, boots 'n all, Mister Barrynet."

"We'll muzzle them."

"All right; I'll lasso 'em."

Ephraim took a couple of lassoos, crawled on his hands and knees stealthily through the herbage toward an unsuspecting Hesperornis, rose quickly, and with wonderful skill threw the lasso over his neck; then, with Cæsar's help, muzzled and dragged him forward and tied him to a stake. The creature was twelve feet high, far more powerful and fleet than any ostrich. He lassoed and caught another in the same style.

Cæsar, whose intelligence and powers of imitation were extraordinary, comprehended the *modus operandi*, took his cue, and started off after a Hadrosaur at a speed that could have outstripped any biped or quadruped on Earth or Mars. The primeval kangaroo led him a merry dance over the plain, dodging and doubling on his tracks like a fox, sometimes suddenly wheeling right about and jumping over his head. Finally Cæsar lassoed,

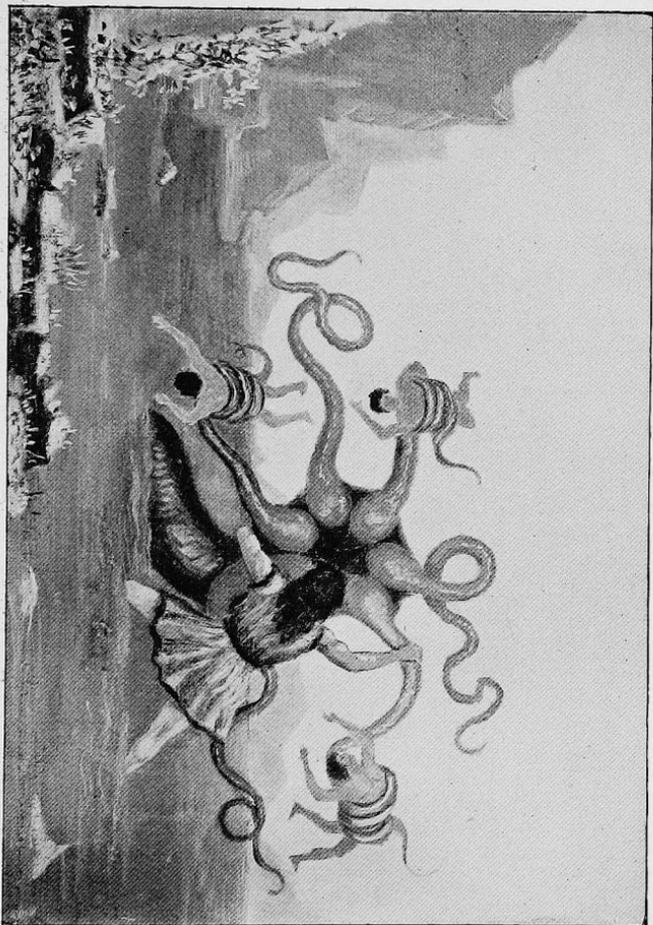
bound, and dragged him forward in spite of his struggles. The hopper stood over twenty-five feet high. His hind legs were long and strong enough to kick the prancing bronze statue of General Jackson, horse, rider, pedestal, and all, clear out of Lafayette square, Washington.

A twelve-foot Epyornis and a Moa were caught, muzzled, and bridled. We mounted our feathered steeds. Cæsar bestrode his Hadrosaur, and the way we jumped and skipped over that race-course would have astonished the turf fraternities of Earth. We rode our steeds until they were thoroughly blown, then dismounted, turned them loose, and left the plain.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE HORRIBLE HYDRA.

WE now passed a long distance up the shore and entered a little cove surrounded with rocks, hung with vines, and shaded by the overhanging foliage of trees. The day was warm, the cove picturesque, the waters were placid and inviting. Being somewhat fatigued, we decided to enjoy a swim. Ephraim entered the bush after game; Cæsar reclined his vast form under the shade of a rock, and resigned himself to the enjoyment of his noonday *siesta*. We removed our garments and plunged into the water, followed by our Lilliputs, who sported like dolphins in their native element. The waters were about ten feet deep,



CESAR GRASPED THE MONSTER WITH A FORCE THAT MIGHT HAVE CRUSHED AN OAK.—(CHAP. XXXVI.)

so clear and pellucid that we could easily distinguish objects at the bottom. Harry found a bed of pearl oysters, and brought a great number ashore ; they contained the largest and finest pearls ever seen.

The prince and Sir Archie, both splendid swimmers, engaged in a friendly contest with John, whose powers were extraordinary, having breasted the waves of his native South Pacific from early youth.

We had noticed a peculiar-looking object in the water—a gelatinous mass, resembling a flattened convex disk, about six feet in diameter, attached to the surface of a sunken rock near the shore. At times it slowly heaved up toward the surface, then sank down again. Supposing it to be some peculiar form of aqueous vegetation, we paid slight attention to it.

Meanwhile the swimmers were darting through the water with great speed, Sir Archie and John side by side, the prince a little in advance, his beautiful form glancing amid the crystal water like a golden Apollo. In a few moments they came abreast of the sunken rock.

Suddenly two enormous tentacles, thirty feet long, shot out like a flash from the convex disk, siezed the baronet and John, wrapping around them like the coils of a boa constrictor. The next instant a third tentacle shot out and grasped the prince.

The convex disk now swiftly elevated itself above the surface like the trunk of a tree, a huge, upright, gelatinous column, nearly twenty feet

high and six feet in diameter, its base attached to the sunken rock.

The next instant, three more tentacles shot out from the summit of the pillar, coiling and twisting in the air like gigantic anacondas, dashed down upon the struggling victims, enwrapping their forms like a network of ropes. They were of a ghastly, corpse-like color, a foot thick at the base, tapering toward the end like a whip lash.

The summit of the pillar, surrounded by the six tentacles, now expanded itself into a huge circular mouth, four feet in diameter and running straight down through the body of the creature like a shaft or tunnel. The tentacles, enwrapping their victims as the spider's web envelops the insect, were steadily drawing them, utterly helpless, incapable of struggle or cry, up to that frightful mouth.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene. Aroused by my shouts and the cries of the little ones, Ephraim rushed from the bush. We snatched up our rifles and in vain fired into the body of the monster. The bullets passed through, but not a drop of blood flowed, and the holes closed up instantly. We attacked with cutlasses and knives, but the tough, gelatinous mass slipped under their sharp edges like rubber. We applied the electric paralyzers with no effect. What was this insensate and invincible creature that defied every assault? Was it a new species of Octopus, known on no other world but this?

It was a Hydra, the most frightful phenomenon, the most horrible monster, of creation.

The physical structure of these creatures is one of the curious and inexplicable anomalies of Nature.

They have no bone, cartilage, nor skeleton ; no brain, spinal marrow, nor nervous system ; no heart nor blood-vessel ; no blood nor chyle ; no organs of respiration nor digestion ; no eyes nor ears ; no teeth, palate, nor tongues ; no muscular fibre, connective tissue, nor skin. They are mere masses of jelly, capable of self-expansion, elongation, and contraction ; can harden themselves like gristle or ox-hide, or soften themselves like calves'-foot jelly. They can assume all varieties of form and shape ; can contract themselves into round balls, elongate themselves in cylinders, stretch out like ropes, and project processes like the branches or roots of trees.

Their tentacles are not provided with suckers and spikes which pierce the skin and suck the blood of the victim, like those of the Octopus ; they are mere prolongations of their homogeneous substance, whose office is to seize and drag their prey in the mouth of the engulfing tube, running down to the bottom of their cylindrical mass, within which the food is slowly dissolved and assimilated into the body of the creature.¹

¹Hydras. The family Hadræ, or Hydras, belongs to the order of the Polyps. They are usually found in stagnant water or slowly running fresh water attached to some aquatic plant, such as the stems and rootlets of the duckweed common in ponds. The creature consists of a long hollow gelatinous cylinder attached by one extremity to the aqueous plant and furnished at the other with long tentacles, which it stretches out in all directions in search of the minute animals on which it feeds. When the creature is in a state of contraction, it presents the appearance of a mere gelatinous disk-shaped lump, or button. The tentacles or

Nothing else like it exists in the whole domain of Nature. It is a perfect type and symbol of a living grave; to the touch it feels like some dead thing.

What was to be done, what could be done, in this awful situation? Nothing but blowing it to atoms could release the victims from its frightful embrace, and the risk to our friends by that was great; but the weapons were in the boat, far away. Ephraim sped after them like a deer over the strand.

Crazed with agony, I watched my poor friends, as, gasping for breath, their features and forms almost blackened under the tremendous pressure, they were steadily drawn up to that horrible maw, yawning to engulf them.

feelers are hollow, communicating directly with the hollow interior of the body; they are furnished with tubercles, and at the extremity with sharp needle-like points, enabling them to hold their prey firmly. It is supposed that a poison is also ejected at the same time, as animals seized by the Hydra are observed to die almost instantly. They are exceedingly voracious, and feed only on living animals; larvæ of insects, worms, and the minute crustaceous animals which swarm in all waters constitute their principal food. Sometimes two Hydras will seize upon the same worm, when a dispute arises, occasionally ending in a very singular manner. Each polyp continues swallowing the worm until their mouths come in contact, then, if the worm is not torn apart, the larger polyp seizes upon his antagonist and swallows him, worm and all. After a while the swallowed polyp emerges from the stomach of his conqueror, uninjured, but the worm is gone. One of the most singular circumstances connected with the digestion of the Hydra is that the creature may actually be turned inside out without derangement of its functions; the inner surface then acts the part of the outside skin, while the outer surface adapts itself to the work of digestion. The mode of reproduction, or propagation of the Hydræ is by a process of budding or gemmation. A small tubercle appears on the body of the creature, which gradually grows and enlarges until an infant Hydra is developed, with its tentacles

All at once a deep and portentous growl was heard. I glanced around; the mighty *Anthropithekos* rose up, his countenance wearing an expression of concentrated determination and rage that would have appalled the boldest man or beast. With one stride he was in the water up to his middle and clasped his arms around the *Hydra's* body with a force that might have crushed an oak.

This primordial Titan, this Venusian *Enceladus*,—who could have flung *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Milo*, and the whole crowd of Grecian and Philistine athletes, *Gog*, *Magog*, and *Goliath*, pell-mell over his shoulder like puppets,—swayed and shook that tough and grisly mass as *Samson* might have

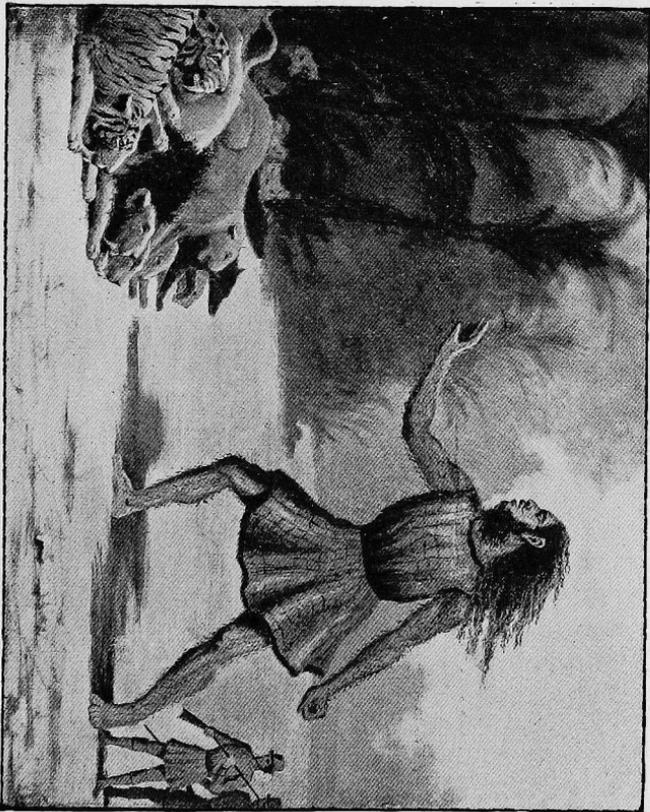
attached to the body of the parent. It remains there some time, stretching out its tentacles for its food, independent of its parent. Sometimes both parent and offspring will seize and struggle for the same worm. After a while the young *Hydra* is thrown off and looks out for itself. Sometimes several young *Hydras* are attached in the same manner to their parent; as fast as one is thrown off, another takes its place, and so on. The *Hydras* can also be artificially multiplied by mechanical division of their substance. Professor *Trembly*, of Geneva, says: "I have opened a single polyp on my hand, cut the skin in many directions, have reduced it to little pieces, and in a manner minced it, and each one of the pieces became in a short time a perfect polyp. A body deprived of its head and tentacles will produce a fresh one in a few days; while the amputated head will also produce a new body." The *Hydras* are generally attached to their resting-places by their caudal extremities; they are capable, however, of moving from place to place with facility, something after the manner of a leech or the measuring worm, by attaching the anterior extremity at some distance from the tail, then detaching the latter and drawing the body up in the form of a loop, bringing the tail up close to the head; this motion is then repeated, and the *Hydra* thus advances by a series of steps, each the length of its body. Sometimes the creature floats in the water suspended from the surface by its tail.—*British Zoophytes*, article *Hydradiæ*.

shaken the pillars of Dagon's temple. The vast muscles of his frame swelled, his colossal joints creaked ; stooping his mighty shoulders, he tore the mass from its attachment to the rock with a sound like the ripping up of a ship's timbers.

Overwhelmed and crushed in that terrible grasp, the monster was in its death agony. The tentacles unloosed their clasp, writhing like expiring pythons. The furious colossus tore them away from the mouth, upheaved the ponderous mass from the water, tentacles, roots, and all, tearing them into a thousand pieces.

We sprang into the water and brought our friends ashore. They were insensible, but in a few moments revived. To our great joy they had received no injury, suffering only from the tremendous compression, and in a short time these painful symptoms passed away. Meanwhile puissant Julius was playing under the foliage with the Lilliputs as unconcernedly as if killing hydras were affairs of small importance. We expressed our gratitude to him for the valuable services he had rendered, in a way that he could understand and appreciate. It is perhaps needless to add that we had enjoyed sufficient natatory pleasure in the hydra-haunted coves of this primitive planet to satisfy us for the remainder of our lives.

We gathered the pearls, embarked on the boat, our chemical annihilators ready for any new anomalous freaks that might turn up, and rowed back to the spot where the exploring party had left the ship. The vessel had departed up the bay. Barthovan, with Hartilion and officers, had returned from their trip and were moored near shore.



THE FEROCIOUS BEASTS SHRANK IN TERROR BEFORE MIGHTY CAESAR. — (CHAP. XXXVI.)

For some time past we had heard reports of fire-arms in the forest ; they were becoming louder and more frequent. We left the boat and ascended the beach. Suddenly the exploring party of professors and officers rushed from the woods, pursued by a horde of cave-lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and other beasts roaring with rage and hunger. The party, having exhausted their ammunition, fled tumultuously across the beach toward Barthovan. Some threw themselves in the water, others drew their cutlasses and gathered in close circle for defence. The artillerymen on Barthovan's deck trained their guns on the beasts, but dared not fire, as the exploring party were directly in their range.

“Great heaven !” exclaimed the prince, “our friends will be slaughtered.” We rushed forward with levelled weapons.

Suddenly Cæsar bounded in front, raised his arm with an imperious gesture, and uttered a shout that rang through the forest.

A scene now took place that seemed almost to partake of the miraculous. The beasts ceased their roaring and shrank back in terror. Once more that mighty voice was raised in tones as of sovereign command. Down sank the royal lions, their noble heads low in the dust ; down fell the fierce tigers, covering their eyes with their paws ; down grovelled the sneaking wolves and hyenas, rooting their muzzles in the sand, and trembling from head to foot.

Spellbound, we gazed on this astonishing exhibition of will-power, mesmeric, psychologic, or

whatever its mysterious nature might be, possessed by this semi-human being over these ferocious beasts. The picture was sublime. As this imperial monarch towered majestically over the prostrate throng, his eyes flashing, his countenance fixed in stern command, he looked almost as Milton's archangel might have appeared with the cohorts of Lucifer under his feet.

The Anthropopithekos now uttered a deep and peculiar sound, waving his hand with a gesture of authority toward the forest. The humiliated beasts, not daring to raise their eyes toward that mighty conqueror, retreated with downcast heads toward the woods, leaving the exploring party unharmed.

"Fire!" ordered Captain Samadron.

The chemical annihilators were discharged, there was a flash, an explosion, and the dismembered fragments of the savage horde strewed the sands.

The smiling Julius favored us with a glance that seemed to say: "Well, gentlemen, how do you like my part in this performance?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

WE mounted Barthovan's deck and sailed up the bay where the shores were bordered with precipices, alternating with forest and jungles. The waters abounded with different varieties of



HARTILION THRUST HIS ELECTRIC WAND INTO THE MONSTER'S JAWS. — (CHAP. XXXVII.)

fish and other aqueous productions. The professors being desirous of securing specimens for scientific examination, boats were got out, with nets and fishing-tackle. The prince, Sir Archie, the professors, Ephraim, and John, with several of the officers and crews who enjoyed piscatorial sports, rowed out in the bay. Cæsar and Jock leaped overboard and swam ashore after fruits and nuts. The few sailors left aboard reclined in their hammocks.

Barthovan had drawn up alongside a rocky barrier and was quietly feeding on clusters of delicate vines and moss. Hartilion was stooping under his saddle securing the fastenings. The Lilliputs were reclining under the awning. I was seated near them, making a sketch of the picturesque scenery. The base of the precipice where Barthovan had moored was perforated by a dark and deep cavern opening below the water.

Several moments passed. Suddenly Kate clutched my arm, uttered a low shriek, and pointed over my shoulder with a look of horror. I glanced around.

An immense serpentine head rose silently above water close to Barthovan's side, glided stealthily across his shoulder, swiftly twining its snaky body, coil after coil, around his neck, reared high above his head, opened its enormous jaws and paused a moment as if calculating where to strike.

Although almost paralyzed with horror at the frightful aspect of the monster, I noted its formidable dimensions.

Its head was shaped like a mixture of the

python and dragon, nearly sixteen feet long, covered with triangular scales and surmounted on the crest with enormous black horns, shaped like those of the cat-fish. Its eyes were two feet in diameter, and of a glassy green color. A thick, tangled mass of hair, like sea-weed, covered the back of the head and neck, like the mane of a horse. Its jaws, large enough to grasp an elephant, were armed with immense teeth, resembling those of the tiger. Its body was over five feet in solid thickness, covered with black scales large as shields, the under parts of a buff yellow.

Seven great coils encircled Barthovan's neck from shoulder to throat; another coil bound his right paddle. The rear portion of the snaky body undulated a short distance above water and disappeared in the depths of the cavern, the tail being wrapped around a submerged rock.

The monster was over three hundred feet long. Its approach was so stealthy, its attack so silent and swift, that Barthovan and his master were completely taken by surprise.

As that huge, hideous head hung over its unconscious victim's, with its grinning fangs, forked, scarlet tongue, ghastly eyes, and tangled mane, bristling over the scaly skull, all the terrific monsters we had yet encountered, sea-devil, gorgon, and hydra, utterly paled before this diabolical and blood-curdling horror, more appalling than Milton's arch-fiend in the Pandemonium transformation scene.

The serpent slowly lowered its jaws to grasp Hartilion. With a desperate effort I threw off

the paralyzing incubus that momentarily held my senses, and gave a loud cry of alarm. Hartilion glanced upward, took in the situation instantly, snatched up his electric wand, and thrust it into the open jaws hovering over him. The monster, feeling the electric shock, jerked his head away with an angry hiss. Barthovan uttered a half-strangled roar, lashed the waters violently with his tail and left paddle—the right being bound by the coil—and struggled furiously to break loose ; but as every movement served only to tighten the folds, he ceased his efforts and remained quiet.

By this time the boat crews, taking the alarm, rowed swiftly forward, and reaching Barthovan's side, sprang on deck, grasped their weapons, and rushed to attack the monster.

“ Hold ! ” shouted Hartilion ; and they paused.

“ Don't attack him with weapons,” continued he ; “ they will only irritate him all the more, and he will strangle Barthovan in five minutes.”

It was true. Rifles, swords, lances would have made no impression on this five-foot-thick Megalophidon, whose body, invested with its almost iron-clad armor, was tougher than gristle or ox-hide, which nothing short of a rifled cannon could have penetrated. Such is the vital tenacity of these creatures, also, that even when cut in twain the severed parts will spasmodically contract tighter than before, until drained of blood and exhausted of nerve power.

This is well illustrated by the involuntary and spasmodic contractions of the muscles and severed

limbs of the decapitated frog, under the electric currents of the voltaic pile. Could Barthovan have got his jaws around, he could have torn the monster in pieces in five minutes, but his neck was encased by the coils as with a collar of iron. To have turned our annihilators against the creature would have severely wounded Barthovan, and perhaps his master.

The serpent now began to contract his coils, the vast muscles swelling like knotted cables. Barthovan seemed in great distress, his breath grew short, his eyes bloodshot. The scene was appalling.

“Great God !” exclaimed Altfoura, “what is to be done ?”

