SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.—The inhabitants of Mars having invaded the earth, inflicting great damage, and it becoming apparent that they are preparing for a new attack, Thomas A. Edison invents an electrical ship capable of carrying the war to Mars.

Chapter II.—Mr. Edison also invents a weapon called the disintegrator, which by vibratory force causes any object at which it is fired to dissolve. A conclave of nations is called for the purpose of raising funds to build and equip the airships.

Chapters III and IV.—Rulers meet at Washington and raise the required means.

Chapter V.—The expedition, accompanied by the foremost scientists of the age, starts, arranging to rendezvous at the moon.

Chapters VI and VII.—On the way a meteor strikes one of the ships, killing several of its inmates. The moon is explored.

Chapter VIII.—Leaving for Mars, the expedition is caught by the attractive force of a comet and carried out of its course till it is rescued by the attraction of the earth and brought back to that planet, but after a short stay embarks again for Mars.

Chapter IX.—On the way an asteroid is encountered on which is a force of Martians. A fight occurs, and the Martians are defeated.

Chapter X.—One of the Martians is captured alive. The asteroid is found to be of solid gold.

Chapters XI and XII.—Other warriors come from Mars, and another battle ensues, resulting in the slaughter of the Martians by the indisintegrators.

Chapter XIII.—Efforts are made to learn the language of the Martians from the prisoner.

Chapter XIV.—The expedition leaves the asteroid for Mars and is met by a Martian airship.

Chapter XV.—A circuit of Mars is made and the wonders of that planet are revealed. The Martians encircle their planet by a dense smoke as a means of defence.

Chapter XVI.—Edison enlarges the disintegrators, with which he pierces the cloud and attacks the planet.

Chapter XVII.—The provisions of the expedition run low, and a portion of the fleet goes to the other side of Mars to take the inhabitants unawares and forage in the country. Landing, they come upon a human woman, a slave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The girl sprang to my side and grasped my arm with a cry of fear.

This seemed to throw the Martian into a sudden frenzy, and he raised his arms to strike.

But the disintegrator was in my hand. My rage was equal to his.

I felt the concentrated vengeance of the earth quivering through me as I pressed the button of the disintegrator and sweeping it rapidly up and down saw the gigantic form that had confronted me melt into nothingness.

There were three other giants in the room, and they had been on the point of following up the attack of their comrade. But when he disappeared from before their eyes they paused, staring in amazement at the place where but a moment before he had stood, but where now only the metal weapon he had wielded lay on the floor.

At first they started back and seemed on the point of flying; then with a second glance, perceiving again how small and insignificant we were, all three together advanced upon us.

The girl sank trembling on her knees.

In the meantime I had readjusted my disintegrator for another discharge, and Colonel Smith stood by me with the light of battle upon his face.

"Sweep the discharge across the three," I exclaimed. "Otherwise there will be one left, and before we can fire again he will crush us."

The whir of the two instruments sounded simultaneously, and with a quick, horizontal motion we swept the lines of force around in such a manner that all three of the Martians were caught by the vibratory streams and actually cut in two.

Long gaps were opened in the wall of the room behind them, where the destroying current had passed, for with wrathful fierceness we had run the vibrations through half a gamut on the index.

The victory was ours. There were no other enemies that we could see in the house.

Yet at any moment others might make their appearance, and what must we did must be done quickly.

The girl evidently was as much amazed as the Martians had been by the effects which we had produced. She was not terrified and continued to cling to us and to glance beseechingly into our faces, expressing in her every look and gesture the fact that she knew we were of her own race.

But clearly she could not speak our tongue, for the words she uttered were unintelligible.

Colonel Smith, whose long experience in Indian warfare had made him intensely practical, did not lose his military instincts even in the midst of events so strange.

"It occurs to me," he said, "that we have got a chance at the enemy's supplies. Suppose we begin foraging right here. Let's see if this girl can't show us the commissary department."

He immediately began to make signs to the girl to indicate that he was hungry.

A look of comprehension flitted over her features, and, seizing our hands, she led us into an adjoining apartment and pointed to a number of metallic boxes. One of these she opened, taking out of it a kind of cake, which she placed between her teeth, breaking off a very small portion and then handing it to us, motioning that we should eat, but at the same time showing us that we ought to take only a small quantity.

"Thank God! It's compressed food," said Colonel Smith. "I thought these Martians, with their wonderful civilization, would be up to that, and it's mighty lucky for us, because, without overburdening ourselves, if we can find one or two more caches like this we shall be able to reprovision the entire fleet, but we must get re-enforcements before we can take possession of the fodder."

Accordingly we hurried out into the night, passed into the roadway and, taking the girl with us, ran as rapidly as possible to the foot of the tree where we had made our descent. Then we signaled to the electric ship to drop down to the level of the ground.

