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## Cauphul – The City Under the Sea

by George Cookman Watson

**T**HE President of the Algonquin Trust & Deposit Company has authorized me to announce that on the 24th inst., the Ross Party Relief Expedition will leave on its

mission from an eastern port. I am sure that the relatives and friends of the men who, with Mr. Darby Ross, are the subjects of this expedition, will be greatly cheered and

comforted by this announcement. It has been deemed advisable not to disclose the sailing point at this time, owing to the usual delay and confusion that accompanies such a venture. After many weeks of investigation and conferences, an opinion has been handed down in re Algonquin, Trust & Deposit Company vs. Ross Trust Fund that makes it possible for the vast sum of money that has been held under this trust to be released for this purpose, and upon me has been conferred the honor of leading the relief expedition.

It is hardly necessary to state that I shall use every possible means to accomplish our purpose, and I desire at this time to express my thanks and appreciation to the many societies and governments that have kindly offered their services. Owing to the fact that so many wild and distorted rumors have been circulated regarding Mr. Ross and his associates, and the various speculations that have been carried on in our press since our disappearance beneath the waves from the deck of the yacht *Jean Valjean* some six or seven months ago, it has been deemed advisable by all parties interested that I make a brief report as to what we found. This report will be released after the expedition is under way.

I will not burden the public with the many extravagant stories that have been published regarding our first exploration, but in passing will inform the *Times-Dispatch* that I am not confined in an insane asylum in Illinois, as they stated, and would call to the attention of the *Post-Intelligencer* that my wife is very much alive and enjoyed hugely reading the account that she was a spirit, clothed only in ethereal robes, and had come down from a distant planet. I shall give this report in the form of a narrative, and shall try to the best of my ability to do it as correctly as possible. But my readers will appreciate the fact that I only have a small notebook of data, and that I shall be compelled to draw upon my

memory as well as upon the information that can be given to me by my wife, Nesta.

I met Mr. Darby Ross at the Alumni Club some ten months ago. He had just closed the deal whereby he had disposed of his oil properties for several millions of dollars, and, naturally, this had brought him somewhat into the limelight. Darby Ross was then just past thirty, unmarried, and possessed of traits that are worth mentioning. The first was that he had an insatiable thirst for knowledge—knowledge of the earth, the sky and the sea—and he often told me after our association that his greatest desire in life was to accomplish something that would be of benefit and interest, not only to the present generation, but to posterity and science. As it is problematical whether we shall ever see Darby Ross again, I do not think I am violating a confidence when I state that he is a man who is financing the digging of a well into the earth for the purpose of scientific study and investigation, which is now under development, and which will be driven to the depth of 30 miles. He is also the man that has secured the data for the highest known elevations so far achieved by airplanes; and his invention, the spectrophone, which will enable one to see the party with whom he is speaking over the telephone, will soon be placed in every-day use.

If I recall correctly, I was asked to take a hand in a bridge game with Darby Ross the first evening I met him. He was very fond of auction, and I can testify to his marvelous ability at playing this game. After we had played a few rubbers, the other two members of our game were called away, and it was then that Mr. Ross and myself had a conversation that resulted in his employing me as his private secretary. I cannot forget the impression he made upon me, or the earnest manner in which he stated that life was so full of sham and frivolity, and that there were so many big things to be done, yet the average person was content only with what concerned

his own little sphere.

The next morning, when I reported to his office, he opened the conversation by saying: "It is my intention, Gregden, to gather around me a body of men, each a specialist in his department, and to make a scientific investigation of the ancient and buried temples of Yucatan, and also to collect what data we can upon the Maya Race. I have here a list," handing me a paper, "of men that I wish you would get into communication with for this expedition. I leave it entirely to you," he said, "to arrange everything for the comfort, safety and maintenance of this expedition, and I have opened up for you an account with the Pacific National Bank for whatever funds you may need. I shall be out of the city for about ten days or two weeks, and upon my return I trust you will have the details all satisfactorily arranged." After I had gone with him to the bank and arranged about the signing of checks, etc., he bid me goodbye, and I returned to the office to carry out his instructions.

I made all the necessary arrangements for this expedition, and was fortunate enough to secure the men whose names he had given me. Upon his return to the city, we had our first conference in his apartments. The names of these men, who were destined to go down in history as the greatest explorers and discoverers of all times, are as follows: Prof. van de Gould, Professor of Ancient Languages, Mid-Continent University; Johann Corot, chemist and author; Howard Sayre, expert electrician; Dr. Wm. Forn, physician, late of the University of Charleston. These four men, together with myself, Sidney Gregden, were selected by Mr. Ross as his advisers, counselors and friends for his intended explorations.

There is another that I must mention at this time, who, though not known to the scientific world, yet played a most important part in our subsequent explorations—John

Kelly, able-bodied seaman, marvelous cook, and general man-of-all work, who elected himself the personal bodyguard of Darby Ross. It seems Ross had released him from the clutches of an ever-enthusiastic landlady and, attracted by the man's appearance and disposition, had employed him.

At our first conference, Prof. van de Gould stated that he had just heard, through a friend of his, Professor Earl Crayon, the eminent anthropologist, and a brother teacher with him at the University, that some astounding discoveries had just been made in the Cliff Dwellers Region of Arizona, and suggested that we investigate them before proceeding to Yucatan.

"Can you get Professor Crayon to join this party?" asked Darby Ross.

"Yes, I think I can," replied Professor van de Gould.

"Well, then," Ross continued, turning to me, "send him a day letter asking him to join our expedition; and if you," turning to van de Gould, "think it worth while, we will investigate the Cliff Dwellers first."

Within the week, Professor Crayon had joined our party, and ten days later, fully equipped with all of the paraphernalia necessary for such an expedition, we started for Arizona. I need not dwell on the results of this trip, and shall only mention the salient feature, which was this:

During the last day of our stay there, no discoveries of moment having been found, we were seated under the shade of a projecting rock, waiting for Kelly to prepare lunch. As is always the case in parties of this kind, when men of diversified professions and opinions are thrown together constantly, a great deal of badinage is passed back and forth, and on this occasion Sayre was twitting Professor Crayon on not having discovered any good prehistoric skeletons. "I think it's all a matter of luck, anyway," he stated, slowly rolling a cigarette.

“You don’t know where these old dead boys are buried, but you can pick and poke about, and if you stumble upon a skeleton that has been peacefully slumbering for some thousands of years, you get all het up about it, and have his bones named after you, and get written up in the scientific journals, and think you are some guy.”

Professor Crayon, somewhat peeved at the result of the expedition, testily replied, “All right, Brother Sayre, suppose we let you try. I think there is enough time left before Kelly announces lunch for you to discover a very good specimen.”

“I’ll just do that little thing,” cried Sayre. Jumping up and grabbing a pick, he started off toward the cliffs.

“Hold on a minute,” cried Ross. “Don’t waste your strength in this hot sun digging around anywhere; let me show you a good place,” and gravely walking out into the center of an ancient court, he made several mysterious motions with his arms, squinted up and down, then finally walking over to a spot which, if anything, was hotter and more bleak and desolate-looking than anything around, said, tapping his foot upon the ground, “Dig here, Howard, and great shall be your reward.”

As he returned to us, mopping his forehead, Crayon said, “What on earth have you got him digging there for? You know as well as I do that they never buried their dead in the open like that, in the court, but up along the side.”

“Oh, well, let him alone,” said Ross. “The exercise will do him good,” and, dropping upon the ground, he turned to observe the patient Sayre, who was slowly but carefully digging away.

We were having great fun laughing at him, and at Kelly’s call for lunch we all arose, when just at that moment Sayre started up. “Hey, you fellows, I’ve found one!” and stooping, he picked out of the shallow

excavation a skull, which he held up to our inspection.

“Impossible!” muttered Crayon, striding forward. “Why, such a discovery there is out of the question.”

We were all soon gathered around the spot, and there, much to our surprise, and to the delight of Sayre, lay a perfect human skeleton, about six feet long. Eagerly we bent over it. Needless to say, Professor Crayon was in his element.

WHILE we were all engaged in removing the skeleton and some pottery and utensils that had been buried with it, Ross picked up a small disc. “Well, what do you know about this?” he exclaimed, looking at it closely on both sides, then handing it to Prof, van de Gould. The professor immediately looked at it on both sides through his pocket magnifying lens, and in a voice tense with emotion, stated, “This is indeed a wonderful discovery.” The metal was a peculiar substance, not known to any of us. Later we ascertained it was orichaldum (A yellow alloy, perhaps like brass, esteemed precious by the Greeks and Romans). It was about the size of a silver dollar, and about half as thick. On one side it bore this emblem: and the reverse side showed this:

>>> Insert picture here <<<

“What do you think it is, van de Gould?” Ross asked.

“Pardon me,” interrupted Sayre, “but I think we are all very much interested in this discovery. I suggest we return to the shade.”

The two brother professors carefully picked up the skeleton, while Ross and myself collected the various articles found with it. We then all returned to our camp, Kelly greeting

our approach with a pathetic appeal that we proceed at once to lunch or his special omelet would be entirely ruined.

During the course of the meal, Ross asked Prof, van de Gould to give us the meaning of the inscriptions found upon the disc.

“This disc,” he said, holding it up in his hand, “to the best of my knowledge, is an emblem which conferred upon the wearer the rights now imposed on an ambassador. This sign you see,” pointing to the figure representing a boot, “is the ancient Maya letter ‘A,’ or the sign of the god Ad, the supreme ruler, and indicates that the wearer thereof is one of his messengers.

“We have also found,” he continued, “a similar design in the ancient Phoenician alphabet, while some students of languages hold that it is from the Arian, and others that it was common to the early Mediterranean civilization. However, I think we can safely rely upon the fact that Landa’s interpretation is correct, that it is pure Maya, or, more correctly, Colhuas, to whose civilization the Mayas succeeded about 1,000 years B.C. The reverse side,” turning it over, “is almost the universal sign of both early eastern and western civilizations of the universe, the four angles representing the different points of the world. This, in my opinion,” he continued, “would be pure Phoenician if, in the center, was the symbol ‘X,’ which would signify the sun.”

“This, then, in your opinion, Professor,” interrupted Ross, “would prove that the Mayas were not only themselves sun-worshippers, but that they were endeavoring to spread their religion among these northern tribes.”

“This would seem to indicate it,” replied the Professor. “Perhaps our friend Crayon can shed some light upon the skeleton.”