“Old Leviathan and I have fought Martian sear serpents, and know how to manage them,” Hartilion quietly replied. “Although this Venusian specimen is larger and more formidable than any our oceans can boast of, I’ll guarantee to lay him out.”

Meanwhile the serpent repeatedly lowered his jaws to seize Hartilion ; but he kept his wand busy, touching the teeth or tongue. As the electric currents tingled along his dental and glossal nerves, the monster would jerk his head back, hissing furiously.

“Your snakeship will excuse my lingual and dental experiments,” said Hartilion, looking up at the horrible eyes ; “they are merely preliminary. Be patient, my friend ; I will presently transfer my electrical treatments to other parts of your anatomy, where they will be eminently beneficial.”

Hartilion took a ball of conducting twine from

his pocket and, holding one end in his teeth, threw the ball down on deck.

“What is the combined power of your electric batteries?” asked he.

“We can run them up to a million volts, and still more, if necessary,” replied Thalek, the electrician in chief.

“A million is amply sufficient for my experiment. I fancy they would kill a hundred elephants quick as a flash.”

“Two hundred every second, as fast as the herds could be brought up,” replied Thalek.

“Very good. Please fasten a conducting wire to the twine.”

This was done. Hartilion drew up the wire and wrapped it around the upper part of his wand; the long wire hung down over the serpent's coils to the deck.

“Connect your batteries; run them up to full power, and make connection with the wire. Be quick as possible; Barthovan is suffering greatly.”

The staring, bloodshot eyes, labored heaving of the chest, and almost strangling respiration, plainly showed his dreadful agony. His vast frame trembled as if under approaching death-throes. The coils were tightening, the monster's hideous head was waving over his victim, his fanged mouth wide open, his ghastly eyes gleaming as if in malignant triumph. The sight was inexpressibly frightful.

“Connections are made and batteries run up to full power,” called out Thalek.

“I will permit the serpent to seize me in his

jaws," said Hartilion, "but before he crushes me, I will thrust the wand into his throat. When you see me surrounded by his fangs, let loose your chained lightning through this wire."

The courage and self-possession of this intrepid Leviathan-tamer, with a pair of jaws large enough to crush an elephant, yawning over his head, holding in his hand the conductor of an electric current sufficient to kill two thousand men instantly, were superhuman.

"Are you all ready?" shouted he.

"Aye, aye," resounded from the deck.

"Friends, comrades, the moment has come when either this monster or I—perchance both—look their last upon the sun. Farewell!"

The countenance of this young hero glowed almost with angelic light; with a bright smile he waved his hand; a silence as of death fell over all.

He lowered his wand, the serpent lowered his jaws, the form of Hartilion was enclosed within double rows of glittering fangs.

Thalek touched the battery key delicately with his finger.

Back recoiled the hideous head, wide yawned the jaws, out flew the writhing tongue, scorched and blackened by the dynamo thunderbolt. The monster stiffened in a tetanic spasm, bloody foam poured from its mouth, the death-films gathered over the demon eyes, a deep and sepulchral groan, a long, gasping hiss, the coils unloosed, dropped down, and disappeared beneath the waters.

Hartilion reeled in his saddle and fell headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A BELLIGERENT FEMALE.

ALTFOURA, the baronet, Ephraim, John, and a dozen officers instantly sprang overboard. The apparently lifeless form of Hartilion was raised from the water and tenderly laid on cushions spread on deck. The usual methods of resuscitation were employed, a strong stimulant was given, and, in a few moments, to our great joy, he began to breathe, although with frequent gasps and in great pain. We removed his garments and rubbed him with spirits and balms.

In the meantime our half-strangled Barthovan recovered his breath, stretched out his neck, shook himself, flapped his paddles and tail, uttered a few growls of satisfaction, and in a short time seemed quite himself again. One of the officers ascended to the saddle and took charge of the reins. Barthovan remained quiet, occasionally turning his head with an almost human expression of sorrow and sympathy, looking at his beloved master lying on the deck, and uttered plaintive moans. In a few moments Hartilion opened his eyes and looked confusedly around.

“How do you feel now, dear Hartilion?” asked the prince, who was holding his head on his knee.

“Oh, all right, I fancy; that is, if it is I who say it. Where’s Barthovan?”

“All right again. He, and perhaps all of us, owe our lives to you, Hartilion.”

“Pray don't mention it, dear prince. Where's the serpent?”

“*Non est inventus*,” replied Sir Archie.

“Electrified,” replied Thalek.

“Gone chick'n,” remarked Ephraim.

“Electrical treatment was eminently successful,” remarked the chemist; “but unfortunately for science, the patient gave up the ghost during the operation.”

“And he has gone where the good serpents go,” concluded Captain Samadron.

“Is that so?” replied Hartilion. “By Pluto! I thought I was the gone one.”

“The electric dose was rather larger than necessary, and you also received a good share of it, yourself,” said Thalek.

“Perhaps so. It's no child's play to meddle with a million volts of chained lightning; look at my little tool.”

The handle of the wand was scorched as if by fire, and the metallic head was melted off, Hartilion sat up and expressed himself as feeling much better.

“Hartilion,” said the baronet, “you remarked that you thought you were the ‘gone one.’ All mortuary experience is highly interesting from a scientific point of view. I myself once passed through the process of drowning; the sensations were delightful, and I scolded my rescuers roundly for their meddlesome interference in pulling me out of that delectable elysium; your own experience was doubtless of an equally charming character. I intend to write a treatise on the sen-

sations experienced during the mortuary process. Will you kindly describe your sensations—exactly what you thought, felt, fancied, imagined, etc.?”

“With pleasure,” Hartilion replied. “When his snakeship closed his dental apparatus around me, I fancied I was in an elephant trap; when the great slimy tongue was wabbling over my head and shoulders, and the huge chasm of the throat yawned over me, I imagined I was to be swallowed, and felt I should soon be a ‘gone chicken,’ as Ephraim says. Then says I, ‘Sir Snake, before you begin your masticatory or deglutitory operations on me, perhaps I had better cauterize your palate a little;’ so I raised my wand to tickle his palate, and that’s all I know about it.”

The serpent-fighter’s elucidation of his mortuary experience was deemed highly valuable from a scientific point of view. In a short time he expressed himself as all right, resumed his attire, ascended to Barthovan’s crest, who seemed greatly delighted at his master’s recovery, vaulted into the saddle, and grasped the reins.

All at once a loud splash was heard in the cavern, with a rush of outrolling waves. Another huge serpentine head sprang above water close by Barthovan’s side, opened its great jaws, crushed down the railing, seized the edge of the deck, tore out twenty feet of it, including three heavy guns, and knocked down a dozen sailors. Barthovan uttered a roar of rage and wheeled about to grasp the assailant in his jaws, but it was too late. The head, deck-plates, and guns disappeared beneath the waters.

“’Tis the mate of the dead sea-serpent!” shouted Hartilion. “That cave is their den; she will attack us again; we must away from here, where we can have sea-room.”

Then, giving his signal, Barthovan sped out into the bay a long distance from shore. The crew were thrown in confusion by the sudden attack. Hartilion drew up his steed, and the workmen began repairs.

Suddenly that horrible head again appeared close to Barthovan’s side and seized his left paddle in its jaws with a grip that could have torn out the flipper of a finback whale. Its strong horny scales alone saved it from being severely wounded, if not severed in twain. Barthovan uttered a tremendous roar and strove to release himself. Their struggles lashed the waters into a whirlpool. As the serpent’s head was only partly above water and its movements were so rapid, the gunners dared not fire with their artillery, for fear of wounding the paddle; and the shots from the small-arms flew off the bony skull as from a rock. Barthovan was unable to get at his antagonist with his jaws, for the check-cables prevented him from lowering his head. Hartilion gave orders for the checks to be loosened, although there was danger of Barthovan’s diving under water after his foe and imperilling the safety of all on board.

All at once, a loud “Hoi-oi-oi” rang over the waters, and Cæsar swiftly swam toward us, followed by Captain Jock, having returned from their trip in the forest. For a moment they paused, watching the contest with astonishment.

Cæsar dashed through the waves, reached the other side of Barthovan, clambered on deck, shook himself, scattering showers of spray from his hair. Snatching up a thirty-foot oak spar, that four strong seamen could scarce lift, and whirling it around his head, he sprang over the railing on Barthovan's shoulder, and struck the serpent's skull a blow that could have smashed the backbone of the biggest whale in the seas. The monster let go her grip and sank beneath the waves. Cæsar dropped his weapon and strode off to the awning as indifferently as if knocking a sea-serpent's skull into a cocked hat were a mere trifle, while all on board loudly applauded the *coup de grâce* of the redoubtable cudgeller.

"Our Cæsar is so successful in all his battles, it may truly be said of him, as his great namesake said of himself, 'Veni, vidi, vici,'" remarked the baronet.

"That war a fust-class smasher," remarked Mr. Jinks. "Reck'n the sarpiant seed stars, 'n hev a verry sore head in the bargin'."

"If not, she is the thickest-skulled reptile on this or any other planet," remarked the naturalist.

Barthovan raised his paddle rather dubiously from the water; fortunately it was not injured by the bite, and in a short time seemed all right. Captain Jock came aboard with fruits strung on vines slung over his shoulder. The Lilliputs received him with cries of delight.

"Hello!" shouted Hartilion from his perch, "here comes that belligerent female again, mad as a hornet and full of fight."

We looked around. The serpent had risen above water a short distance beyond, and appeared in full view. She was about a third smaller than her dead mate; her color, bright green, mottled with scarlet spots; her throat and breast brilliant yellow. She had no horns nor mane; but a long tuft of coarse reddish hair hung down the back of her head, which was elevated thirty feet above water. She seemed transported with fury, and evidently bent on avenging the death of her mate. Her enormous eyes gleamed like smouldering flames. Her red, fanged mouth, wide open, poured forth fierce hissings, as from the pipe of an ocean steamer. With her eyes fixed on us, she coursed around in great circles, her long, sinuous body undulating through the waves, her neck arched gracefully backward; a great gash on the top of her head showed the force of Cæsar's weapon. Her aspect, though so terrible, displayed a grandeur and beauty that fascinated our gaze, and we watched her with breathless interest, as she swept around us in diminishing circles, evidently seeking a favorable point for attack.

Barthovan was almost beside himself with rage, uttering furious roars. Hartilion could scarce restrain him from rushing after her, and he wheeled round and round, keeping his front directly toward her.

"She is certainly a most magnificent creature," said the baronet. "Her presence would create immense consternation among our ironclads. I should like to make a sketch of her."

The prince ordered drawing-paper and pencils. Sir Archie sat down and began to make a sketch of the scene. The prince, who was very clever with his pencil, did the same. Several of the officers also made sketches on their tablets. Cæsar now came out from the awning and stood for a few moments looking at her; his grave countenance relaxed into a peculiar smile. The serpent was drawing nearer.

"Stand by your guns, men," ordered Captain Samadron. "When I give the signal, fire on her."

"My dear Captain," interposed the baronet, "will you kindly defer your annihilating operations until I have completed my sketch? The existence of sea-serpents is generally discredited by our terrestrial scientists, who, as a general thing, are very incredulous about everything except their own particular pet hobbies. Now when I show them this drawing, and tell them I took it from life and on the spot, they will declare that I was hypnotized or in a state of *non compos mentis*. But if I tell them it represents a scientific theory, or hypothesis, they will immediately take it under scientific investigation, as a giant species of microbe or bacillus."

The captain politely acceded to the baronet's request. The serpent was approaching nearer, and our ocean steed was wheeling around, keeping her in front. As they glared at each other with mutual fury, their enormous eyeballs resembled lurid flames.

Cæsar now stepped to the tackle, took out a long rope, made a slip-noose in sailor style, and

threw it around his shoulders ; then he picked up the spar, snapped it across his knee like a broomstick, took the broken half in his hand, stepped over the railing, sprang overboard, and disappeared.

This act of Cæsar surprised all on board. The prince and Sir Archie completed their sketches and were comparing them ; suddenly Hartilion shouted from his perch—

“ By Pluto ! Cæsar is mounting the serpent ! ”

We looked around. The formidable colossus was close by her side, with the ropes over his shoulder and the broken spar in his teeth. He bounded on her back, and clambered up the neck to her head, clasped his legs around the throat, seized the hairy tuft in his left hand, raised his club, and dealt the astounded monster a blow on her bloody skull that could have split a rock.

The serpent reeled under the stroke. Absorbed in her revenge, with her eyes fixed on the Barthovan, she had not perceived Cæsar's approach. Even had she attacked him while swimming, he could have stunned her with a single stroke of his weapon. Fully aware that she was assailed by an invincible antagonist, she struggled violently to shake him off, but in vain. She then reared her body in an enormous arch, and plunged with him headlong beneath the waves.

Sea-serpents are not provided with gills like fish, nor are they amphibious like many other reptiles. Their respiration is pulmonary, and they can remain but a short time under water. While coursing over the ocean, their heads are al-

ways elevated several feet above water, and they dive only after their prey, or when engaged in combat. The existence of these formidable creatures in our own oceans is now too well authenticated to be denied.

In less than two minutes she reappeared above the surface with her indomitable rider clinging to her neck. Before she could recover herself he skilfully cast the slip-noose around her upper jaw, and taking the free ends in his left hand, began to administer gentle taps on her skull, jaws, and throat.

The struggle which now began in good earnest was fearful to behold. The enraged monster tossed from side to side, rolled over and over, whirled round and round, coiling and twisting her supple body in all imaginable serpentine forms, lashing the waters into a whirlpool. Again and again she reared herself above water in enormous arches, and plunged beneath the waves; all in vain. Cæsar clung to his post like a gnat, jerking the reins and banging her jaws and head with torrents of blows. Finally, conscious that she was in the hands of a master, she ceased her struggles, stretched out her neck, and started off at terrific speed.

Never was such a sight seen before by mortal man. This terrible Megalophidon, with her fanged jaws wide open, her fiery eyeballs glaring, a smoky vapor streaming from her nostrils, her sinuous form swiftly undulating, pouring from her yawning throat furious hissings, her supple tail lashing the waves, was flying like a mad fury over

the sea, guided and hurried on by her puissant rider as a jockey urges his steed.

The scene was grand and exciting. All on board were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Barthovan's mate came up, with Benoidath and crew, from the other side of the bay to witness the scene, and drew alongside. We all awaited the final issue of the contest with absorbing interest.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

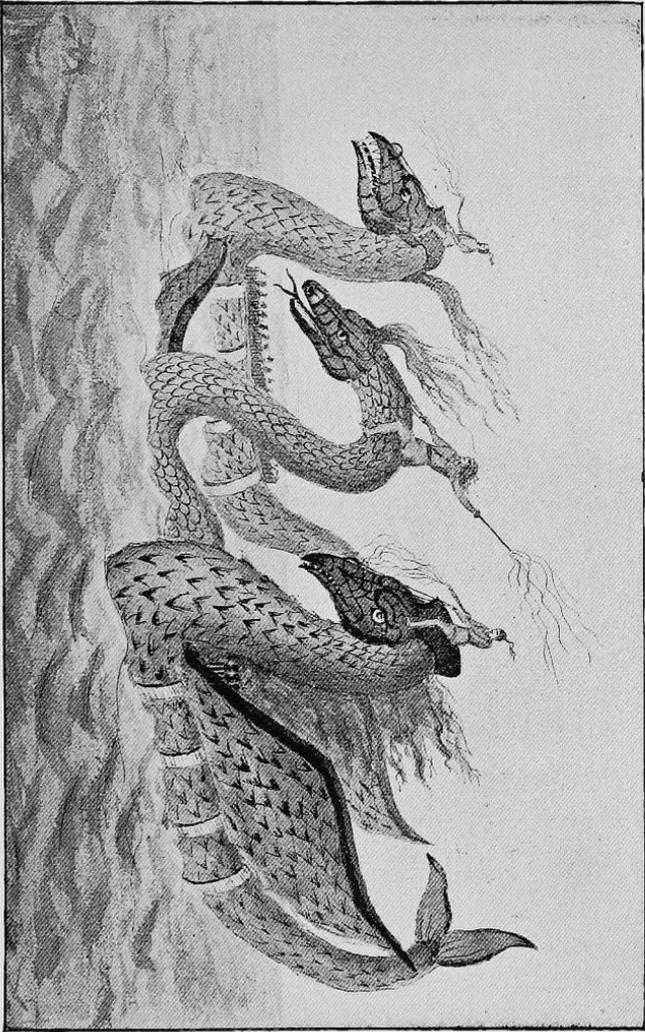
THE OCEAN RACERS.

In a short time Cæsar obtained control over his terrible charger. Checking her furious career, and holding her well in hand, he pulled up about two hundred yards distant. All on board uttered peals of applause, to which he responded with a ringing shout of triumph. Having paused awhile to give her breath, he beckoned toward us with pantomimic gestures.

"Cæsar invites us to come alongside," said Hartilion.

"We will accept his royal invitation," replied the prince.

Hartilion and Benoidath reined their steeds up to the serpent, on either side. For a moment the Barthovans seemed disposed to attack her, but observing Cæsar mounted at his post, they evidently concluded she was in good hands, and refrained from hostile demonstrations. The serpent regarded them with a look of disdain, which they returned with glances of indifference.



RACE BETWEEN THE PARTHOVANS AND SEA SERPENT.—(CHAP. XXXIX.)

Cæsar, who had often watched Hartilion's jockey performances while mounted on his steed, and probably thinking this a good opportunity for similar displays of his own, shook his club over his head in regular jockey style and shouted :

“ Hy-a-a-ah ! hy-a-a-ah ! hy-a-a-ah ! ”

“ By Jove ! ” exclaimed the baronet, “ that's the regular Derby jockey cry. ”

“ Danged ef it arn't the gen'wine hoss yell, when the Wild West boys ar' on a lark, ” remarked Mr. Jinks.

“ It looks as if he wanted us to run a race with him, ” said Hartilion.

“ It is evident Cæsar desires to test the respective merits of our steeds, and issues his challenge accordingly, ” said the prince.

“ Hy-a-a-ah ! hy-a-a-ah ! hy-a-a-ah ! ” shouted the challenger, louder than before.

“ That certainly corroborates Your Highness' remark, ” said the baronet.

“ I accept Cæsar's challenge, ” said Hartilion, “ and declare before all, that my Barthovan can outrace any living thing on this planet, sea-serpents included. ”

“ And so say we all, ” shouted Captain Samadron, officers, and crew.

“ Brother, ” shouted Benoidath from the other side, “ I take up Cæsar's glove and yours also, and assert before all, that our beauteous ocean queen can outrace the serpent and your steed in the bargain. ”

“ And we assert the same, ” shouted Captain Armozan, officers, and crew from her deck.

"Gentlemen," suggested the baronet, "I move that we sustain our mutual sentiments on this important question in the customary mode."

"That's the tork egzackly," smiled Mr. Jinks. "Sentiments ar' trewly beautiful, but backin' up sentiments with dollars ar' much more beautifuller."

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "are you prepared to support your sentiments relative to the merits of your respective champions in the manner and style suggested by our esteemed friend, Mr. Jinks?"

"Every man of us," shouted the Captains, officers, crews, and professors.

"Captain Samadron will kindly specify the financial value of his own sentiments," politely suggested the prince.

"Your Royal Highness, I estimate the value of my sentiments at fifty garnutas that Barthovan will win this proposed race," replied the gallant captain.

"We also place the value of our sentiments at the same figure, and wager fifty garnutas apiece," shouted all on board except the prince, Ephraim, and John.

"Now for the other side," said the prince.

"We wager the same amount that our ocean queen gains the victory," vociferated Captain Armozan and all aboard her deck.

Cæsar looked as if an expression of sentiment on the merits of his own courser would be acceptable to him.

"Gentlemen," remarked the prince, "our royal

Cæsar and his noble steed appear to be left out in the cold. I sincerely hope they may find some expression of sentiment in their behalf."

John, who had watched the evolutions of her serpentine majesty with the eye of a connoisseur, now called out :

" Me bettee five hundred dollar little snake whippee big sea-horses."

Everyone looked surprised at John's temerity in taking up the glove against their redoubtable champions. Cæsar glanced at him with an approving grin.

" Will any other gentleman volunteer to express his sentiments respecting Cæsar and his steed ? " asked the prince.

" Wa-al," remarked Mr. Jinks, " mebbe I'm 'lowed to obsarve, as I allers goes in fur backin' up sentiments with dollars, I allers kind o' cottons to enny fellar as ar' left out in the freeze, 'n likes to give that fellar a lift ; consekently I gives Jule a hitch. Now Johnny hev sich uncommon luck in bettin' bizness, I conceit it ar' werry risky to buck agin' him ; 'n altho' I hate sarpients pratty nigh as cordial as Injuns, I preepozes to bet on this 'ere female individooal to the tune o' five hundred better ; coz why, Jule hev tuck her in hand, a-a-nd kin make the ole gal dance uncommon beautiful."

Cæsar's handsome features were wreathed with a grin of delight, as if he thoroughly understood and appreciated Mr. Jinks' elegant compliment to his abilities as a dancing-master. The captains, officers, and crews drew up their checks, depositing

them with their stakeholders. The admiral's ship came up the arena to witness the performance ; the admiral was appointed umpire ; and a lofty rock on the other side of the bay, three miles distant, was selected as the goal.