This was quickly done, the girl was taken aboard, and a dozen men, under our guidance, hastened back to the house, where we loaded ourselves with the compressed provisions and conveyed them to the ship.

On this second trip to the mysterious house we had discovered another apartment containing a very large number of the metallic boxes, filled with compressed food.

"By Jove, it is a storehouse!" said Colonel Smith. "We must get more force and carry it all off. Gracious, but this is a lucky night. We can reprovision the whole fleet from this room."

"I thought it singular," I said, "that with the exception of the girl whom we have rescued no women were seen in the house. Evidently the lights over yonder indicate the location of a considerable town, and it is quite probable that this building, without windows, and so strongly constructed, is the common storehouse, where the provisions for the town are kept. The fellows we killed must have been the watchmen in charge of the storehouse, and they were treating themselves to a little music from the slave girl when we happened to come upon them."

With the utmost haste several of the other electrical ships, waiting above the

"Take her inside, quick," he said.

cloud curtain, were summoned to descend, and, with more than a hundred men, we returned to the building, and this time almost entirely exhausted its stores, each man carrying as much as he could stagger under.

Fortunately our proceedings had been conducted without much noise, and, the storehouse being situated at a considerable distance from other buildings, none of the Martians, except those who would never tell the story, had known of our arrival or of our doings on the planet.

"Now, we'll return and surprise Edison with the news," said Colonel Smith.

Our ship was the last to pass up through the clouds, and it was a strange sight to watch the others as one after another they rose toward the great dome, entered it, though from below it resembled a solid vault of grayish pink marble, and disappeared.

We quickly followed them, and having penetrated the enormous curtain were considerably surprised on emerging at the upper side to find that the sun was shining brilliantly upon us. It will be remembered that it was night on this side of Mars when we went down, but our adventure has occupied several hours, and now Mars had so far turned upon its axis that the portion of its surface over which we were had come around into the sunlight.

We knew that the squadron which we had left besieging the Lake of the Sun must also have been carried around in a similar manner, passing into the night while the side of the planet where we were was emerging into day.

Our shortest way back would be by traveling westward, because then we should be moving in a direction opposite to that in which the planet rotated, and the main squadron, sharing that rotation, would be continually moving in our direction.

But to travel westward was to penetrate once more into the night side of the planet.

The prows, if I may so call them, of our ships were accordingly turned in the direction of the vast shadow which Mars was invisibly projecting into space behind it, and on entering that shadow the sun disappeared from our eyes, and once more the huge hidden globe beneath us became a black chasm among the stars.

Now that we were in the neighborhood of a globe capable of imparting considerable weight to all things under the influence of its attraction that peculiar condition which I have before described as existing in the midst of space, where there was neither up nor down for us, had ceased. Here where we had weight "up" and "down" had resumed their old meanings. "Down" was toward the center of Mars, and "up" was away from that center.

Standing on the deck and looking overhead as we swiftly plowed our smooth way at a great height through the now imperceptible atmosphere of the planet, I saw the two moons of Mars meeting in the sky exactly above us.

Before our arrival at Mars, there had been considerable discussion among the learned men as to the advisability of touching at one of their moons, and when the discovery was made that our provisions were nearly exhausted it had been suggested that the Martian satellites might furnish us with an additional supply.

But it had appeared a sufficient reply to this suggestion that the moons of Mars are both insignificant bodies, not much larger than the asteroid we had fallen in with, and that there could not possibly be any form of vegetation or other edible products upon them.

This view having prevailed, we had ceased to take an interest in the satellites, further than to regard them as objects of great curiosity on account of their motions.

The nearer of these moons, Phobos, is only 3,700 miles from the surface of Mars, and we watched it traveling around the planet three times in the course of every day. The more distant one, Deimos, 12,500 miles away, required considerably more than one day to make its circuit.

It now happened that the two had come into conjunction, as I have said, just over our heads, and, throwing myself down on my back on the deck of the electrical ship, for a long time I watched the race between the two satellites, until Phobos, rapidly gaining upon the other, had left its rival far behind.

Suddenly Colonel Smith, who took very little interest in these astronomical curiosities, touched me, and, pointing ahead, said:

"There they are."

I looked, and sure enough there were the signal lights of the principal squadron, and as we gazed we occasionally saw, darting up from the vast cloud mass beneath, an electric bayonet, fiercely thrust into the sky, which showed that the siege was still actively going on and that the Martians were jabbing away at their invisible enemies outside the curtain.

In a short time the two fleets had joined, and Colonel Smith and I immediately transferred ourselves to the flagship.

"Well, what have you done?" asked Mr. Edison, while others crowded around with eager attention.