Crayon leaned back, and lighting a

cigarette, stated: “I have no doubt, gentlemen, but that the skeleton just discovered, thanks to the efforts of our good friend Sayre,” bowing to him. “clearly demonstrates the fact, that van de Gould is correct in his supposition that he was an ambassador to these tribes. It is a well-known fact,” he continued, “that the Maya civilization was of the highest order. We also have authentic historical knowledge of the fact that they endeavored to spread the doctrine of sun-worship among the then northern tribes of North America.”

“Well, Professor,” I asked, “would you say that he had been received among these people in a friendly manner, or that he had been put to death?”

“I would certainly maintain the theory,” he answered me, “that he had been received among them with great honor, and that at his death, which would appear to be untimely, they had conferred upon him the highest honor they could bestow—burial in the Garden of the Sun.”

THE discussion then continued back and forth between us, and we were just about to return to the skeleton, where the professors desired to make certain measurements, when Kelly, who had by this time completed his culinary services, came up to Mr. Ross. “Would you please . . .” he said, “May I see it?” indicating the disc.

“With pleasure,” and he handed it to Kelly.

Kelly looked at it intently for a few moments, and then, handing it back, stated, “Now, how in the name of the saints do you suppose that one of these things ever got way over here? Sure, if it doesn’t look strange to me.”

“Why, what do you mean?” interrupted Ross.

“Beggin’ your pardon, I have one of the self-same things meself.”

“The dickens you have!” exclaimed

van de Gould, scrambling to his feet. "Where is it?"

"It's over here in my dunnage bag. I'll fetch it for you if you'd like to see it."

"Well, I should say we would," cried Ross. "Go and get it at once."

"Do you suppose that old Irishman has been doing some exploration on his own account?" quizzed Sayre.

"It begins to look," interrupted Crayon, "as though we've stumbled upon quite a find."

"I am more interested in where the man found it," continued van de Gould.

Kelly returned in a few moments and handed to Ross a disc, similar to the one that Sayre had just discovered. We eagerly crowded around him, and as the markings on it were somewhat indistinct, he handed it to van de Gould, who instantly gave it a searching study under his pocket glass.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "the very thing I have been looking for. See this!" excitedly indicating the center of the reverse side. "Here you will note the cross that I mentioned. This, gentlemen," he continued, excitedly, proves absolutely that the Mayas are direct descendants of the early Mediterranean races, and their civilization was acquired from the early Phoenician, or, I might say, Berber."

"Whereabouts around here did you find that, Kelly?" queried Ross.

"Sure, now, and if you good gentlemen think that I waste me time in prowling around dead men's bones, you have another guess comin' to ye. 'Tis mesilf that would let the dead rest in peace."

"Well, come on," Ross continued, "where did you find it?"

"Keep aisy, gentlemen, and I'll tell you the whole story." Seating himself upon the ground, he indicated that we should do likewise. Disregarding our impatience, he leisurely lighted his pipe, and crossed his hands behind his head, leaned back against a boulder, and then spoke.

"ME grandfather was a sailor lad, and when he was a youngster, about 18 years of age, he was in the British navy. On one of his trips he was with Capt. Tillard, and many's the time he's told me this tale. It was in the month of June, 1811, and they were off the island of St. Michaels, which, as you gentlemen know, is one of the Azores. They were cruising along under a fair wind when they saw flame and smoke and water shootin' up out of the ocean. Sure, me grandfather has told me many a time that he thought the old boy himself was after them. Well," he continued, "they landed at St. Michaels, and the captain and a few of the crew, among which was me granddad, went up on a hill and saw the smoke comin' right out of the sea and the waves all ripplin', and just at this time they had several earthquakes, and the old man said that he thought sure his time had come. Well, about a fortnight afterwards, having made the tour of the island, he started to return to England. While he was on lookout one morning, as the fog arose he saw a brand-new island, where a few days before they had seen the Devil's Whirlpool. He told me that the crew was for crowding on sail and getting away from the place, but Capt. Tillard was determined to find out something about the new island, so he lowered his gig, and my grandfather was ordered into the boat. He says they landed on an island about a mile in diameter, and in one place, he heard the captain state from his observations, that it was 240 feet high. They found several boiling springs, and the old gentleman says that he nearly burned his hand off tryin' to get the temperature of one of them. He remembers that the captain said that it was a volcanic eruption, and that it would soon disappear just as it had come up. They returned to the boat, and on the way back the old gentleman saw a piece of metal, which he picked up and slipped into his pocket for good luck. Sure, it's a fact, if you find a piece of money in the

Devil's Garden, it's a sign of good luck, and good luck he had from that day on. Just before I took me first trip to sea, the old gentleman gave me the piece of metal and told me it would always bring me good luck. That's the end of the tale, sirs," he said. "But how in the name of the saints another one just like it got over here is beyond me." Just at this moment, Sayre, who had been going over the contents of the grave, unfolded a small parchment. This he handed to Crayon, who quickly unwound it. It was about eight inches long and four wide arid covered with strange letterings, quite faint but of unmistakable fineness and delicate design. The professor at once subjected it to his pocket glass and with the assistance of the glossary of ancient languages he always carried with him, and assisted by van de Gould, he read the translation as follows:

6 Kan 11 Mulac Elab Molo 8th. To Rulers, peoples and Gods of the Western Arc Welcome we ask for TROAN bearer of our message By the sign of the Gods receive him as known to you by KOKOZ

Ar—Kor scribe.

There was a dead silence when he stopped. The two professors looked at each other and then at the disks.

ROSS broke the silence. "Gentlemen," he said, his voice suppressed with emotion, "I don't know what you think about it, but I am of the opinion that this day we have the indisputable proof that, not only did the eastern civilization establish that of the west, but that Plato was correct; the continent of Atlantis was not a myth; it was a definite fact."

Professor van de Gould hastily went to his portfolio and quickly returned with a map of the Atlantic Ocean. "Mr. Ross," he said,

"my brother professor here," indicating Crayon, "and myself have long been subject to criticism and derision for our firm belief in the lost continent and civilization of Atlantis. The discoveries of the moment have firmly established in my mind that it only remains to re-discover this lost continent."

"May I interrupt a moment, Professor?" said Crayon. "Mr. Ross, I have heard that it is your ambition to make some discovery worth while. Allow me to be the first to offer you my time, my service, and, yes, my life, in an endeavor to discover the lost continent."

"Count me in on that, Ross," interrupted van de Gould.

"And me," quickly assented Sayre.

"Don't count me out," cried Dr. Forn, "I'm with you to the death."

"You know me, Al," I smiled, gripping his hand.

Ross's eyes sparkled, as he cried, "Gentlemen, the die is cast; today we organize the Ross Expedition for the discovery of Atlantis; tomorrow we start preparations for our journey."

That evening, after a prolonged discussion, the following was decided: we would give no information to anyone regarding the proposed adventure; Darby Ross would furnish all necessary funds for the equipment of the expedition; that we would charter a steam yacht and fully equip it with everything necessary for deep-sea diving and exploration; that we would make our start at Josephine's Bank, which bank had been discovered in the '70s by the U.S.S. *Dolphin*, and later charted as to soundings by the British ship *Challenger*, whose soundings indicated that bottom had been touched at the depth of 32 fathoms. At this depth it was quite possible to work in diving suits, and under diving bells.

I will not go into the details of the organizing and equipping of the expedition,

beyond the fact that an expedition was formed by Darby Ross for the ostensible purpose of collecting data from the ocean's bed, and that we secured the yacht *Jean Valjean* from a French concern, whose crew was selected under the personal direction of Kelly, who made it a point that men well versed in deep-sea diving, sounding and dredging were included. During the time necessary for the equipping of the vessel, all possible information and data relative to this portion of the sea and to the lost Atlantis, together with the ancient hieroglyphics of the Mediterranean peoples, including Arian, Berber, Phoenician, early Hebrew, as well as those of the ancient Peruvians and Mayas, were carefully gone over, while Professor van de Gould made a hurried trip to London to consult the priceless records of the British Museum to secure additional information.

To Professor Crayon was given the task of providing and equipping the expedition with all of the data and information at his disposal.

Mr. Sayre was given a free hand in the way of electrical equipments, storage batteries, coils, lights, wiring, etc.

To our chemist, Mr. Corot, was entrusted the complete stocking of the yacht with everything necessary in his line for the purpose of testing, analyzing and assorting; also a full supply of flasks, beakers, reagents, test tubes and other paraphernalia.

Dr. Forn, our physician, was instructed to make his department as modern as money and science could provide.

Mr. Ross, as leader of the expedition, secured the latest diving equipments, consisting of suits and diving bells, together with all necessary equipment for undersea exploration; while I was made general utility man and had charge of the storing of the ship with a little bit of everything I could possibly think of that might be called into use.

We worked quickly, and, with

unlimited capital at our command, were soon able to have the *Jean Valjean* ready for sailing.

The day before our departure, Mr. Ross and myself went to the Algonquin Trust & Deposit Company, and there, in pursuance of his previous instructions, he signed a trust agreement that provided, in the event of our not returning within a stated length of time, that the monies so entrusted should be spent in a relief expedition; he also deposited certain sealed letters and documents to well-known scientific societies and organizations, as well as to the heads of the departments of several nations.

WE made a speedy trip to France, and as Prof. Corot was well connected with the French Government, he secured from the Minister of Marine the use of Torpedo Boat O-139-B, under the command of Capt. Minde, which was to accompany us under sealed orders. A week later we quitted the shores of France, and one morning, a few days later, we dropped anchor on Josephine Bank, located in Lat. 36 29' N. Lon. 11 33' W. with the torpedo boat anchored a short distance away.

Outside of our original party who had made the discovery in the deserts of Arizona, no one else knew the exact purpose of this expedition. Our own men on the *Jean Valjean* were given to understand that we were in search of flora and fauna on the bed of the Atlantic, and to stimulate interest, Mr. Ross had read, both fore and aft, the promise of a reward of \$1,000.00 to any man, be he commander or common seaman, who should, during the testings, soundings and diversings, make any discoveries of any importance.

As soon as we had cast anchor, preparations were immediately begun for a descent. At the council table it was decided that we work in shifts, and that at all times either Mr. Ross, Professor van de Gould, Professor Crayon, Mr. Corot or myself should

be with the divers. It was necessary, therefore, for us to take some lessons in deep-sea diving, and under the able direction of the officers of the torpedo boat, as well as of our own men who were experts in that line, we were soon able to don our diving suits, descend to the bed of the ocean and accustom ourselves to working and exploring under water.