"Our Cæsar must be provided with the usual jockey accoutrements," remarked the prince, "the most important of which is the whip."

An extra-sized electric whip was passed up to Hartilion; who tossed it over to the jockey. He caught and flourished it like an old stage-driver.

The baronet suggested spurs also ; but as there was not a pair on board big enough to fit Cæsar's heels, and as he had not yet been provided with top boots, these ornaments had to be dispensed with. Besides, it was evident that Cæsar only went for the fun of the thing, caring not a straw for spurs, belt, caps, cups, or other race trophies—wagers and stakes least of all.

Captain Samadron and Armozan blew a single blast on their trumpets, the signal for all to be in readiness. This was answered by the loud roars of the Barthovans, the cheers of the crews, and the ringing "Hy-a-a-ahs" of the rival Jehus.

Again those brazen blasts sounded the signal to be off, and the contestants started at tip-top speed.

"*En avant, mon brave Barthovan!*" shouted the baronet—

"Fly o'er the watery plain ;
Win greenest laurels and undying fame,"

"Hyah ! hyah ! hyah !" shouted Hartilion, in a voice like twenty Stentors rolled into one, which

was answered by equally vigorous and defiant "hyahs" from Benoidath.

"Go ahead, Jule ; put in yer prettiest licks, my boy," suggested Ephraim to his favorite.

"Hy-e-e-e-a-a-ah !" thundered Julius, in tones that made Hartilion, Benoidath, and all on board clap their hands to their ears ; and even the Barthovans started as if a cannon had been fired off near their heads.

The rival coursers meandered along in approved style. Their speed would have distanced our swift ocean steamers, cruisers, and war-ships. Had any of them accidentally been on the track and encountered the racers, they would certainly have been dashed pell-mell to the bottom of the sea, and not a passenger or reporter left to tell the tale.

For the first mile the coursers were head to head. Cæsar now began to coax his steed with gentle club-taps, and got her considerably in advance. The rival Jehus shouted, the crews fired off the artillery, stimulating their respective favorites to greater exertions. The racers, inspired with mutual ardor, entered into their work in a business-like manner : paddles and tails flew up and down ; the sinuous body of the serpent glided smoothly along in graceful undulations ; and the second mile was finished with Cæsar still ahead. Snake stock was in the ascendant.

Hartilion and Benoidath now flourished their electric whips, and whirling them in the air with mighty sweep, brought them down over the necks and shoulders of their steeds. They responded at once, furiously lashing the waters ; the crews

were whelmed with showers of spray. On rushed the mighty Barthovans, sometimes springing almost bodily out of the water in their tremendous bounds. After a long pull they succeeded in getting three-sixteenths of an inch ahead of the serpent, although there was a hot dispute among the officers on the exact measurement of the last sixteenth. This important question being satisfactorily adjusted, Barthovan stock was booming up high.

“Hurrah for Barthovan!” shouted all his aiders, supporters, abettors, and betters.

“Hurrah for his consort!” shouted all aboard the other side.

“Nobody say ‘hurrah’ for poor snakee,” cried John pathetically. “Me feelee heap sorry.”

“Hello thar! Jule,” shouted Ephraim, “wake up yer sarpiant a leetle more lively, ef yew please. Me ’n Johnny hev bet heavy on the ole gal, a-a-and dont yew forget it.”

Whether Jule comprehended Ephraim’s suggestion or no, he acted with promptness and vigor. Dropping his club, he unrolled his electric whip and flourished it with a crack so terrific that Hartilion and Benoidath jumped half-way out of their saddles.

“Bully fur yew, Jule! shouted Ephraim. “Chinese crackers ar’ nowhar. Look out, Johnny. Jule means bizness; that female individooal ar’ goin to make things lively, yew bet.”

The mighty Caius Julius loosed his bridle, giving his steed full head, leaned back, raised his whip, and, whirling it with the whizz of a

typhoon, dashed the terrible lashes down on the coils of his steed like torrents of streaked lightning. The fiery barbs flashed showers of electric sparks from her scales, pouring their tingling currents along her nerves. The terrified serpent, doubtless recalling the sad fate of her spouse, uttered a horrible hiss, stretched out her neck, her slender, sinuous body writhing, her tail whirling like the propeller of a steamer, and in less than two minutes shot six lengths ahead, and kept it.

"Ten to one on the female individooal," smiled Ephraim. "Who'll take?"

No response. Barthovan stock was tumbling down hill so fast that all on board couldn't catch up with it, much less stop it.

In spite of the tremendous efforts of the Barthovans, the shouts, blows, and whip-lashings of their drivers, the huzzas of the crews, and the thunders of artillery, away went the serpent, glancing through the waters almost like a streak of light, leaving them far behind.

The victorious Jehu reached the goal, wheeled his steed about, drew her up, cracked his whip, uttered a triumphant shout, and smilingly beckoned the other Jehus to hurry along a little faster.

It is impossible to describe the disappointment and chagrin of the Barthovanites.

"Gen'lmen," said Mr. Jinks, looking sympathetically around, "mebbe I'm 'lowed to ask, ar' yew fellars sick? coz ef ye ar', preeaps I kin giv ye a leetle advice, providin' ye ar' willin'."

The Barthovanites confessed they were some-

what indisposed, and would be thankful for advice.

“Never bet on the wrong hoss.”

CHAPTER XL.

THE ISLES OF THE HESPERIDES.

THE defeated champions swept up to the goal. The commanders, officers, and crews greeted the triumphant conqueror with loud applause. Hartilion and Benoidath congratulated him on his victory, expressing their admiration of his prowess and skill, all of which he received with characteristic modesty. Cæsar drew his steed alongside the admiral's ship. As her monstrous head, bloody jaws, terrible fangs, and fiery eyes towered above the deck, the sight was fearful to behold. Cæsar descended from his post, fastened a cable around her neck, and lashed it to the deck. The serpent dashed off, struggled violently to break loose, but finding her efforts unavailing, settled down quietly in the water.

The crews caught large quantities of fish for the Barthovans, and gave her serpentine majesty a good supply, Cæsar loosening her jaws for the purpose. Having appropriated several tons of the piscatory provender, her exacerbations of temper were mollified. We continued our trip around the bay, the serpent swimming behind the admiral's ship.

Cæsar put his wild steed through a daily course

of training, and in a short time brought her under complete discipline. Whether or not he wielded any mysterious psychological influence, like that displayed over the ferocious beasts, his ascendancy over her was extraordinary. She stood in awe of his presence, and the sight of the terrible electric whip would almost throw her into convulsions of terror. He treated her with great kindness, rewarding her with choice piscatorial morsels. She finally became quite attached to him, and would obey his word of command as readily as the rein. Our harness-maker had made a strong jaw and head bridle, bit and reins, and Cæsar handled the ribbons with consummate skill. The enmity between her and the Barthovans had disappeared, and they regarded each other with mutual deference and esteem. The mighty Leviathans acknowledged her superior powers as a racer. It was an inspiring sight to witness her daily exercises. Mounted by Cæsar as usual, her graceful neck arched like the swan, her head proudly erect, her plumed tuft waving in the wind, her supple body undulating amid the waves, she seemed the very ethereal genius of the sea.

We departed from the bay, and sailed over the ocean due south toward the equatorial regions, voyaging by day only, to give our ocean steeds their rest and food. Cæsar had fastened the serpent by a long cable to the ship's stern, and she swam behind. In these regions the tides are far higher and more extensive than those of Earth. This is owing to the planet's near vicinity to the

sun and the arrangement of her continents, different from those of Earth or Mars, so that oceanic currents have almost unobstructed flow around the equator.

Having reached that part of the zone corresponding to latitude 15° , a stupendous barrier of lofty precipices, from two hundred to a thousand feet high, rising abruptly from the ocean, and stretching many hundred miles to the north and south, came in view. It resembled the sierras of a submerged mountain-chain. The tidal billows dashed with thundering sound against the steep façade, tossing their columns of spray and foam almost to the summits of the cliffs. The geological structure of this mighty barrier was of plutonian, or igneous rock.

“This mountainous wall is the elevated portion of a great continent, either newly forming, to be in time upheaved from the ocean, or the remnant of an old continent submerged ages ago,” said Professor Petrosus.

On the morning of the third day we discovered a narrow opening or inlet, traversing the whole width of the barrier for several miles. The ocean waters rolled through it with impetuous speed. The inlet was bounded on either side by lofty precipices, and its entrance was flanked by an immense headland three thousand feet high, resembling the rock of Gibraltar.

“This inlet has been cut through the sierra by some great geological cataclysm,” said the professor.

We passed through the strait to the other side

of the barrier, and a scene of wondrous beauty spread before us.

It was a great inland sea, separated by the barrier from the outer ocean, and protected from its billows and tides. The watery expanse was smooth as a mirror, of a beautiful cerulean hue, far surpassing that of any sea or lake on Earth. Its glassy surface, gently rising and swelling, reflected the rays of the morning sun in sheen of silver and golden light.

Innumerable little islands bespangled the expanse, like emerald gems set in a field of crystal. They were clothed with rich and luxuriant verdure; the trees and plants with brilliant colored foliage, the shores with soft grass or delicate moss.

This beauteous floral archipelago, infinitely surpassing India's far-famed sunny Isles, awakened our unbounded admiration.

"These are a perfect realization of the 'Happy Isles of the Blest,'" said the baronet, "or, as our great Milton has expressed it,

"Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old;
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales."

All we need are the nymphs and golden apples to complete the picture."

"We must have a name for this beauteous spot," said the prince.

"I suggest that the strait be called the 'Gates of Elysium,' and the archipelago, 'The Isles of the Hesperides,'" replied the baronet.

The titles were accepted as eminently appropriate.

Drawing near one of the islands we saw three

little creatures, the exact counterparts of our Lilliputians, standing on the shore, gazing at us with wonder and curiosity.

“Hesperidian Missing Links,” said the baronet; “probably first or second cousins to Sir Harry and Lady Kate.”

“We will make their acquaintance,” said the prince.

The ship drew up. Our party took boat and rowed ashore. The instant we stepped on the mossy bank, the little ones fled away among the trees with cries of alarm, which were answered by similar exclamations from great numbers of others among the woods. The cries continued several moments, then ceased.

“We will explore this isle,” said the prince.

We passed among the trees whose luxuriant foliage in many places formed complete archways overhead. The shrubs and vines were laden with luscious fruits and fragrant flowers. The woods were traversed with well-trodden paths; there were springs of pure fresh water; all through the forest were charming little arbors and bowers, constructed of interwoven boughs and vines. There were couches supported on sticks driven in the ground, hammocks swinging from high branches, skilfully constructed of vines or fibres of grass and bark. We found rude implements of stone, resembling mallets and hatchets, fish-nets and scoops, made of delicate flexible fibres, fish-hooks and spear-heads made of barbed fish-bones, long lines and poles, also calabashes for holding water, hollowed out from gourds, and

trenchers made from the bark of trees, for holding fruit.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "observe all these evidences of a sylvan civilization. How appropriate all these things are for the wants, comforts, and luxuries of sylvan life! These Hesperidian primevals, insular 'Half-ways' and 'Missing Links,' bearing close kinship to our Lilliputs, are rapidly developing, and will ere long evolve into the genus homo."

Whatever their rank may be in the scale of created beings," remarked the prince, "in this Paradise of rural delights they are indeed supremely blest."

"Their ideas of beauty, and the perfect neatness of their habitations, show them greatly advanced in these respects, beyond millions of our uncivilized and savage races, and even many civilized and enlightened also," said the baronet.

"Perhaps, after all, these may be the works of the new-created, original Venusian man, whom we may yet discover," said the Professor of Anthropology, who had not yet subscribed to the evolution theory.

"My dear professor, permit me to say that I'll be hanged if any new-created human beings, making their *début* on any planet of this solar system, would be half so neat and orderly in their domestic habits as these Hesperidians are," replied the baronet emphatically.

"We'll try and hunt them up," said the prince.

A large party came over from the ship. We joined forces and explored the island thoroughly,

passing through innumerable paths and entering hundreds of pretty bowers and arbors, but not a single trace of the Venusian Man or primeval Half-way was found. The inhabitants, whoever or whatever they were, had effectually concealed themselves from discovery.

We left the island and sailed to another about three miles distant, presenting the same appearance. A small company of primevals were sporting in the water. As we drew near, they swam swiftly ashore and stood curiously gazing at us. The presence of the Barthovans did not seem to surprise them, and the serpent, trailing behind the ship, was concealed. The ship itself, and particularly the human beings aboard of her, awakened their astonishment and apprehension.

“Bring forward the little ones,” said the prince.

Sir Harry, Lady Kate, and Master Billy trotted out from the awning, and, discovering the new primevals, jumped on the railing, clapped their hands, making pantomimic gestures and uttering peculiar cries, their faces animated with surprise and pleasure. The other party manifested great excitement, running to and fro with cries, gesticulations, and pantomime.

“We will introduce our continental ‘Missing Links’ to their insular cousins, who will undoubtedly be very happy to make their acquaintance,” said the prince.

“Sir Harry and Lady Kate can give them the benefit of their own experience and education, thereby hastening the evolutionary development of their cousins,” remarked the baronet.

Boats were got out, and our party embarked with the little ones, Cæsar and Jock remaining behind. Baskets of Martian viands were put aboard, and we rowed ashore. The alarm of the little islanders at our presence got the better of their curiosity concerning their cousins, and they fled into the woods as we stepped on shore. The spot where we landed was a pretty, open glade, surrounded with trees, with one large spreading tree in the centre. We sat down under the shade and began to make motions of eating. After a while innumerable faces were peeping at us through the branches, curiously watching our lunch devotions, mimicking, chattering, and pantomiming at a great rate.

“Hi!” giggled John, “heap pretty monkey show.”

“John,” said the baronet, “don’t you call those highly interesting and evolving beings monkeys; now mind.”

Poor John looked as if he had made a dreadful mistake. Mr. Jinks hastened to apologize for him.

“Mister Barrynet, fur sake o’ argyment, we’ll ’low them evolutin’ fellars arn’t monkeys, as yew say. But mebbe Eph Jinks ar’ ’lowed to obsarve he hev’n’t seed Forepaugh’s menagery ’n moral instructifyin’ combination circus ’n female, tight-rope-straddlin’ monkey shows fur nothin’. Neow ef we had our trained hosses here, Johnny ’n me would catch a few o’ them evolutin’ ladies n’ gents, dress ’em out in red caps ’n jackets, pitch a big circus ring, a-a-nd danged ef we couldn’t get up the beautifullist monkey-evolutin’ ’n hoss-ridin’ performance yew ever sot eyes on.”

"Me go catchee 'em," said John.

He took one of the baskets, carried it over near the trees, placed it on the ground, and returned. In a few moments a great crowd of males and females, old and young, fathers, sons, mothers, daughters, and little toddlekins, cautiously stepped or crawled out from the bush, some on all fours, some with babies in their arms, and stealthily drew near the basket with outstretched necks and eager eyes. One patriarchal old fellow, with a gray beard, gingerly picked up an apple, smelt of it, and passed it to his neighbor ; he to the next ; and so it went round the circle, undergoing olfactory inspection, and was returned to the original inspector.

"Danged ef them arn't the perlitest lot o' monkeys—beg yer pardon, Mister Barrynet, evolutes, I mean—I ever sot eyes on," remarked Mr. Jinks.

The senior evolute raised the apple to his lips, took a bite, his countenance wreathed with smiles ; took another bite, still more smiles : evidently not considering it necessary to submit the gustatory test to his neighbors, and relying on his own individual opinion, he chewed up the apple at once, his countenance expressing great satisfaction.

"When I war a little chap," remarked Mr. Jinks, "'n t'other little chaps got only one sweet apple, that apple war passed round, 'n each one got a bite. That old fellar ar' evolutin' into a fust-class hog."

It was evident that, in the case of this patriarchal specimen at least, evolution was not progressing on the side of generosity.

He instantly made a dive for the basket ; the

crowd followed ; there was a bumping of heads, one universal scramble, and apples, cakes, goodies, and grapes disappeared instanter ; gustatory gifts from Mars were certainly highly appreciated by the evolving primevals of Venus.

“ Our insular Half-ways would be benefited by a few lessons in table etiquette,” remarked the prince.

“ And their continental cousins, with their superior advantages of education and refinement, will doubtless take great pleasure in teaching them,” replied the baronet.

Sir Harry and Lady Kate had brought their little lunch-baskets ; Sir Archie filled them with cakes and confectionery ; and in this saccharine department, it is needless to say that Martian confiseurs quite surpass anything the French or Yankee candy manufacturers can get up ; their candied sweets are inexpressibly delicious.

“ My darlings,” said the baronet, patting the little ones on the head, “ go over to your cousins, hold up your baskets, and say ‘ Sweet cakes, confectionery,’ several times over ; they will pronounce the words, then you may reward them.”

“ Mister Barrynet,” interrupted Ephraim, “ ar’ Johnny ’lowed to teach the honeyfugle schoolin’ ’bizness on them evolutes ?”

“ Certainly, with the greatest pleasure.”

John took the little ones aside and whispered a few words in their ears. They nodded as if thoroughly comprehending the pedagogue function, marched with the dignity of kindergarten professors up to the pupils, who smiled sweetly at their approach and gathered around them.

"Coo, coo. Canny, canny," coaxed the teachers, offering the sweets.

"Coo, coo. Canny, canny," shouted the whole throng, reaching out their hands eagerly.

The teachers distributed the gum-drops and taffy. The pupils rolled their eyes and smacked their lips, gesticulating and capering with delight. The baskets were emptied. Harry and Kate ran back, followed by the whole crowd. Throwing aside all ceremony, they gathered around us, loudly clamoring for more cookie and canny, with which they were generously supplied.

Sir Harry and Lady Kate were pronounced the most successful kindergarten teachers on Venus.

"Education is progressing splendidly," said Sir Archie, with enthusiasm. "Complete evolution will follow. We'll establish the College of the Hesperides, endow professorships, and send out full-fledged graduates in law, theology, medicine, general science, and *belles lettres* by the thousand."

The little teachers now held a private consultation with their pupils, who had already become greatly attached to them. They all entered the woods, beckoning us to follow, and escorted us to their pretty bowers and arbors. Some of the females had decorated themselves with skirts, mantles, and caps, skilfully woven from the fibres of vines or grass, or sewn with thread of the same material and needles of fish-bone or thorns; many were prettily ornamented with the feathers of birds. The younger and handsomer female Hesperidians coquettishly ambled around, show-

ing off their attire with great pride, demonstrating the fact that the passion for dress, finery, and coquetry is one of the earliest developed feminine traits, and as truly dwells in the hearts of Missing Links and Half-ways as in those of their more enlightened and fashionable female descendants, all of which is in full accordance with the science and art of evolution.

We left the glade, embarked on the boats, and rowed to the ship. The primevals assembled on the beach to witness our departure, uttering cries of disappointment at not being permitted to come aboard. We spent the day coursing among these beautiful islands, landing on a few, and receiving kindly attentions from the inhabitants. Their populations numbered many thousands. The air of peace, happiness, and content dwelling among these innocent Hesperidians was charming to see. We expressed sincere wishes for their success and prosperity as a nation, with hopes for their speedy evolution into the genus homo.

Night coming on, we moored alongside one of the islands and retired to rest. As the moon arose and cast her rays over these silvery waters, tinting them with a roseate hue, no scene could be more picturesque and beautiful.

CHAPTER XLI.

EGYPT AND THE NILE.

NEXT morning we left the archipelago, sailed many miles to the east over the blue waters of this beautiful Hesperidian Sea, and the long shoreline of another island came in view. Hartilion, mounted on his ocean steed some distance ahead, called out—

“A company of Cæsar’s big cousins sailing over yonder !”

As we drew near, twenty-four Anthropopithekoi were paddling over the waters in enormous canoes, hollowed out from the trunks of giant conifer trees, fifty to sixty feet long. There were six canoes with four occupants in each. They wielded long wooden paddles, and were engaged in catching fish with scoop-nets of woven grass, or lines of flexible tendrils and hooks of barbed fish-bones, and had caught large supplies in baskets. They were armed with long spears of tough wood, pointed with sharp flints or bones. They wore short kilts of woven grass or flexible fibres, fastened around the waist with a belt, and descending to the knee. At a distance they would easily have been taken for a band of Indians or South Sea islanders. Their canoes were rough “dug-outs,” hewn into shape with stone hatchets, and trimmed off at the bow and stern. It was evident they had not yet learned how to construct boats after the manner of our

barbarous and savage tribes, of bark or skins, spread over frameworks. These "dug-outs" were the earliest and most primitive forms of naval architecture, and are still used by many of our Polynesian islanders and South American Indians.

"These Anthropopithekites are certainly gigantic 'Missing Links,' or 'Half-ways,' and will ultimately evolve into a race of Venusian human giants," said the baronet.

"But how is this?" queried Prof. Anthropos. "They construct boats and fishing-tackle, clothe themselves, carry weapons, and pursue the avocation of fishermen, before they have disevolved their hairy covering and other animal characteristics. This is wholly contrary to the course of your so-called evolutionary progress. Please explain the paradox, my dear baronet."