"If we have not captured their provision train," said Colonel Smith, "we have done something just about as good. We have foraged on the country and have collected a supply that I reckon will last this fleet for at least a month."

"What's that? What's that?"

"It's just what I say." And Colonel Smith brought out of his pocket one of the square cakes of compressed food. "Set your teeth in that and see what you think of it, but don't take too much, for it's powerful strong."

"I say," he continued, "we have got enough of that stuff to last us all for a month, but we've done more than that—we have got a surprise for you that will make you open your eyes. Just wait a minute."

Colonel Smith made a signal to the electrical ship which we had just quitted to draw near. It came alongside, so that one could step from its deck on the flagship. Colonel Smith disappeared for a minute in the interior of his ship, then re-emerged, leading the girl whom we had found upon the planet.

"Take her inside, quick," he said, "for she is not used to this thin air!"

In fact, we were at so great an elevation that the rarity of the atmosphere now compelled us all to wear our air-tight suits, and the girl, not being thus attired, would have fallen unconscious on the deck if we had not instantly removed her to the interior of the car.

There she quickly recovered from the effects of the deprivation of air and looked about her, pale, astonished, but yet apparently without fear.

Every motion of this girl convinced me that she not only recognized us as members of her own race, but that she felt that her only hope lay in our aid. Therefore, strange as we were to her in many respects, she did not think that she was in danger while among us.

The circumstances under which we had found her were quickly explained. Her beauty, her strange fate and the impenetrable mystery which surrounded her excited universal admiration and wonder.

"How did she get on Mars?" was the question that everybody asked and that nobody could answer.

But while all were crowding around and overwhelming the poor girl with their staring suddenly she burst into tears, and then, with arms outstretched in the same appealing manner which had so stirred our sympathies when we first saw her in the house of the Martians, she broke forth in a wild recitation which was half a song and half a wail.

As she went on I noticed that a learned professor of languages from the University of Heidelberg was listening to her with intense attention. Several times he appeared to be on the point of breaking in with an exclamation. I could plainly see that he was becoming more and more excited as the words poured from the girl's lips. Occasionally he nodded and muttered, smiling to himself.

Her song finished, the girl sank half exhausted upon the floor. She was lifted and placed in a reclining position at the side of the car.

Then the Heidelberg professor stepped to the center of the car, in the sight of all, and in a most impressive manner said:

"Gentlemen, our sister.

"I have her tongue recognized. The language that she speaks the roots of the great Indo-European or Aryan stock contains.

"This girl, gentlemen, to the oldest family of the human race belongs. Her language every tongue that now upon the earth is spoken antedates. Convinced am I that it that great original speech is from which have all the languages of the civilized world sprung.

"How she here came, so many millions of miles from the earth, a great mystery is. But it shall be penetrated, and it is from her own lips that we the truth shall learn, because not difficult to us shall it be the language that she speaks to acquire since to our own it is akin."

This announcement of the Heidelberg professor stirred us all most profoundly. It not only deepened our interest in the beautiful girl whom we had rescued, but, in a dim way, it gave us reason to hope that we should yet discover some means of mastering the Martians by dealing them a blow from within.

It had been expected, the reader will remember, that the Martian whom we had made prisoner on the asteroid might be of use to us in a similar way, and for that reason great efforts had been made to acquire his language and considerable progress had been effected in that direction.

But from the moment of our arrival at Mars itself, and especially after the battles began, the prisoner had resumed his savage and uncommunicative disposition and had seemed continually to be expecting that we would fall victims to the prowess of his fellow beings and that he would be released. How an outlaw, such as he evidently was, who had been caught in the act of robbing the Martian gold mines, could expect to escape punishment on returning to his native planet it was difficult to see. Nevertheless, so strong are the ties of race, we could plainly perceive that all his sympathies were for his own people.

In fact, in consequence of his surly manner and his attempts to escape, he had been more strictly bound than before and to get him out of the way had been removed from the flagship, which was already overcrowded, and placed in one of the other electric ships, and this ship—as it happened—was one of those which were lost in the great battle under the clouds. So after all the Martian had perished by a vengeful stroke launched from his native globe.

But Providence had placed in our hands a far better interpreter than he could ever have been. This girl of our own race would need no urging or coercion on our part in order to induce her to reveal any secrets of the Martians that might be useful in our further proceedings.

But one thing was first necessary to be done—we must learn to talk with her.

But for the discovery of the store of provisions it would have been impossible for us to spare the time needed to acquire the language of the girl, but now that we had been saved from the danger of starvation we could prolong the siege for several weeks, employing the intervening time to the best advantage.