For ten days we searched carefully every square yard that we were able to reach, and found nothing beyond coral and traces of pumice stone and other indications of a volcanic eruption some time in the distant past. Every morning we started out full of hope, and each evening we would gather around the council table dejected and perplexed.

On the eleventh day, Ross made the descent at 9:55 A. M., accompanied by Kelly, Sven Jensen, sailor on the *Jean Valjean*, and Ensign Troya, of the torpedo boat. At 12:22 the signal came to hoist up. When they were released from their diving suits, we immediately perceived on the countenance of Darby Ross that he had made a discovery. We at once went into session, and Ross told us that he had found, at a depth of 39 fathoms, in a direction southwest of the vessel, a mound some 12 feet high and whose diameter he estimated to be about 60 feet. He stated that this was cylindrical in shape, and had the appearance of being a formation not due to Nature, but to the hand of man.

The *Jean Valjean* was immediately moved into position over this mound. The diving bell was brought out, and it was decided that all the members of our immediate party should make a descent.

We had three of the latest designs of diving bells, the largest of which, when lowered into position, would enable several men to work without their diving suits, as the fresh air was pumped directly into the bell. We all know the principles of the diving bell, a bell-shaped vessel, narrowed at the top and

wide at the bottom, where it is open; the air excludes the water and being electrically lighted, it facilitates our working upon the cylinder.

In the morning we descended, and with two diving bells suspended directly over the top of the mound, commenced removing the coral and other substance. After penetrating a few inches, we came upon a bronze-like substance, which being cleared, proved to be a reflector about 20 feet square. One side of this was supported by a metal screw and jack, which would permit it to be raised or lowered and also turned from side to side to catch the sun's rays. At one side of the mound we discovered what appeared to be an opening into its interior, and, much to our surprise, we raised this shell in a few moments. It did not seem logical that the task should be so simple. "THIS is a very remarkable coincidence," said Crayon. "If this cylinder was erected thousands of years ago, how is it possible that this covering should be so easily discovered and raised?"

Sayre, in the meantime, was examining the opening very carefully with a small, powerful electric flashlight. "Gentlemen, this has been used at least within the past fifty years, and possibly twenty."

"What is the matter," interrupted Ross, "with its having been used within the past two years?"

At that remark we all looked up.

"Well, shall we investigate further or stop here?"

"I think, gentlemen," said Ross, "that it would be prudent for us to return to the yacht and equip ourselves, for we cannot tell what will be our fortune, descending into this tube." We regained the surface and spent the rest of the day and evening in preparation for the descent the following morning.

When we descended to the column, as we shall call it, we were equipped as follows:

To Ross were entrusted some

instruments, two flasks of water, notebook, flashlight with extra batteries, and pocket telephone and 2,000 feet of wire, which connected with his private telephone on the *Jean Valjean*, and was to be left in charge of the doctor, who was to be our representative while we made the first descent.

Van de Gould had a small but compact glossary of the early Mediterranean people's languages, together with a dictionary of the Phoenician, Maya, early Egyptian symbols, together with notebook and ancient words and symbols of all languages for such words as "sun," "god," "day," "light," "king," etc.

Crayon was equipped with flashlight fuses, water, a silk rope 500 feet in length, camera, scaled biscuits, and compressed meats.

Sayre carried a tiny small wireless outfit, together with sundry electric equipment and ten charges of T. N. T. enclosed in water-tight capsules, with wires and fuses for blasting purposes; while I supplied myself with food, water, and an extra supply of compressed oxygen and five helmets, in the event that it became necessary to put them on, for, you will understand, the diving bell protected the opening, and we ascertained the day before that the column was full of pure air. In addition to this, each man took an automatic and 50 rounds of ammunition, while Dr. Forn insisted on giving each man a first-aid kit.

Before donning our helmets and descending to the column, Ross told Kelly, in the hearing of several of the crew, that we were going to work under the diving-bell for some time, and that he might ask him to bring us some refreshments that afternoon or evening.

My watch showed 10:55 A. M. when we descended to the column once more. After carefully adjusting the wires of the telephone, the electric light was fixed at an angle to throw its rays directly down the tube, and one

by one we clambered through the opening and commenced the descent.

If we had not known where we were, we would have thought that we were descending the steps from the top of the Washington Monument, at our national capital. The marble was of great beauty, and built in remarkable style, while the banisters were artistically carved and Grecian in design. We had gone down about 600 or 700 feet, I suppose, when we noticed a break in the sides of the cylinder, which appeared to be a metal band encircling the interior.

We had scarcely gone 10 steps beyond this when suddenly, above our heads, two portions of this band quickly came out from the sides and closed with a short click, throwing us suddenly into darkness. We stopped dead in our tracks, and for several seconds stood in expectation. Sayre then produced his flashlight, and it showed each one of us nervously grasping his automatic. But there was not a sound from below. Above appeared a roof similar to bronze that covered the entire space over our heads. We quickly went up and tapped it, but it gave no sound. Our telephone wire had been snapped when the jaws of this gate had closed about us.

"Well, gentlemen, here we are," said Ross, philosophically. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I am going to sit down and think a minute." said van de Gould, pulling out his water flask and taking a drink.

Sayre was busily working with his wireless, and in a few minutes was trying to get the Doctor on the *Jean Valjean*. We watched him anxiously for several moments. "Can't get them," he said. "There must be something in that confounded covering or in the atmosphere that kills the ether vibrations. I guess we're in for it gentlemen," he said, after a few more minutes of vain endeavor to establish communications.

"All right, then let's go ahead," said

Ross. “Sayre, you’re the leader of this outfit as long as we’re in the dark, so you lead the way.”

So Sayre, with two powerful flashlights, led the way, step by step, down the column. I remember that I counted the steps mechanically as we descended, and it seemed that we should never reach the bottom. I had counted over 1,600, when suddenly the column was lighted up with a pale greenish light, which gradually grew brighter until the flashlights were not needed. At the 1710th step, we reached bottom, where, much to our surprise, we found an open door, and two men waiting to receive us. Sayre, who was leading, naturally put himself on the defensive and raised his automatic. One of the strangers, pointing to the automatic, waved his hand back and forth, as if to say, “Put it away.” In the greenish light we observed them closely. They appeared to be men of about 40 years of age, clean shaven, light in complexion, with high foreheads, prominent noses and wide cheek bones. They were dressed in tunics, apparently of linen, and golden in color, which reached to their knees. The calves of their legs were bare, and upon their feet they wore sandals. Around his neck, each wore a golden band, in the center of which appeared an emblem of silver.

AS we stood gazing at each other for a moment, one of the strangers, apparently the leader, stepped to one side, and bowing, with a wave of his hand invited us to come out. We did so, but now at a whispered word from Ross, Professor van de Gould took the lead. Our guides conducted us through a marvelously beautiful, abandoned temple. Huge columns arose on all sides of us, while broken pillars and vast slabs of marble blocked many a court. Wonderful fountains, without water, appeared on either side of us, and for some time we walked through the grandeur of what appeared to be an ancient

pantheon. We proceeded about two miles, always descending, and along a path some eight or ten feet wide that had an appearance of being traveled for centuries. Overhead, at a height of from 50 to 200 feet, was the ocean-bed roof, while all around us, seemingly coming from no particular spot, was the soft greenish light. We continued in silence until suddenly we came to the opening of what appeared to be a pit. One of our guides opened a door, and we observed a small car, with a seating capacity of about twelve people. This car appeared to be a circular conduit, and we were invited to be seated. We complied, our guides taking their station, one in front and one behind. The door closed, and we felt a small shock, as of starting. Sayre told me afterwards that he counted fourteen seconds, when we experienced another slight shock. Then one of our guides opened another door and the place was once more flooded with light. We stepped out upon a platform. Sayre stopped a moment to examine the cylinder and carriage, but before he could make much of an examination, one of our guides motioned him to go on. “Compressed air tube,” he whispered, as he came up to me.

We ascended a small stairway, and there before our view was the most magnificent spectacle it has ever been my fortune to behold. Words are inadequate to express the marvelous beauty unfolded before our gaze, but I will try to give you the view. Imagine, if you please, a city of white, blue, gold and brown marble, with wonderful towers, minarets and spires, each one throwing off most brilliant colors under a soft greenish light that pervaded every place. Above, at a height of about 1,000 feet, was the earth’s crust. Behind as was a solid wall, extending hundreds of feet above us, till it met the crust. To our right, stretching away in the distance, we observed canals and rivers, while to our left, the view was obstructed by reason of a magnificent building, with marble

columns at least 300 feet high, and extending fully a mile across. The leading guide waved his hand across this splendor, and said, "Cauphul."

"Cauphul! gasped van de Could, "The Royal City!"

I cannot give the pronunciation of the guide, but the professor imitated the pronunciation.

As we stood gazing over this wondrous scene, Ross touched van de Gould's arm, and, pointing to the marvelous building at our left, said, "Is that the Xeoqua or Incula?"

The Professor, pronouncing them differently, turned to our guide, and repeated the question, pointing to the building. "Xeoqua? Incula?" as if asking a question.

A look of astonishment came upon our guide's face as he immediately repeated, "Xeoqua," and grasped the Professor by the hand.

Turning to us, who were much puzzled by this conversation, the Professor said, "That, gentlemen, is Xeoqua, the College of Scientists of Atlantis, the most celebrated university the world has ever known, and within whose archives I soon hope to have the pleasure of examining records dating back beyond the dreams of mankind."

One of our guides at this moment stepped a few paces to the left, and was joined by several men. These men were more severely dressed than our guides. There were five of them, one dressed in white, one in black, one in purple, one in blue, and one in silver, while around the neck of each one was a band similar to those worn by our guides, but theirs were studded with precious stones. Our other guide went over to them, and carried on a low-toned conversation with them. I heard the words, "Incula," "Cauphul" and "Xeoqua," and noticed the pleasure and surprise that lit up their faces, as he undoubtedly related to them his report of the

conduct of Professor van de Gould. They now came over to us, and politely but firmly began to examine our equipment and clothing.

"Offer no resistance," cried van de Gould. "Our lives hinge on this moment. Do as you are requested."

EACH one of us in turn was divested of his equipment and apparel, down to his underwear. We were then given gray tunics to slip on, and each was handed a pair of sandals. We were allowed to individually remove our shoes and hose, and found the sandals most comfortable. The temperature was very even, and we experienced no discomforts along that line.

