

MARSHLANDS.

For Marshlands.

Life on the Planet Venus.

It is the opinion of a noted astronomer, given as the result of close observation, that certain conditions exist on the planet Venus, much as they do on this earth. For instance, there are vapors, clouds and air, and probably a race of people not unlike ourselves. There is however this difference, Venus does not rotate on its axis once in the twenty-four hours as our earth does,—in fact it has no axis, or having one has laid it aside as not a necessary adjunct to a well equipped planet.

Instead of keeping an axis on hand to rotate around as all well regulated planets do, it goes sailing steadily around the sun keeping the same side always to that luminary. Thus while one side of Venus is one long continued and uninterrupted blaze of light, its reverse side is in total darkness cimmerian unrelieved. Under these circumstances there can be no division of time, such as we have here. There are no days, no weeks, no months, no years, no cycles, no centuries, no Sundays, no last week, no happy new year, no seasons of the year, no yesterday, no to-morrow, no anniversaries, no claiming dates ahead by circus troupes or popular lectures, no birthdays illumines their calendar, no setting the wedding day, no waiting the night to come, no hoping that the day would dawn, no notes at sixty days, no notice that your month is up, no leasing for a term of years. Love lorn swains have to apportion the age of their in-

amoratas, unless the women of Venus have horns, on which are wrinkles and even then who can tell that they have not been sandpapered.

Methodists, if they exist in that far away planet, would have difficulty in enforcing the three years circuit. Ten dollars or ninety days has no terrors to the impecunious law breakers, and the difficulty of meting out a term of confinement to either cranks or offenders is obvious.

Thousands of people never saw darkness, and the query "were you ever in the dark?" is as common on Venus as "were you ever in Europe?" is with dwellers in America.

The region of everlasting and Egyptian darkness is the hobgoblin land of nursery maids, and to be sentenced there for life carries terrors that death itself does not possess.

Scientists in the world of Venus do not waste time in endeavoring to discover the poles of their planet, but to elucidate the hidden things in "Darkest Venus" is their greatest ambition.

Brigands infest the edge of that dark hemisphere make "Venetian" raids, returning with the booty to their sunless strong holds. Fugitives from justice find there a city of refuge, and the dark, dark, caverns of that benighted world is the abode of a sightless brood of ghoulish reptiles that wind among the sickly vegetation.

Far distant from that border land between eternal day and endless night, the inhabitants make up picnic parties and special excursion trains carry them to the edge of darkness—that nebulous land when day ceases and