The terrible disaster which we had suffered in the great battle above the Lake of the Sun, wherein we had lost nearly a third of our entire force, had been quite sufficient to convince us that our only hope of victory lay in dealing the Martians some paralyzing stroke that at one blow would deprive them of the power of resistance. A victory that cost us the loss of a single ship would be too dearly purchased now.

How to deal that blow and, first of all, how to discover the means of dealing it were at present the uppermost problems before our minds.

CHAPTER XIX.

The only hope for us lay in the girl.

If, as there was every reason to believe, she was familiar with the ways and secrets of the Martians, then she might be able to direct our efforts in such a manner as to render them effective.

"We can spare two weeks for this," said Mr Edison. "Can you fellows of many tongues learn to talk with the girl in that time?"

"We'll try it," said several.

"It shall we do," cried the Heidelberg professor, more confidently.

"Then there is no use of staying here," continued the commander. "If we withdraw, the Martians will think that we have either given up the contest or been destroyed. Perhaps they will then pull off their blanket and let us see their face once more. That will give us a better opportunity to strike effectively when we are again ready."

"Why not rendezvous at one of the moons?" said an astronomer. "Neither of the two moons is of much consequence, as far as size goes, but still it would serve as a sort of anchorage ground, and while there, if we were careful to keep on the side away from Mars, we should escape detection."

This suggestion was immediately accepted, and the squadron, having been signaled to assemble, quickly bore off in the direction of the more distant moon of Mars, Deimos. We knew it was slightly smaller than Phobos, but its greater distance gave promise that it would better serve our purpose of temporary concealment. The moons of Mars, like the earth's moon, always keep the same face toward their master. By hiding behind Deimos we should escape the prying eyes of the Martians, even when they employed telescopes, and thus be able to remain comparatively close at hand, ready to pounce down upon them again after we had obtained, as we now had good hope of doing, information that would make us masters of the situation.

Deimos proved to be, as we had expected, about six miles in diameter. Its mean density is not very great, so that the acceleration of gravity did not exceed one two-thousandth of the earth's. Consequently the weight of a man turning the scales at 150 pounds at home was here only about an ounce.

The result was that we could move about with even greater ease than on the golden asteroid, and some of the scientific men eagerly resumed their interrupted experiments.

But the attraction of this little satellite was so slight that we had to be

A large number of airships made their appearance.

very careful not to move too swiftly in going about lest we should involuntarily leave the ground and sail out into space, as, it will be remembered, had happened to the fugitives during the fight on the asteroid.

Not only would such an adventure have been an uncomfortable experience, but it might have endangered the success of our scheme. Our present distance from the surface of Mars did not exceed 12,500 miles, and we had reason to believe that the Martians possessed telescopes powerful enough to enable them not merely to see the electrical ships at such a distance, but also to catch sight of us individually. Although the cloud curtain still rested on the planet it was probable that the Martians would send some of their airships up to its surface in order to determine what our fate had been. From that point of vantage, with their exceedingly powerful glasses, we feared that they might be able to detect anything unusual upon or in the neighborhood of Deimos.

Accordingly strict orders were given not only that the ships should be moored on that side of the satellite which perpetually turned away from Mars, but that without orders no one should venture around on the other side of the little globe or even on the edge of it, where he might be seen in profile against the sky.

Still, of course, it was essential that we on our part should keep a close watch, and so a number of sentinels were selected, whose duty it was to place themselves at the edge of Deimos, where they could peep over the horizon, so to speak, and catch sight of the globe of our enemies.

The distance of Mars from us was only about three times its own diameter, consequently it shut off a large part of the sky, as viewed from our position.

But in order to see its whole surface it was necessary to go a little beyond the edge of the satellite on that side which faced Mars. At the suggestion of Colonel Smith, who had so frequently stalked Indians that devices of this kind readily occurred to his mind, the sentinels all wore garments corresponding in color to that of the soil of the asteroid, which was of a dark, reddish brown hue. This would tend to conceal them from the prying eyes of the Martians.

The commander himself frequently went around the edge of the planet in order to take a look at Mars, and I often accompanied him.

I shall never forget one occasion, when, lying flat on the ground and cautiously worming our way around on the side toward Mars, we had just begun to observe it with our telescopes, when I perceived, against the vast curtain of smoke, a small, glinting object, which I instantly suspected to be an airship.

I called Mr Edison's attention to it, and we both agreed that it was undoubtedly one of the Martians' aerial vessels, probably on the lookout for us.

A short time afterward a large number of airships made their appearance at the upper surface of the clouds, moving to and fro, and although with our glasses we could only make out the general form of the ships, without being able to discern the Martians upon them, yet we had not the least doubt but they were sweeping the sky in every direction in order to determine whether we had been completely destroyed or had retreated to a distance from the planet.