We were led down a winding stairs into a large chamber, where, as if expecting our arrival, was spread a meal. We were motioned to take our seats and eat. The food consisted of milk, and a species of fish baked with a most wonderful sauce. In lieu of bread, we had round cakes, which tasted like cornmeal. We also had two vegetables, one resembling stewed celery, but of a very delicate composition and marvelous taste and we were served a beverage, which tasted like a Rhenish wine. We were waited upon by two men, short in stature, and of a darker hue than those we had met. They were dressed in tan colored tunics and appeared to be of a lower order.

After we had finished our meal, one of our former guides returned and beckoned to us to accompany him. We followed him through several corridors, and were ushered into a room that was literally filled with the most marvelous statuary it has ever been my pleasure to behold, though I have traveled all over the world. After leading us through this chamber for about 50 or 60 feet, we made a sudden turn to the right, where before us was a man sitting behind a bronze table, upon which was burning a white candle, and before whom was spread, much to our astonishment and

surprise, the notebooks, dictionary, and glossary of Professor van de Gould. He was dressed in a white and gold tunic, and upon his head there appeared a golden emblem, in the center of which, directly above his forehead, was the mystic sign found upon the reverse sides of the discs, except that a great diamond blazed in the center.

After we were presented to him, our guide withdrew and left us with this personage. Imagine our surprise when he calmly addressed us in English, as follows:—

“I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Professor van de Gould, Professor Crayon, Mr. Darby Ross, Mr. Sayre and Mr. Gregden. You, gentlemen, are doubtless surprised that I address you in English. Though for the time being, your curiosity cannot be satisfied, permit me to say this: We have been expecting you for a long time. The only inexplicable thing, to our minds is the fact that you have not come before. Permit me to say also, gentlemen, that it appears from the evidence at hand,” indicating the Professor’s books before him, and also glancing to the right, where we observed the rest of our equipment and apparel lay in array, “that you came prepared and expecting to find our domain and did not, by mere chance or accident, stumble upon it. For if you gentlemen had come by accident, you would never have penetrated the Pyramid to the Sun.” He lifted his forefinger above his head and continued, “you would have perished, and none would have known how you died.” Rising, he said, “You can remain here with us, and we shall be pleased to entertain you, upon the following conditions: First, that you immediately, under the direction of proper tutelage, learn our language: second, that you make no endeavors to go beyond certain bounds and limits which will be prescribed for you. If you gentlemen will accept these conditions, which, I am sure are fair, and if you prove willing and apt pupils, you shall

each and every one of you be more than repaid in what we have to show you. You will now, gentlemen, be re-conducted to the outer portals, and there will find the proper instructors, who will provide for your daily needs and will teach you according to my directions. I will ask, for the time being, that Professor van de Gould be your spokesman, and if you are willing to accept my proposition, I will be pleased to hear from the Professor.”

The Professor asked for a moment of consultation with us, which was granted, and we readily accepted the conditions.

It is hard to describe our feelings, and as events of such momentous importance were occurring constantly, to me writing this now, it appears as a wonderful dream. At any rate, the Professor talking for us, consented to the conditions and we were re-conducted to the outer portals, from which we were taken to the Inn of the Idosa, a branch of the College Numea, which, in turn, was the Department of Elementary Learning in the University of Xeoqua.

IT will be practically impossible, as my readers must know, to give at this time a full and detailed report of everything I saw and learned during my sojourn with the Atlantians. I will, however, briefly mention from time to time, though not in any order of events, the wonderful and marvelous conditions, arts and sciences, which brought forcibly to our attention, the fact that we who dwell upon the earth, have only scratched the outer surface in the many arts and sciences that await inventive genius to bring them forth.

At the Inn of the Idosa we were each given a separate room, and also assigned an instructor whose duty it was to teach us the Atlantian language. The suite of rooms occupied by us at the Inn of the Idosa was opening upon an enclosed court, in the center of which were baths. These baths were of

three different depths and temperatures. The art of bathing, which the Pompeians had developed extensively, was here carried out to great lengths. In fact, we soon learned that bathing was one of the tenets of their religion.

Professor van de Gould had been appointed our chief, and to him was communicated our mode of life during our term of study. Briefly, it was as follows: we arose at 6:30 A. M., went to the baths until 7.15, breakfasted at 8.30. We commenced our studies at 9.00 o'clock in the morning, pursued them until noon, at which time we had luncheon together. From 1.00 p. in. to 2.00 was given to rest. From 2.00 until 3.00 we were at the baths, where I had the most delightful massage I had ever experienced. From 3.00 until 5.00 we were at our studies again. From 5.00 until 6.00 was our loafing hour, which we spent together in going over our work and discussing plans for the future. Dinner was served at 6.30. From 7.30 until 9.00 we again spent in study. Baths again at 10.30 and bed at 11.00. I use the terms "day" and "night" for the reason that, though the city was lighted artificially, we had dusk, darkness and dawn artificially also, the same being produced by the wonderful lighting effects employed.

We were given to understand that, until we had sufficient knowledge of the language to enable us to carry on a conversation and appreciate what we heard and read, we would not be allowed to make any further investigations, so you can appreciate how diligently we applied ourselves to the task. In learning the language, Professor van de Gould was of great assistance to us, and under the tutelage of the instructors and his advice, in less than three weeks we were able to understand conversation, and to read and interpret the writings a little, at least. Briefly, the Atlantian language was a combination of the Early Phoenician, Old Hebrew and Maya. Their

alphabet consisted of twenty-five letters, there being no "w." They also had a letter pronounced "gay," which was used a great deal instead of "g" the letter, "gay" being used for the "gh" sound. For example, the word "gold," instead of "g-o-l-d," they spelled it "gh (gay) -o-l-d." In the writings, they used a combination of the Archaic Phoenician and Old Greek, but these were simplified to such an extent that a single character would often mean a sentence, as for example, the expression, "Is this yours?" when spoken "Is this yours?" would simply be the character "Yours?" when written.

Our life was very pleasant and wonderfully interesting, for all of us were naturally on the *qui vive* as to what was in store for us to learn. I remember, however, that Sayre, during our hour of mutual intercourse one evening, with a troubled look on his face, said: "I wonder!"

"Wonder what?" queried Professor van de Gould.

"I wonder how we're going to get back."

"Back?" cried the Professor, starting up. "Don't let me hear anyone say anything about going back. Why, we're on the threshold of such astounding discoveries that a man would be a fool to want to go back now. What say you, gentlemen?" he questioned, looking at us. We all heartily assented that it was our firm desire now to carry on and see the thing through. Ross, especially, was enthusiastic about going ahead with our investigations.

ONE morning, about three weeks later, we were informed that we had reached that degree of proficiency that would enable us to take our places with the citizens. Up to this time, we had lived strictly by ourselves, with the exception of our instructors, who, we learned, were assistant professors from the Universities of Xeoqua and Incula—Incula being the

university or college of the priesthood, with many departments and ramifications. On the morning that we were informed of our eligibility to become residents, we were introduced to several gentlemen, clad in purple and white, and each bearing around his right wrist a golden band, set with a beautiful pearl, which gentlemen took us through the Royal City of Cauphul. After we left our dwelling, we were conducted down an avenue about one-third of a mile. This avenue was one of ten, each starting from a point one mile from the center and meeting in the center of the city in a vast enclosed circular temple. This was the holy temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, (Neptune) which remained inaccessible, and was surrounded by an enclosure of gold. This was the spot in which the Atlantians were originally born—the race of the ten princes—and here annually they brought the fruits of the earth in their seasons, from all ten provinces, each province having an avenue of its own, and performed a sacrifice to each of them. Here was Poseidon's temple, a stadium (607 feet) in length, half a stadium in width, and one-fifth stadium in height. All the outside of this temple, with the exception of the pinnacles, was covered with silver, the pinnacles with gold. The interior of Poseidon's temple was of ivory, while the over-coverings were of a metal long since lost to us, orichalcum. In the temple were statues of gold, with one of the god himself standing in a chariot, with six horses, and of such a size that he touched the roof of the building with his head. Around him were one hundred Nereids riding on dolphins; and around the temple on the outside were statues in gold, ivory and orichalcum of ten kings and their wives, which ten kings were said to be the founders of Atlantis. Each avenue was about 150 feet in width, and down the center of each was a canal some 25 feet in width, the waters of which met in a common pool under the temple of Poseidon. Ornamental trees

resembling Oregon pine, and about 20 feet high, lined each avenue, while around the temple were many trees that we did not recognize. However, we found two friends among them, the orange and the magnolia. We spent several hours within the temple of Poseidon, but we were naturally refused permission to enter the holy temple of Cleito and Poseidon, as no one was allowed into this Holy of Holies except the priests, who entered once a year, or at the coronation of a new prince.

As we came out from the outer temple, we were introduced to the keeper, whose name was Gauch, of the temple archives. They used last names only. He was a most prepossessing looking man of about 60, with keen steel-blue eyes and silvered hair that hung around his neck. His tunic was pure white, slashed across the left breast with gold. He was at least 6 feet 3 inches in height, and a splendid specimen. He informed us that he had been commissioned by the fourth prince, whose day it was to rule, to invite us for the noon meal, and that during this meal we would be given a brief history of Atlantis. He then conducted us through several marvelously columned corridors to the Prince's apartments. During the walk he told us that Atlantis was ruled by ten princes, each prince ruling a day. When the ten days have elapsed, each prince having ruled one day, the eleventh day was the King's day, or the day of Helios, (Sun) and devoted to the worship of the sun, which day corresponded to our Sunday. Time was divided into a year of 300 days, and each ten years was combined into a circle, and five circles, or 50 years, was called a bundle. This, we were afterwards told by Professor van de Gould, differed from the ancient custom of the Mayas, which combined every 13 years into a circle, and every 52 years into a bundle, at which time they started in a new cycle.

When we reached the Prince's

apartments, we were conducted into the banquet room with little ceremony, as the princes were very democratic and went freely among their people. However, we were careful to obey Gauch's instructions, and when the Prince entered the room, we each raised our forefinger to the top of our head—their mark of salutation. We did not learn the Prince's name; he was simply introduced as the Prince of the day. The Prince seated himself first, and we, including Gauch, in turn seated ourselves around him. After an invocation to the sun, we were served with the following luncheon: A clear soup of delicious taste; a meat that resembled rabbit, combined with lobster, well-seasoned, which was served upon a sweet-tasting sea grass, reposing in a beautifully colored shell; Delicate brown cakes, resembling cookies, and light-colored wine. Seated at the table, the Prince gave us a brief history of Atlantis, which I will condense, as it is my intention, if ever I return from the Relief Expedition, to devote several volumes, each one dealing with our discoveries in proper order.