"My dear professor," replied Sir Archie, "as to navigation, does not the feeble larva of the gnat, mosquito, and other insects, hatched out on the surface of a stagnant pool, raise itself in its tiny chrysalis shell boat, spread its little wings, and catch the breeze that wafts it ashore? or if perchance it should be capsized, crawl to some small floating leaf, spread its wings, and be borne safely there? Does not the Nautilus launch his little shell boat and paddle along like an oarsman, with his tentacles, raising others, and spreading them out like sails to catch the breeze? I have seen monkeys in South America and Africa sail across rivers, mounted on large pieces of bark. I have seen squirrels do the same, elevating their

bushy tails to catch the breeze. I have seen long-tailed monkeys fish for crabs and craws with their tails and jerk them out of the water. The Orangutan builds his house with branches of trees. As to weapons, Gorillas and Orangs not unfrequently attack, and defend themselves from, larger enemies with clubs made from the branches of trees. Our Captain Jock fought the crocodile-lizards with his club, handling it as cleverly as any Paddy his shillalah."

"How will these Half-ways finally disevolve their hairy covering?" queried the professor.

"In process of time their hair will be worn off by their clothing, as evolution progresses. Furthermore, finding it rather uncomfortable in warm weather, they will learn how to extract it with clam-shell tweezers, as many of our barbarous tribes extract their straggling beards, which practice proves their original descent from hairy bipeds."

It was evident that the baronet was competent to sustain his pet hobby on the science and art of evolution by any amount of argument and illustration.

By this time the giant fishers had discovered us, and paddled off at full speed, uttering loud shouts of alarm. Cæsar came out from the awning, strode to the bow, and called out :

"Hoi-oi-oi ! hoi-oi-oi !"

Sir Harry and Lady Kate jumped on the railing, and in shrill tones, cried :

"He-e-e-ah ! he-e-e-ah ! he-e-e-ah !"

"Cæsar orders his cousins to hold up, and our

‘Half-ways’ invite them to come aboard,” said the baronet. “Education is progressing rapidly.”

The fishers heard the order, evidently understood it, and drew up a short distance away, looking around on us with astonishment and fear. The ship and Barthovan paused; Cæsar sprang overboard, swam to the nearest boat, and clambered in. It was occupied by a gray-bearded, patriarchal old fellow, apparently the leader of the company. The first thing Cæsar did was to throw his arms around the old fellow’s neck in a very cousinly fashion, to which he responded, nodding and smiling. There were three others in the boat. One young fellow leaned over, peering rather impertinently in Cæsar’s face; but the old one hit him a thumping box on the ear, and sent him back to his paddle.

“Giving the young gentleman a lesson in politeness, in the presence of strangers,” said the baronet.

The company were all males. In physical appearance, hair, and beards, they resembled Cæsar, evidently belonging to the same race, although none of them came up to his eighteen-foot stature and prodigious muscular proportions, being only from fourteen to fifteen feet tall, probably owing to the fact that he was a big continental, and they merely little islanders.

Cæsar now engaged in earnest conversation, by pantomime, with the leader and company, who gathered around in their canoes. Their expressions of interest and surprise, in pantomime and gesticulations, showed that he was describing our

party, his own adventures, and the state of affairs generally. They were evidently accustomed to the Barthovans, but this was certainly their first experience with ships and human beings. They did not discover the serpent, her head being concealed by the ship, and her body being under water. The company consulted among themselves a few moments, then, holding out their hands in invitation toward us, uttered a chorus of "He-e-e-ahs." Cæsar also held out his hand, nodding and smiling as if to say: "All right, you poor little evolved human Lilliputians, you may come on."

"Cæsar has paved the way for our cordial reception by his Hesperidian cousins," remarked the prince.

"He is a skilful diplomat," said the baronet.

The giant fishers paddled ahead, Cæsar in their midst; we followed, feeling proud and happy as a band of Choctaws invited to the White House by the President and his Cabinet.

We reached the island, which was nearly as large as our Jamaica. It was clothed to the water's edge with bright-green verdure, dense forests, hills, and valleys in the interior. We entered a broad river flowing into the sea by several mouths, a large delta fronting its outlets. Its banks were bordered with lofty trees of brilliant foliage, and its shores lined with water-lilies, lotus flowers, and other aqueous plants. Great numbers of white ibises, scarlet flamingoes, and other unknown birds wandered along the banks, and wild-fowl of all varieties flew over the waters.

“We must have a name for this beauteous isle, the largest of the Hesperidian group,” remarked the prince.

“This smoothly-flowing river, with its mouths and delta, its rich and brilliant vegetation ; these fragrant lilies and lotus flowers ; these ibises, flamingoes, and herons, all present a perfect picture, on a miniature scale, of our ancient Egypt and its river Nile,” said the baronet. “I respectfully suggest, therefore, that this island be called the land of Egypt, although we see no pyramids nor Sphinx ; and this river, the Venusian Nile.”

The titles were accepted.

We sailed a few miles up the river and reached a charming moss-covered glade, surrounded with trees. The ship and Barthovans stood off in mid-stream ; the fishers moored their boats along shore and ascended the glade, with Cæsar in their midst. The leader uttered several loud shouts. A large crowd of males and females, old and young, emerged from the woods and gathered around, gazing on Cæsar and us alternately, with amazement and curiosity. The females were clothed in skirts of woven tendrils reaching to the knee ; the males wore short kilts, and carried long flint-pointed spears. The leader proceeded to explain matters in expressive pantomime, Cæsar being the principal theme of discourse. He stood with folded arms, towering head and shoulders above them, the cynosure of all eyes, smiling benignantly on the throng. They evidently regarded their colossal continental cousin as a personage of superior station and importance.

The reception of our illustrious sea-serpent-tamer and racer now began. The males went up, one by one, embraced him, and patted him on the shoulder, which he cordially returned. The females approached timidly, threw their arms around his neck, he stooping head and shoulders for the purpose, while they hugged him affectionately, some kissing his cheeks, to which he gallantly responded. The little ones,—many of the six-year-olds were stalwart six-footers, fully competent to lay out any of our toughest pugilistic heavyweights in two minutes,—hugged his knees and skipped around his colossal limbs. So democratic and cordial a reception proved Cæsar's popularity.

“If these Hesperidians have no ruler, and are inclined to monarchy,” said the baronet, “they will make Cæsar king ; but if to republican institutions, they'll vote him in the presidential chair.”

Cæsar and the patriarchal fellows beckoned us to come ashore. Several of our party accepted the invitation, took boats, and rowed to the glade. Hartilion and Benoidath descended from their stations and joined us. The politeness and cordiality of our reception were charming. Out of benevolent regard to our Lilliputian stature and delicate frames, they kindly refrained from huggings and kissings, contenting themselves with gentle pattings on our shoulders or heads. We felt proud as little boys commended for good behavior in not running away from school or stealing apples. Hartilion and Benoidath, how-

ever, were compelled to pass through a good many vigorous baisial salutations, bestowed by a bevy of young females, hardly in their teens and only ten feet high, who viewed the stalwart proportions of the Leviathan-drivers with admiration, as schoolgirls generally do the big boys.

During the performance Cæsar looked proud and happy as a dime-museum manager showing off his midgets and freaks to an admiring audience.

Near the glade was a small tributary river, issuing from the forest and pouring into the Nile. Its mouth was embowered with trees, and its placid waters, almost crystalline in their purity, smoothly flowed beneath the archways of bright green foliage.

A number of dignified, patriarchal old fellows, with long gray beards, now assembled in private consultation, evidently on a subject of importance. Finally the head councillor issued certain orders in pantomime, and a company of young, vigorous fellows ran to the shore, embarked in canoes, paddled up the tributary river, and disappeared.

“They have probably gone to the royal palace to convey the news of our arrival to their king,” said the baronet.

“If His Majesty condescends to favor us with his serene presence we shall be highly honored,” said the prince.

“That depends upon whether he receives us at his right hand, like King Solomon, or consigns us to the block, like King Richard III., or fries us in

the cannibal stew-pan, like King Blunderbore," remarked the baronet.

"We must accept whatever fate may be in store for us at the hands of his Hesperidian majesty with as good grace as possible," replied the prince.

In this state of pleasing uncertainty some little time passed. All at once a loud trumpeting of conch shells, mingled with the roll of tom-toms, resounded from the tributary stream. The assembled throngs uttered loud cries of pleasure. Twelve stalwart trumpeters issued from the crowd, marched to the shore, placed their conch shells to their lips, and blew three ringing blasts. The whole throng then arranged themselves in a half circle; our party retired to the right. The twelve venerable councillors marched to the front, holding their spears in the military attitude of "present arms;" behind them came twelve young females, beating wooden tom-toms with measured strokes and clear, musical sounds. All stood motionless, awaiting the approach of his Hesperidian majesty.

"Lo! the mighty monarch comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!"

remarked Sir Archie, improving a little on Dryden.

CHAPTER XLII.

CLEOPATRA AND CÆSAR.

A PAGEANT now appeared, so picturesque and faerie-like as seemed almost a dream of oriental romance, although its colossal scale belonged more to the order of genii than faeries.

From the depths of the embowering foliage, and floating on the waters of the little river which the baronet had named the Cydnus, in commemoration of the splendid pageant of Egypt's beauteous queen, came a large raft, or float, of tree-trunks, bound with withes and covered with a thick carpet of bright-green moss. Twelve royal canoes, manned with giant rowers, were drawing the float by long withe ropes attached to it ; among them were twelve trumpeters, blowing their conch shells.

On the prow of the float were twelve young females beating tom-toms, which emitted sounds like the tambourine. Twelve others were blowing shell cytheriums with soft and mellow tones. Along the sides were bands, wielding their paddles with measured strokes in the water. In the midst were others, reclining on the mossy carpet, in company with golden-hued herons, crimson flamingoes, white ibises, and other birds of brilliant plumage. All these females were of superior appearance to those on the glade ; they were clothed in kilts and mantles of various colored fibres, ornamented with birds' feathers ; many

wore chaplets of feathers on their heads. Their faces were bright bronze color, tinged with a ruddy hue, their expression was lively and good-humored, and their stature from twelve to fourteen feet.

In the centre of this Hesperidian gondola was a handsome arbor of branches decorated with flowers ; throngs of singing birds, clustered on its summit, filled the air with melody.

Concealed within the recesses of this bower the form of a female was seen, reclining on a mossy couch, clothed in gorgeous robes. On either side stood two other females, richly clad, waving fans of brilliant colored feathers over her.

"Instead of a monarch," said the prince, "we evidently have an empress here. Prospects for a favorable reception at feminine hands seem bright."

"'Tis to be hoped so," replied the baronet ; "but as we have not provided ourselves with credentials of ambassadorship from the court of Mars 'tis to be feared her majesty will look upon us as interlopers and adventurers in her realms. Queens sometimes exhibit very uncertain and spiteful tempers. Our great Elizabeth would often box the ears of her cabinet officers soundly, and swear at the foreign legations like a trooper."

"We must get up a title of address for her Hesperidian majesty," said the prince.

"Certainly," replied the baronet. "She shall be called Cleopatra, the glorious sorceress of this Venusian Nile, provided, of course, she is a beauty, as was her great namesake. You will observe

that she is fanned by her two companions, who shall be called Charmian and Iras. She is surrounded by her nymphs and graces. Her other male confidants, Alexis, Mardian, Diomedes, and thievish old Seleucis, her rascally lord of the exchequer, await her presence on the glade. Those venerable old graybeards are her councillors of state. See how proudly she reclines on her mossy couch. 'Tis true she does not display the regal splendor of her great namesake, who sailed down the Cyndus in her golden barge, with its purple silken sails wafting sweet perfumes on the balmy air, to the sound of lutes and the strokes of silver oars, while she lay in her pavilion, screened with cloth of tissue and gold, a band of pretty, smiling Cupids around her."

As our Martian friends were not familiar with the history of the original Egyptian enchantress, the baronet proceeded to enlighten them.

"Now if we only had a Mark Antony here," continued he, "the picture would be complete."

"Perhaps she comes to meet our great Cæsar," said the prince.

"True, the mighty Roman emperor was Cleopatra's first foreign flame, and she smuggled herself into his tent wrapped in a bundle of Smyrna rugs, according to old Plutarch. But Cleopatra was a *donna mobile*, and she soon shipped him off for Mark Antony. In *affaires du cœur* some princesses prefer variety, which is said to be the spice of love as well as of life, and change their lovers as unconcernedly as their gloves. Perhaps this Cleopatra may meet some

Venusian Mark Antony yet. Then there will be a grand tragedy for a future Venusian Shakespeare to write and future Venusian sensational actresses to enact in gauzy attire, before admiring Venusian audiences."

The conch shells and tom-toms ceased. The rowers drew the royal barge to the shore. The Hesperidian queen rose from her couch, emerged from her bower, and, surrounded by her maids and the royal court ladies, stepped on the bank. The venerable councillors lowered their spears and sank on one knee; the throng sank on both knees. The royal party ascended the highest part of the glade. The queen advanced in front with her two principal maids, waved her sceptre, and all rose to their feet. The councillors advanced toward her, and with dignified pantomime proceeded to explain the arrival of the strangers within her dominions, then retired to her left hand. Her Majesty advanced a few paces in front with her maids, and stood before us.

This Venusian Cleopatra was fifteen feet in stature. Her form was beautiful and symmetrical, and her countenance handsome, her complexion of a rich bronze color, tinted on the cheeks with a roseate hue. Her mouth was a perfect Cupid's bow, with lips of coral, exquisitely shaped, and her teeth were dazzling white. Her eyes were dark, winsomely mischievous, and terribly fascinating. They shone with the lustre of diamonds.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the baronet, "if the original Cleopatra had such eyes, I don't blame great Julius and Mark Antony for going mad

over her. "It is a good thing for mankind generally that Cleopatras are scarce."

Her luxuriant black hair, braided in heavy loops, hung over her shoulders. Her form, like all of the *Anthropopithekos* race, was hirsute. She was gorgeously attired in a tendril-woven scarlet kilt, descending below the knee, and a long mantle of brilliant colors, handsomely decorated with birds' feathers, falling to the ground.

Necklaces of coral, amber, and shells hung around her neck; a broad belt of the same encircled her waist, and bracelets of coral adorned her arms and wrists. Her well-shaped head was crowned with a tiara of gorgeous bird plumes, clasped with a circlet of magnificent pearls, such as never gleamed in Araby's green waters. She bore her royal sceptre, a short staff of white wood, surmounted by four pearly-hued nautilus shells, among which gleamed great glittering rubies. Her remarkable beauty, stately presence, and graceful bearing, combined with her tasteful attire, bore the highest impress of royalty, and awakened our admiration.

"What a superlatively magnificent creature!" exclaimed the baronet. "The original Cleopatra was not to be compared with her. She used to say of herself, 'I was a morsel for a monarch,' but this queen is certainly a morsel for a good many monarchs—princes, potentates, kings, and emperors included. I wonder if she plays billiards, drinks pearls dissolved in vinegar, covers forty paces at a jump, cuffs her prime ministers, or whips her servants with wire and stews them in

pickle-brine, as her great namesake was accustomed to do in her sportive moods."

In the meantime Her Majesty was looking down on us Lilliputians with great curiosity, evidently regarding us as a company of dwarfs imported for her special amusement, smiling and chatting with her maids and court ladies, who followed her example.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "I don't know how it is with you, but I feel very much like Tom Thumb or Admiral Dot."

The tourists confessed that they felt very much like the midgets trotted out for the delectation of royalty.

"We stand in the presence of majesty, at all events," continued he, "and it behooveth us to yield due homage, according to the established mode prevailing in all royal courts. If we find favor in Cleopatra's eyes perhaps she will enroll us among her court jesters and funny old fools, to make sport for her when she feels frolicsome after dinner. So, to your knees, gentlemen."

The lieutenant and Mr. Jinks declared that the baronet might do as he pleased, according to the custom among titled gentry, but for their own parts, neither they nor any free-born sons of Uncle Sam ever did, nor ever would, "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to any king, potentate, queen, princess, primeval, half-way, or all-the-way evolved specimen of the genus homo, on Venus or any other planet of the solar system.

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "I suggest that we compromise matters, and give her majesty a slight nod of recognition all round."

The tourists vouchsafed scarcely perceptible nods to royalty, as if to a mere chance acquaintance.

The Hesperidian queen and all her court ladies responded with sweet smiles and glances, and the most sweeping courtesies that ever greeted foreign tourists before. This royal condescension was certainly as wonderful as it was beautiful.

“The best way, after all, to secure the good graces of a consequential female is to bestow upon her the slightest possible notice, and she acknowledges your superiority at once,” remarked the baronet.

Cæsar, who had been lounging under a tree near by, now strode forward to receive his share of royal notice. Among this throng of Titans, he looked like great Jove himself. Cleopatra uttered an exclamation of astonishment and delight. Her brilliant eyes flashed, a roseate blush mantled in her cheek, her bosom heaved as with irrepressible ardor; she flung down her sceptre, stepped quickly forward, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a rousing smack on both cheeks.

It were needless to add that gallant Julius returned the compliment with compound interest.

“Cleopatra has found her Cæsar; the same old story, love at first sight, a regular Romeo-and-Juliet affair on a gigantic scale,” remarked the baronet.

“It would be interesting to know whether she has a royal spouse,” remarked the prince.

“If so, she is a very naughty queen,” replied the baronet; “but if a widowed one, like her

great namesake, or still better, a virgin one, like our great Elizabeth, it's all right."

"It would be interesting to know also whether Cæsar has a royal consort lamenting his absence and pining in her lonely bower in far-distant lands."

"If so, he is a royal grand scamp," remarked the professors.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "on our terrestrial ball, monarchs, kings, emperors, princes, potentates, and heirs apparent, not to speak of the small-fry gay Lotharios, are doing this thing every day, finding their Cleopatras, Thaisés, and Laisés everywhere, and leaving their spouses pining. Indeed, it is quite the fashion in our gay world. The pining spouses, however, sometimes pay their recreant lords off in their own coin, and consider it all right for them to do so. But such an imputation is quite unworthy our great Cæsar; and wholly incompatible with his noble attributes. He certainly is no gay Lothario, female masher, crusty old bachelor, nor bashful swain. I'll wager anything he is a quiet, dignified, respectable widower, of mature years and abundant experience in affairs matrimonial. Observe with what dignity he accepts Cleopatra's overtures."

The happy subjects of discourse were seated under a tree, side by side, their arms around each others' necks, billing and cooing like a pair of turtle-doves, entirely corroborating the baronet's remark.

Murmurs of applause ran around the throngs. The court ladies looked on the inspiring scene with happy smiles. The royal example was con-

tagious. The wedded ones did the same with their spouses; the unwedded ones looked as if they wished they were wedded; the young ones grinned with the anticipation of similar delights in store for them; and all the little birds in the trees sang hymeneal songs of joy.

“Amid these lovely Hesperidian bowers,” said the prince, “the sway of Venus reigns supreme.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

THE *beauteous* Cleopatra, her pretty head nestling on Cæsar's mighty shoulder, softly murmured in sweetest accents certain orders to the handsome Charmian and Iras, who were waving their fans over the happy pair, they themselves also being fanned by four second maids of honor.

The second maids repeated the royal orders to six pretty third maids, who communicated them to twelve very antique court ladies.

The ancient dowagers waddled their corpulent corporosities over to the twelve venerable councillors and communicated the same. The latter flourished their spears, vociferated the orders, and smacked their lips. The assembled throngs shouted for joy, rolling their eyes, smacking their lips, and placing their hands over the epigastric regions where anatomists locate the digestive machinery.

“Her majesty has evidently given orders for a

royal feast in honor of this auspicious event," remarked the prince.

"The original Egyptian enchantress invited the original Cæsar to lunch, and our Hesperidian Cleopatra is following the example of her illustrious predecessor," remarked the baronet.

In obedience to the orders of the council of twelve, a band of young fellows gathered dried branches, struck sparks from flint stones on dry punk, and kindled several roaring fires on the beach. The fishers drew their stone knives, flourishing them at a great rate.

"Jeehosophat!" muttered Ephraim. "Obsarve them toothpicks. Arkansaw ticklers ar' nowhar."

The fishers now stepped toward us, handling their knives in a very peculiar fashion.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "the attitude of these personages, their knives and fires, are suggestive of something on the cannibalistic order. The important question for us to decide is, whether we shall be served up fried, roasted, stewed, or boiled."

"Ef them evolutin' gentry ar' goin to practyce the fricassee bizness on us fellars, I advise yew to squint squar' at their left peepers, all round," said Ephraim, levelling his rifle at the oldest fisher.

The old fellow stooped down with a grin and applied his eye close to the muzzle, his countenance manifesting lively curiosity.

"Mister Evolute," said Ephraim, "ef yew value yer venerable head, pree'aps yew better squint somewhar' else."

Several of the young cannibals now ran to their boat and brought up a number of fish ; the old one left his telescopic inspection and made peculiar pantomimic gestures with his lips and fingers.

“Gentlemen,” said the prince, “we wholly misunderstood their intentions. Our fisher friends merely came to inquire whether we would have fish for dinner.”