Even when that side of Mars on which we were looking had passed into night we could still see the guardships circling above the clouds, their presence being betrayed by the faint twinkling of the electric lights that they bore.

Finally, after about a week had passed, the Martians evidently made up their minds that they had annihilated us and that there was no longer danger to be feared. Convincing evidence that they believed we should not be heard from again was furnished when the withdrawal of the great curtain of cloud began.

This phenomenon first manifested itself by a gradual thinning of the vaporous shield until at length we began to perceive the red surface of the planet dimly shining through it. Thinner and rarer it became, and after the lapse of about 18 hours it had completely disappeared, and the huge globe shone out again, reflecting the light of the sun from its continents and oceans with a brightness that, in contrast with the all enveloping night to which we had so long been subjected, seemed unbearable to our eyes.

Indeed, so brilliant was the illumination which fell upon the surface of Deimos that the number of persons who had been permitted to pass around upon the exposed side of the satellite was carefully restricted. In the blaze of light which had been suddenly poured upon us we felt somewhat like malefactors unexpectedly enveloped in the illumination of a policeman's dark lantern.

Meanwhile the object which we had in view in retreating to the satellite was not lost sight of, and the services of the chief linguists of the expedition were again called into use for the purpose of acquiring a new language. The experiment was conducted in the flagship. The fact that this time it was not a monster belonging to an utterly alien race upon whom we were to experiment, but a beautiful daughter of our common Mother Eve, added zest and interest as well as the most confident hopes of success to the efforts of those who were striving to understand the accents of her tongue.

Still the difficulty was very great, notwithstanding the conviction of the professors that her language would turn out to be a form of the great Indo-European speech from which the many tongues of civilized men upon the earth had been derived.

The learned men, to tell the truth, gave the poor girl no rest. For hours at a time they would ply her with interrogations by voice and by gesture, until at length, wearied beyond endurance, she would fall asleep before their faces.

Then she would be left undisturbed for a little while, but the moment her eyes opened again the merciless professors flocked about her once more and resumed the tedious iteration of their experiments.

Our Heidelberg professor was the chief inquisitor, and he revealed himself to us in a new and entirely unexpected light. No one could have anticipated the depth and variety of his resources. He placed himself in front of the girl and gestured and gesticulated, bowed, nodded, shrugged his shoulders, screwed his face into an infinite variety of expressions, smiled, laughed, scowled and accompanied all these dumb shows with posturings, exclamations, queries only half expressed in words, and cadences which by some ingenious manipulation of the tones of his voice he managed to make marvelously expressive of his desires.

He was a universal actor—comedian, tragedian, buffoon—all in one. There was no shade of human emotion which he did not seem capable of giving expression to.

His every attitude was a symbol, and all his features became in quick succession types of thought and exponents of hidden feelings, while his inquisitive nose stood forth in the midst of their ceaseless play like a perpetual interrogation point that would have electrified the sphinx into life and set its stone lips gabbling answers and explanations.

The girl looked on, partly astonished, partly amused and partly comprehending. Sometimes she smiled, and then the beauty of her face became most captivating. Occasionally she burst into a cheery laugh when the professor was executing some of his extraordinary gyrations before her.

It was a marvelous exhibition of what the human intellect, when all its powers are concentrated upon a single object, is capable of achieving. It seemed to me, as I looked at the performance, that if all the races of men who had been stricken asunder at the foot of the tower of Babel by the miracle which made the tongues of each to speak a language unknown to the others could be brought together again at the foot of the same tower, with all the advantages which thousands of years of education had in the meantime imparted to them, they would be able, without any miracle, to make themselves mutually understood.

And it was evident that an understanding was actually growing between the girl and the professor. Their minds were plainly meeting, and when both had become focused upon the same point it was perfectly certain that the object of the experiment would be attained.

Whenever the professor got from the girl an intelligent reply to his pantomimic inquiries or whenever he believed that he got such a reply it was immediately jotted down in the ever open notebook which he carried in his hand.

And then he would turn to us, standing by, and, with one hand on his heart and the other sweeping grandly through the air, would make a profound bow and say:

"The young lady and I great progress make already. I have her words comprehended. We shall wondrous mysteries solve. Jawohl! Wunderlich! Make yourselves, gentlemen, easy. Of the human race the ancestral stem have I here discovered."

Once I glanced over a page of his notebook, and there I read this:

"Mars—Zahmor.
"Copper—Hayes.
"Sword—Anz.
"I jump—Aitesna.
"I slay—Amontha.
"I cut off a head—Ksutaskma.
"I sleep—Zicha.
"I love—Levza."

When I saw this last entry, I looked suspiciously at the professor.

Was he trying to make love without our knowing it to the beautiful captive from Mars?