ACCORDING to their history, Atlantis was founded by god Atlas, about 30,000 years, B. C. The Atlantians waxed strong and great in the arts and sciences. Their commerce extended over the whole known world. When in their glory, without warning, they were suddenly effaced from history. They were submerged in a series of earthquakes and cataclysms that lasted two days and three nights, 9604 years B. C., during which time 64,000,000 people were killed. Many escaped, however, by seeking refuge in the vast catacombs that had been used for hundreds of centuries far beneath the surface. In these catacombs, some 90,000 men, women and children escaped death; where, after the inundation, they started their lives over again beneath the surface of the waves. Air and light was received from a number of extinct

volcanoes. And the Atlantians at the inundation were well versed in the art of reflectors. By the use of these reflectors, similar to the one we had discovered upon the column, which, we learned, were composed of the metal orichalcum, they had no difficulty in flooding the vast subterranean caverns with light. In time, as these volcanoes were submerged, a new method of securing air had to be devised. Their scientists invented a process which consisted of sifting the oxygen out of the ocean water. This, in turn, as their science advanced, was succeeded by piercing the crust between them and the ocean and running to the surface of the water huge tubes, pliable, and made of hemp, through which the fresh air was drawn down into vast reservoirs and then distributed. During the past centuries, he informed us, they had made wonderful strides, and were now able, by the use of heliography, to collect in huge reservoirs, called solariums, not only the heat from the sun, but its light as well. Aided further by marvelous electrical apparatus, they were able to produce a most wonderful lighting effect. Their kingdom at the present time extended until the uttermost parts were under the Andes, in South America. Not all of this, however, was open for space, light and air, but whenever they had found a vast underground cavern, they had immediately proceeded to develop it. We were informed that the population at this time did not exceed 1,000,000, as the necessity of keeping down their inhabitants to conform to their present living spaces made it imperative that they keep down the birth rate.

Questions asked by us, which the Prince did not care to answer, were answered simply by the one word, "Wait."

Gauch was asked by Professor Crayon if he would tell us his age. "Certainly, Professor. I suppose you desire it in the length of years as you compute time." The Professor bowed. "I am 142 years old."

“Impossible,” cried van de Gould, rising from his seat. But quickly appreciating his position, he re-seated himself, stating, “I beg your pardon, sir, but it seems incredible.”

“Yes,” smiled Gauch, “it would seem incredible to you, but remember that we have found a way to prolong life.”

“And that is?” questioned Ross.

“By simply taking care of our bodies,” continued Gauch, with a smile. “I shall have the pleasure, gentlemen, of introducing to you one of our oldest inhabitants, a man who was a youth at the time your George Washington was born. He is an exception, of course, as he is the third oldest man in the domain of Atlantis, but many of our professors and priests are over 160 years of age.”

After a discussion of this point, the Prince stated that he, personally, would be pleased to conduct us to the great temples of learning, one of which we had seen upon our first arrival. As we started out, Sayre, seemingly much embarrassed, asked the Prince: “Pardon me, Your Highness, but I am quite interested to know, if I may ask the question, how you travel from one end of your domain to the other, if all of it is not open? Is the method similar to that which was employed to bring us from the Column of the Sun to your city?”

“It is,” replied the Prince. “We have constructed air tubes all over our domain. These work with such precision and accuracy that it is possible to make many miles per second in them.”

“What impressed me, Your Highness,” continued Sayre, “is that, while we were only thirteen or fourteen seconds in the cylinder coming here, I felt that we traveled a number of miles.”

“It is 114 miles from the Temple of the Sun to this city,” quietly supplemented Gauch, “but come, gentlemen, the Prince is waiting,” and we started up the avenue of the Ninth Prince to the College of Xeoqua.

AS we leisurely walked down the avenue, Professor van de Gould recalled to the Prince’s attention a part of the conversation at luncheon, and said:

“You stated, I believe, Prince, that if we had stumbled accidentally upon the Column to the Sun and thus found our way to your domains, that we would not have been received in as friendly a way as we were. May I ask why?”

“Yes,” replied the Prince, and his face grew dark. “We, of Atlantis, are a proud people. We are direct lineal descendants of the gods. We can trace in unbroken lineage our descent for hundreds of centuries, and of all the peoples of this and other planets, we are the most learned, and yet,” his lip curled scornfully, “we understand that you surface people claim great strides in science and discoveries. That being the case, pray tell me why have you let century after century pass without making at least an attempt to find us?”

“Pardon me, Prince,” quietly interrupted Ross, “but if I recall correctly, an attempt was made in the tenth century.”

“Yes, we know that,” replied the Prince, “but it seems to us that, with a people claiming the civilization that you do, more than one expedition every thousand years would have been undertaken.”

“I am sure, Prince,” spoke Crayon, “that many of us would have undertaken this expedition long ago if we had known where to make the start.”

“You are wrong there, Professor,” replied the Prince. “Since 1876 you have known that a portion of the ocean’s bed was accessible to man in diving suits for explorations. Why, then, this lapse of many years? And I dare say,” he continued, “that your expedition was brought about by chance, rather than by scientific study. Am I not right?” he continued, turning to me.

I humbly admitted that it was the truth

and, at a nod from Professor van de Gould, related to him the finding of the disks, also telling him that many of our scientific men firmly believe that the continent of Atlantis did exist, though where they do not know.

We walked silently for a few moments, when our companion, the electrician, asked Gauch, "Do you not expect that our friends from the *Jean Valjean* and the government boat will discover the Column of the Sun and descend as we did?"

"No," he replied, "for the simple reason that when the bronze gates were closed over your heads, the whole top of the column was destroyed by an explosion of cynite, which doubtless shook the water under your vessel somewhat. They believe you perished in a submarine earthquake."

At this startling statement, Ross suddenly stopped. "Do you mean that you wilfully destroyed the boats?" he asked.

"No, your vessels are uninjured. I might further say," he continued, smiling, "that they are now in France and the report has been published throughout the civilized world that you gentlemen perished in a submarine earthquake, and scientific journals have devoted much space and eulogy in your behalf."

"Is it not a fact," queried Sayre, "that the Temple to the Sun has been used for ascent or descent within the past few years?"

"Yes" the Prince replied, "such is the fact.

"A little over fifty years ago, while some of our scientists were making certain tests, they used the Temple of the Sun to gain the surface of the water, and while engaged in making their experiments, they experienced a break in their line of communication. While they were endeavoring to repair the same, a three-masted sailing barque hove in sight and bore down upon them. It stopped about two cables length away, and the captain's gig came over to the float upon which our men

were working, believing that they had found a shipwrecked crew. They were much surprised when they found such was not the case, and the captain, who was in the gig, immediately proclaimed them as the lost Atlantians. We did not care to have this report become known in the upper world, and as the repairs by this time were completed, by an artifice, all of the crew and passengers of the sailing vessel were induced to come aboard the float, and later were conveyed to this city."

"Did you ascertain the name of the vessel?" asked Ross.

"Yes," he replied, "it was the *Marie Celeste*."

"And the name of her captain was S. B. Briggs," stated Sayre, in an agitated voice.

"The same," replied Gauch, bowing.

Thus, after a lapse of some forty-two years, the greatest marine mystery was cleared up.

AS many of the readers of this narrative are not familiar with the facts above stated, I will give a brief resume of the same.

The three-masted barque, *Marie Celeste*, B. S. Briggs, Captain, sailed from an American port about the middle of 1873, with a cargo of alcohol, bound for Genoa, Italy. On board the *Marie Celeste* were the Captain's wife and small child, two mates and the crew of seamen. On the 24th of November, the ship *Dei Gratia* found the *Marie Celeste* idly floating near the Azores, and, noticing her peculiar movements, boarded her. Everything on shipboard was found in order. There was no appearance or indication of a disturbance of any kind. The remains of a meal was found upon the cabin table, and some baby clothes were found with a portable sewing machine in the Captain's room. The Captain's gig was found hoisted in place, but the tarpaulin covering it had been removed, and the indications were that it had been lately used.

"May I ask if any other persons have

been received in Atlantis?” questioned van de Gould.

“Yes,” replied Gauch, “we were involved in a problem of chemistry about thirty years ago, and through a secret arrangement, we received through the Column of the Sun, Johann Salvator, son of Leopold II, and a nephew to the Queen of Spain.”

“That explains another mystery,” I cried, for the whole civilized world for years has wondered and speculated upon the strange disappearance of the Archduke, sometimes known as John Orth, from the *Margherita*.

“And from these,” said Ross, “you doubtlessly made a study of our languages.”

“Oh, we had a working knowledge of your languages for centuries, but when the Council of Ninety met in next session, it was deemed advisable to have certain of us learn the leading languages of you surface people so that, should we again receive a visit from any of you, we would be able to communicate with you.”

“And are these people still living among you?” said Sayre.

“That question I am not at liberty to answer,” replied Gauch, “and you will please discontinue the subject.”

When we reached the College of Xeoqua, we were received with quiet dignity and respect by a number of the professors and scientists. We were conducted into a large antechamber, and after seating ourselves, the Prince made an address, in which he stated that he desired the professors and scientists of the college to give us a general idea of the work that had been accomplished and was being done now by them in their different departments, and expressed the wish that we might find it interesting and profitable. He also stated that he would be pleased to see us at his palace on the next day of the sun, which was then five days distant, at which time he would provide entertainment for us. At the conclusion of his remarks, and at a sign from

Gauch, we all arose, gave him the salute, and he withdrew.

Gauch then told us that he had arranged for us to attend the short school of semi-lectures, at which we would be briefly told of the arts and sciences, and be given a general outline of the laws, history, religion and departments of commerce, so that we could appreciate better what we saw and heard. He then introduced us to Archa, the third assistant Professor of Archaeology of the University, and withdrew.

Archa was a very energetic, brisk individual, a man of about 45 or 50, with roving, jet black eyes, and a mass of raven hair that fell down to his shoulders, and through which he was continually running his hands. “Pray be seated, gentlemen,” he said, “I am indeed fortunate to have been chosen for this office, and it affords me great pleasure to welcome you, on behalf of the College of Xeoqua. I shall make my remarks brief, but to the point, I trust.

