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language of the Martians we shall probably have no difficulty in arriving at an understanding.

XXV.

But Colonel Smith's aim, though instantaneously taken, as he had been accustomed to shoot on the plains, was true, and Phillips, plunging madly forward, seemed wreathed in a faint blue mist—all that the disintegrator had left of the gigantic Martian.

Who could adequately describe the scene that followed?

I remember that the Martian Emperor sprang to his feet, looking tenfold more terrible than before. I remember that there instantly burst from the line of guards on either side crinkling beams of death-fire that seemed to sear the eyeballs. I saw half a dozen of our men fall in heaps of ashes, and even at that terrific moment had time to wonder that a single one of us remained alive.

Rather by instinct than in consequence of any order given, we formed ourselves in a hollow square, with Aina lying apparently lifeless in the center, and then with gritted teeth we did our work.

The lines of guards melted before the disintegrators like rows of snow men before a licking flame.

The discharge of the lightning engines in the hands of the Martians in that confined space made an uproar so tremendous that it seemed to pass the bounds of human sense.

More of our men fell before their awful fire, and for the second time since our arrival on this dreadful planet of war our annihilation seemed inevitable.

But in a moment the whole scene changed. Suddenly there was a discharge into the room which I knew came from one of the disintegrators of the electrical ships. It swept through the crowd throng like a destroying blast. Instantly from another side swished a second discharge, no less destructive, and this was quickly followed by a third. Our ships were firing through the windows.

Almost at the same moment I saw the flagship, which had been moored in the air close to the entrance and floating only three or four feet above the ground, pushing its way through

the earth, there remained only fifty-five ships and 1,065 men! All the others had been lost in our terrific encounters with the Martians, and particularly in the first disastrous battle underneath the clouds.

Among the lost were many men whose names were famous upon the earth, and whose death would be widely deplored when the news of it was received upon their native planet. Fortunately this number did not include any of those whom I have had occasion especially to mention in the course of this narrative. The venerable Lord Kelvin, who notwithstanding his age and his pacific disposition, proper to a man of science, had behaved with the courage and coolness of a veteran in every crisis; Monsieur Moissan, the eminent chemist; Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson, and the Heidelberg professor, to whom we all felt under special obligations because he had opened to our comprehension the charming lips of Aina—all these had survived and were about to return with us to the earth.

It was not with very good grace that the Martian Emperor acceded to our demands that one of the storerooms should be opened, but resistance was useless and of course we had our way.

The supply of water which we brought from the earth, owing to a peculiar process invented by Mendel Moissan, had been kept in exceedingly good condition, but it was now running low and it became necessary to replenish it also. This was easily done from the Southern Ocean, for on Mars, since the leveling of the continental elevations, brought about many years ago, there is comparatively little salinity in the sea water.

While these preparations were going on, Lord Kelvin and the other men of science entered with the utmost eagerness upon those studies, the prosecution of which had been the principal inducement leading them to embark on the expedition. But, almost all of the face of the planet being covered with the flood, there was comparatively little for them to do. Much, however, could be learned with the aid of Aina from the Martians, now crowded on the land about the palace.

The result of these discoveries will in due time appear, fully elaborated in learned and authoritative treatises prepared by these savants themselves. I shall only call attention to one, which seemed to me very remarkable. I have already said that there were astonishing differences in the personal appearance of the Martians, evidently arising from differences of character and education, which had impressed themselves on the physical aspects of the individuals.

We now learned that these differences were more completely the result of education than we had at first supposed.

Looking about among the Martians by whom we were surrounded, it soon became easy for us to tell who were the soldiers and who were the civilians, simply by the appearance of their bodies, and particularly of their heads. All members of the military class resembled to a greater or less extent, the monarch himself in that those parts of their skulls which our phrenologists had designated as the bumps

of destructiveness, combativeness and so on were enormously and disproportionately developed.

But among the civilians there was an almost infinite variety of cranial development instead of the uniformity that characterized the soldiers. In their bodily appearance they did not differ so very much from one another, but the expression of the countenance and the shape of the head formed the index to character.

In some the development of the reflective faculties had produced precipitous brows that seemed too heavy for their owners to carry. It would have driven a phrenologist crazy with delight to pass about among these people and see the marvelous shapes that their heads had assumed.

And all this, as we were assured, was completely under the control of the Martians themselves. They had learned, or invented, methods by which the brain itself could be manipulated, and see the marvelous shapes that it could be specially developed, while the other parts were left to their normal growth. The consequence was that in the Martian schools and colleges there was no teaching in the sense of the world. It was all brain culture.

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THE MOTORMAN.

Human Nature Is Full of Quirks and Kicks.

