

In order to return to our voyage of last summer, we must say that we felt very badly after our swoon of nearly three-quarters of an hour. After strongly inhaling oxygen, the want of breath and the feeling of anxiety passed off, but a great fatigue, an emptiness of the stomach, and now and then a little headache, remained. In spite of the size of the balloon we managed the descent easily, so that we landed quite gently at Briesen, in the vicinity of Cottbus, only seventy miles southeast of Berlin. The voyage lasted seven and a half hours. As usual, we found a most kind reception; the pastor of the village was especially hospitable in his hearty way. The next day we had fully recovered, and no sort of ill health remained.

It is not practicable or advisable in a brief paper to discuss all the meteor-

ological results obtained in this voyage; it may be only mentioned that the air was again comparatively warm at the greatest height, just as on the 11th of July. It is true that we had 40° Fahr. below zero, but at a former voyage I observed already 55° below at a height of 25,000 feet. This voyage confirms the modern view, that even at the greatest heights of the atmosphere the variations of temperature are almost as great as on earth. The physiological observations seem to teach that at 35,000 feet is the boundary for a human being in open air. At any rate it would be dangerous to try to get any farther. And, finally, the venerable Mr. Glaisher, who is now more than ninety years of age, would undoubtedly be the first to acknowledge that his record has been surpassed, provided that he is still interested in aeronautics.

The Night Beautiful

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

DAY-LONG the fiery and un pitying sun
 Flamed in a sky that glowed like burnished brass;
 Dun stretched the ribbon of the road, and dun
 The reaches of the grass.

In the still willow shadows by the pool
 The cattle herded, standing dewlap-deep;
 And all the beechen aisles, erewhile so cool,
 Were sunk in fervid sleep.

But with the dusk the vesper ecstasies
 Of the charmed wood-thrush stirred our hearts to hope;
 And then there breathed the blessing of a breeze
 Adown the western slope.

The graceful garden-primrose set alight
 Its little globes of lemon-gold, and soon
 High in the deep blue garden of the night
 Flowered the great primrose moon.

And we forgot the garishness, the glare,
 The parching meadows, and the shrunken streams,
 And in the glamour of that magic air
 We gave ourselves to dreams.

A Double-barrelled Detective Story

BY MARK TWAIN

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II

I

THE next afternoon the village was electrified with an immense sensation. A grave and dignified foreigner of distinguished bearing and appearance had arrived at the tavern, and entered this formidable name upon the register:

Sherlock Holmes.

The news buzzed from cabin to cabin, from claim to claim; tools were dropped, and the town swarmed toward the centre of interest. A man passing out at the northern end of the village shouted it to Pat Riley, whose claim was the next one to Flint Buckner's. At that name Felloch Jones seemed to turn sick. He muttered to himself:

"Uncle *Sherlock*! The mean luck of it!—that *he* should come just when. . ." He dropped into a reverie, and presently said to himself: "But what's the use of being afraid of *him*? Anybody that knows him the way I do knows he can't detect a crime, except when he plans it all out beforehand and arranges the clues and hires some fellow to commit it according to instructions. . . . Now there ain't going to *be* any clues this time—so, what show has he got? None at all. No, sir; everything's ready. If I was to risk putting it off. . . . No, I won't run any risk like that. Flint Buckner goes out of this world to-night, for sure." Then another trouble presented itself. "Uncle *Sherlock* 'll be wanting to talk home matters with me this evening, and how am I going to get rid of him? for I've *got* to be at my cabin a minute or two about eight o'clock." This was an awkward matter, and cost him much thought. But he found a way to beat the difficulty. "We'll go for a walk, and I'll leave him in the road a

minute, so that he won't see what it is I do: the best way to throw a detective off the track, anyway, is to have him along when you are preparing the thing. Yes, that's the safest—I'll take him with me."

Meantime the road in front of the tavern was blocked with villagers waiting and hoping for a glimpse of the great man. But he kept his room, and did not appear. None but Ferguson, Jake Parker the blacksmith, and Ham Sandwich had any luck. These enthusiastic admirers of the great scientific detective hired the tavern's detained-baggage lock-up, which looked into the detective's room across a little alleyway ten or twelve feet wide, ambushed themselves in it, and cut some peep-holes in the window-blind. Mr. Holmes's blinds were down; but by-and-by he raised them. It gave the spies a hair-lifting but pleasurable thrill to find themselves face to face with the Extraordinary Man who had filled the world with the fame of his more than human ingenuities. There he sat—not a myth, not a shadow, but real, alive, compact of substance, and almost within touching distance with the hand.

"Look at that head!" said Ferguson, in an awed voice. "By gracious! *that's* a head!"

"You bet!" said the blacksmith, with deep reverence. "Look at his nose! look at his eyes! Intellect? Just a battery of it!"

"And that paleness," said Ham Sandwich. "Comes from thought—that's what it comes from. Hell! duffers like us don't know what real thought *is*."

"No more we don't," said Ferguson. "What we take for thinking is just blubber-and-slush."

"Right you are, Wells-Fargo. And look at that frown—that's *deep* thinking