

t, 1994, by Edwin Salm

ried into camp the night be-

Tony's hand, "I've heard about she said, "Often. You don't

ok anything like I supposed you

"I'm glad to meet you," Tony re-

"You better go back to your place," Ransdell said,

miled buoyantly and returned. Ranadell looked at her thought-

fully, sipped his coffee, and shook his head. Then he continued pri-

in our company; but her empty-headedness, her astonishment at everything, even her ignorance, which is pretty naive, have delight-

"What did she do?" Tony asked.

"The second night we were here Eberville went mad. He decided early in the evening that it was

against the will of God for us to

could delay no longer his return to Hendron. But when he suggest-

"Sure," the girl answered. She

we took off. Lived in oods for three weeks before that nobody knows what on."

there things. We saw a—a tred of thom. Like larks they'd in the sky—all metal larks of releas design. They had enable they are considered to be considered to be of the constant of the consta

dded; the inclination of

a jump. (on don't believe it" Peter Van-dit rebuked him,

ou," said Tony, "haven't been elr city. We were there three and never cessed to expect to walk out any door." After a million years dead?" "How do we know how it might

r Vanderbilt flicked a speck Peter Vanderbilt flicked a speck an his sleeve. "The machine hid have come from one source," suggested, "the pilot from an-ier. The machine could have rived the million rears cold; we ow that some did. You saw them: I the pilot need have survived, more than a passage from earth which, some three hundred of us a have survived, and a hundred your camp also."

got across—several parties; sman, the Russians, the Jap-er some others. Two weeks to ago they may have found to Sealed City with the Other

"All right," said Tony, "that's he is look as over and lea out message or signal? Whysey sat down, but drew closer ther. "If some of the Other ple survived, what would be

their attitude to us, would be easy? . . : Would they know who we were, and where we came from?"

Tony led a dozen men to the ship a which Ellot and he had flown; and they bore to the camp the masing articles from the Scaled

name's Clara," said Rans-

m: then they m the camp e figure was not Who is it? Who's with you?

e the cry. "Ransdell! Dave Ransdell!" Tony lled; and Dave stopped and lift

ed both his arms.
"Ransdell! Ransdell?" came back. "Yes! They got over! The sec

"Yea! They got over! The second hip got over!"

Then the welcome began, "Tony," said Ransdell later, when or an instant they had a few ords, "how Hendron's changed!"
"Yes," said Tony, "of course he as." But he realised that to Ransell, who had not seen their lender these the last day on earth the ale the last day on earth, the alteration in Hendron's appearance and manner was more tragic, Never had Tony heard Hendron'

hand, which clung to the list which Ransdell had given him, quivered

as if with palsy.

It was the list of the survivors and the dead from the second Ark.
He had read it several times; but again and again, like a very old

man, he went over it.

"It was the tubes, you say, David?" he kept reviewing the disaster at landing, with Ranedell.
"Three of the tubes fused! That Unabashed, she studied him.
"You look shot," she said finally.
Tony grinned. "I am a little tired." was the fault of the design—my fault," he blamed himself morbidly.

"These people here, of whom Tony has told us. What metallurgists! They would have made a ship. Ah! Ah! Ah! Tony-Davidvately to Tony: "She's really a this planet are not here, because they made good their escape in our company: but here they made good their escape the our company: but here. through Space! They made their own Space Ships and better ones and more of them; and escaped when they were passing some hab-itable sphere as they scraped some ed everybody. And she did a big star!"
thing for us."

"No, Father!" "How do you know? I tell you they probably did it; and accom-plished it much better than I, with my bongling, that I am an amateur—a murderer. How many did I kill, David? How many did you say? . . . What rows of names?" "Father, you didn't kill them!"

be here, and that we should all be destroyed. But he quieted down, and was left alone. Later he got up, got into the ship, started the "I tell you I did! The tubes fused—the tubes I figured and deonly generator that would work, and turned on one of the lateral tubes. signed myself. The human factor did not fall. They piloted it prop-

In the morning you could see a big black patch about four hundred yards to the left of where we were camped. He'd have who do not make the strong. So was Eberville, insanely strong. But also teeth and nalis. That is also have the left of where we were camped. He'd have who were camped. He'd have who will occupie the left of where we were camped. He'd have who will occupie the left of the was Electrical management of the parties of the par Suddenly Tony got up. Hendron, he remembered, knew nothing of their discoveries and events. He

man of resource, was done.

Tony, thoroughly realizing this, trembled himself as he helped lead his friend to his cabin. Partly it

who"—she lowered her voice carefully so her father could not hear fully so her father could not hear to tell. You—you haven't begun to tell them what you must have to tell of the strange city!"