“I begs the old gent’s pardon,” said Ephraim, lowering his rifle.

“According to our terrestrial calendar,” said the baronet, “to-day is Friday; fish are therefore eminently appropriate.”

The unjustly suspected cannibals ran back to the boats, dressed and spitted the fish on sticks, over the fires, in aboriginal style. Others brought roots, tubers, nuts, and fruits from the forest. A band of young females, evidently trained in the Hesperidian cooking schools, and belonging to the royal culinary department, duly fried, roasted, toasted, and baked the fish, roots, tubers, and nuts.

Cleopatra waved her hand, and we all sat down on the green sward. The cooks served the *menu* on bark trenchers and platters. A band of pretty female waitresses passed them around, with calabashes and gourds of pure, fresh water. Her Majesty, with Cæsar at her right hand, was first served, according to the established formula of royal courts ; next, the maids and venerable dowagers, the court ladies, councillors, and tourists, lastly the general public. All greatly enjoyed the banquet, using thumbs and fingers for knives and forks.

The first courses completed, the prince ordered the dessert. Choicest Martian viands with all varieties of delicacies were brought from the ship, Cæsar gallantly presented the sweetest *morceaux* to the princess, who graciously accepted. Her countenance was wreathed with smiles of gustatory delight, amply attesting her appreciation of them. The scene was enlivening. The baronet was inspired, and opened his poetical budget :

“ ’Twas at the feast for Venus’ warlike son,
 By Cleopatra won ;
 Aloft in awful state,
 The goldlike hero sate,
 On her Hesperian throne.
 The lovely princess by his side,
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty’s pride.
 “ Happy, happy, happy pair.
 None but the brave,
 None *but* the brave,
 None but the *brave* deserves the fair.
 Cookey and canny enough and to spare.
 Cleopatra sits beside thee.
 Take the good the gods provide thee.”

By this time the godlike hero had helped himself so generously to the sweets that he began to experience sundry qualmish feelings about the epigastric department, and manifested them accordingly. Cleopatra was deeply concerned for her lover. The baronet resumed :

“ Cæsar could not conceal his pain ;
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh’d and look’d ; *sigh’d* and look’d ;
 Sigh’d and *look’d* and sigh’d *again*.
 At length with cookey and canny oppressed,
 The vanquished hero sank upon her breast.”

It is highly probable that had the ghost or astral spiritual body of Mr. John Dryden, Esqr., been present at this nuptial banquet, he would have made things lively for Sir Archie Graeme Blake for meddling in such a topsy-turvy manner with "Alexander's Feast."

In a short time Cæsar recovered from his indisposition, to the great joy of Cleopatra and her court, and the banquet progressed. The guests made congratulatory speeches in honor of the royal pair. Several of the officers sang hymneal ditties. Sir Archie warbled choice selections from the "Amours of the Gods," "Ovid's Art of Love," and the "Hymn to Pan," all of which were received with immense applause, Sir Harry and Lady Kate chirruping joyful "he-e-e-ahs." John, wholly indifferent to the dreadful moral responsibility of tempting Hesperidian innocence and virtue, would have treated the crowd to eggnog, but there was not quite enough Bourbon and Hennessy to go all round. We enjoyed the feast of reason and the flow of soul, notwithstanding the absence of the flowing bowl, and quaffed the healths of the happy pair in calabashes over-flowing with *aqua pura*.

The banquet concluded, the happy throngs conducted us to their primitive rural bowers, which were furnished and decorated in much more elaborate style than those of the Lilliputians, and on a highly colossal scale. Some of their tables and couches would have made very commodious platforms for our political orators and caucuses. We examined with great interest their articles

of apparel, log boats, fishing-tackle, bird-traps, flint and stone implements, and huge spears, compared with which the weapon of Giant Goliath was a mere toy. We were not favored with an inspection of Cleopatra's royal bower; those sacred precincts were in the most secluded part of the groves, and guarded by a band of Hesperidian Amazons, armed cap-a-pie.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NUPTIAL DANCE.

As evening advanced, some of the younger officers of terpsichorean proclivities decided it would be the proper thing to conclude the festivities with a grand nuptial ball. The whole party entered into the fun with enthusiasm, and preparations were made accordingly.

During our sojourn on the other continent, the ships' crews had got up a *bal masqué*, the dancers being attired in costumes representing different national and historical characters, several of the younger and handsomer fellows taking the ladies' parts. The ship's tailor and his assistants had made appropriate attires for Cæsar, Jock, Sir Harry, Lady Kate, and Master Billy; and after some patient practice they performed their roles with great *éclat*.

The grand Hesperidian *salle de bal* was decorated with rows of colored lanterns, à la Japanese, hanging from the branches of the trees, brilliantly illumining the glade. The dancers donned their

attire and presented themselves before the Hesperidian queen, court ladies, councillors, and public assembled.

Cæsar's dress was a wonder, and would have evoked thunders of applause from all the royal courts in Christendom. It consisted of a sky-blue waistcoat with zebra stripes ; lemon-colored breeches with leopard spots ; scarlet stockings with Cupid's heads and wings, and knee-buckles to match ; a crimson scarf over the shoulder, decorated with royal insignia and orders ; a magnificent mantle of royal purple, embroidered with different designs of the various monsters on Venus, in gold and silver, descending to the ground ; a huge turban of green satin, of twenty points, blazing with jewels ; and a gilt sceptre, an exact imitation of the great mace in the House of Lords in England.

Lady Kate was attired in a magnificent *décolleté* dress, which would have aroused the profound admiration of Worth and his corps of female upholsterers ; it was five yards *en train*. Her coiffure was *à la Pompadour*, with jewelled necklaces, kids, slippers, and *bouquet de corsage* to match. Sir Harry was attired in full court dress, ruffled shirt, knee-breeches, stockings, buckles, all of which are, of course, the absolute *sine qua non* for any *entrée*, or recognition whatever, at the court of St. James. Sir Archie, who was thoroughly *au fait* in court affairs, had superintended the costuming. Captain Jock was arrayed in full regimentals, as Napoleon Bonaparte, with sword and cocked hat ; Master Billy

appeared as Lord High Admiral of the British navy.

Sir Archie appeared in full canonicals as Lord Bacon, Mr. Jinks as the Wild West hunter, and John as the Comanche chief, both mutually thirsting for each other's scalps. The professors as the Seven Sages of Greece, in himations and chaplets of laurel. The United States lieutenant appeared as Uncle Sam ; Hartilion, in fiery scarlet, as Mephistopheles, and a mighty Meph he was ; Benoidath, in blazing yellow, as Beelzebub ; the musicians, as imps and hobgoblins ; the other tourists appeared in whatever distinguished characters they chose to assume, among which buffoons, brigands, philosophers, and pirates conspicuously mingled.

It is impossible to describe the amazement and delight of the Hesperidians when our motley throng appeared before them. They simply went wild. Cleopatra was in ecstasies over her royal admirer. Sir Harry and Lady Kate were the recipients of all the ovations that nobility usually expect to receive from society generally. Master Billy shouted out his orders like Admiral Nelson. Captain Jock strutted about like Napoleon *le grand*. Cæsar looked every inch a king, and several inches over. Neither Solomon in all his glory, nor his own great Roman original, looked half so majestic and grand.

“Our mighty Julius can truly say—

“ I am monarch of all I survey ;

My right there is none to dispute ;

From the centre, all round to the sea,

I am lord of the fowl and the brute.’ ”

remarked the baronet, trotting out the original Robinson Crusoe. The musical programme had been arranged by the baronet and lieutenant. The imps and hobgoblins took their stations, being designated as the Hesperidian Evolution band, and consisted as follows :

Six big bass drums, a gentle tap on any one of which would almost wake the dead ; twelve snare-drums, whose rattles were like railroad trains ; sixteen fifes ; twenty-four trombones ; thirty-six cavalry bugles ; and forty cymbals, of whose powers it is not necessary to speak, the imps being trained operators on these mellifluous instruments.

The scarlet Mephistopheles, as *grand maître des cérémonies*, now thundered forth his orders :

“Ladies and gents will please take their positions for the dance.”

The assistant floor-managers arranged the royal parties in order on the glade, Brobdignags and human pigmies arm-in-arm, or *vis-à-vis*.

“Are you all ready ?” shouted Mephisto.

“We hope so,” squeaked the pigmies.

“Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh !” chorussed the giants like thunder.

“Evolution band, strike up,” ordered Meph.

Blazing Beelzebub, who was the band-master, with a flaming grenadier hat six feet tall, tossed up his twenty-foot baton, its gilt head big as an Ohio pumpkin, sixty feet in the air, caught it, tapped the principal hobgoblin trombone-player gently on the sconce, and—

“Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.”

The dulcet strains of “God save the Queen,” “Yankee Doodle,” “Fisher’s Hornpipe,” “Hail Columbia,” “Pop goes the Weasel,” “Home, sweet Home,” “Anvil Chorus,” “Shoo Fly, don’t bother me,” and “Rock me to sleep, Mother,” sweetly mingling, wafted on the balmy Hesperidian breezes.

Cæsar and Cleopatra languished through the “Waltz on the Blue Danube.” The court ladies and officers meandered through the “Minuet in Don Juan.” Sir Harry and Lady Kate, with their partners, went through the ballet in “*La Belle Hélène*.” Captain Jock did the Irish jig to perfection. Ephraim splendidly executed a Wild West breakdown. John excited great terror by his awful Comanche war-dance, with tomahawk and scalping-knife. Lord Bacon did the “Highland Fling” with immense *éclat*. Lord High Admiral Billy brought down the house with his “sailor’s hornpipe.” The Seven Sages of Greece did the german. Uncle Sam executed a *pas seul*; and the brigands, philosophers, and pirates executed whatever they pleased.

“Forward to partners, back to place, forward again, exchange partners,” shouted Mephisto.

“Fiddlers ahoy! louder, faster,” shouted Beelzebub, whacking the imps and hobgoblins over their sconces with his baton.

“Down outside, up the middle, promenade all, hurry up, yew fellars, put in yer prettiest,” shouted Ephraim.

“ On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
No rest till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,”

shouted the baronet, as giants and pigmies knocked and banged against each other right and left.

Cæsar's royal robes flopped around like a ship's mainsail, loose in the wind. Cleopatra's petticoats fluttered like a man-o'-war's pennons in a gale. Like her festive namesake, she showed her ability not only to cover forty hops at a jump, but forty over that.

The terpsichorean contagion spread like wild-fire. The twelve corpulent dowagers dashed into the “dance of the witches” in Tam O'Shanter. The venerable councillors rushed into the round of the “Infernals in Orpheus.” The stately court dames whirled in the mazes of the nuns in “*Robert le Diable*.” The whole throngs galoped their Hesperidian fandangoes like the Saturnalia in the “Damnation of Faust.” It was like the hulla-baloo of the Titans on Mount Olympus. The glade trembled ; the trees shook ; the air itself went mad, torn to chaos by the whoops of the colossuses, squeals of the fifes, blares of the bugles, roars of the trombones, crash of the cymbals, and thunders of the drums.

The festivities concluded with a grand display of fireworks, superior to anything of the kind ever gotten up on Yankee Independence day. Night coming on, the happy throngs retired to their rural retreats. The thrice happy wedded

pair meandered to the royal nuptial bower. The ship moored to a rocky platform, and we retired to our cots.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIVAL QUEENS.

EARLY next morning Cæsar and Cleopatra came from their nuptial bower and appeared on the glade in company with Iras, Charmian, Alexas, and Mardian, the two latter evidently being Cæsar's best men ; accompanied also by the court ladies, dowagers, and venerable councillors. The happy pair were clad in their royal robes, and their faces were wreathed with smiles. Cleopatra modestly blushed, appeared confused, and cast down her bewitching eyes, as becometh young brides. Cæsar looked proud and happy, as all grooms usually do, or are expected to do, on the nuptial morn. Like Ingomar and Parthenia, they surely had

“Two souls with but a single thought :
Two hearts that beat as one.”

After some playful hesitation on the young bride's part, which was overcome by Cæsar's gentle coaxings, they came aboard the ship with Iras, Charmian, several of the court ladies, the groomsmen, and company, and were received with due honors by the prince, admiral, officers, and all on board.

The baronet, who had somehow got his Christmas', New Year's, and wedding greetings rather

mixed up, wished the happy pair "many returns of this joyful occasion ;" and Mr. Jinks, who had similarly confused hymeneal altars and halters together, wound up his congratulations with, "and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

As to the *modus operandi* of marital ceremonies among Venusian Hesperidians, how the contracting parties behave under such trying emergencies, how the royal pair conducted themselves on this occasion, how they were attired, whether they marched bravely up to the altar of matrimonial immolation with tears of joy or smiles of sorrow, who were the invited guests, how the bridesmaids were dressed, and what were the bridal presents, are matters which will be fully described in our fashionable society columns as soon as cosmo-telegraphic communication is established between Venus and Terra.

The admiral set before the bridal party a nuptial *déjeuner*, while the ship put off shore and sailed a short distance down the river to give the royal party a bridal excursion.

Breakfast concluded, the admiral and officers escorted them around the ship. They took the liveliest interest in everything, some of the more sportive young maidens trundling the heavy guns around deck like nursery chariots, or playing croquet and tennis with the yard-arms, ponderous shot and shells. Cæsar took his young bride over the quarter-deck to show her his serpentine conquest. Leaning over the railing, he uttered his peculiar call. The obedient Megalophidon reared her enormous head above water and saw the happy

pair with their arms around each others' necks. Cleopatra, who had probably never seen a sea-serpent before—these creatures never making incursions into the Hesperidian sea—uttered a loud shriek of terror and sank back. Cæsar caught her in his arms.

The ocean queen saw, in that beauteous princess, a hated rival. Transported with rage and jealousy, she reared her scaly form high above water. Her blazing eyes shot fire. Glaring on the terrified princess with a look that almost froze the blood, the hairy tuft bristled around her head like the snaky locks of the Gorgon. She opened her vast jaws, gnashed her terrible fangs, uttered a furious hiss, snapped her cable with a desperate effort, turned a reproachful and despairing look on her beloved master, whirled about, lashed the waters into foam, and sped down the river out of sight.

“By Jove!” exclaimed the baronet, “there’s jealousy, hatred, and despair, with a vengeance. This ocean queen will brook no rival on the field. Woe betide our Hesperidian princess should she ever encounter the furious Megalophidon!”

Cæsar gazed after his departing steed with a sorrowful look. Cleopatra had swooned with fright. Her companions, frenzied with terror, sprang from the ship and swam ashore. Cæsar knelt by her side with tender endearments. She rose up, glanced around, saw her companions beckoning and calling to her. Tearing herself away from Cæsar’s embrace, she leaped overboard and swam towards the shore. Cæsar

rushed to the railing, calling her back ; but she paid no heed, reached the glade, and joined her companions.

The ship was slowly departing. Cæsar stood on the deck wistfully gazing at her. All at once she seemed transported with grief and despair, and held out her arms with agonizing gestures of appeal toward him, her lovely eyes swimming with tears, and uttering heartrending cries.

“ Really,” said the baronet, “ like Niobe, all tears. She looks grief-stricken as Queen Dido when great Æneas deserted her, or Ariadne when the false Grecian hero, Theseus, left her lamenting on the lonely isle.”

“ But your Trojan and Grecian heroes cruelly deserted those fair princesses of their own accord, whereas this desertion is entirely on Cleopatra’s part,” said the prince. “ I fancy Cæsar will behave more nobly.”

The vessel was departing. Poor Cæsar was in a dreadful quandary which to choose, the Barthovans, his human friends, his dear little Lilliputs, or the beauteous queen who had won his heart ; he seemed torn with conflicting emotions. Meanwhile Cleopatra was beckoning and lamenting, and the Lilliputs were bawling at the top of their voices ; Captain Jock was shaking his fist at the beauteous enchantress and growling like a wolf. For a few moments the struggle was desperate, but all-powerful love conquered. Cæsar rushed to the awning, folded the little ones in a last fond embrace, shook hands with Jock, waved farewell to us all, leaped

overboard, swam ashore, and clasped Cleopatra in his arms. Then, hand in hand, both swiftly fled into the forest, followed by the throngs.

We sailed down the river, coursing around the archipelago all that day and night ; next morning we put back to the island.

“Let us see if we cannot induce Cæsar to return with his bride,” said the prince.

The ship moored to the shore, we ascended the glade, now deserted, and entered the forest, calling loudly, but with no response. Finally several venerable councillors appeared and waved us back with expressive shakes of the head and motions of their spears. Feeling that any further search would be useless, we returned to the ship, put off, and sailed down the river. The poor little ones refused to be comforted, and cried as if their hearts would break ; while Captain Jock, scowling at the gray-beards, shook his club, growling like a lion.

“We have to thank that siren for robbing us of our Cæsar, the loss of the serpent, and the broken hearts of our little ones,” said the baronet.

“You evidently do not blame Cæsar for his part in this affair,” remarked Professor Anthrosos.

“Certainly not. When grave, dignified, respectable widowers are taken in by designing females, they are more sinned against than sinning. Besides, who ever saw a widower wedded to a young bride that did not behave like a fool.”

“Then you consider Cæsar a fool ?”

“Decidedly, where young and handsome female enchantresses are concerned. His great namesake, mighty Julius, was no better. The original

Cleopatra enticed him away from his fourth wife, the noble Calpurnia, toyed with him a while, then gave him the slip and took up with that curled and scented dandy, that wife-deserting, swashbuckler braggart, Mark Antony. Their wretched intrigue was ornamented by such charming sentiments on her part as 'Come, Charmian, let's to billiards'; 'Give me to drink mandragora'; 'Cut my laces, Charmian; I shall faint'; 'I am quickly ill and quickly well:' while Antony rants and whines, 'I must from this enchanting queen break off'; 'Would I had never seen her'; O, thou false spell of Egypt'; 'These strong Egyptian fetters I must break'; 'Most sweet queen'; 'Now for the hour of love and her soft hours'; 'What sport to-night?' 'I am dying, Egypt, give me some wine.' All of which is occasionally served up in our theatres to admiring audiences, who clap their kids, and murmur: 'Charming! Beautiful!' As for this Hesperidian enchantress, she is simply following the example of her Egyptian namesake. She will put Cæsar out at the back door, and let in some Venusian Mark Antony by the window. 'Tis to be hoped she'll die by the bite of the Asp, if not swallowed by the Megalophidon."

"At all events, we'll wish them a joyful honeymoon while it lasts," said the prince.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PALACE OF THE GODS.

LEAVING this Hesperidian Egypt and Nile, with its lilies, lotus flowers, ibises, and Cleopatran associations, we put out due east, and after several hours' sailing, reached a great mountainous mass nearly three miles in circumference, towering three thousand feet above water. It consisted of granite, gneiss, quartzite, mica, and other rocky strata, superimposed on each other, as if built by the hands of giants in the midst of this Hesperidian Sea.

"This rocky mass was originally formed in the bottom of the ocean by deposits of the different strata on each other, over the primitive igneous crust; then slowly upheaved from the deep foundations, to the surface," said Prof. Petrosus.

Its shape was an irregular polyhedron. Three thousand pyramids like that of Cheops, rolled into one, would not have made up its bulk. The mass above water alone must have weighed over twenty thousand million tons. Its base, of black igneous rock occupying the whole circumference, rose like an upright wall from three hundred to a thousand feet, sloping up to the pyramidal apex, which was a dome of crystalline quartz, shining with the brilliancy of a star, visible for many miles all over the sea.

The various colored rocks and marbles of which the mass was composed glittered under the bright

sun like jewels, giving it an aspect of indescribable splendor.

It was completely surrounded by floating masses of a peculiar variety of *algæ*, affording a firm foundation for the floral superstructure. Millions of oceanic flowers unknown on Earth, of gorgeous hues, bedecked this circular plaza ; some resembled our *aqua reginas*, great water-lilies, and pitcher-plants. It seemed like a platform of concentric rainbows brought down from the skies and spread over the sea.

The appearance of this wonderful work of nature resting, as it were, on the placid surface of the sea, amid this gorgeous floral esplanade, was inexpressibly magnificent.

“The superb palace of Aladdin, built by the Genii for the Princess Badroulbador amid the rose gardens of China, would shrink into utter insignificance beside this grand structure,” said the baronet. “We must have a name for it.”

“It shall be called the ‘Palace of the Gods,’” replied the prince.

The foundation was perforated in many places with openings, level with the water, two or three hundred feet broad, and rising in great Gothic arches like the portals of cathedrals. As we entered these openings, a scene of indescribable grandeur was displayed. The whole interior was hollowed out in stupendous caverns. Boundless rows of columns, pilasters, and bastions rose on every hand, from three to six hundred feet high, composed of the different colored rocks, supporting on their summits the great arched ceilings, which

swept over us in immense domes of gray granite, crystalline schist and feldspar, dark-green syenite, purple argillyte, red porphyry, and pure white marble. Far above, supported on these adamantine roofs, rose other rows of columns, pilasters, and arches ; and, above these, still others, up to the very summit. The whole mountainous mass was honeycombed, as it were, from top to bottom.

