

EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

At length, after this fearful contest had lasted for at least three hours, it became evident that the strength of the enemy was rapidly weakening.

"But will they not renew the attack?" asked some of the Martians.

"I do not think they can," was the reply. "We have destroyed the very flower of their fleet."

"And better than that," said Colonel Smith, "we have destroyed their elan. We have made them afraid. Their discipline is gone."

But this was only the beginning of our victory. The floods below were subsiding a still greater triumph, and now that we had conquered the airships we dropped within a few hundred feet of the surface of the water and then turned our faces westward in order to follow the advance of the deluge and see whether, as we had hoped, it would overwhelm our enemies in the very center of their power.

In a little while we had overtaken the front wave, which was still devouring everything. We saw it bursting the banks of the canals, sweeping away forests of gigantic trees and swallowing cities and villages, leaving behind nothing but a broad expanse of swirling and eddying waters, which, in consequence of the prevailing red hue of the vegetation and the soil, looked as, shuddering, we gazed down upon it like an ocean of blood flecked with foam and steaming with the escaping life of the planet from whose veins it gushed.

As we skirted the southern borders of the continent the same dreadful scenes which we had beheld on the coast of Atria presented themselves. Crowds of refugees thronged the high border of the land and struggled with one another for a foothold against the continually rising flood.

We saw, too, flitting in every direction, but rapidly fleeing before us, approach, many airships, evidently crowded with Martians, but not armed either for offense or defense.

Thus during the remainder of that day, all of the following night and all of the next day we continued upon the heels of the advancing flood.

The second night we could perceive ahead of us the glowing lights covering the land of Thaumasia, in the midst of which lay the Lake of the Sun. The flood would be upon it by daybreak, and assuming that the demoralization produced by the news of the coming of the waters, which we were aware had hours before been flashed to the capital of Mars, would prevent the Martians from effectively manning their forts, we thought it safe to hasten on with the flagship and one or two others in advance of the water and to hover over the Lake of the Sun in the darkness in order that we might watch the deluge perform its awful work in the morning.

CHAPTER XXIII. Thaumasia, as I have before remarked, was a broad, oval land, about 1,800 miles across, having the Lake of the Sun exactly in its center. From this lake, which was 400 or 500 miles in diameter and circular in shape, the Martians radiated, as straight as the spokes of a wheel, in every direction and connected it with the surrounding seas.

Like all the other Martian continents, Thaumasia lay below the level of the sea, except toward the south, where it fringed the ocean.

Completely surrounding the lake was a great ring of cities constituting the capital of Mars. Here the genius of the Martians had displayed itself to the full. The surrounding country was irrigated until it fairly bloomed with gigantic vegetation and flowers, the canals were carefully regulated with locks so that the supply of water was under complete control, the display of magnificent metallic buildings of all kinds and sizes produced a most dazzling effect, and the protection against enemies afforded by the innumerable fortifications surrounding the city guarding the neighboring lands seemed complete.

Suspended at a height of perhaps two miles from the surface, near the southern edge of the lake, we waited for the coming flood. With the dawn of day we began to perceive more clearly the effects which the news of the drowning of the planet had produced. It was evident that many of the inhabitants of the cities had already fled. Airships on which the fugitives hung as thick as swarms of bees were seen, elevated but a short distance above the ground, making their way rapidly toward the south.

The Martians knew that their only hope of escape lay in reaching the high southern border of the land before the floods were upon them. But they must have known also that that narrow beach would not suffice to contain one in ten of those who sought refuge there. The density of the population around the Lake of the Sun seemed to us incredible. Again our hearts sank within us at the sight of the fearful destruction of life for which we were responsible. Yet we comforted ourselves with the reflection that it was unavoidable. As Colonel Smith put it:

"You couldn't trust these coyotes. The only thing to do was to drown them out. I am sorry for them, but I guess there will be as many left as will be good for us anyhow."

We had not long to wait for the flood. As the dawn began to streak the east we saw its awful crest moving out of the darkness, bursting against the canals and following its way in the direction of the crowded shores of the Lake of the Sun. The supply of water behind that great

wave seemed inexhaustible. Five thousand miles it had traveled, and yet its power was as great as when it started from the Syrtis Major.

We caught sight of the oncoming water before it was visible to the Martians beneath us. But while it was yet many miles away the roar of it reached them, and then arose a chorus of terrified cries, the effect of which, coming to our ears out of the half gloom of the morning, was most uncanny and horrible. Thousands upon thousands of the victims of the deluge. Some perhaps had doubted the truth of the report that the banks were down and the floods were out; others, for one reason or another, had been unable to get away; others, like the inhabitants of Pompeii, had lingered too long or had returned after beginning their flight to secure abandoned treasures, and now it was too late to get away.

With a roar that shook the planet the white wall rushed upon the great city beneath our feet, and in an instant it had been engulfed. On went the flood, swallowing up the Lake of the Sun itself, and in a little while, as far as our eyes could range, the land of Thaumasia had been turned into a raging sea.

