

**UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE  
SOUTH POLE OR  
THE STRANGE CRUISE OF  
THE SUBMARINE WONDER**

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Under the ocean to the South pole or The strange cruise of the submarine wonder by Roy Rockwood

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**ROY ROCKWOOD**

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THE SUBMARINE WONDER**





THEY WERE JUST BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE ICE FIELD.—Page 232.

# UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE

Or

The Strange Cruise of the Submarine  
Wonder

BY

ROY ROCKWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE AIR TO THE NORTH POLE," "THE  
RIVAL OCEAN DIVERS," "A SCHOOLBOY'S  
PLUCK," ETC.

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GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS

By ROY ROCKWOOD

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THE GREAT MARVEL SERIES

THROUGH THE AIR TO THE NORTH POLE  
Or The Wonderful Cruise of the Electric Monarch  
UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE  
Or The Strange Cruise of the Submarine Wonder

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# UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE

## CHAPTER I

### WILL THE SHIP WORK?

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

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

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

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

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

"Not right away," replied the professor, with-

out looking up from the work he was doing. "But I wish you and Jack would be around in about an hour. I am going to start the engine then, and I'll need you. If you see Washington outside send him to me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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