Gigantic stalactites of snowy white or colorless crystal hung like icicles from the domes. Stalagmites, pillars, pyramids, and thrones rose above the still waters, mingled with forms resembling those of human beings and animals. In the dark, deep recesses, strange, fantastic, and terrible shapes faintly glimmered like spectres amid the gloom. The waters were so clear and pellucid that we seemed to be sailing over a sea of transparent glass.

The officers threw up rockets and cast electric lights, brilliantly illuminating the scene. The columns, stalactites, and thrones glittered with sparkling effulgence as if spangled with jewels. The splendors of all the palaces and temples of Earth combined would utterly pale before a single one of these Hesperidian caverns. The crews sang songs and choruses which reverberated amid the galleries and grottoes with great power, the echoes being repeated from the countless domes.

We spent the day exploring the caverns, ascending to the upper galleries and arches, penetrating their deep recesses, new and wondrous sights meeting us on every hand. There was one cavern

embedded all through its walls and columns with solid masses of gold and silver. The baronet named this the Cave of Plutus. There was another, its walls, ceilings, and floors glittering with all manner of precious stones, jaspers, agates, amethysts, chrysolites, topazes, rubies, and emeralds. The sight was so indescribably magnificent as to dazzle our eyes, and certainly would have tempted not a few of our great jewel merchants to fly to Venus in ethervolts, simply to see, even if they could not appropriate. Gigantic and terrible forms appeared, as it were, of Afrits and Dives, stationed as sentinels to guard these treasures from the profane touch of mortal hands. We debated whether to name this the "Magician's Cavern" or the Treasure Chamber in the "Halls of Eblis," and finally decided upon the latter, because of the fierce Afrits.

We emerged from beneath the great Gothic portals, and as the setting sun cast his rays over the waters, a scene of great beauty was displayed. Myriads of fish, unknown on Earth or Mars, of beautiful forms and colors, sported and glanced over the azure expanse. Some threw off prismatic hues from their scales; others glittered with electric sparks or halos. Thousands of nautiluses gracefully moved to and fro, their shells the color of silver, pearl, or emerald, spotted or striped with crimson and gold; hippocampuses, with their equine-shaped heads and bodies, delicate membranous manes and tails, and eyes gleaming like rubies. Emerald-hued sea-snipes, golden sun-fish, silver-hued pikes, azure-spotted eels, copper-

colored chetodons, squirting jets and sprays from their bottle-shaped mouths, with which they bring down their insect prey, thronged the waters. There were pipe-fish firing drops of water in swift succession ; and flying fish of exquisite colors darted hither and thither like streaks of light. Flying all over the floral plaza were myriads of brilliant butterflies, green and golden dragon-flies, with silver and azure-hued wings, with millions of insects unknown on Earth.

As night came on, the whole sea and waters within the caverns shone with a brilliant phosphorescence from the myriads of infusoria with which they abounded. It is impossible to describe the scene ; the whole expanse seemed covered with a carpet of mingled silver and crystal.

We spent the night moored near one of the portals, and next morning began the ascent. This was accomplished by means of the eagles, who had remained quiet on their perches through the voyage, except when foraging around among the islands for their food. The prince, Captain Samadron, Ronizal, and the baronet saddled and mounted them, carrying long ropes. They flew up to the first row of terraces, several hundred feet above water ; rope-ladders were drawn up and firmly secured, and the officers and crews ascended. All the terraces were mounted in succession. They were surrounded by colonnades, pillars, and balconies of the different colored rocks, and perforated with vaulted recesses and caverns in all directions. The summit of this magnificent structure was a great conical dome, flattened at

the top, of pure crystalline quartz, over three thousand feet above water, commanding a splendid view of the archipelago and Hesperidian Sea.

“All we need,” said the baronet, “is the presence of the Olympian deities, nymphs, and Graces, and the Palace of the Gods is complete.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONVULSIONS OF NATURE.

FOR several days past we had noticed peculiar phenomena. Mysterious sounds were occasionally heard, but whether emanating from the ocean or surrounding air, none could tell. They resembled the faint reverberations of distant thunder, explosions of mines, or rumblings of chariots. Hollow moans arose from the foundations of the deep, accompanied by tremors of the air and sea. The sky became overcast as with a film of watery vapor. The sun was enveloped in a haze, with a dull, angry glare. By night the stars were obscured; the moon shone with a sinister light; the southern horizon was frequently illumined by flashes of sheet lightning; the atmosphere became close and oppressive. Some extraordinary perturbation of nature was impending.

One morning we discovered that the water had risen three feet above its former level around the mountain and within the caverns. As no tide was flowing, and the surface was as placid as ever, this phenomenon astonished us. The surrounding floral *plaza* was also partially submerged.

“Either the palace is sinking or the sea is rising ; it is hard to say which,” remarked Professor Petrosus. “The wonder is, it has taken place so quietly.”

We watched this mysterious phenomenon, which seemed to defy explanation, the whole day and night. By next morning the water had risen six feet, and the floral *plaza* had disappeared.

“Let us see whether the rise is also affecting the islands,” said the prince.

We left the Palace of the Gods and sailed back to the archipelago.

The water had risen the same height around the islands, flooding the shores and extending far into their interiors. Universal consternation prevailed. The Hesperidians had retreated to the higher grounds and distant hills ; many took refuge in the trees.

“If this goes on,” said the prince, “these beautiful isles will be submerged, and all the inhabitants lost.”

“Like our old antediluvians,” said the baronet. “But that deluge required forty days and nights of continual showering. The aqueous rule is, no rain, no water ; but here we have no rain and more water. Nature’s laws seem reversed on this Star of Love and Beauty. Besides, the antediluvians were drowned out for their wickedness. This Venusian deluge is rather hard on our innocent Hesperidians, it must be confessed. Nature’s laws, however, are sublimely indifferent to the merit or demerit, the weal or woe, of primevals and missing links, as well as human beings.”

"We will see how it fares with the barrier," said the prince.

By this time the mysterious sounds were increasing. We left the islands, sailed over the sea, and in a few hours drew up near the inlet. The water had risen ten feet all around the base of the rocks and precipices. The glare in the southern sky was deeper and more widespread.

"We will ascend to the top of the barrier, where we can better observe that extraordinary phenomenon," said the prince.

The ocean front of this stupendous headland flanking the inlet towered like an upright wall three thousand feet, overlooking the ocean for nearly a hundred miles in all directions. Its *façade* was continuous with the lower precipices and crags as they swept to the north and south. Its rear portion sloped back in the enclosed sea a long distance, descending to a low, rocky platform. Along the slope were terraces of various heights extending to the summit. The ship and Barthovans were moored to the platform, the rope-ladders were secured to the terraces, and all ascended. By this time the day had declined, night was coming on, and the rising moon shed an angry glare over the scene. The southern horizon was bathed in deep crimson, and a long line of dense black clouds hung over the distant waters.

Flocks of sea-birds were flying from the ocean over the barrier toward the north, uttering loud cries of alarm. The rush of their wings was like the sound of a coming storm.

"The natural instinct of these birds warns them

of some approaching catastrophe, and they are seeking refuge in the lands to the north," said Prof. Therios.

Suddenly a long, slender column of flame shot up from the horizon, its summit disappearing behind the cloud bank.

"A submarine volcano has sprung up," said Prof. Petrosus; "great seismic disturbance is taking place in those regions."

"Ascertain its distance," said the prince.

One of the officers had brought from the ship the instruments for measuring distance and altitude. The Admiral took observations.

"That volcano is nearly five hundred miles distant, and its upshooting column of flame nearly twenty miles high," said he.

"Our Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, and Cotopaxi must hide their diminished heads," said the baronet.

In a few moments another flaming pillar shot up about a hundred miles east of the first, and the faint rumblings of their explosions were like distant thunder.

"We will sail out and examine those volcanoes," said the prince.

We descended the headland, embarked, and, followed by the Barthovans, passed through the strait. To our great surprise, the ocean current, which ran so tumultuously through it, had disappeared, and the waters were quiet. We reached the open sea, the billows which dashed so violently against the precipices had ceased, and the whole expanse was smooth as a mirror. The

glare of the moon shone over the waters. The breeze had died away and the air was motionless. In a few moments another flaming spire shot up from the horizon a long distance beyond the second.

“Some extraordinary disturbance is taking place in the submarine terrestrial crust of those regions,” said the geologist.

“Venus is favoring us with a magnificent display of pyrotechnics,” said the baronet.

We were immersed in the dark shadow of the headland, which towered almost over our heads. The Barthovans were a short distance behind.

Suddenly the eagles raised their heads, glared around, sprang from their perches, flew high in the air, swiftly circling around the top masts, and uttered frightful screams.

“Their instinct discovers some great convulsion at hand,” said Prof. Petrosus.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

SUDDENLY a tremendous concussion that seemed to upheave the foundations of the deep shook the whole sea. The ship reeled as if smitten by a giant hammer from beneath. Every man was thrown to the deck. The Barthovans uttered a hollow moan.

“The barrier!” Hartilion cried in ringing tones. “Away!—or we shall be overwhelmed!”

We glanced around. The mighty headland, the

precipices and crags, were shaking to and fro, reeling, tottering over our heads. The sea was rising in enormous swells.

“Every man to his post!” shouted the Admiral. “Quick! crowd the motors to fullest power.”

The officers sprang to their stations. The ship leaped forward, every timber straining. The Barthovans lashed the waters. We rushed from the shadow of the headland, sped five miles in as many minutes, drew up, looked back, the barrier was motionless.

All drew a long breath of relief. The eagles flew down and resumed their stations. The Lilliputs, paralyzed with fright, had cowered under the rugs. Captain Jock sat quietly smoking his pipe, John having taught him that genteel accomplishment.

“A very narrow escape, gentlemen,” said the Admiral.

“Had the rocks fallen on our heads, my dear Admiral, your observation would have been quite to the point,” replied the baronet, lighting his briar-wood, “but as they did not happen to keel over, pardon me if I fail to perceive the escape. ‘A miss is as good as a mile,’ as my grandfather said, when a French cannon-ball shaved off one-half his whiskers at Waterloo. In regard to this little shake-up, having passed through a few of the same sort in South America, I don’t feel—”

Once more that dreadful concussion shook the deep more violently than before. Down fell the men. The ship almost capsized. The whole

barrier swayed, reeling and tottering. The movement continued perhaps ten seconds, then ceased. All rose to their feet.

"Will somebody kindly find my pipe?" said the baronet, rubbing his shoulders and knees.

One of the crew found it near the railing, and handed it to him; he relighted, and began to smoke vigorously.

"Lone Jack ar' werry comfortin' to the narves whar' arthquakes ar' consarned," observed Mr. Jinks, filling and puffing his corn-cob. "I never war' in South Ameriky; Californy shakes arn't much 'count. This ere warn't no shake-up. It war a fust-class shake-down. Ef she fires up agin, I advises all hands to brace up tight, stand to the rack, a-a-nd keep steady on yer pins."

Bang! came "shake-down" number three, as if the bottom of the ocean had split open. Down tumbled men, hats, pipes, pell-mell. The ship tossed with greater violence. The barrier was reeling and shaking at a terrible rate. Those who could scrambled to the sitting posture, holding on to each other as best they might. Ephraim puffed vigorously at his corn-cob, evidently concocting some new mode of keeping steady on his pins.

"Gentlemen," puffed the baronet, "Venus is evidently in one of her frolicsome moods, and getting ready for a general terpsichorean movement all around. The next performance of yonder crags and peaks will probably be a waltz or cotillion. When mountains begin to dance, the heavens should clap their hands and shout for joy; so

should all creatures here below. I therefore suggest we take our positions for the dance."

"All right, Mister Barrynet. We fellers will get on all fours 'n slide 'round like cows on the ice."

All followed Ephraim's suggestion. In fact, it was the only way to avoid rolling and tumbling over each other. In a few moments affairs became quiet. The ship ceased reeling; so did we, and so also did the peaks and precipices. All rose to their feet and proceeded to brush off and get themselves "braced up" for another shake-down. At this moment a loud "Hoi-oi-oi" rang over the waters.

"Hello!" shouted Hartilion from his perch, "here comes Cæsar!"

Captain Jock and the little ones rushed to the quarter-deck and sprang on the railing, uttering loud cries of joy. The ship veered about and sailed back. Cæsar soon came in view, breasting the waters with amazing power and speed.

"He buffets the billows as did his great namesake the waves of the Tiber," said the baronet.

The vessel drew up. The swimmer rapidly drew near. The vigor of his strokes showed that a five-mile swim was a mere trifle to him. Reaching the ship, he reached up, grasped the bowsprit, and leaped on deck, shaking the salt water from his hair and beard. The little ones uttered cries of delight. Stooping his colossal stature, he raised them in his arms, fondly caressing them as a father would his children. All on board uttered loud cheers and shook him warmly by the hand.

“King Julius,” said the admiral, good-humor- edly, “you deserve to be strung up to the yard- arm for desertion.”

The deserter grinned as if to say, “All right, Admiral, go ahead ; I’m willing, provided you and your whole crew can do the job ;” then strode off to the awning with the little ones and Jock.

“Our Cæsar’s honeymoon having been so brief,” said the baronet, “it would be interesting to know whether he has really broken the bands of the Hesperidian enchantress, as did his great name- sake those of the Egyptian, or whether they have had a domestic quarrel, or she has given him the mitten in favor of some Hesperidian Mark Antony.”

“It is not very likely he will give us any infor- mation on the subject,” said the prince.

“At all events, he is to be congratulated on his escape from feminine perdition.”

“It’s more than likely he did not care to be drowned out ; for Cleopatra and her court are probably roosting in the tree-tops,” said the pro- fessors.

The columns of flame were shooting up higher, the black cloud was growing denser, and the sky shone with a deeper crimson. The ship veered about, and, followed by the Barthovans, sailed slowly southward. The flaming display became more brilliant. We sailed all night, and by morn- ing had advanced two hundred miles beyond the barrier. The ashen hue of the sky had changed to a dull coppery glare. The sun rose in the east, but his beams failed to penetrate it. All at once

three little black specks appeared floating over the southern horizon ; on the water was another dark object.

“’Tis the air-ships and Captain Fulminax’s vessel,” exclaimed the prince. “Asterion and his party are returning from their voyages over the southern hemisphere.”

All levelled their glasses. The ships were about ten miles distant, speeding swiftly toward us. The vessel was nearly concealed from view by the showers of spray thrown from her prow. The ships were keeping even head with her, flying a short distance above water. In a few moments they came alongside, drew up, and Asterion, Prince Harovian, Captain Fulminax, and officers stepped on deck.

The first greetings over, Cæsar, Jock, and the Lilliputs were introduced. The mighty monarch received the exploring party with suave dignity, bestowing particular attentions on the renowned interplanetary navigator, evidently regarding him as a personage of considerable importance. We related our adventures on the Hesperidian Isles, and the party narrated the remarkable events of their voyages.

“But the most wonderful of all is yet to be told,” continued Asterion. “A great continent, three thousand miles long and over a thousand wide, is upheaving from the depths of the ocean, three hundred miles to the south.”

“That is indeed great news,” said the prince.

“The upheaval of a continent from the vasty deep is certainly one of the most brilliant

dramatic displays a planet can get up," said the baronet.

"The sinking of a continent excepted," said Asterion.

"Many years ago, if the renowned philosopher Plato is to be credited, a great continent named Atlantis sank to the bottom of our Atlantic ocean with all on board. It must have been a highly interesting melodramatic affair, quite equal to the fall of Jericho. I wonder how those Atlanteans felt when the bottom of things was being knocked out generally. I deeply regret I was not present to witness the performance."

The tourists were desirous of witnessing the stupendous phenomenon, but Captain Fulminax announced that it would be too dangerous for the vessels and Barthovans to approach sufficiently near for a favorable view. It was decided that one-half the party should go over in the air ships, the others awaiting their return, for the second trip. All who chose got aboard and flew away to the south, the others remaining behind.

CHAPTER XLIX.

UPHEAVAL OF A CONTINENT.

THE ships had advanced within a hundred miles of the scene. The ocean began to show evidence of the disturbance, heaving in wide-spread swells, then in rolling waves, and as we drew nearer, in tumultuous agitations as of violent storms; but not a breath of wind stirred. This extraordinary

phenomenon, so contrary to all meteorological laws, was portentous.

The ships flew on, reached the grand battleground between land and sea, ascended a few miles above the surface, and the tremendous geological cataclysm burst on our gaze.

The whole expanse was one pandemonium of enormous billows, pyramids, and whirlpools of foam, columns and sheets of spray, fighting and raging as if lashed by the whips of fiends.

In the midst of this oceanic hell, the summits of hills, the peaks of precipices and crags, the crests of huge headlands, broad strata, and areas of primitive igneous rock were slowly rising to the surface, accompanied by dreadful crashings and groanings, as if driven from the deep foundations by some resistless power, or seeking escape from some still more terrible conflict raging below. Jets of superheated steam spouted high in the air, mingled with enormous masses of rock, and shot up as if fired by submarine cannon.

Far in the distance, long mountain-ranges, sierras, and plateaus, covered with their calcareous strata, were steadily uprising and spreading out over vast surfaces. Some of these plateaus were like the bottoms of inland lakes, holding immense quantities of sea water, which, as they rose, ran in rivers or cataracts over the lower plains, back to the ocean. Still further beyond were other mountain-ranges, plains, and valleys in the interior, already established on their subterranean foundations.

But the most terrible of all were the volcanoes.

Two were near the edge of the uprising continent ; the third was far out at sea. They were only a few thousand feet in height, but their craters, vast shallow basins, were from five to ten miles in diameter. All the combined volcanoes of earth would have sunk into utter insignificance beside them. Their enormous flame-columns, hundreds of feet in thickness, shot fifteen to twenty miles in the air, far above the black pall of mingled smoke and sulphurous vapors overhanging the craters. Such thunderings and explosions on Earth could have been heard all over Europe. The molten lava was hurled up in enormous jets, miles high, or poured in torrents over the neighboring lands or into the surrounding ocean, converting the waters for miles around into boiling caldrons of mingled foam and fire. The whole atmosphere shook, and the air-ships trembled under the tremendous vibrations. Carcasses of great sea-monsters, boiled to death, mingled with myriads of fish, tossed and whirled amid the waters. Clouds of steam arose, obscuring the sun. The thunders, explosions, roarings, and hissings, with the bellowings of the agonized monsters, combined to produce a geological pandemonium utterly awful and indescribable.

“ Nature’s elements and forces are holding high carnival in their continent-manufacturing,” said the prince.

“ Like children loose from school, they indulge in sportive mood,” said Asterion. “ In time they will be reduced to order and brought under strict discipline by her laws.”

"How large a portion of this continent has been already upheaved?" asked the prince.

"Several hundred thousand square miles of the interior regions. These parts constitute the northern shore line."

"We must have a name for this new arrival on the stage of continental life," said the professors.

"It shall be called the continent of Asterion, in honor of its discoverer," replied the prince; and the renowned interplanetary navigator bowed his appreciation of the compliment.

"Gentlemen," said he, "as there is nothing further of interest to be seen, we will return and give our friends a view of this great upheaval."

The air-ships wheeled about and sped back toward the vessels, three hundred miles distant.

CHAPTER L.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

WHILE these events were happening, the vessels and Barthovans were quietly resting on the waters, awaiting the return of Asterion's party. The sails had been clewed up and the ships put in trim, as the appearance of sky and sea indicated a gathering storm, though it was impossible to foresee from what quarter it might come. All at once the officer stationed at the foretop called out—

"Tidal wave coming!"

"Where away?" shouted the admiral, through his trumpet.

“Directly ahead.”

“What distance?”

“Twenty miles.”

“Rate of speed?”

“Forty miles per hour.”

“Altitude?”

“Thirty feet.”

The news produced great excitement; many of the officers ascended the rigging to obtain full view. The phenomenon was not wholly unexpected, as the upheaval of a continent is followed by great oceanic disturbances.

“It will reach us within thirty minutes,” said the admiral. “We must meet it as it comes.”

The vessels separated to avoid collision; veered about, head to the south, and the anchorage ground being firm, cast starboard and port anchors in two hundred fathoms of water. Fifteen minutes passed; the foretopman sang out—

“Ho! Admiral.”

“Foretop,—aye!”

“Wave advancing fifty miles an hour!”

“Steadily increasing,” remarked the admiral; then hailing Hartilion and Benoidath, mounted on their ocean steeds near by, he asked:

“What do you Jehus propose to do about it?”

“Take the most glorious ride on the crest of that wave we’ve had for many a day,” replied Hartilion, swinging his cap.

“And we the same,” shouted Captain Samadron, Armazon, Benoidath, officers, and crews.

“Well, gentlemen, ’tis to be hoped you’ll enjoy it. In the meantime please put off to a re-

spectful distance, for when our ships go under, I don't wish the flippers and tails of your festive hippocampuses smashing my topmasts and rigging."

The Barthovans moved off; the eagles, birds, Jack, and Lilliputs were taken below. Cæsar refused to descend to the cabin, and lounged under the awning; the sky was still covered with its coppery canopy; the sea was smooth as a mirror; not a breath of air stirred. All at once a deep and solemn roar sounded over the sea.

"Wave within five miles of us, altitude sixty feet!" shouted the foretop man.