We now turned our ships toward the southern border of the land, following the direction of the airships carrying the fugitives, a few of which were still navigating the atmosphere a mile beneath us. In their excitement and terror the Martians paid little attention to us, although, as the morning brightened, they must have been aware of our presence over their heads. But apparently they no longer thought of resistance. Their only object was escape from the immediate and appalling danger.

When we had progressed to a point about half way from the Lake of the Sun to the border of the sea, having dropped down within a few hundred feet of the surface, there suddenly appeared in the midst of the raging waters a sight so remarkable that at first I rubbed my eyes in astonishment, not crediting their report of what they beheld.

Standing on the apex of a sandy elevation, which still rose a few feet above the gathering flood, was the figure of a woman as perfect in form and in classic beauty of feature as the Venus of Milo—a magnified human being not less than 400 feet in height.

But for her swaying and the wild motions of her arms we should have mistaken her for a marble statue. Aina, who happened to be looking, instantly exclaimed:

"It is the woman from Ceres! She was taken prisoner by the Martians during their last invasion of that world, and since then has been a slave in the palace of the emperor."

Apparently her great stature had enabled her to escape, while her masters had been drowned. She had fled, like the others, toward the south, but being finally surrounded by the rising waters had taken refuge on the hillock of sand where we saw her. This was fast going way under the assault of the waves, and even while we watched the water rose to her knees.

"Lower," was the order to the electrical steersman of the flagship, and as quickly as possible we approached the place where the towering figure stood.

She had realized the hopelessness of her situation and quietly ceased those appealing and beseeching gestures which at first served to convince us that it was indeed a living being on whom we were looking.

There she stood, with a light, white garment thrown about her, erect, half defiant, half yielding to her fear, more graceful than any Greek statue, her arms outstretched, yet motionless, and her eyes opened, as if praying to her God to protect her. Her hair, which shone like gold in the increasing light of day, streamed over her shoulders, and her great eyes were astare between terror and supplication. So wildly beautiful a sight not one of us had ever beheld. For a moment sympathy was absorbed in admiration.

"Drop anchor," was the cry that arose throughout the ship. Ropes were instantly thrown out, and one or two men prepared to let themselves down in order better to aid her.

But when we were almost within reach and so close that we could see the very expression of her eyes, which appeared to take no note of us, but to be fixed with a faraway look upon something beyond human ken, suddenly the undermined bank on which she stood gave way, the blood red flood swirled in from right to left, and then—

The waters closed above her face with many a ring.

"If not for that woman's sake, I am sorry we drowned the planet!" exclaimed Sydney Phillips. But a moment afterward I saw that he regretted what he had said, for Aina's eyes were fixed upon him. Perhaps, however, she did not understand his remark, and perhaps if he did it gave her no offense.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Last week's business was the largest we've ever done. People appreciate our new date stack at ABSOLUTE COST. Everything goes at cost except E. & W. Collars and Cuffs and Dunlap Hats. Men's Outfitter, 11 Patton avenue.

EFFECTS OF WAR TAXES THEY WILL HIT NEARLY ALL CITIZENS.

A Multitude of New Revenue Stamps That Must Be Ready By the First of Next Month.

From the New York Sun. The effect on individuals of the new War Revenue bill is something that a very small proportion of the general public has given any thought to. There is going to be a great number of surprised citizens on the first day that the new law goes into effect, which will probably be on July 1, because the articles taxed are many.

An interesting feature of the new law is the new stamps it is going to put into use in this country. There will be hundreds of different kinds. Every bank check must bear a stamp. Most men know that there are thousands of bank checks issued daily in this city alone. In the entire country there may be a million. Yet under the new law bank checks is just one item in the list.

As the distribution of these stamps is in the hands of the collector of internal revenue, they will naturally be on sale in the offices of the district collectors. Banks also will keep them, and they will be on sale in the various exchanges downtown, and in the business centers of the city. Stamps of the kind that almost everybody will want will probably be sold in drug stores, as the ordinary postage stamps are today. The whole thing will eventually resolve itself into a perfect system.

New York City's contribution to the war, however, is not the new law will be almost twice as much as that exacted from any other city in the country. There is very little to base calculations on, but it has been roughly estimated that this city will spend \$40,000,000 annually on war taxes.

The tax on beer is nominally \$1 a barrel. It will be \$2 under the new law. It is expected that something like \$4,000,000 a year will be realized on beer this year. The brewers have agreed to pay or even share the additional expense. They say that the retailer must get out of the business. He can do it in one of two ways, either raise the price a glass or make the glass smaller. The brewers of beer decided some time ago to charge 5 cents more per dozen for bottled beer, but the man who sells it over the bar is still thinking it over.

From the 10-cent-to-penny tax on the government expects to realize about \$200,000,000 annually in the country. New York's share of this, based on the proportion of its population to the total, is \$5,000,000. There will be no tax on tea imported before July 1, of course. The importers and retailers will never stand the tax themselves. Tea will simply jump up 10 cents a pound after July 1 and the public will have to pay that much more for it or go without.