If so, I felt certain that he would get himself into difficulty. She had made a deep impression upon every man in the flagship, and I knew that there was more than one of the younger men who would have promptly called him to account if they had suspected him of trying to learn from those beautiful lips the words, "I love."

I pictured to myself the state of mind of Colonel Alonzo Jefferson Smith if in my place he had glanced over the notebook and read what I had read.

And then I thought of another handsome young fellow in the flagship—Sydney Phillips—who, if mere actions and looks could make him so, had become exceedingly devoted to this long lost and happily recovered daughter of Eve.

In fact, I had already questioned within my own mind whether the peace would be strictly kept between Colonel Smith and Mr. Phillips, for the former had, to my knowledge, noticed the young fellow's adoring glances and had begun to regard him out of the corners of his eyes as if he considered him no better than an Apache or a Mexican Greaser.

"But what," I asked myself, "would be the vengeance that Colonel Smith would take upon this skinny professor from Heidelberg if he thought that he, taking advantage of his linguistic powers, had stepped in between him and the damsel whom he had rescued?"

However, when I took a second look at the professor I became convinced that he was innocent of any such amorous intentions, and that he had learned, or believed he had learned, the word for "love" simply in pursuance of the method by which he meant to acquire the language of the girl.

There was one thing which gave some of us considerable misgiving, and that was the question whether after all the language the professor was acquiring was really the girl's own tongue or one that she had learned from the Martians.

But the professor bade us rest easy on that point. He assured us, in the first place, that this girl could not be the only human being living upon Mars, but that she must have friends and relatives there. That being so, they unquestionably had a language of their own, which they spoke when they were among themselves. Here, finding herself among beings belonging to her own race, she would naturally speak her own tongue and not that which she had acquired from the Martians.

"Moreover, gentlemen," he added, "I have in her speech many roots of the great Aryan tongue already recognized."

We were greatly relieved by this explanation, which seemed to all of us perfectly satisfactory.

Yet, really, there was no reason why one language should be any better than the other for our present purpose. In fact, it might be more useful to us to know the language of the Martians themselves. Still, we all felt that we should prefer to know her language rather than that of the monsters among whom she had lived.

Colonel Smith expressed what was in all our minds when, after listening to the reasoning of the professor, he blurted out:

"Thank God, she don't speak any of their blamed lingo! By Jove, it would soil her pretty lips!"

"But also that she speaks, too," said the man from Heidelberg, turning to Colonel Smith with a grin. "We shall both of them eventually learn."

Three entire weeks were passed in this manner. After the first week the girl herself materially assisted the linguists in their efforts to acquire her speech.

At length the task was so far advanced that we could, in a certain sense, regard it as practically completed. The Heidelberg professor declared that he had mastered the tongue of the ancient Aryans. His delight was unbounded. With prodigious industry he set to work, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep, to form a grammar of the language.

"You shall see," he said. "It will the speculations of my countrymen vindicate."

No doubt the professor had an exaggerated opinion of the extent of his acquirements, but the fact remained that enough had been learned of the girl's language to enable him and several others to converse with her quite as readily as a person of good capacity who has studied under the instructions of a native teacher during a period of six months can converse in a foreign tongue.

Immediately almost every man in the squadron set vigorously at work to learn the language of this fair creature for himself. Colonel Smith and Sidney Phillips were neck and neck in the linguistic race.

One of the first bits of information which the professor had given out was the name of the girl.

It was Aina (pronounced Ah-ee-na).

This news was flashed throughout the squadron, and the name of our beautiful captive was on the lips of all.

After that came her story. It was a marvelous narrative. Translated into our tongue, it ran as follows:

"The traditions of my fathers, handed down for generations so many that no one can number them, declare that the planet of Mars was not the place of our origin.

"Ages and ages ago our forefathers dwelt on another and distant world that was nearer to the sun than this one is and enjoyed brighter daylight than we have here.

"They dwelt—as I have often heard the story from my father, who had learned it by heart from his father, and he from his—in a beautiful valley that was surrounded by enormous mountains towering into the clouds and white about their tops with snow that never melted. In the valley were lakes, around which clustered the dwellings of our race.

"It was, the traditions say, a land wonderful for its fertility, filled with all things that the heart could desire, splendid flowers and rich with luscious fruits.

"It was a land of music, and the people who dwelt in it were very happy."

While the girl was telling this part of her story the Heidelberg professor became visibly more and more excited. Presently he could keep quiet no longer and suddenly exclaimed, turning to us who were listening as the words of the girl were interpreted for us by one of the other linguists:

"Gentlemen, it is the vale of Cashmere! Has not my great countryman, Adelung, so declared? Has he not said that the valley of Cashmere was the cradle of the human race already?"