"When I started out to run a car," said the motorman as we waited at a crossing for four or five people to get aboard, "I made up my mind to be soft and pleasant with the public. I was going to be respectful, polite, and anxious to please. I tried that policy about two weeks and then dropped it. I found that the public looked upon me as a jay, instead of a man desirous of pleasing. If I'm not mistaken here comes a case of it now."

A man with a limp came out of a store and started to get on the front of the car. When waved off he demanded:

"What's the matter with this car that I can't get on the front end?"

"Ain't the rules," was the reply.

"But I've got rules as well as the Company, and I'm going to get on here! You go to Garden Avenue, don't you?"

"Not within a mile of it."

"You don't! Since when did they take up the tracks, and cross them all around the country? I took this line to Garden Avenue only day before yesterday."

"You mean you took the Red Line Car?"

"And this is the Red Line."

"No, sir, this is the Green Line. Red Line will be the next car. Look out for yourself, now!"

"Look here, you slab-sided old brackewhisker!" shouted the lame man as he fell back a few feet—"I'll have an eye on you from this time out, and if necessary I'll buy out this whole Road to get you bounced. The idea of our public servant daring to dictate to their masters!"

"You see how it goes," smiled the motorman as he started the car. "That man made a mistake in the car, and he will for the other way and did not stop for it. Please look back and see if the conductor has his hat on his ear and is looking as if he owned the car? Oh, he is? Well, they got that way once in a while and have to be taken down a peg. The conductor rings the bell and collects the fares, but the motorman runs the car. Just watch me now!"

There was a man waiting on the corner to take the car. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he held it up for the car to stop. The motorman looked the other way and did not stop until he got the bell, half a block away. The would-be passenger came running after the car, and as he reached it he shouted at the conductor:

"Are you on this car to pick up passengers, or to sawp all over the street? That's the other way and did not stop for it. Please look back and see if the conductor has his hat on his ear and is looking as if he owned the car? Oh, he is? Well, they got that way once in a while and have to be taken down a peg. The conductor rings the bell and collects the fares, but the motorman runs the car. Just watch me now!"

"I rang as soon as I saw you," replied the conductor.

"And it's your own business to have seen me half an hour before you do. Talk back, sir! I'll settle your hash this afternoon!"

"That will last Jim all day," grinned the motorman, as he got the bell. "As to the general public, every man, woman and child expects to kick aboard an electric car. There's suthin' in the current that causes it. Hear that woman jawing the conductor? Her Fourth Avenue transfer is no good for this line, and she's fed that little game half a dozen times. She says she can't see why they can't ride to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis and back again on a street car ticket. Hello! Who's this?"

"And now for some more human nature," said the motorman as he sounded the gong and started a groaning wagon off the track. "You see that woman waiting up there on the crossing. Well, you notice she's on the wrong side of the street. She knows it, but she won't give in. She's bound to make the car stop on this side. If it takes twenty years to do it, I can't do it of course, and she knows I can't, but you'll see how she'll take on."

"Up went her hand, and along to the other side went the car."

"Why didn't you stop?" shouted the woman to the motorman.

"Can't stop on that side," he replied.

"You could if you wanted to, but you just want to spite me. I'll go to headquarters this very day and make complaint."

"Regular programme," observed the motorman after he had covered about two blocks. "You'll never know what kickers the public are until you run a car. Two blocks up the street we'll come across an Italian junk-man with a hand-cart. Ares been jaying me for the last month—crossing back and forth in front of me and aching for a collision. I'm going to smash his cart this time and take the chances. If I don't he'll catch me some night and oblige me to shave one of his legs off. See him? Now hang on and look out for splinters!"

The man with the cart really seemed to be waiting for the car. At any rate, he started to push it across the street in a way to bring about a collision, and the collision came. The motorman gave her all the current and stepped back and the cart was flung into the air and came down a heap of splinters.

"You busta my cart! all to bitta," we could hear the junk-man crying as we sped along; and for a long minute the motorman seemed to be thinking deeply. Then he said:

"Had to do it in the Company's interest, you see. Better pay him two or three dollars for an old cart than \$500 for the loss of a leg. He'll have the sympathy of some of the passengers, though. Ah! it's coming!"

An oldish man with a sympathetic face opened the door and said:

"My friend, you have brought wreck and ruin to the hearthstone of a poor but worthy man. I saw the whole performance, and—"

The bell rang for a corner, and the car was stopped in a way to whirl the sympathetic man around and pitch him into a seat.

"Misplaced sympathy," smiled the motorman. "He ain't gone on for an hour if I hadn't stopped him. Let a big coal wagon run into me and it's all right, but let me smash a junk-cart and a wave of sympathy pours out for the poor Dago. Out here, eh? Well, if the conductor tells you to step lively just drop a cent on the floor and hold the car ten minutes while you look for it. Conductors are very useful officials, but they need a strong hand now and then. The one I've got thinks his breath moves the car along, and I have to let him know now and then that I'm on there."