”THE College of Xeoqua, or University of Scientists, was founded about 22,000 years ago. Though we lost many of our priceless instruments and parchments during our almost total destruction, yet, fortunately, we were able to re-discover many of them, and have now a fair working laboratory. Our records are preserved by burning into tablets of orichalcum with electric torches what we desire to preserve. The originals of these are kept in impregnable vaults, while copies are reproduced upon parchment for everyday use.

“Students are admitted to this College at the age of 16, upon the proper recommendation from their school principals, and after they have passed a rudimentary examination by the under-professors. Their tuition is paid by the State, and they follow our school of instruction here until they reach the age of 26, at which time, if they have shown marked aptitude along any particular

line, they are assigned to that department. If, however, they desire to leave the College, they may do so at any time. If they stay, however, they hardly ever leave until called by death. We have at the present time about 3,700 students between the ages of 16 and 26, and about 1,500 from 26 and upward.

"This College is divided into four departments, the Numea, the Terna, the Idosa and the Corosa, and while I am Under-Professor of Archaeology, yet it is the Prince's instructions that I give-you a general outline of our everyday existence. The colors that we wear all have a meaning referring to the planets."

"What!" exclaimed Professor van de Gould. "Do you mean to say that you are in communication with the different planets?"

"Yes," calmly replied Archa.

"How?" cried Ross.

"Patience, gentlemen, patience," he replied, as our two doughty professors jumped to their feet, quivering with excitement. "You will learn all this in due time, but for the moment I will simply state that it is through the sixth, ninth and eleventh dimensions."

"Sixth, ninth and eleventh dimensions?" cried Crayon. "Good heavens, man, we have been puzzling our brains for centuries to find the fourth."

"I am aware of that fact, also," calmly replied Archa. "But here we have a positive working knowledge up to the seventeenth dimension."

"Which is?" cried Ross.

"The control of time and space," answered Archa.

"May I ask a question?" I said.

"Certainly."

"I am an humble student of the mysteries of the fourth dimension. Could you tell us something about it briefly?"

"I would be very pleased to, but I am afraid that your minds at the present time cannot comprehend it. However, I will give

you a rough outline.

"Of the three dimensions you are well aware. Of the fourth, you have a vague knowledge, by reason of the fact that you know of time, space and numerals. Let us take for a moment the question of numerals. Your count, I believe, runs as follows: Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and then, in proper order, millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, nonillions, decillions. Beyond decillions, I do not think you compute. You represent, in short form, a decillion by the figures  $10^{22}$ . However, you cannot comprehend these figures. You are also aware that Time has existed in the past, but how far back you cannot compute. You also believe that time will exist, but for how long you cannot estimate. You also know that space exists, but what its realms and boundaries are, you know not. By the use and practice of the fourth dimension, we are able to reach back into the past centuries and extend our calculations into future centuries upon the slender but indisputable line of numbers.

"By the aid of this dimension and a system of wireless photography, we are able to photograph the planets in any desired distance. However, up to this time we have not been able to convey these directly to our laboratories, but while suspended above the earth, they are re-transferred through lenses, and by the aid of electricity, so that our telescopes are able to receive the impression. These, then are conveyed from our observatories by compressed air chutes directly here."

"May I ask," inquired Sayre, "where your observatories are located?"

"Yes," replied our informer, "they are concealed within three extinct volcanoes in the Andes Mountains."

"It might be of interest to you gentlemen to know that, to acquire a working knowledge of the figure Zal, it took 110 years

of a score of scientists, working on an average of 10 hours a day, to arrive at this calculation, and so difficult is the maze through which the trained mind has to wend its way in arriving at these calculations, that only those of us who are endowed with super-brains can stand the strain. We now have a score of professors working upon the calculations of Sa. The calculation of Mach was discovered about 3,000 years ago, and, for a long time, sufficed. To give you gentlemen a slight idea of the enormity of the calculation Ch, which comes between Mach and Zal, imagine, if you can, your highest numeral, decillion. This you will divide into four parts. Now, if you please, multiply each part by one decillion a decillion times, then mathematically join these four parts together in the form of a square. In this square you will place a sum equal to a decillion times a decillion times a decillion, and repeat this multiplication until you have arrived at a number equal to one decillion multiplied by a decillion to the *n*th power. You will then have an atom upon which you must build the superstructure that in slight comparison is as large as the smallest atom known to you, decreased by the largest figure known to you, and compared with the farthest distant star. This, gentlemen, will give you a slight idea as to our calculations. As you are doubtless aware, our earth was made only yesterday, and will exist only until tomorrow.”

“May I ask,” inquired van de Gould, “what you take as the basis of your calculations?”

“Yes, Professor, our calculations are based upon what you call Nature. When I was attending the University here, in my 24th year, Gondola, the celebrated chemist, gave us this thought, which I will give to you: ‘Nature has no bankruptcy laws. She is inexorable in her exactions. All debts must be paid in the coin of Nature’s realm, the coin called energy. It never varies: it never expands; it is never hoarded and never hidden; it never goes out of

circulation. Heat, the original fountain of all form of energy is its father. The endless transformations never invade the limbo of annihilation.’”

WITH hardly a moment’s hesitation, Archa started an entirely new line of instruction. “You will note,” he continued, “the costumes worn by our citizens. They each represent some lineal descent or office. I do not think you have had the pleasure as yet of meeting any of our females, have you?” he queried. “Note, then, and remember. Maidens to the age of 16 years wear around their left ankle a white woolen bracelet, denoting innocence. Maidens from 16 to 21 wear a red woolen garter just below the knee and above the calf; while those over 21 wear a blue one above their knee. If they are married, around the upper edge of the blue is a small white band. The red denotes love; the blue, chastity and the white fidelity.

“The different marks worn by our citizens I will not explain to you now for the reason that our two colleges, the Incula and Xeoqua have each several secret organizations which carry with them certain marks of recognition and distinction. You will, therefore, gentlemen, obey this positive injunction, never to question or ask the meaning of any device worn by anyone you meet. If it is thought best and proper, it will be explained to you later.

“Now gentlemen, just a word as to our founders. Atlas was the founder of Atlantis. Neith is the god without descent. Anta is the Goddess of War. Amset is the god of the Deep or Lower Regions. If you have not already done so, you will see certain inhabitants of our domains darker in hue and smaller in stature than those you have seen. These are the people of the deep, or the Deep Folk, descendants of long-banished tribes, who eke out their existence in caverns and abysses far beneath us, and who once in a while wage a ferocious,

terrific, but as yet unsuccessful, warfare against us of the upper strata. Athena (Minerva) is the guardian of the olive, and is the Goddess of the Fruits. Eos (the Dawn) is the Goddess of Dawn and of Light, while Fauna is the Goddess of the Chase or of the Animals. We have few animals in Atlantis—only the smaller ones, such as would correspond to your rabbit, fox and the small deer. I give you this briefly, so that you gentlemen will recognize the name and what it stands for when you see it, also to warn you to be very careful and considerate of the numerous temples, altars and shrines erected and dedicated to these gods and goddesses. I will frankly state to you, in confidence, that we of the two colleges long ago abandoned the supposition that we were descendants from the gods. We do, however, recognize a Supreme Deity, and one that follows closely along your ideas, but this fact is not known to the general citizenry, because, for political and other reasons, they are taught to believe that the reigning princes are descendants of the gods. I am also instructed to advise you that there is one prince among the ten that we have now over us, that does not welcome you to our realm. You will meet him later. He is the Prince of the Ninth Day, and his name is Maut. Do not cross him in any way, as we are afraid that his mind is affected, though he still rules the Ninth Day. However, I do not think he can do you any harm or injury, because at a meeting of the princes, held after your arrival, his was the only protesting voice against welcoming you to our domains.

“But come let us take a walk through the college.” We proceeded with him.

As I have stated before, the building was of marble and of huge proportions. Its width, I afterwards learned, was about 1,600 feet. It was abundantly lighted by huge windows and openings at the top, and also was fully equipped with lights and reflectors of every description. Along the side of the

building there was operated a moving sidewalk. At the invitation of Archa, we stepped upon the same, and he conducted us first to the Medical Laboratory.

“Poor old Korn would have given his right eye to be with us now,” whispered Sayre to me, as we stepped from the moving platform into the opening of the most marvelous and stupendous laboratory I have ever seen.

EXTENDING for hundreds of feet were numbers of energetic people, both men and women, working with coils, test tubes, burners, electrical apparatus, light shades, heating devices, balances, microscopes, retorts, and many other instruments unknown to us. The height of this room was 60 feet, and Archa informed us that there were four floors to this department. “Of course,” he said, in his brisk voice, “we cannot show you everything at this time, but here are a few of our semi-modern instruments, that I do not think you are acquainted with.”

We walked over to a large table, and he called one of the men working there to explain to us an odd-looking instrument similar to a piece of hose, about as large as your little finger.

“Nami, tell our visitors the meaning of this tube.”

I cannot give you the medical terms used, nor can I recall the exact wording of his explanation, but, in brief, it was this:

Whenever an inhabitant was afflicted with lung or stomach trouble, this tube was inserted down the throat, and so wonderful and compact was this instrument that, by means of an electric spark, a moving picture was taken of the workings of the heart, lungs and stomach. The tube was then withdrawn, the film was developed and enlarged, so that an exact reproduction of the organs performing their functions could be thoroughly diagnosed by the physicians. This

invention had been made possible by the discovery and use of a substance similar to glass, yet pliable like rubber.

Nami then took us a few paces further on, and brought us into a chamber that contained a couch, upon which was stretched a semi-nude body of a man. A few feet distant was an animal, similar to our gray squirrel. The man was sleeping peacefully, while the animal was evidently in some pain, as was evidenced by its jerky motions and a stifled squeal from time to time. Attached to the right limb of the man was an electric battery, and a wire reached over to the animal and was attached to one of its legs, upon which was a similar battery.

“You now observe,” stated Nami, “one of our unique and very satisfactory operations. This man,” pointing to the patient, “was afflicted with rheumatism, and this instrument,” indicating the wire and battery, and also pointing to a strange looking instrument standing nearby and which was connected with the battery both upon the man and animal, “is used to draw the strain unduly placed upon the patient’s muscles, and transfer it to that of the animal, causing the pain to leave the patient and enter the animal through this wire.” I learned later that it was known as a transfuser.

Many other marvelous and wonderful instruments were shown to us in this department.

Nami also informed us that they put great stress upon electrical internal baths, as well as the use of light, air and certain herbs which were produced and grown for that purpose in the Xeoqua Experimental Grounds, located about 1,000 miles distant.