"Don't you want to hear it?" Tony "I'm staying with Father now,"

said Eve. Rebelliously—and yet ashamed of himself for his feeling—Tony turned away and left ber with Ransdell,

"The best way to give you some idea of the city," Tony said, facing the entire company of the camp except Hendron and Eva," is to read you extracts from the record made, on the spot at the time, by Ellot James. Before I begin, however, I



'Her Name's Clara," Said Ransdell. "Nobody Brought Her Over. Everyone Denied They Had Any-Board. But There She Was."

ask you to think of a city made of many colored metals built like the spokes of a wheel around a vast central building. Think of a dome of transparent metal over it. And nember, particularly while I read that every street, every building, every object in the whole metropolis was in an amazing state of preservation,

"Remember that there was not s single sign of human habitation. I have already told you that the people were human-very much like ourselves-but there was not a sign of them or any remains of them except for statues and paintings and representations which we called otographic for lack of a better word and for record on their remarkable visual machines. Bear all that in mind. Here, for ex ample, is what Ellot wrote on the evening of our first day on Bronson Beta. I will skip the part that describes the city in general."

CHAPTER VI

TONY began to read from Eliot James' diary: "Tony and I are of in a bed apartment in one of the large buildings. The night of Bronson Beta has descended, but we have light. In fact, the adventure of light is the most bizarre which has befallen us since we penetrated this spectacular and silent city. As twilight descended we were about to return to our airplane. We were visited one or two buildings and the effect of the silence combined with the oncoming darkness was more than we could bear. We could not rid ourselves of the feeling that the city was inhabited; we could not cease looking quickly over our shoulders in the hope, or the fear. of seeing somebody. As we stood uncertainly on the street the sun vanished altogether, its orange light reflected by low-lying cumulus clouds. The sky took on a deeper green and at a word from Tony l would have run from the place. Suddenly, to our utter confo tion, the city was bathed in light. The light came on without a sound. Its source, or rather its sources, was invisible. It shone down on the streets from behind cornices. It burst luminously upon the walls of the giant buildings.

"The interiors of many of them were also filled with radiance. All this, suddenly, silently, in the gathering gloom. I shall never forget the expression on Tony's face as he urned to me and whispered, Tr's ch! My own mind, appalled at this new, marvelous manifesta-tion of the genius of the Other People, was very close to lapsing into inconsciousness for a second. Then I found myself with my bands hed, saying over and over to ayself, 'It's light, just light. If was getting dark, so they turned in the lights.' Then I amended at to—The lights come on here hen it's dark.' Immediately Tony at I fell into an alternation. The

elmea Site of Endless W mea is the site of endless now for centuries. A s

Lord



WHEAT AND WINE

THE hillsides of Pierre Lafargue lie central to that region which the French call Midi and celebrate as a giant source of wheat and wine. His farm is 17 miles uphill from the pleasant gray city of Montauban, in the province of Tarn-et-Garonne. At Montauban no one had ever

heard of Pierre Lafargue. I exerted my French, displayed my clipping from L'Illustration, and insist ed all over town that such a man lived, for had not le gouvernemen Francaise, a government in matters of record singularly precise; had not the minister of agriculture of the republic himself but lately be stowed the order of agricultural merit upon the heads of 750 peas-ant families, farmers of the same land for three centuries or more And who of these ancients of the earth stood first in the citation of the ministry, with official record of having farmed the same fields for 1,152 years? "Voyez! The family Lafargue of Molleres, Tarn-et-Garonne, Pierre Lafargue, present pro-

"Connais pas," said a serious looking man in a blue smock, one of a group gathered from labor in a wayside vineyard just above the biggest church in town. "Connais pas," cried all the others cheerfully, and offered me pinard, a sour

Along the one mean street of Molieres, finally attained, the residents seemed furtive and strange. They answered questions with side wise glances in words hard to understand. Then they would call others, and all would gather in silence to stare. But some one rar for the priest, who came now with authoritative gestures, clearing the way. A positive man with a twoday beard, and commanding manner. His people fell back respect-

fully. "Yes, I know very well the farm of Pierre Lafargue. I know it very well indeed." For he was born himself a Lafargue, in that house. Pierre is his brother. Always, in order to keep the farm entire and in the family, younger brothers have yielded full proprietorship to the eldest, or to that brother who wished most to stay. Of the pres ent generation, a sister too is in holy orders, having yielded her rights to Pierre.

The family title to the farm runs back to 772, but full names and dates and papers are available only from about the time of Columbus. It is surely a hill farm, all hill,

on which this family has been sticking it out all these centuries. And a small one-some 60 acres of small fields, partly wooded, falling away from a hilltop on which has been leveled space enough for a small, square house of stone and plaster, a good-sized stone barn and a

trawstack Sixty acres, most of it so steen that in America it would probably be written off at once as pasturage or waste land. A story-and-a-half house, about 40 by 40 feet, with a low roof peaked from all sides to the middle. A right big house, that, as present houses go, built in 1704 by the great-great-great-great grandsire of the present Pierre, Sc the records show; so the priest said; and he said too, that in the six generations since there have al-

ways been an average of six chil-dren under that roof.