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(THE END.)

When the Martian monarch saw that we had ceased the work of death, he sank upon his throne. There he remained, leaning his chin upon his two hands and staring straight before him like that terrible doomed creature who fascinates the eyes of every beholder standing in the Sistine Chapel and gazing at Michael Angelo's dreadful painting of "The Last Judgment."

This wicked Martian also felt that he was in the grasp of pitiless and irresistible fate and that a punishment too well deserved and from which there was no possible escape, now confronted him.

There he remained in a despair which almost compelled our sympathy, until Aina had so far recovered that she was once more able to act as our interpreter. Then we made short work of the negotiations. Speaking through Aina, the commander said:

"You know who we are. We have come from the earth, which by your command, was laid waste. Our commission was not revenge but self-protection. We have laid waste your planet, but it is simply a just retribution for what you did with ours. We are prepared to complete the destruction, leaving not a living being in this world of yours, or to grant you peace, at your choice. Our condition of peace is simply this: All resistance must cease absolutely."

"Nothing that we could now do," continued the commander, "would in my opinion save you from ultimate destruction. The forces of nature which we have been compelled to let loose upon you will complete their own victory. But we do not wish unnecessarily to stain our hands further with your blood. We shall leave you in possession of your lives. Preserve them if you can. But, in case the flood recede before you have all perished from starvation, remember that you here take an oath, solemnly binding yourself and your descendants forever never again to make war upon the earth."

I need not describe in detail how our propositions were received by the Martian monarch. He knew, and his advisers, some of whom he had called in consultation, also knew that everything was in our hands to do as we pleased. They readily agreed, therefore, that they would make no more resistance and that we and our electrical ships should be undisturbed while we remained upon Mars. The monarch took the oath prescribed after the manner of his race, thus the business was completed. But through it all there had been the shadow of a sneer

on the Emperor's face which I did not like. But I said nothing.

And now we began to think of our return home, and of the pleasure we should have in recounting our adventures to our friends on the earth, who were doubtless eagerly waiting for news from us. We knew they had been watching Mars with powerful telescopes, and we were also eager to learn how much they had seen and how many they had been able to guess of our proceedings.

In some the development of the reflective faculties had produced precipitous brows that seemed too heavy for their owners to carry. It would have driven a phrenologist crazy with delight to pass about among these people and see the marvelous shapes that their heads had assumed.

And all this, as we were assured, was completely under the control of the Martians themselves. They had learned, or invented, methods by which the brain itself could be manipulated, and see the marvelous shapes that it could be specially developed, while the other parts were left to their normal growth. The consequence was that in the Martian schools and colleges there was no teaching in the sense of the world. It was all brain culture.

The youth who was intended for a soldier had his fighting faculties especially developed, together with those parts of the brain which impart courage and steadiness of nerve. He who was intended for scientific investigation had his brain developed into a

of destructiveness, combativeness and so on were enormously and disproportionately developed.

But among the civilians there was an almost infinite variety of cranial development instead of the uniformity that characterized the soldiers. In their bodily appearance they did not differ so very much from one another, but the expression of the countenance and the shape of the head formed the index to character.

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Colonel Smith's Aim, Though Instantaneously Taken, Was True.

the gigantic doorway from the ante-room, with its great disintegrators pointed upon the crowd like the muzzles of a cruiser's guns.

And now the Martians saw that the contest was hopeless for them, and their mad struggle to get out of the range of the disintegrators and to escape from the death chamber, was more appalling to look upon than anything that had yet occurred.

Still the illness disintegrators played upon them until Mr. Edison, making himself heard, now that the thunder of their engines had ceased to reverberate through the chamber, commanded that our fire should cease.

Through all this terrible contest the Emperor of the Martians had remained standing upon his throne, razing at the awful spectacle and not moving from the spot. Neither he nor the frightened women gathered upon the steps of the throne had been injured by the disintegrators. Their immunity was due to the fact that the position and elevation of the throne were such that it was not within the range of fire of the electrical ships which had poured their vibratory discharges through the windows, and we inside had only directed our fire toward the warriors who had attacked us.

Now that the struggle was over we turned our attention to Aina. Fortunately the girl had not been seriously injured, and she was quickly restored to consciousness. Had she been killed we would have been helpless in attempting further negotiations.

When the Martian monarch saw that we had ceased the work of death, he sank upon his throne. There he remained, leaning his chin upon his two hands and staring straight before him like that terrible doomed creature who fascinates the eyes of every beholder standing in the Sistine Chapel and gazing at Michael Angelo's dreadful painting of "The Last Judgment."

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