Along the southern horizon the waters were upheaved like a lofty wall of solid green glass, its summit resembling an architrave of frosted silver. It was rolling directly toward the ships at the rate of a mile per minute. The officers clustered on the forecastles watched its approach in silence.

"Five minutes will decide whether our ships survive the wave or are dashed to the bottom of the sea," remarked the admiral.

Cæsar now rose up from his couch, stood for a moment looking at the wave, a half-smile on his face, then deliberately tore the awning off deck and pitched it overboard, ripped the starboard life-boat from its fastenings and tossed it into the sea, reached up his hand, grasped the foremast yard-arm, thirty feet long, tore it, sail, tackle, and all, from the mast, and flung it after the boat like a broomstick.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the officers, "will he

tear the ship to pieces before the wave dismantles her ?”

“As he declines to go below, he probably does not wish the awning, boat, and spar to be thumping around his head when we go under,” replied the admiral.

“Big and strong as he is, he will certainly be swept overboard,” said the officers.

“In that case his epitaph shall be, ‘Farewell ! Cæsar ; we shall never look upon your like again.’”

The wave was now within two miles, and had risen to a hundred feet. Its appearance was terrible, its appalling roar and rush shook the ocean.

“All hands below !” shouted the admiral. “The wave will strike in two minutes !”

All hurried below, fastened the hatchway, and looked through the bow windows.

“Here she comes,” said the admiral. “Hold fast to whatever you can, boys.”

On rolled the wave with the roar of a thousand thunders. For a moment only its mighty wall towered above the topmast, its crest, crowned with clouds of foam, shutting off the sky in front, then dashed down on the ship. Every man was thrown to the floor ; a loud crash was heard on deck ; and amid the groaning of timbers, the hissing of surf, and all deafening sounds, the ship was hurled steep down in darkness to the bottom.

* * * * *

In a few moments she arose to the surface, straining and heaving at her cables, reeling, staggering, and trembling amid the tumultuous bil-

lows. All sprang up the companion-way to the deck ; the water was pouring in streams from the scuppers, two life-boats and six heavy deck guns had been swept away, the main and mizen top-masts, broken short off, hung dangling by their tackle, the bowsprit and jib were gone, the rudder was broken. Standing by the stump of the foremast, its whole upper gear and rigging gone, was Julius Cæsar, wiping the salt water from his beard and hair, quietly, as if he had just finished his plunge bath. He glanced around with his usual good-humored smile as if to say, "Well, little boys, how did you like it?"

A short distance beyond, Captain Fulminax's vessel was laboring at her cables, while away rolled the tidal wave, with thundering sound, bearing on its crest the two Barthovans, their forms almost concealed amid clouds of foam.

The ocean was in a tumult. The billows which always follow in the wake of great tidal waves rolled in angry surges, violently tossing the ships, but the cables held them firm. Captain Fulminax's vessel, which had also been overwhelmed, had suffered greater damage to her masts and rigging. The crews went to work with their axes, cleared away the wreckage, and put the ships to rights as far as practicable.

A new awning was rigged up. The Lilliputs, who had been nearly frightened out of their senses, came up with Jock and cuddled close to Cæsar's side. He had escaped being washed overboard by throwing himself flat on deck and grasping the foremast, in spite of the crash of spars

and rigging all around him. Any wave that sought to tear him from his hold would have had to rip the mast clean out from its socket—an impossible feat for any tidal, however tremendous it may be.

In a short time the Barthovans came up, Hartilion and Benoidath mounted in their saddles and carolling sea-songs at the top of their voices.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the admiral, “’tis to be hoped you enjoyed your ride!”

“Magnificent! Glorious!” shouted the Jehus, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. “When the big ocean mountain rolled toward us, our Barthovans sped up the slope and sported amid the showers of spray.”

“And we were compelled to cling with all our might to the railing to prevent being washed overboard; came near being suffocated, and are completely drenched also,” replied the officers.

“Sorry your fun was so dampened,” said Captain Fulminax; “but as there will probably be a few more of the same sort before the upheaving continent is settled, with a little more practice and experience you’ll enjoy them all the better.”

“Thanks, Captain,” replied the Barthovanites, “but we have had enough tidal sport to satisfy us for the balance of our lives.”

As it was necessary for the vessels to undergo repairs, the admiral decided to return to the Hesperidian Sea and take refuge behind the headland, the earthquake shocks having passed away. In order to notify Asterion of their departure, a floating buoy, with staff and white

flag, was fastened to a small anchor and cable, and lowered overboard. A notice was attached to the staff, announcing the tidal wave and departure of the ships, together with a description of the locality of the barrier. The ships weighed anchor and, followed by the Barthovans, made sail for the Hesperidian Sea.

CHAPTER LI.

THE TYPHOON.

THE air-ships had left the upheaving continent about two hours after the vessels departed, flying toward the station to take the other party aboard and return. For some time past the meteorological instruments had shown perturbations; the barometer began to sink; the coppery mantle enshrouding the sky seemed to descend lower; the atmosphere became more close and oppressive—all indicating an approaching storm.

Numerous small cirrus clouds, white as wool, began to fleck the southern sky, hanging motionless. The appearance of these clouds was ominous.

Meanwhile the tourists reached the station, discovered the buoy, threw out a rope, and hauled it aboard Asterion's ship.

“Our friends have had lively experience with a tidal,” said Asterion, reading the note. “The Barthovans, Jehus, and officers appear to have enjoyed it.”

“I myself once enjoyed the felicity of riding one of those rippling wavelets, on board ship, in the Indian seas,” remarked the baronet. “The sensations were delightfully soothing ; hope I may have the opportunity of enjoying a Venusian tidal also.”

“The upheaving continent will probably throw off other waves, giving you abundant facilities,” replied Asterion.

“By this time our friends are probably safe behind the barrier, relating their mutual experiences,” said the prince.

“We will take them over to the upheaval,” said Asterion.

The ships rose a few hundred feet in the air. Asterion was taking his bearings, when an officer on the quarter-deck called out—

“Look to the south !”

A dense, black mass of clouds, stretching over one-third the southern horizon, was slowly rising above the sea, obscuring the pillars of volcanic flame-and-smoke canopy. Its shape was crescentic, curving downward in the centre like a sickle, and rising at either end in two enormous horns, pointing to the zenith. It resembled a vast black-velvet curtain, uplifted between sea and sky.

“A tornado is coming,” said Asterion. “I encountered several during our voyage over the southern hemisphere, but none so portentous in its appearance as this ;” then, turning to the officer : “What is its distance and its rate of speed ?”

The officer consulted his instruments.

“Thirty miles distant, and advancing at the rate of sixty miles an hour,” said he.

“Tornadoes, like tidal waves, are often the results of continental upheavals,” said Asterion. “This has sprung up since we left. Its velocity will increase to double and even triple its present rate.”

“Many of our friends have never enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the passage of a tornado from above,” said the prince. “It would give them much pleasure.”

“It is, indeed, a grand and terrible sight, presenting many elements of the beautiful, also,” Asterion replied. “I shall take great pleasure in giving them this opportunity. Before the storm reaches us, we will elevate the ships to the region of calm, and witness the display.”

“I once had the opportunity of enjoying a similar pleasure,” said the baronet. “Had a ride in a balloon, on the back of a lively tempest, from France to England, across the channel. The beautiful part of it was, we landed in a dead crab-apple tree, in the cow pasture of a close-fisted Yorkshire boor. The old rascal made us pay fifty guineas for trespass and damage to his miserable tree, and ten guineas extra for tramping over his onion patch, and wouldn’t give us a single crab-apple or onion, although we were almost starved to death.”

The cloud mass was steadily rising to the zenith. The two horns stretched forward along the sky, coiling like immense black serpents, as if dragging the mass behind them. The small fleecy

clouds, hitherto motionless, began to move slowly toward the north, like an advance-guard heralding the approach of the tempest. The air was filled with flocks of sea-birds uttering loud cries and flying for refuge towards the north. Tumultuous lashings of the waters were heard. Sea-monsters of all species, animated by the same terror, were swimming away in multitudes, with their hideous heads raised above water, bellowing loudly.

“This indicates that the tempest will be of extraordinary severity,” said Asterion.

All at once a low, deep, solemn sound, almost musical, apparently emanating from the cloud, arose like the tone of an organ, then died away. The coppery hue of the sky changed almost to an infernal glare, reflecting its color on the sea, which resembled a vast plain of shining brass. The air seemed dead; the silence was profound; the awful black mass, with its coiling serpentine horns, was rapidly advancing to the zenith; the whole southern heavens were immersed in darkness.

“What is the thickness of the storm belt, from the surface to the top stratum?” asked Asterion.

“Three miles,” replied the officer, consulting his instruments.

“Its greater force and weight is in the lower stratum, its greatest velocity in the upper,” remarked Asterion.

Once more that deep and solemn sound arose, rising and swelling louder and still louder, higher and higher, then burst into one mighty blast, like

the clangor of a gigantic trumpet, blown by the demon of the tempest.

"'Tis the signal of the storm king, summoning his legions to battle," said Asterion. "Elevate the ship three miles and a quarter in the air."

The prows of the ships turned upward ; they ascended in long spirals to the region of calms, and remained motionless. We ascended the decks and seated ourselves near the railings.

"From this elevated situation we can enjoy a fine view of the cyclone," said Asterion.

"Like the spectators in the top gallery of a theatre, we can witness the performance much more satisfactorily than in the high-priced orchestra chairs and boxes, where fashionables love to display their fine attires," said the baronet.

"And as we took an early breakfast," said the prince, "we may as well strengthen the inner man in the interim."

The lunch-baskets were brought up, and the party proceeded to discuss the *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

Such an event as a party of tourists from two planets, taking an aerial lunch above the clouds, in the skies of another planet, is not seen every day. The baronet and some of the officers sang songs. Had another party of tourists been sailing below, they would have sworn they heard angelic voices, or the music of the spheres.

"What will be the character and style of this typhoonic drama about to be presented before us?" queried several of the party.

"From my balloon experience across the chan-

nel," replied the baronet, "I apprehend it will be partly tragic, partly comic, partly serio-dramatic and melodramatic. There will be startling scenic effects and rapid movements, with appropriate music through the performance. The actors on this aerial stage are stars of great experience and established reputation, and enact their roles with great *éclat*. This aerial drama will be highly interesting."

The black cloud-mass now began to unroll and arrange itself in separate parts, like an army in battalions, regiments, and companies on the battlefield.

"The actors are placing themselves in order on the stage," said the baronet.

"When typhoons obey the laws of order, it can be truly said that order is heaven's first law," said the prince.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning shot through the mass from end to end, apparently splitting it asunder, and a thunder peal shook the sea.

"The curtain has rung up," said the baronet.

"It went up with a jerk," remarked the tourists.

"Perhaps the rope broke."

A long tongue of grayish vapor stole stealthily out from the base of the cloud, rapidly elongating itself in the form of a slender wedge as it advanced over the waters.

"The principal star actor opens the play," said the baronet.

The rear part of the tongue expanded itself like an opening fan, or the tail of a comet, into whirl-

ing nebulous clouds. The tongue sped over the waters, dragging the clouds behind, followed by the black mass; along its track the waves were beaten down into foam.

“That tongue of vapor is the vortex of the cyclone,” said Asterion.

“Being the principal star actor, he occupies the centre of the stage, and draws within his circle all his associates, and the sympathies and applause of the audience,” remarked the baronet.

Balls of green and crimson fire, and flashes of yellow lightning shot from the vortex in all directions, accompanied with crashing peals of thunder.

“The star enters into the performance of his role with a fine display of fireworks,” said the baronet.

A frightful howling, shrieking, and whistling, apparently coming from the black mass, resounded through the air.

“Other actors are making their *entrées*,” said several.

“The God of the winds has unlocked his caverns, and unchained his winged messengers,” said the prince.

“Fully competent to fulfil their duties in this performance with energy and dispatch,” said the baronet.

“With lightnings, thunders, and winds to back him, our Typhonic star actor is magnificently supported,” remarked the prince.

The Cyclonic monster was now tearing over the ocean with fullest power and speed. The waves



DOWN PLUNGED THE SHIPS INTO THE VORTEX OF THE TYPHOON.—(CHAP. LII.)

were crushed flat under its resistless pressure, and the whole expanse was one whirling mass of foam. Forked lightnings shot through the cloud. Thunder peals shook the heavens. The winds were howling and shrieking like demons in torments, and loud above all rose the dreadful roaring of the sea, as if in the agonies of dissolution.

Asterion departed in one of the air-ships, coursing in various directions over the cloud-mass, to ascertain its extent. Meanwhile the other ships were keeping at even pace, on a line with the front of the cyclone, which was flying over the mad ocean at the rate of eighty miles an hour, toward the Hesperidian Sea.

CHAPTER LII.

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

SUDDENLY that same appalling concussion rose from the deep. The sea, the clouds, and circumambient air trembled, the air-ships reeled.

“Enter heavy tragedian number one, the great upheaver and downshaker,” said the baronet.

“Look!” shouted the officers, pointing below.

A huge tidal wave, sixty feet high, extending for miles on either hand, upheaved itself beneath and rolled toward the north.

“That reminds me of the East India tidal, whose influences were so soothing,” said the baronet.

Five minutes passed, and another concussion arose, more tremendous than the first.

“Enter tragedian number two, heavier than his predecessor,” said the baronet.

“Good heavens !” exclaimed the officers. “Look—behind.”

Two tidal waves, longer and taller than the first, upheaved from the waters a few miles in the rear.

Within ten minutes came a third concussion, followed by another wave of still more monstrous dimensions, close behind.

“By Jupiter !” exclaimed the baronet. “Four heavy tragedians, full of sound and fury ! They’ll tear the stage all to pieces !”

The four waves, following each other, were roaring and ramping over the ocean, head to head with the tornado, at the rate of eighty miles per hour. We were now within a hundred miles of the Hesperidian Sea. Suddenly a thrilling cry was heard ; we looked around, Asterion was rushing his ship at highest speed toward us.

“Air-ships ahoy !” shouted he in ringing tones. “The tidals will stretch to a hundred miles long and rise three hundred feet high. Hurried on by the increasing speed of the tornado, they will dash over the barriers, wreck the vessels, drown all. We must fly to the rescue, and warn our friends in time. Out with the storm wings ! plunge down into the heart of the cyclone ! we can fly five miles a minute, outstrip it. Quick ! ’tis a race for life !”

All descended to the cabins ; the propellers were folded ; the storm wings projected from their ports, the ships plunged down into the vortex of

the typhoon, flying on its wings and their own combined.

No language can describe the scene. . We were immersed in darkness, whelmed in chaos of lightnings, thunders, shrieks of the tornado, groans of the ocean, and roars of the tidals. Flying at three times their speed, we soon emerged in front, leaving them behind ; sped over the waters, soon to be torn in convulsions by the coming tempest ; the loud scream caused by our terrific rush through the air resounded in the cabins.

Within twenty minutes we had flown ninety miles. The sky was clear overhead. The front line of the coming tornado and waves had sunk from view below the southern horizon. We were now within ten miles of the barrier, its lofty peaks in full view.

“Look !” said the prince, pointing to the right.

Hartilion and Benoidath, mounted on their ocean steeds, with only a few of the crews on the decks, the captains and officers having embarked on the vessels, were gaily coursing side by side over the waters.

The ships descended within speaking distance, and we raised the windows.

“All hail ! southern tourists,” shouted Hartilion, doffing his cap and looking up. “Come down ; get aboard, and tell us about the continental upheaving performance.”

“No time for pleasantry,” Asterion replied. “Get you behind the barrier soon as possible. The whole sea is mad with fury. Four great tidal waves, two hundred miles long, are coming

on like ten thousand thunders—will be here within thirty minutes.”

“Hurrah ! hurrah !” shouted the giant. “Four glorious rides we’ll have.”

“You’ll be overwhelmed and dashed to pieces against the rocks.”

“Pardon me, my dear interplanetary navigator, if I presume to disagree with you on that point. Our Barthovans will ride over these waves and let them dash themselves against the rocks. Is not that so, Brother Ben ?”

“That’s so,” replied Benoidath from his perch.

“A tempest is coming, a hundred miles an hour,” continued Asterion.

“Excellent ! Tempests and tidals make splendidly matched racers.”

“Hurricanes ! tornadoes ! cyclones ! typhoons coming on like ten million roaring, ramping, howling, screaming devils !” shouted all on board.

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” laughed the giants, snapping their fingers. “Hurry ’em along ; the more the merrier.”

“Perfect dare-devils,” muttered Asterion.

“By Jove ! they’d face his Satanic majesty himself, with all his legions at his heels,” said the baronet.

The windows were closed. On flew the ships, reached the barrier, dashed over the precipices, entered the Hesperidian Sea, and drew up near the vessels moored alongside the rocky platform. The crews were repairing the masts and rigging ; officers were coursing in boats over the quiet waters, some were strolling among the rocks.

“Fly for your lives!” shouted the prince, Asterion, and crews. “To the rocks, precipices, headland! The tornado and tidal waves are coming, will be here in twenty minutes; will dash over the barrier; the vessels will be overwhelmed!”

The admiral and officers shouted the alarm. The crew swiftly descended from the masts; the boats sped back; the sailors sought to lead Cæsar and the little ones away from the awning; but they refused to follow. All sprang on the platform and ascended the ladders to the first terrace a hundred feet above the water; the birds followed; the eagles sprang from their perches, flew up to the summit of the headland, and glanced with their fierce eyes to the south, uttering loud screams.

The air-ships drew up near the terrace, floating quietly, with gently waving wings.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE DELUGE.

A DEEP, solemn tone now rose on the still air. Louder and louder it grew, until the very rocks, sea, and air trembled beneath the dreadful sound. All stood with bated breath.

“’Tis the coming wave,” said Asterion.

On it came with the rush and roar of a thousand railroad trains; dashed against the barrier, hurling its columns of spray and foam up to the summit; rolled through the inlet, and struck the

vessels, straining at their moorings, tossing them violently. Cæsar glanced around indifferently.

Twenty minutes passed. Once more that solemn sound arose, swelling louder and still louder, its deep and ponderous tone transcending the former.

“’Tis the second wave,” said Asterion.

It was over three hundred feet high, and came with a rush that shook the whole barrier. It poured in cascades over the lower precipices, dashed through the inlet, and tore the vessels from their moorings, sweeping them away amid the surges. Cæsar sprang up and threw Katie and Billy over his shoulder; Captain Jock did the same with Harry. They leaped from the tossing vessel, breasted the whirling waves, swam to a low, rocky platform skirting one of the lower precipices, clambered up to a terrace about a hundred feet above water, sat down, and quietly observed the scene, laughing and chattering with each other.

“Cæsar and the little ones are evidently familiar with these aqueous performances,” remarked the baronet.

Asterion pointed above.

The cloud-mass, left behind in our flight, had advanced over the southern sky. Its upper edge, with the serpentine horns, ascended to the zenith and swept over to the north, covering the whole heavens. We were immersed as in the darkness of night.

Suddenly another blinding flash of lightning split the black canopy wide open from end to end, and a thunder-peal shook the Hesperidian Sea.

“The tornado is coming,” said Asterion.

The awful howls and shrieks of the hurricane now burst on the air. The tornado rushed over the barrier. Sheets of livid fire flew around the peaks and flashed among the crags with hissings and explosions. Sky, clouds, and sea seemed one furious chaos. As the rolling masses flew overhead, demon faces seemed to glare forth, and horrible shapes gleamed ghastly among the aerial gulfs and abysses.

All at once an all-pervading roar that seemed to swallow up all other sounds burst amid the hellish pandemonium, and the last two tidal waves, far larger than the others, came thundering on like rolling battlements of green crystal, surmounted by snow-white crests. They struck the trembling headland, rushed through the inlet, and hurled the reeling ships against a craggy reef. Higher and still higher they rose, sprang over the summit of the barrier, pouring down like the cataract of Niagara, sweeping Cæsar, Jock, and the little ones off the terrace, down to the bottom, beneath their whelming torrents.

“Great heavens! they are lost!” exclaimed all.

“Beware! beware!” Asterion cried in ringing tones. “The waterspouts! Cling to the ropes, chains, rocks!”

Five immense waterspouts, hitherto concealed from view by the barrier, were following the waves. Their summits were crowned with whirling clouds, reaching up to the black canopy above. Their long funnels, like elephants' trunks or twist-

ing serpents, which suck up the water as through a hose-pipe, were trailing over the sea. All heard the dreadful sound, saw the vapors whirling overhead, and clung desperately to the chains and ropes.

The spouts struck the headland and surrounding precipices, and broke asunder, pouring a deluge over them, and rushing in torrents down their slopes. It seemed almost a miracle that the whole company were not instantly swept away.

Suddenly, in the midst of these horrors, that appalling concussion rose again from the deep.

“The earthquake! The earthquake!” cried all.

The giant headland, the tall precipices, the craggy reefs, were reeling, tottering; and, amid the awful grinding and crushing sounds rising everywhere, arose the terrified cries of those on the terraces.