But the age of the present house is as nothing compared to the ten-ure of this family on this hill. On

fields, Antoine Lafargue, a direct forbear, was tilling, sowing and taking crops when, far to the west, a sallor-so it is told-saw a seagull and Columbus discovered a New World. Not only that: the Lafargues had

been there 720 years then; and there have passed less than five centuries since. When Shakespeare was born they had been there, farming, for nearly 800 years.

The title to this land is given in a few lines of the last will and testament of one Johannis Lafargue, written in Latin, dated August 20, 772, in the reign of Charlemagne. In the eleven and a half centuries since, the family line of direct descent, of active ownership, has never been broken. As I go to the front door, Pierre

Lafargue comes out of his barn, He has been bedding down his cows, and is after some more straw. A browned, wiry little man of sixty, small, almost gnome-like; he can't be an inch over five feet. He wears a blue smock and heavy wooden shoes. He sees me and comes toward me hesitatingly, but with nothing of that hang-dog diffidence I had met with among the people in the village. This small ant's head is straight up, and he is telling me, I think, that he is very sorry, but that he can understand hardly a word I say.

Pierre takes me to the barn and shows me the five of his work cows that are in stalls. His boys, Jean-Marie and Denis, are out with the other four, hauling stones for road building. These hauling jobs help in times like this when the wheat is threshed and the grapes are not yet ripe, he says.

The cows are of the province. They look like Jerseys grown as big as Holsteins, and work right up to the day they freshen. Except for what the calves take, they give no milk. They are better than oxen, Pierre says, because they breed and

And they are much better than horses to work with, he adds. One does not have all these straps of harness—a yoke, simply, and there you are! And no reins; one talks with them and they obey. They are slow? Perhaps, but

what would you? With them one may in a day plow an acre, and there are plenty of days on which to plow. One may do with two horses as much work as with four cows? Yet the two horses cost more than twice as much to feed as four cows. And at the end of the year one has only the manure from two horses instead of the manure from four cows. One can never, he says, have too

many cows. He has nine head, generally more, on his 60 acres, only about two-thirds of which are under cultivation. He wishes he had work enough, feed enough, for three times as many. A man's riches are not to be measured in acres as much as in cows. He keeps his in the stable; he will not turn them out. He lugs green feed and pumpkins in to them, and feeds them clover hay, even though there is pasturage enough on the steeper hillsides for the greater part of the year. There are no fences on his farm, but that is not the reason for his not pasturing; there are plenty of small boys round about who could mind cows. No, it is because, with commercial fertilizer all but out of the question for farmers with such small cash turnover; with legumes a more or less irregular facsheat; and with old, old land, a

a foot and a half dee ont almost every day the land. If at the end there is any straw left in that is hauled out too.

I ask him how his wh have held out all these ye the same as far back as he rebers or known. Some years bers or knows. Some years go say seventeen sucs to the hects Years, like this bad one, only ab-ten sacs to the hectsre. A hects is two and a fifth acres. The Pr sac runs about two and s bushels. You can read these fig-ures pretty accurately, therefore, in terms of bushels to the acre. (Our states average about fifte els to the acre).)

As we leave the barn Pierre shows me Louetta, his borse, Few peasants have horses, and he is as proud of this one as a Califo ranchman would be, say, of an airplane. Louetta can go the seven teen miles to Montauban, he says, in two hours, or even better if is fool enough to let her trot down-hill. The last part he cannot make me understand in words, so he sets

We walk over his place. There is not, he says, much to be seen at this time of year. That is true. What I get of his farming plan, I plece together out of what I can see what I understand of his explanations, and what I know of the other French wheat farms on which I worked for a day or so at various times.

His vines enter little into his labors. They are mainly along the edges of fields as sort of cropped fence row. With little attention, they give enough grapes for the family to tread with bare feet into enough wine for the house.

Patches of cultivated crops such as potatoes, cabbage, flint corn, pumpkins, and perhaps sorghum are placed more or less without plan, year after year, according to the needs of the house and barn and the needs of a tilled crop to clean up a place where weeds have become bad. Crimson clover is sown in different parts of the wheat from year to year, with the tendency to patch with a legume, as it were, a part of the field that is wearing out. A legume is a plant with the power to take nitrogen as a gas from the air and store it as plant food in the soil.

