

— THE ARROW —

AFTER JULES VERNE.

(Continued.)

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on the bottom of the car, Alorado was feeling my pulse, while Jardine held some cordial to my lips. I recovered slowly. "Where are we?" I asked. "Drink this and I will tell you," said Jardine. I was soor able to sit up.

"We are yet in the atmosphere of the moon," said Alorado, "but in a dense haze. Yet, I think we shall soon leave it. At present we are going towards the earth side of the moon, but we are at an enormous altitude." "What happened?" "We don't know. Some gigantic explosion took place at the moment we touched the summit of the mountain, and we were drawn upwards and outwards with frightful velocity. By the jerk you were thrown against the side of the car and lay stunned. We can only guess at our direction, but a great eruption, such as the one that took place, throws out lateral currents. Probably we were driven back over the path we had come. Already I begin to feel the influence of an extra quantity of oxygen in the air; that was the case you remember when we entered the lunar atmosphere. Let us resume our air chambers—to be caught in the pure oxygen belt would be death."

We were soon reinstated in our air chamber. A match, burned a few minutes afterwards, showed like magnesium wire. The balloon was yet working and moving forward by the power of its machinery, but soon we must enter airless space and then we must depend on chance—our machinery would be useless in a vacuum.

"The haze is thinner, I see a glimpse of something below," said I. In a few minutes we could make out the moon far below us; its appearance was a circle with one side depressed to a flattened curve. We were past the corner of the moon and were on the side next the earth. The sun was nearly over our heads and the earth was visible close to the balloon on the opposite side, showing merely a crescent.

"We are leaving the moon," said M. Jardine, "for what reason I don't pretend to say; probably some further complication of electrical conditions resulting from the great eruption. The question is, are we going earthwards? If we are, we shall soon lose sight of the planet behind the balloon."

We were evidently flying away from the moon as fast as we had approached it. Very soon the earth disappeared behind the balloon. The moon was dwindling away and was rapidly assuming the appearance we had all our lives been familiar with. Then there was the sensation repeated of the breaks being put on hard above, and we seemed to rise towards the balloon. Again the sickening swirl and we turned entirely over, and there below us was the North American continent.

We could see the St. Lawrence below us and Montreal—at least where it ought to be. To the west dimly were the lakes, and to the south the Hudson and Lake Champlain.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Alorado, "we have got to earth again," as he threw aside his air chamber. He turned blue as the rarified air affected him. Instinctively he grasped the descending machine handle and turned it. To the wonder of all of us it acted, and we seemed to fall, so rapidly did the fan carry us earthwards.

"Something must have been jerked back into place by the explosion," said M. Jardine.

"Let us make for New York," I exclaimed, "we shall be there in an hour." And in an hour we descended gently in the Central Park, to the amazement of the citizens.

The first question we asked was, "what day is it and the hour?" "Nine o'clock a.m." We had been away a little over twenty-four hours. Cable reports had come from Europe, and our loss was prominent in all the morning papers. The noon numbers could not be struck off fast enough to meet the demand. Of course we cabled Paris, and received a reply congratulating us on our escape and adventures.

"Look at this," said Alorado to me that evening. He held a copy of the New York *Herald* of the morning. There was a telegraphic summary of an account of a terrible earthquake in Southern Russia. "That particular point of the earth, so far as I can calculate," he said, "was immediately the nearest to the moon at the moment the great eruption took place which drove us homeward."

[THE END.]

TO MR. BLAKE.

That your party is sorely addicted to shams,
Non-partizans e'en must agree;
But for swallowing lies, and for swallowing crams,
It has taken the lead in Cham-bly. G. S.

THE REAL (RIEL) SPUE.

Volunteers who fought and bled,
Made the cold damp earth your bed,
You whose blood was freely shed,
What think you of this?

Think of all the young and brave
Perilling their lives to save
Law and order, in their grave.
What think you of this?

Frenchmen, loyal Frenchmen, too,
Think of all that you've gone through
Black rebellion to subdue.
Think ye all of this.

Then together hand in hand
Let us firmly take our stand,
And defy the Laurier band.
Let us do but this—

And we will make Mr. W. Laurier
Feel every day sorry, sorry, sorrier. G. S.

Brown: "I say, Smith, do you know the beautiful Mrs. De Courcey, of 1009 Grand Avenue: great swell, you know, quite upper cut?"

Smith: "Well, I can't say I know her, but I know her husband intimately—capital fellow! Pity he is lame, though."

Brown: "Ah, indeed! is he? Which leg does he go short on?"

Smith: "I—I—in fact, I never remembered to make the observation."

ON A STRIKE.

"My dear friend," said a tract-distributor in a lager-beer saloon: "I am an humble worker in my Master's vineyard, and"

"Well, what are you doing in here?" demanded the "dear friend": "Are you on a strike?"