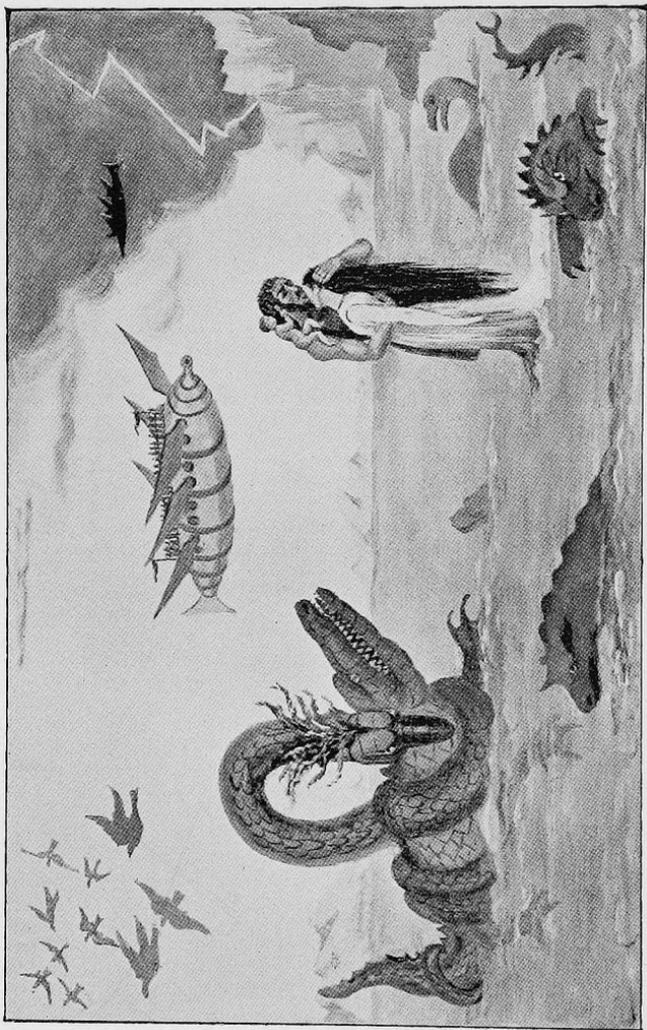
“The barrier is sinking! We are lost!”

“Out with the air-ships!” shouted Asterion.
“To the rescue!”

The ships, which had moved off near an adjoining crag to escape the downpour of the water-spouts, flew over to the terraces; the whole company crowded tumultuously aboard, and hurried to the cabins; the ships put off to a distance, tossing in the terrible gusts of the hurricane.

The Gates of Elysium, the sunny Hesperidian Sea with its beauteous emerald isles, were doomed.

Amid the lightnings and thunders, the shriek of the tornado, and roars of the ocean, with which were mingled louder and still more appalling



CÆSAR, CLASPING CLEOPATRA TO HIS BREAST, AWAITED HIS DOOM.—(CHAP. LIV.)

sounds, down toppled the lofty precipices and craggy peaks ; down sank the solid walls and terraces, throwing up cataracts and sheets of spray and converting the whole sea into a maelstrom. The mighty headland upheaved, tottered, swayed from side to side, then plunged with a hollow roar to the bottom. We looked around. The whole barrier, as far as eye could see, had disappeared beneath the engulfing waves.

“On to the Isles !” Asterion cried.

We sped over this once beauteous sea, now a wild waste of tumultuous waters, and reached the archipelago. The outer isles had disappeared. The inner clusters, with their mossy banks, lofty trees, and luxuriant foliage, were rapidly sinking. The merciless ocean was rolling its foaming billows over them all. Those throngs of innocent beings, once dwelling in peace and happiness among their flowery groves, were struggling in throes of death amid the waves.

The terrible gusts had ceased ; the hurricane was declining.

“Look !” exclaimed the officers. “Cæsar !—the serpent !”

CHAPTER LIV.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A SCENE was now displayed which, in dramatic grandeur and pathos, was unparalleled.

The lost sea-serpent was coursing hither and thither over the waves, her head curved downward, now pausing, now accelerating her speed, as if

searching for something lost amid the waters. Around her head was buckled the same bridle she had worn when, bursting her bonds in that paroxysm of jealousy and despair, she fled from her master and the ship. The sea was covered with the dead and dying victims of the flood, but she sped onward, heeding them not, in her swift career.

Cæsar was mounted near her crest, holding the reins, no weapon in his hand ; with head bent low, he was earnestly scanning the waters in every direction ; poor little Billy was mounted on his shoulders, clinging to his hair, and crying pit- eously.

That Cæsar had survived the cataract that swept him and the little ones from the cliffs, and had rescued his helpless charge from the engulf- ing water-spouts, the raging billows, the ocean flood, and downfall of the precipices, seemed a miracle. Even the very sea-monsters and other denizens of the deep had fled in terror from that awful cataclysm. How he had found and caught the serpent amid that hell of the elements, or what unknown instinct had drawn them together ; how she had yielded up her rage and fury against the hated rival, that beauteous Hesperidian queen who had enticed away her beloved master ; how she had permitted the sentiment of forgiveness, if such it may be called, to reign in her breast, with a return of affection toward him ; what unknown tie united this terrible oceanic Megalophidon and this mighty Anthropopithekos, monarch of the Venusian animal kingdom, is one of the profound mysteries of Nature.

Poor Katie, Harry, and Jock were evidently lost ; but Cæsar had not given up all hope and was searching the waters for them, dead or alive. His countenance exhibited deepest solicitude, grief, and almost despair, as he coursed hither and thither among the islands, sinking one by one, the plaintive cries of their helpless inhabitants sounding over the waters.

Finding his search unavailing, he gave his steed full rein and advanced rapidly toward the last of the group, the home of the giant Hesperidians and their queen. Our ships followed close behind.

This magnificent island was slowly sinking. Its shore line had disappeared. The delta and mouths of the Nile river, the lotus flowers, lilies, and mossy banks were already submerged. The distant glades and valleys were covered with waters. The hills and stately forests, with their luxuriant foliage, were trembling amid the billows of the inrolling flood. The air was filled with countless flocks of birds, flying helplessly and uttering plaintive cries.

The tumultuous sea was thronged with old and young, males, females, and little ones, struggling amid the waves. Some were swimming aimlessly to and fro ; some were clinging to the trunks and branches of trees, upturned by the tempest ; others were paddling about in their canoes, rescuing the drowning. Thousands were writhing in their death agonies. Dead bodies floated amid the surf. The air resounded with cries and shrieks of despair. The scene was dreadful, presenting a thrilling picture of the awful fate of the ante-

diluvian giants, overwhelmed in the Noachian deluge.

As the terrible Megalophidon rushed among them like the incarnate demon of the sea, many who had never seen such a monster before plunged beneath the waves with shrieks of horror. Others, who recognized the colossal rider, held out their hands, imploring aid ; but he paid no heed, coursing round and round with bent head and eager eyes, closely scanning the waters.

All at once Cæsar paused, threw up his arms, and uttered a heartrending cry. Then, stooping down, he raised the inanimate body of a female tenderly in his arms. Her flowing hair, drenched with brine, swept over her form. She was clothed in the mantle worn by him during the festivities on the isle.

“’Tis his lost Cleopatra,” said the prince. “His scarf is round her neck. In her last moments she thought of him, and clothed herself in his royal robes to meet her doom.”

Cæsar clasped her to his breast, which heaved as if his mighty heart would break, kissed the cold brow, cheeks, and lips, stroked the dark, damp locks, and chafed the poor stiffened hands, uttering plaintive moans.

Many an eye was moistened as they gazed upon these touching manifestations of grief and love. This dearest and most precious sentiment of the human heart reigns through the whole animate kingdom of nature, among birds and beasts as well as human beings, and often far more faithful, devoted, and self-sacrificing, rising above the

domain of mere instinct. It is expressed in the gentle lowings of the herds and in the notes of fowls. It is sung in the soft cooings of the dove, the sweet and delicious trillings of the nightingale and thrush. It is displayed in the deepening hues of the dolphin and sun-fish, the rich colors of the dragon-fly, and the bright glimmer of the noctiluca, as they haste to join their mates.

If love is an attribute of the soul or mind only, and if birds and beasts have no souls, how that noble and tender passion, that loyal and unselfish sentiment can so manifest itself in the breasts of these inferior creatures is a question for our mental philosophers and psychologists to solve, if they can.

Tenderly holding the lifeless form in his arms, Cæsar shook the reins. The serpent, regardless of her double load, sped swiftly toward the Palace of the Gods, whose starry pinnacle glimmered above the distant waters. The ships followed and drew near.

“Great heaven!” exclaimed all, “the Palace of the Gods is doomed!”

This magnificent structure, built by Nature’s clever hand in Ocean’s deep abysses, among her valleys of amber, her gardens of coral, her gold-strewn sands and jewelled caves, was now yielding to the inexorable laws of fate and slowly sinking beneath the waves.

It almost seemed as if, like some living being, grief-stricken at the downfall of those beauteous isles, she, glorious empress of them all, queen of this silvery Hesperidian Sea, had determined not

to survive them, and of her own accord sought, in the cradle of her birth, her last resting-place.

The stupendous foundations, the caverns, terraces, arches, and colonnades, the surrounding *plaza* of gorgeous flowers,—all had sunk beneath the abyss, and naught was left but the summit, which still proudly reared its glittering dome above the waters.

The scene brought to mind the grand lines in “The Tempest :”

“The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.”

Cæsar loosed the reins of his steed and, folding the lifeless form in his arms, the little one still clinging to his shoulders, sprang to the waters, swam to the dome, and ascended its summit ; then, rearing his colossal form to its full stature, he clasped his beloved one close to his breast, and kissed her brow, lips, cheeks, uttering plaintive moans.

The serpent drew off a short distance, earnestly regarding her grief-stricken master.

The waters were rising slowly over the dome. They reached the glittering summit, and that bright, crystal star, that erstwhile shone in glory over the Hesperidian Sea, was forever extinguished. The waters rolled over his feet, his limbs, still ascending.

“In heaven’s name !” cried the prince, “save him ! Let not him and his little helpless friend perish !”

The ships gathered around, hovering above the waters. We called, implored, holding out our hands—in vain.

He turned his sad eyes on us with mournful and pathetic look, and shook his head. The little one heeded not our appeal, but clung to the thick, curling hair, and uttered a low wail. Any attempt at force on our part would have been unavailing.

“’Tis all in vain,” said Asterion. “He will perish with his beloved ones.”

A loud surging was now heard in the surrounding waters. The savage sea-monsters were gathering around, impatient for their prey—mososaurs, crocodile-lizards, sharks, saurians, ganoids, and other reptiles and fishes; their hideous scaly heads rose on every hand. We could not attack them, our arms being lost with the vessels.

The Megalophidon’s eyes flashed fire. She uttered a furious hiss. Rearing her neck in a lofty arch, her enormous muscles quivering under their resistless nerve tension, she opened her terrible jaws and rushed like an incarnate genius of vengeance among them, tearing them in pieces, crushing them in her folds, smashing them with the blows of her tail. The horrible horde were speedily despatched. The few survivors, maimed and bleeding, sped away with bellowings of terror. The serpent then circled round and round her beloved master, watching sharply for any other enemies that dare approach.

The waters, slowly rising, ascended to Cæsar’s breast. He raised his eyes for one last look upon

the sky, one glance around. For a moment his gaze lingered mournfully on us, and a tear, glittering like a dewdrop 'neath the sun's ray, stood in his eye ; then clasping his beloved more closely to his breast, he awaited his doom.

The little one leaned over and kissed his cheek ; Cæsar closed his eyes.

The gentle ripple of the waters alone was heard, as they rose, little by little, o'er neck, o'er cheek, o'er brow.

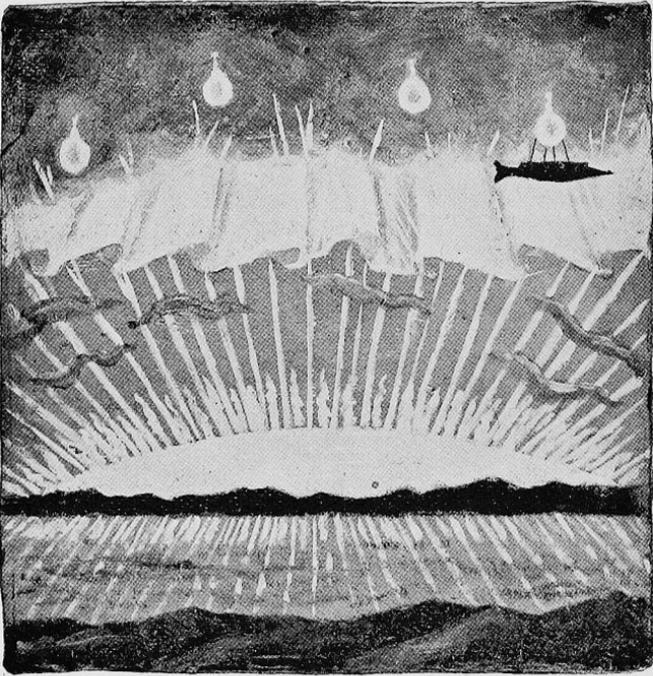
The dark, leonine masses of hair, crowning Cæsar's head, now disappeared.

A wavelet floated near, bearing on its bosom an olive branch, emblem of peace. The little one held out its hands, uttering a plaintive cry ; the wavelet passed on ; for a moment two tiny hands were seen feebly clasping the branch,—then were seen no more.

The Megalophidon drew near that spot where those hands were last seen, lowered her head, closed her eyes, and plunged beneath the sea.

* * * * *

The storm-clouds fled away ; the sun shone bright in the azure sky, casting his warm rays over the waters and tinting the wave crests with rosy, golden hues. That little olive branch, floating on the wavelet, alone marked the spot where once bloomed in beauty, and shone in splendor, the Gates of Elysium, the Isles of the Hesperides, and the Palace of the Gods.



DEPARTURE FROM VENUS. — (CHAP. LV.)

CHAPTER LV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE upheaval of this great continent was caused by an elevation of the submarine crust, under the expansive force of the internal fires of the planet. This was necessarily followed by a corresponding depression of the submarine crust beneath the Hesperidian Sea, and the submergence of the archipelago and barrier. Similar upheavals were occurring over other parts of the planet's crust, accompanied by the appearance of new lands and islands throughout the seas and oceans. These great geological cataclysms occur in all the habitable planets of our system during the early periods of their history, and are the necessary steps in their progress of development to fit them for the abode of life.

Similar geological changes on very moderate scales are taking place on the planet Mars, in consequence of its far greater age and the gradual shrinkage of its crust. Elevations and depressions are also occurring along the shore-lines of continents and islands on our Earth, not unfrequently within the memory of a few generations.

The Isles of the Hesperides had obeyed the fiat of an inexorable geological law prevailing throughout the worlds.

In a short time the Barthovans came paddling over the waters, their drivers mounted on their crests and carolling sea-songs. The Jehus de-

clared they had enjoyed the most glorious sport in their lives, having mounted all the tidals in succession. Hartilion's hippocampus had come very near being sucked up, with all on board, by the largest water-spout; but Benoidath's steed—evidently not anxious for her mate to be translated to the upper spheres—had held fast to one of his paddles with her jaws. The water-spout, being hardly competent to swallow two Barthovans at once, gave up the job and contented itself with bursting asunder and distributing its aqueous contents very liberally, giving them the most deluging cataractous bath they ever enjoyed in their lives. Hartilion severely denounced the meddlesome interference of Madame Barthovanness, which had deprived him of the glorious opportunity of riding over the aerial cloud-ocean in company with the typhoon, at the rate of three miles a minute.

The admiral, officers, and crews greatly lamented the loss of the gallant ships that had safely borne them through many a tempest over these primeval oceans. All the rare curiosities and valuable specimens collected during their voyages were lost.

The exploring party left these regions, fraught with so many pleasing and sad memories, and coursed over the sea at moderate speed in company with the Barthovans, travelling by day only, to give them needful rest and food. We passed the continent of Washington, the home of the Barthovans, our lost Cæsar, and the little ones. The hordes of sea-monsters encountered on the voyage

fled in terror before the ocean monarchs. On the seventh day, having travelled nearly three thousand miles, we reached the continent of Altfouran, skirted the shores, memorable for the great battles of the land and sea-monsters, entered the bay, passed up the beautiful river Suhlamia,—named in honor of the Princess of Mandal-Uttima,—and reached the headquarters of the Martio-Venusian Scientific and Geographical Society, which had been named Athalton, in honor of the Grand Duke of Mandal-Uttima.

The little settlement had progressed wonderfully under the energetic improvements of our friends, and was a very pretty Venusian village. They had built commodious and comfortable log houses, laid out gardens and orchards, and planted Martian fruits and vegetables. They had brought numbers of the Hipparions and *Bos tauri* (primeval horses and cattle) under the harness and yoke, had ploughed the fields, and sown the Martian grass and cereals, which in this rich virgin soil were sure to yield most bounteous harvests.

“This little settlement shall be the nucleus of a great Venusian republic,” said the prince. “The interplanetary highways between Mars and Venus shall soon be thronged with ethervolt fleets, bearing their multitudes of emigrants and tourists across the abyss of space, to people this young World. Our vessels shall sail over these oceans and seas; our air-ships fly over these continents and islands. We will build our great cities, sea-ports, towns, villages, industrial establishments, and manufactories. We will incorporate our

schools, colleges, and institutions of learning, and will establish our government, adjusting our laws and jurisprudence on the best models of Mars and Earth."

This announcement of the prince received the unanimous approval of the whole party, the greater number of whom decided to remain and establish other settlements. The professors also determined on a lengthy sojourn, to pursue their scientific researches in these new fields.

Hartilion and Benoidath selected two courageous and competent drivers for their ocean steeds, with officers and crews, who planned many excursions over the seas. The Barthovans deeply lamented the departure of their original masters, but finally took to their successors with good grace.

Frequent telegraphic communications had been received from the north-polar station and also from Mars, announcing that all was well.

The expedition had sojourned on this planet two months, and the time for departure was at hand. The pioneer party under Asterion bade adieu to their friends, embarked on two air-ships, flew over the continent and oceans, passed the fire islands, and reached the north-polar station, where the officers in charge of the cosmic telegraph were waiting. The ethervolt fleet was moored to the island. It was now midsummer in the northern hemisphere. The snow had disappeared from the pole, and the sun, circling at a much higher altitude than over the terrestrial

poles, distributed its light and heat almost as in our sunny days in June.

The baronet was desirous to take a trip to Earth before returning to Mars, in order to arrange affairs at his club, and satisfy his anxious relatives and friends that he was still in the body, in spite of having been translated to "other worlds." Bhuras volunteered to take him over in one of the ethervolts to Mother Terra, which was then in the zodiacal sign Sagittarius, and only about 147,000,000 miles distant. The journey could be accomplished by easy stages in about ten days. Sir Archie deeply regretted that he could not take over a few prepared Venusian specimens as trophies of his skill as a sportsman, to grace his baronial halls in Ayer ; but decided to hang up his famous Rigby and Frazer, duly labelled, as having brought down more primeval deer, buffaloes, bears, lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and serpents—not to speak of terrific land and sea-monsters—than all the hunting parties and sporting clubs of Earth combined, from the time of Nimrod to the present day ; which fact would probably start the whole sporting fraternity straight off to Venus, provided air-ships and ethervolts could be had for love or money.

Three ethervolts were selected for Asterion's party, and one for the baronet. Lieutenant Hamilton placed his journal and notes of the journey and adventures on Venus in Sir Archie's care, which, after transacting his business on Earth, he was to deliver personally into the hands of an old Terrestrial friend residing in the

capital of the United States of America. The baronet accepted the commission, promising to fulfil it to the letter.

“When you have wound up your earthly affairs,” said the prince, “we shall expect you to join us in the ‘other world.’”

“Before I take my final departure from that mundane sphere,” replied the baronet, “I shall make my last will and testament, bequeathing all my earthly possessions to my relatives and friends, whose love for me will thereby be greatly enhanced.”

“And you must be ready to join us next spring, in our journey through the Solar system,” said Asterion. “We will visit Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. We will also make acquaintance with the Monarch of Worlds, and perhaps ride with him in his golden chariot through the Celestial heavens.”

“Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to extend my compliments and regards to the Mercurians, the Jovians, the Saturnians, Uranians, and Neptunians,” replied the baronet. “And if Old Sol has no objection, I should be delighted to take the reins of his fiery coursers in hand, and take a few turns around the ecliptic highway. As I pride myself on being a pretty fair whip, I certainly should not permit those flame-breathing steeds to run away with me, as they did with Phaeton, when he lost his head, set the world on fire, and was hurled by a Jovian thunderbolt from his seat, down into the river Po.”

The batteries of Asterion's ethervolts were charged with the Venusio-Martian magnetism, and that of the baronet with the Venusio-Terrestrial. On the morning of July, 4th, 1893, Asterion's party embarked in their interplanetary chariots, bade adieu to Venus, rose from the pole, and, wrapped in the embrace of the great cosmic current running between the two planets, winged their homeward flight to Mars.

* * * * *

Immediately afterward the baronet's party embarked in their own chariot, to which an air-ship had been attached for aerial trips over the Terrestrial world, rose from the pole, bade adieu and *au revoir* to the "Star of Love and Beauty," plunged into the interplanetary abyss, and winged their flight to Earth.

THE END.