But the main thing here is wheat, wheat, wheat, as much as the land can stand up under. Sometimes fallowing is necessary, particularly to kill weeds, but in general you can may that the rotation is wheat every other year-wheat and a cultivated crop, or wheat and clover, or wheat

They plow for wheat and plant in October. If wheat is following wheat and the land is very weedy, they may plow in midsummer and then plow two or three times again before broadcasting the seed. Plowing is always back and forth, rather than around and around. Two cows pull what we would call a swivel plow, with the idle plowshare riding upside down directly over the other. Land is further fitted with a sort of spiketooth harknives instead of spikes. Local blacksmiths make them.

If clover is to follow, it is broadcast in the young wheat the March following. They split their seed into three piles, broadcasting two of the piles as they walk lengthwise of the field, and the rest as they walk back and forth in the short way. They cut it either with a scythe or with a mowing machine, tie the bundle with straw, and set it up in long, narrow shocks, uncapped. It is hauled in almost at once and built into a beautiful honeyomb stack to await the thresher. They build these shocks so high that they have to have a man on a ladder relaying the sheaves to the top. They top them off so carefully that they are absolutely waterproof. And then they put on the hawthorn cross. It is said that no stack of grain or straw in this part of the country has ever been struck by lightning if it had at the top a cross made of the wood of the hawthorn tree.

Here on Pierre's farm during wheat season the men and women get up at 3:30 in the morning. That is to feed the cattle, which take a long while to eat. Out to the field by daylight, around five. At 6:30, breakfast, often eaten afield-wine, bread, an artichoke, or a sausage, and perhaps a piece of cheese, Around 11:00, back to the house to feed the cattle, with perhaps a bite to eat for oneself, and to sleep, generally on the ground in the shade. Thus until two, then back to the field to goute, a supper much like breakfast. At 8:30 or 9:00, at the end of the day, a big bowl of soup, and to bed.

That leaves but six and a half hours for sleep. Ah! but it is not always harvest, says Plerre. At other seasons, one has more time to be idle. But harvest is harvest, and wheat is dear; none must spoll,

It was, I think, a Gascon-or so the story goes—a Gascon on the lower prairie lands just west, who stopped his plowing to snatch up a handful of his soil and exclaim: "Seel This which I hold in my

hand, it is France!" farmer must be fixed so as to save

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Under the leadership of Cole Handron, noted American scientist, some 200 persons escape in a Space Ship just before a cosmic collision that wiped out the earth, and land on Bronson Beta. Thousands of giant meteors hurtle through the sky, but no one is hurt. The meteors are fragments of the destroyed moon. A river bottom green with vegetation is discovered and great forests of dead trees, preserved by the absolute cold of space. The appearance of what looks like an airpiane, and which disappears without making an attempt to communicate with the refugees, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realise they are not alone on the new planet, and that their visitors may be ensemies. Tony Drake and Eliot James, on an exploration airpiane flight, come upon a wondrous city, enclosed under what seems like half an Iridescent glass bubble six miles wide and half a mile high at its center. Among their finds, when they make an entry a mile high at the center. Among their finds, when they make an entry into the city, is an edible grain—millions of bushels. On their way back they stumble upon the camp of more than 200 persons who left the earth when they did, in a second Space Ship piloted by Dave Ransdell.

others would not allow it.
"Not both of you! . . . You haven't both got to go!"

yet to tell, and to hear.

"Let Ellot stay here, Tony," Dave dell said. "Til go to Hendron with you. I ought to report to him; and I want so much to see him," They were in the air. In the piane with them they freighted a fair half of the objects intelligible and unintelligible, which Tony and Ellot had brought from the Sealed

With them also was Ellot It was dawn; the slow sunrise of onson Bota was spreading its at faint shafts across the sky. The mp seemed unchanged; it was

that thousand shattering fragments thought must all Ranadell's mind! me—and Tony plainly could see it overwhelmed all the rest. Here, elow, was Eve Hendron.

ed to Ellot James that they return. | was from pity and compassion; for no one knew better than Tony with what mercilessness Hendron had driven himself and how he had borne so long his enormous burden But partly this frembling was from an emotion far less worthy. It was

ealousy again of Dave Ransdell. Jealousy more bitter and hard than that which had possessed him when they both were on earth—and rivals. For here they were rivals again and with the conflict between them

How Eve had hugged Dave and held to him and kissed him!

To be sure, they had all embraced him-men and girls. Every girl in the camp hysterically had kissed him. But Eve had not been hyserical, Tony knew, Eve-Eve Well, it had changed this world for

Then there was the talk which Tony had heard: the talk already ght of Ransdell as the new leadthe survivors of Earth to replace and follow Hendron.

Tony tingled alternately with nate of Dave and with shame at dimself, as he thought of this talk. He had quieted the talk of him-