We then visited the Electrical Department, and here Sayre was in his glory. I will not go into detail at this time, but mention only a few of the inventions and arts we saw here. About the most remarkable, I think was that of photography. The Atlantians had

developed this branch of light to such an extent as seemed almost inconceivable. For instance, if a home mansion or temple desired a wonderful marine view, the following was the procedure: Upon the wall where the view was desired was placed something that corresponds to our negative. The room was then darkened, and through an instrument upon this was flashed a picture of the ocean for several moments. The room was then darkened, and an application made to the subject. A thin coating was then removed, and before your view was presented a picture, in natural colors, of the ocean in motion, the waves rolling in and the spray dashing, with the shimmer of the light making momentarily rainbows of the most exquisite tints; sunrise, full midday sun, sunset or cloud-effects could be had at will by the operation of light-shades.

THE wireless telephone was perfected to such a degree that every citizen who so desired, could carry with him a small tube three inches long and one inch in diameter, and knowing previously the pressure needed to reach the stratum that would put him in communication with the party he desired, by simply pressing upon a small dial attached to this instrument until the indicator reached the number desired, he was instantly put into communication with his party, and, holding it a few inches from his face, could send out and receive communications as easily as if the party were present.

Ross was very much interested in their electric cookers, for I have neglected to state that all of the cooking and heating was done by electricity, generated from one plant and conducted by wireless throughout the city.

Sayre was much impressed with a strange-looking instrument that resembled two brass rods standing about ten feet apart, from which extended horizontally a number of needles about three inches, and about one-eighth of an inch apart. These poles were

about ten feet high.

“What is that?” asked Sayre of our guide.

“That is an instrument that we are now working upon. Are you an electrician?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied Sayre, laughing, “but I cannot possibly expect to compete with you.”

“Well, there is one point that our Chief Electrician desires some information upon, and I will take pleasure in introducing you to him, as you may be of some assistance.”

Little did I think at that time that this conversation and the result of it would mean my release to the surface of the earth.

We then passed into the Department of Music. This was also electrically controlled, and in this manner:

In the temples and private homes, as well as, we afterwards learned, in the concert and recreation halls, were installed a number of golden wires, near the ceiling. Just beneath these wires was a small bellows-shaped instrument, and attached to that was a series of plugs. When it was desired to have music, a button was pressed below this instrument, which indicated the music desired, and automatically air was forced out through the instrument directly upon the wires. I have never heard such wonderful music as that produced by this instrument. You can imagine the plaintive and the throbbing notes produced. I heard many of these play while in Cauphul, and the tendency of the music was that of our nocturnes in a minor key, though I did hear a few marches; and the instrument played in the Temple of the Gods at the wedding we witnessed of the Seventh Prince’s daughter was beyond all description.

For hours our guide led us through this marvelous university until our brains were weary and the senses overwhelmed with the wonders that we saw and heard.

The next morning we were taken to the College of Incula. We were asked if we

desired to see their courts and learn something of their laws. Upon our unanimous approval, we were conducted to the outer court and given in charge of one Neri, who would correspond to one of our American attorneys. He explained to us briefly their legal customs, which were as follows:

They did not have a jury system. All cases, both criminal and civil, were tried before nine judges. These judges were appointed by the nine princes, each prince appointing one judge, and the tenure of his office was for life, unless he violated any of the set codes and precepts, upon which violation he was put to death. Any testimony whatsoever involved in the transaction was admissible. Hearsay and conjectures, as well as opinions, were admitted as freely as conversations and statements by those who witnessed or were conversant with the facts. Nor was there any taking advantage of technicalities, as is so often practiced in our courts. The cases were usually tried within a few days after the cause of action occurred, investigation having been in the meanwhile made by the deputies under the clerks, who registered the complaint. If their report specified that a cause of action existed, the case came to trial. There were very few civil actions, owing to the fact that their general laws of codes prescribed the rules of business, and if any of these rules were violated, and proof of the same was had by a deputy, the offending party was either heavily fined or his permit to transact his particular line of business was taken away. There was no such thing as damage suits for loss of life or for personal injury. Neri, with great pride, gave us the leading criminal case of their realm, which I will describe briefly so as to give you an idea of their procedure:

CHUZIN, the beautiful daughter of the Fourth Prince, in the reign of Mu, was married, much against her will and her consent, to a

nobleman some thirty years her senior. He, being busy with State affairs, neglected his young wife. She, having nothing else to do, schemed to have certain young officers of her guard secretly brought before her. The man employed by her as image-maker would, at her request, make a small wooden image of her favorite, and after she tired of him, he was killed. The small wooden image was kept in her apartments. She followed this cruel mode of entertainment until she had over twenty wooden statues. The bodies of her lovers were secretly removed and destroyed, and great was the wonder of the court as to what became of these men. It appears, however, that one day she repented somewhat of having killed her last favorite, and had placed upon the head of his statue a ring worn by him at the time of his death. When her husband paid her a visit, he observed the ring upon the image and recalled the fact that he had given this ring to a certain young officer in the guard for services performed. Her husband said nothing to her about this, but found, through spies, that two nights later his wife was to have an entertainment in her apartments. He secreted himself with some of his own guards and attendants in the tapestry, and observed her fondling her latest subject. She was observed, after she had heaped honors and praise upon him, to give him a glass of wine, which he drank as a toast to his mistress. He immediately fell over, and soon expired. Her husband then burst into the room, and she was taken prisoner and tried. At the trial, all of the law and former precedents in such cases were called into question. The trial lasted for two years, at the end of which four judges found her guilty, four not guilty, and one refused to commit himself. The matter was then taken up by the nine princes of the realm, who sat as the highest tribunal, and their decision was practically the same—four to convict, four to acquit, and one non-committal. It was finally decided to leave the matter in the hands of the

Gods, and was decided as follows: The young wife was blindfolded and taken into a large vacant chamber. At one end of the chamber was a prince who had found her guilty; at the other end of the chamber was a prince who had found her not guilty. She was given nine moments to walk around the room, and at the end of that time the prince who was nearest her would find her innocent or guilty. Her steps were left in the hands of the gods. She stopped at the end of the nine moments within three feet of the prince who had found her guilty, and the next day she was publicly executed by having a silken cord tied around her neck, which strangled her to death.

The prince suggested that if we were each lodged in separate homes, we could become more proficient in the language and customs of the Atlantians, who were very proud of their progress.

The family I had the pleasure of residing with was that of Jaro the Second, who was the Assistant Manager of Canals. He was employed by the city and paid a salary therefore. As his home was typical of the other well-to-do residences of the city, I will briefly describe it.

The building was one story high, built of marble and coral and contained about fourteen rooms. The rooms opened upon an enclosed patio, interior courtyard, which was quite large—I should say, at least 150 feet long—at one end of which were the baths, one for the men and one for the women.

This family spoke the English language very well, and it was here that I met Nesta, who afterwards became my wife. I shall never forget the first time I met her. She was seated upon a divan near the baths, cross-legged, working upon some household article.

As this is not a love story and I do not desire at this time to enlarge upon personal matters, and especially as my wife is somewhat sensitive on the subject, I will simply state that for me it was the old story of

“love at first sight.” Further developments will speak for themselves.

A DAY or two later, we were strolling down the avenue of Maut, the Prince of the Ninth Day, and were observing the delicate shades and tints of the flora. In the canal our attention was attracted by a laborer, one of the Deep Folk, who was endeavoring to reach some particular flower with a long pole. As he was leaning over the edge of the canal, Maut came rapidly towards him and with a sardonic laugh, kicked him into the water and then turned and rapidly walked away. One or two other laborers there, did not dare attempt a rescue of the unfortunate man, as it would bring down upon them the displeasure of the erratic prince. The water was quite deep, and I could see that the man was struggling. As I was under no obligation to the prince, I threw off my coat and plunged into the water and pulled him to shore. As he struggled up the bank, he cast a look of hatred at the departing prince, who had not even turned around and muttered, “the day is approaching Maut for you, and woe unto you.” He then turned and thanked me, saying his name was “Nu” and that he would not forget my service.

In going over my notes. I find reference to the entertainment of these wonderful people and at the earnest request of my good friend, Mr. Martz, the well known coach at the Western University, I will give an account of an evening spent with him, and our good friend, the Prince of the third day.

We were conducted by our faithful friend and companion, Gauch, to the palace of the Prince, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from the lofty temple to Eos.

This building was similar to the other buildings of royalty, and was constructed of different colored marbles, the patterns and designs of which were so interwoven, that it made a most pleasing and harmonious combination.

The banquet chamber, to which we were led, was a room about 200 feet long, 150 feet wide, and possibly 50 feet high. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries, while directly over the Prince’s throne was a wonderful marine picture. The lighting effects were so arranged that, as formerly mentioned, it gave the impression of the sea in motion. Instead of chairs, we reclined upon couches, thickly padded and covered with brilliant robes. The guest could either sit or recline, as he desired, while for each one was supplied a stand similar to our smoking stands, upon which were various dishes of confections, fruits, sweetmeats and nuts. By pressing a small button, wine would flow. After we were seated, Ross smilingly remarked to me that they reminded him of the water founts attached to dental chairs, and I can think of no better description of them.

There were, I should judge, about 200 present, and after we were all seated or reclined, the High Priest of the Temple of Eos entered, followed by a number of his deputies or under-priests. As this banquet was given in honor of a fruitful year, these under-princes bore vessels containing the first fruits. Many of the fruits we did not recognize, but among them we noticed the orange, pomegranate, date, grape and guava. As the procession entered the room, the musical wires near the ceiling commenced a very pleasing march. This was continued while they circled the room three times. They then heaped their gifts in front of the Prince, who was seated upon his throne, and chanted the following incantation:

Thunder and lightning, brother  
and sister,  
See, fair mistress, how thy  
brother  
Breaks the shells in little  
pieces.  
From the blows is born the

lightning,  
 From his blows, the hollow  
 thunder,  
 Thou, too, Princess, drawest  
 water,  
 Sendest rain and snow and  
 hailstorms,  
 To such office, Viracocha,  
 Founder of the world and  
 quickener,  
 Destined and created Thee.

(Note) : I am indebted to my wife for the wordings of these chants and legends, as she had learned these by heart while she was still a school girl.

We all noted the wordings and terms used, which Ross informed us were similar to those of our Indians, and van de Gould assured us that the folk lore and traditions and, in many instances, the almost exact wordings, were handed down through the past generations from the Atlantians, thence to the Mayas, and from them to the North American Indian tribes.

