

the completion of many orbits by both the earth and this projectile, they would again meet at the same spot in space where they had separated, and our globe would reclaim the wanderer—unruined and uninjured by thousands, maybe millions, of years travel through inter-planetary space. It is but the atmosphere which rusts and destroys to build again, and"—

"But I have read," my wife broke in, begging our pardons, "that the inhabitants of Mars must be advanced in knowledge far beyond our attainments; then why should they not construct a gun with power enough to fire that shot, if they wish to communicate with us? Just look at the enormous strides which even we have made in guns. Though I must sorrowfully admit that ours are intended solely as engines of destruction; not to help science."

"My dear wife," I said; "those ideas are very entertaining, but they are nonsense. Might it not have been projected by volcanic action from the sun, or Jupiter, or Venus, or Mars, or"—

"Certainly it might," Jack went on to orate; "but it would not be so likely, d'you see? One hundred chances to one it would go past, to find a cometary orbit."

"Now, look here, Jack," I expostulated, "Professor Young has observed matter projected from the sun at such a rate that it would be hurled far beyond the boundary of the solar system. Now why should not some of these ejected sun-fragments encounter our earth? Though molten, or most likely gaseous, when they leave Old Sol, they would be cool before they reached us."

"Oh, yes, but look!" yelled Jack.

We were already doing so to the best of our ability.

The ponderous aerolite suddenly had rolled; and the water all around foamed. A roar; and the aerolite turned down-side up; we floundered in the sea. I grabbed my wife and held her head above until she had taken hold upon the boat with Jack and I. We were alarmed. Our terrified gaze again sought the aerolite. Would it roll over us?

"We'd better get ashore, before he

takes another tumble," Jack suggested, stripping the water from his face. "He's the first live aerolite I ever saw. If he wasn't quite so big the World's Fair people might"—

A portion of the aerolite on top began to lift until it had arisen more than a yard, when it toppled off into the sea. Shortly, one of the handsomest women I had ever beheld appeared from the aerolite. She watched us with a look which said:

"Will they attack me? Perhaps these are amphibious creatures. They seem harmless, at all events."

She spoke. We could not understand; but her voice was most musically delicious.

My wife began to splutter, as though she would drown. This diverted my attention from the loveliness peeping from the aerolite, for I had to get my wife ashore. A glance from the land made me green. Jack Davis had managed to re-load himself into the now-righted boat, and was alongside the aerolite trying suavely to converse with the lovely nereid.

I made to call to him, that I might also get into the boat, but my wife telepathed my thought and pulled at my shoulder; which I can vouch required no jerking.

Jack's winsomeness had effect; the dream of female beauty stepped from her pulpit, and was helped down the side of the aerolite by him. He rowed to the shore with his precious freight; and as the boat's bows ploughed into the shingle he sprang out and effected the landing of the lady. I may be made a front-row man by my wife's nimble fingers, but I must say that this aerolite maiden's form was as divine as her countenance. She had acme grace, which the clothing she wore augmented. Above her waist the material was a silken gauze, and through it her healthful pink-skin glowed. I was enraptured. It is not proper to speak of certain apparel which ladies are supposed to wear; so, as this was solely all, and diaphanous at that, which draped our fair aerolienne's limbs, I dare not more depict.

"Gentlemen, you better had retire," my wife spoke up, "while I conduct this person where she may dress."

"She is not embarrassed," I hurried to explain.

"This must be the dress of vogue in