"From the valley of Cashmere to the planet Mars! What a romance!" exclaimed one of the bystanders.

Colonel Smith appeared to be particularly moved, and I heard him humming under his breath, greatly to my astonishment, for this rough soldier was not much given to poetry or music:

"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, its grottoes, its fountains as clear
As the love lighted eyes that hang over the wave?"

Mr. Sydney Phillips, standing by and also catching the murmur of Colonel Smith's words, showed in his handsome countenance some indications of distress, as if he wished he had thought of those lines first.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE NEW JAPAN.

Religious Toleration Flourishes In the Land of the Mikado.

One of the first acts of the emperor after the restoration of 1868 was the promulgation of an edict abolishing the laws against foreign religions and their propagation among the people; hence it came to pass that for the first time in centuries the doctrine and tenets of Christianity could be openly preached and taught in Japan. Mention of this momentous event naturally suggests some consideration of the question of religious faiths in Japan and their influence upon the intellectual and moral growth of the nation. One interesting fact immediately discloses itself, and that is that up to the time when Japan was closed to the world foreign religions not only been tolerated, but had even been eagerly welcomed and espoused. This notably true of Christianity and Buddhism. The latter was introduced about A. D. Until that time Shintoism was the only religion of the people.

"The coming of Buddhism," as one of the historians says, "wrought a complete change in the mind of the nation. Hitherto the people's conception of religion had been of a most rudimentary character. They merely believed that the gods must be revered, relied on and feared. In their simple faith they attributed every happy or unhappy event, every fortunate or unfortunate incident, to the volition of the deities, to whom, therefore, they offered sacrifices that evil might be averted." The transition from pantheism of this description to belief in a faith which inculcates virtue and well doing and announced the doctrine of future rewards and punishments might naturally be regarded as difficult, but it was accomplished in Japan in a surprisingly brief period. The introduction of Buddhism did not, however, destroy reverence for the ancient Shintoism. The two existed side by side; in some cases they were even partially amalgamated through the skillful adoption by Buddhist propagandists of some features of the Shinto belief as a part of the Buddhist tenets.—Toru Hoshi in Harper's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF BOOK HUNTING.

Recovery of a Precious Volume After Many Years.

A London book hunter of the last generation gave to his son as the "best egg" in his future library a translation of "The Life and Character of Theophrastus," minus the title page, but attributed to Aristotle. On giving this book to his son the father wrote his name on the fly leaf. A few years afterward the son, accompanied by his beloved books, went to Jamaica, where the translation in question was borrowed of him by a military officer on service in that colony. This officer, being unexpectedly transferred with his regiment to another colony, quitted Jamaica very suddenly, inadvertently taking with him the borrowed translation, a circumstance which caused great annoyance and regret to its owner, who prized it very highly as being the gift of his father and containing that parent's handwriting. He made various attempts to learn the whereabouts of the officer who had so carelessly carried off the treasured volume, but could never obtain any tidings of him, and at length relinquished the effort and gave up the book for lost.

Five and twenty years afterward the book hunter, having returned to London, was one day strolling along the Old Kent road and peering about him, as usual, when he came to the shop of a dealer in old iron near the then existent turnpike gate which formerly stood nearly opposite the burial ground. As he glanced into the dingy depths of this shop he suddenly espied his lost translation stowed away upon a shelf. Hastily entering the shop he bought back his missing treasure for the sum of sixpence, which the man of iron seemed to think himself very lucky in getting in exchange for it. The presence of his father's handwriting on the fly leaf was still as legible as ever and rendered it certain that the volume, so strangely recovered, was the identical one the loss of which he had so long deplored.—Chambers' Journal.

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Saltrheum, eczema, every ailment of the skin [illegible] by Crystalina. No benefit no pay.

A TALK ABOUT SLEEP

A DOCTOR OVERTHROWS AN OLD THEORY AND EXPOUNDS A NEW ONE.

Intellectual Activity as It Affects the Need of Sleep—Naps After Meals Are Declared Not to Be the Thing—Conditions When Nerve Cells Shut Up.

"But I can't sleep," insisted the patient.

"That's nothing," repeated the doctor.

"Nothing! Why, I stay awake all night."

"No, you don't," rejoined the doctor. "You stay awake part of the time and dream some more of the time that you're awake, and betimes you sleep soundly."

"Well, you can put it that way if you want to. What I'm after is something that'll make me sleep instead of lying awake and will keep me from dreaming that I'm awake."

"You're going too fast," said the doctor. "In the first place, how do you know that you need to sleep any more than you do? Lots of people sleep too much for their own good."

"I've been accustomed to my seven straight hours all my life, and I don't know why I should cut down the allowance now."

