

“I know of no danger which is now pressing upon the world,” Challenger answered, gruffly.

The Pressman looked at him in mild surprise.

“I meant, sir, the chances that the world might run into a belt of poisonous ether.”

“I do not now apprehend any such danger,” said Challenger.

The Pressman looked even more perplexed.

“You are Professor Challenger, are you not?” he asked.

“Yes, sir; that is my name.”

“I cannot understand, then, how you can say that there is no such danger. I am alluding to your own letter, published above your name in the London *Times* of this morning.”

It was Challenger’s turn to look surprised.

“This morning?” said he. “No London *Times* was published this morning.”