SORAC, who was seated with us and held a post of honor in the Temple, informed us that this invocation was given in honor of Light, the words relating to the tradition that the sun and moon were brother and sister and the sun had blackened the face of the moon so that he could find his little sister in the day time.

After this invocation there were many long and wearied speeches, and it grew so tiresome that Ross solemnly assured us that it reminded him exactly of a banquet in Boston, and Sayre, who smiled openly at this sally, was quickly given to understand by Gauch that he had better behave himself, as this was a very solemn occasion.

After the speeches and compliments, which were given with many high-sounding and lofty words and phrases passed back and

forth, the stringed organ sounded a lively air, and in trouped a bevy of dancing girls. I must confess that their dancing did not differ very much from that we see upon the stages in America. They were very graceful in their movements and made a very pleasing picture. The one thing that did astonish us, however, and seemed out of order, was that, whereas our dancing girls are usually very scantily clad, these dancing girls were dressed from head to foot, being covered with beautiful feathers and plumage of the most brilliant hues.

After this dance was over, the Prince made an address, at the close of which he paid us a few words of welcome. We had been previously informed by Gauch that this would be the case, but that we were supposed not to pay any notice to it whatever, as it was considered very bad form to make any reply to an address of welcome; your presence there was understood as your reply. I am sure if this practice was carried out in the United States there would be less tiresome stories and a great saving of meaningless oratory.

At the conclusion of his address, at a signal from the High Priest, we all arose, and raising the forefinger to our head as before explained, received the following benediction: "When Time draws to an end, it is decreed that worship of the Gods shall also cease; then shall the world be purified by fire, and happy he who lives to see that day, if, with contrition, he has mourned his sins."

The assembly then broke up into small groups, and we were introduced to many of the citizens of the city. Sorac then invited us to come out in the garden, where tach would be played for our benefit, explaining that tach was a game. We went out into the courtyard and took our places with other spectators around an enclosure about 25 feet long and 15 feet wide, at one end of which was set up a stone, similar to a huge grindstone, about six feet high, in the center of which was a circular

hole, possibly six inches in diameter. A line was then drawn some eighteen or twenty feet from this object, and two players, with sticks resembling hockey sticks or golf clubs in their hands, each addressed a ball something like our tennis balls, and tried to drive it through the hole in the center of the disc. There were about five or six players upon each side, one side, we were told, representing a certain secret society of the university, and the other a similar society from the priesthood. We were all then asked to place our bets, and a bookmaker with pad and pencil passed among the gathering placing bets. No amounts were specified; you simply designated the side you thought would win. The game then commenced, and it was quite interesting to watch the skill with which one and then the other deftly drove his ball through the hole. The game continued for about fifteen minutes, at the end of which time it was announced that the priesthood had won. Ross and van de Gould had placed their bets upon the other side, and, much to our surprise and merriment, they were gravely approached and told that it was time to pay their bets, the payment being all of their wearing apparel. Ross, who had dressed somewhat fastidiously for this occasion, was for a moment nonplussed, but entered into the spirit of the occasion, and laughingly handed over his apparel, with the exception of his body tunic and sandals. The good grace with which these bets were paid had a great deal to do with our popular reception among the citizens. We learned afterwards that they considered this game among them the most devilish and sporting event they could contrive.

SAYRE was very much interested in the experiments carried on in the Electrical Department, and spent all of his time working on the strange-looking machine we had seen on our first visit there.

About four days afterwards, he

informed us that they had at last perfected the device, and that it would be given a secret demonstration the next day at high noon, and that we were asked to be present.

The following day we were all on hand. Outside of our immediate party about twelve or fifteen scientists were present, and the Commander-in-Chief of War, a man who was also of the nobility.

The machine was set up in an enclosure that was part of the University, and was similar to when we first saw it. Its principal parts were two bronze-colored poles, about 15 feet high. These were placed some fifty feet apart, and had extending from them, pointing toward each other, a number of steel needles. We were assembled about twenty feet away, and Sayre was given the honor of turning on the electricity, or whatever it was, because I never definitely learned whether it was electricity or some other process or discovery that they used in its operation. However, as soon as it was turned on, we detected a bluish sheet that seemed to exist between the two poles. We were then each given an object and told to throw it between the poles, but, much to our astonishment; as soon as the object reached this bluish sheet, it instantly disappeared, and Sayre then informed us that this instrument, when in operation, would immediately dissolve into infinitesimal atoms any object that tried to pass between the two poles. The principle, it seemed, was on the basis that one was a positive and one was a negative, and that between the two a powerful current of some sort was passing with such rapidity that any object touching it would become annihilated.

After the demonstration, the Commander of War was very pleased, and in token of his services rendered, pinned upon the breast of Sayre a magnificent jeweled emblem.

On our way home Sayre informed us that the Deep Folk were again rising in

rebellion, and that serious difficulty had been experienced in some of the far-off provinces; that they had perfected an electric gun which was capable of destroying any object it reached with its discharge, and that Argon, the Commander of War, was much worried, fearing an attack upon the City, and that it was his intention to immediately place around the City a complete circle of these instruments, so that, in the event that an attack was made, it would be possible to beat it off.

A few days later a controversy arose, as we were informed, regarding some of the Deep Folk who had presented a petition to the Princes to be allowed to enter the City as citizens. Jaro said that it had recently been discovered that some of the Deep Folk had perfected certain workings with the dimensions, and that their investigation had produced great excitement at the University. The word dimension here is improper, and I think the word used by the Atlantians is better; they call it metromes, which are as follows:

The 1st and 2nd are Negatives; the 3rd Positive; 4th Time; 5th Space; 6th Speed; 7th Sound; 8th Thought; 9th Light; 10th Force; 11th Equals or Exacts; 12th Absolute; other metromes based upon combination of the above were being determined and calculations fixed; length and breadth were unknown to exact science. Our conception of the 4th dimension is an assumed or supposed dimension whose relation to the recognized dimensions of known value, is analogous to that borne by any one of these to the other two, to explain equations containing four variables in analytical geometry or as an entity beyond the limitations of ordinary existence.

I have in my notebook a mass of data pertaining to the workings of the above mentioned, but it is impossible to give any more mention of them at this time.

I have just received a telegram that makes it imperative that I leave at once on the Relief Expedition and I must of necessity

bring this narrative to a close.

I shall never forget the last night I spent in Cauphul. Events and happenings crowded upon each other with such rapidity that my mind is still confused as to how it all happened, but, briefly, it was thus:

ABOUT six o'clock that evening, as we were having dinner, the room was suddenly plunged into darkness, and as we felt our way out into the street, we found the whole city as black as night. Other families were also coming out into the street, and we heard a confusion of questions and voices. Suddenly, near the College of Xeoyuoia arose an unearthly sound, and through the enunciator in every home we heard this message: "The Deep Folk have attacked; fly for your lives." This was all. I remember that Nesta clasped me by the hand and said, "Come, we will seek the subterranean cellar," and called to the other members of her family. But suddenly a shower of death-dealing missiles were scattered around us in a perfect hail, seeming to come from above, and we heard the cries and groans of those who were struck. Fortunately for us, the new electric machine, previously mentioned, was in operation for about two hundred feet near by, and we were protected from the storm of heavy materials hurled in our direction. It was this, I believe, that saved our lives.

Through the Stygian darkness, we fumbled our way back and were about to enter the cellar when suddenly a hand grasped mine, and a husky voice exclaimed, "You befriended me once; come with me now," and I recognized the voice of Nu. With Nesta by my side, we followed our guide, who led us into the subterranean cellar, where he quickly flashed on an electric spotlight. Conducting us through an almost forgotten corridor and up to what appeared to be a solid wall, he swiftly reached down, pressed a hidden spring, and a door rolled back, exposing another cavern.

Into this we went, and after a short distance he led us to another concealed door, which, when opened, revealed a tube, such as was used in transportation from one end of the domain to the other. We quickly took our seats, the door was closed, and, with a slight shock, we knew we were on our way—where, we did not know.

Throughout the journey, which must have lasted several minutes, Nesta and myself sat helpless and speechless. Whither we were bound, we knew not, and while I was trying to collect my thoughts, I heard her crying softly. I endeavored to comfort her, but through her broken sobs she told me that it was what they had long dreaded, that the Deep Folk would attack and utterly destroy them.

A slight click, and the door was suddenly opened, and our guide hurried us through another tunnel, where we found another tube awaiting us. In this tube were several other citizens. We were quickly shut up, and the car in this tube started on its journey.

Four times we changed from tube to tube, until finally we stopped and were led out into a large cavern, which was lighted by a reflected light from above. My Deep Folk friend, Nu, quickly came to us, and said "Surface Man, is this woman your wife?"

"No," I said, "She is——"

"Then she must die," he said, and started to lead her away.

"Stop," I cried, "I will marry her now."

"'Tis well," he said. "By so doing, you both escape. We never forgive and we never forget, but hasten," and following him we were led into another chamber.

He left us for a moment alone, but quickly returned with one of his own priests. Pointing to us, he said, "Marry them," and we were married at once.

We were then blindfolded and placed

in another tube. We had the experience of going upward, and soon found ourselves in an upper stratum, and could hear the pounding of the ocean. Our guide here removed our bandages, and pointing through a dimly lighted cavern, said, "Walk to the end of this cavern; there you will meet another; obey him," and giving us a salute, turned and re-entered the tube and vanished.

We stumbled through the cavern for about seventy-five feet, and when we arrived at the opening, we found ourselves upon a beach with the ocean near us. It was early in the morning, between day-break and sunrise.

As we came out of the opening, a man came toward us, scanned our faces for a moment, and then abruptly blindfolded us again.

We were then taken and placed in a boat, and given something to drink. We did not regain consciousness until we found ourselves upon the deck of the Spanish Ship, *Don Carlos* bound from Rio Janeiro to Baltimore.

After we had recovered somewhat, we were informed that we had been picked up a few hours before, in an open boat, but that no name appeared upon the boat. It seemed that we had only been in it a short time and there was much speculation as to where we had come from, as the sea was quite calm and there was no sign of a wreck anywhere.

Nesta and I determined to keep the facts of our escape to ourselves, so we invented a story that satisfied the officers of the boat. This was easily done, as we could not speak Spanish. The first mate only spoke broken English.

In closing I will say that we are now working upon a perilous venture. Will we find the hidden Lost City again? Was the insurrection subdued? Will our friends be alive, waiting for us? Time only can tell.