"Some people," retorted the doctor, "come in here and say they've been accustomed to their three square meals a day all their lives, and they don't see why they should have dyspepsia now. There are a lot of possible dangers about too much sleep in the way of causing certain ailments, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the nerves brought about by trying to force yourself to sleep more than your nature says, just because you've heard that the normal man spends a third of his life in bed. Why, don't you know that the higher the intellectual rank the less sleep a man requires? Goethe and Humboldt got along with two or three hours of sleep a day. Napoleon needed only four or five hours, and Kant scolded his pupils for exceeding that limit. Now, you're intellectual."

"And a victim of insomnia," added the patient.

"When you're growing old," continued the doctor, "you may know that your intellect is all right and your powers are unimpaired so long as you stay awake. Its only when you feel a constant need of sleep that the decay of the mental faculties has set in."

"Then maybe I'm growing young," said the patient. "I used to take a nap after dinner, and now I don't even do that."

"A good thing for you," said the doctor. "You oughtn't to sleep after meals."

"How about the famous siesta of Latin countries?"

"It's all wrong. If doctors wait long enough, a case is pretty sure to come along that will tell them what they want to know. It would, of course, be easier to cut people up and find out the things we want to know as the questions arise, but there are objections to doing that, and so we have to wait until good fortune injures somebody in the right way. So it happened that once a man had his stomach cut open by an accident, and his doctor made use of him. The doctor learned among other things that the process of digestion became weaker while the man was asleep. The moral is that it isn't well to sleep after meals. Some people feel the need of a nap after eating. That is because their digestive apparatus isn't in good working order or because they are gluttons. In either case blood needed elsewhere is drawn to the stomach and the brain is impoverished. That's why serpents and certain other animals go to sleep after gorging themselves."

"That may be all right about the other man," persisted the patient, "but in my case it is different. I don't sleep now because I've had a lot of care on my mind."

"Maybe that's the reason and maybe it isn't," replied the doctor. "Care works both ways. Toward the end of his career Napoleon sometimes could scarcely keep awake at critical moments in the midst of a battle. They said it was his liver, but it wasn't. The same phenomenon was observed among the ancients. A passage was called to my attention only the other day from Montaigne's essay on sleep. He describes the suicide of the Emperor Otho. After having made all arrangements for killing himself he was so overcome by drowsiness that he fell asleep and soon was snoring. In the same way, Caton, when about to make away with himself, was overcome by sleep, and once the Emperor Augustus, when engaged in a naval battle, could hardly keep himself awake long enough to give orders."

"All that is very interesting," said the patient. "But what has all that to do with my case?"

"Everything in the world," answered the doctor. "If we only knew what sleep was, I might do something for you that would remedy the evil in a direct manner, but unfortunately we don't. We're not even sure that we're anywhere near knowing, but we think we are. Do you know what the latest theory of sleep is? Of course you don't. It's only about two years old, and it isn't yet in a condition for popular consumption. It is too complicated for me to explain to you. There are too many technicalities and provisional hypotheses and other involved things about it. But the general idea of it is simple enough. You know there are such things as nerve cells, don't you? Well, we used to suppose that they were continuous and formed a permanent line of communication for ideas to pass over. Now we find, or at least we think we find, that they are only contiguous, that they connect one with another by means of prolongations. Sometimes they contract and draw in their prolongations, and then they are as much shut off and isolated as a mediæval baron used to be in his castle when he raised the drawbridge or as two cities are nowadays when a blizzard comes along and blows down the telegraph wires. That is sleep. Sometimes a few of the nerve cells remain connected and exchange ideas. That is what dreams are. When you're awake, they're all connected, and as you go to sleep they contract and shut off the current. Pretty theory, isn't it? Well, in your case, say, something's wrong that prevents the cells, or some of them, from contracting and keeps them excited. So the thing to do is to try to soothe them, and that's what I've been trying to do. Don't worry about going to sleep, and maybe in time the balky cells will get calmed down and will contract and then you'll get all the sleep you're entitled to. Try soothing them. And I suppose you expect me to give you a prescription besides all this good advice and wisdom?"

"I believe it's customary," said the patient.—New York Sun.

Near the Caspian sea there are several "eternal fires," so called by the natives, where natural gas issues from the ground and has been on fire for ages.

HARD LUCK.

A poor little fellow called Vaughan
Was playing one day on the laughan.
When a whirlwind came nigh,
Took him up to the skigh,
And none could tell where he had gaughan.

—New York World.

HE NEEDN'T WORRY.

"Even if the people of Great Britain were to abolish their throne the Prince of Wales wouldn't have far to look for a job."

"Why, what could he do to earn a living?"

"He is an experienced waiter."—Chicago Record.