Stamps will have to be affixed to all papers relating to real estate transactions—conveyances, leases, agreements, or contracts, mortgages, trust deeds and powers of attorney. Real estate men in this city, who are familiar with the revenue bill are wondering what the effect of the section which imposes a tax of 50 cents per \$500 or fraction thereof on deeds and conveyances where the consideration or value exceeds \$100 is going to be. For years it has been the practice to insert nominal consideration, generally \$1, in deeds, the object being to keep secret the amount of money involved in a transaction. Henceforth a nominal consideration mentioned in a deed will not release the parties interested from stamping the deed at the rate of 50 cents for every \$500 of value of the property involved over \$100, which will, of course, reveal the real consideration.

A very large part of the tax on stamps will come out of Wall street. The tax of 2 cents on each \$100 of stock and bond sales is a heavy one, but the brokers are not kicking. Business on the stock exchange has averaged 400,000 shares a day lately, and if it continues at that rate the daily assessment will be \$8000.

About the biggest item down town will be the tax on bank checks. In 1871 the revenue from this source was \$2,318,455 in the country. The tax on bank checks in this city alone will probably run up to \$3,000,000 a year under the war revenue law. From the bank check tax, the tax on foreign bills of exchange, the tax on the funded debt of all corporations and from other taxes in the financial center, it is estimated that \$1,000,000 a year will be realized. Altogether Wall street will contribute something like \$13,000,000 a year to the war fund.

The tax of one cent on telephone messages costing more than 15 cents is put on pay messages of which there were 2,000,000 sent in this city last year. The telephone companies have planned to get even on the tax on messages by compelling senders to put a one-cent stamp on all messages. The telephone means of making the public share the added expense, but haven't devised any other way.

The tax on tobacco has been raised to 12 cents a pound. Some dealers have decided to keep up the size of the packages and in consequence of this have concluded that it will be a better game to let the price stay where it is, and make the packages smaller. Other dealers will bring this city's shares of the war tax up beyond that figure.

Explained. Asheville correspondence Knoxville Tribune. When it was learned that Knox's daring deed was performed by moonlight, and that he was a North Carolina, a visitor from the distant west remarked, "Well, that explains his success. North Carolina has always been good at moonshine."

Take it in, Bob. From a Santiago telegram. The belief exists that an attempt to learn something of the fate of the torpedoes was the real reason for the appearance of the Oquendo's launch, which appeared to have mistaken Capt. Bob Evans' night shirt, hanging on the line, for a flag of truce.

Men's SERGE AND CRASH suits also at ABSOLUTE COST—extra 25% the same. Men's Outfitter, 11 Patton avenue.

Newest styles shirts, including the "Manhattan" at cost. Alexander & Courtney.

WHEN THE BOYS MARCHED BY

I'm an every-day, prosy sort of man. Confessed to be built on the stoical plan. For I've always inclined to the cynical notion That women alone should display their emotion; But I'll be blessed If there wasn't a nest Of warm feelin's down in my old, hard breast. When the boys marched by.

I've been makin' all sorts of critical fun Of the poets who write at the crack of each gun; For the papers is full of "Dewey" and "Maine," "Manila," "Havana," "Poor Cuba" and "Spain." But it's all right now; I wish I knew how To step out and make a poetical bow, Since the boys marched by.

I have always thought that I loved the old flag; but I never let out and brag Like a jingo about it. I'd feel kinder proud When I'd see it a-wavin' high over the crowd. But I just gave a shout, I waved my hat about, And yelled "old glory" for all that was out. When the boys marched by.

When they came with a rush down the dusty street, The old flag in my breast kept time With their feet. Until I got restless and came purty high Jest kissin' my wife and the baby "goodby" And joinin' the throng.

To fight to the death against Spanish wrong. When the boys marched by, —ROBERT ZARING, in Indianapolis News.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Origin of the Famous Old Saying To Be Found in London. From the Baltimore Herald. The significance of "Hobson's choice" is that a man has to take what is left, meaning practically no choice at all. There used to be an old pioneer saying, "This is Hobson's country—if a man has no shoes, he can go barefooted." For a long time in England Hobson's choice meant specifically the worst horse in the stable.

Like "Hobson's choice," the phrase "Hobson's choice" had a serious origin. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, particularly in the Shakespearean era, it was the custom to send tax on each edge—and from the theatres on horseback. Tobias Hobson, a hard-headed keeper of a stable at Cambridge, established the custom of placing his horses in line, accompanied by the strict rule that the patron must take the horse nearest the entrance to the stable.

The importers and retailers will never stand the tax themselves. Tea will simply jump up 10 cents a pound after July 1 and the public will have to pay that much more for it or go without.

Since the brilliant performance of Lieutenant Hobson at Santiago the phrase of "Hobson's choice" has, at least temporarily, assumed a new significance. In the modern instance, "Hobson's choice" instead of reminding us of a broken-down hack-horse, brings up a magnificent vision of heroic conduct, of dare-devil adventure, of patriotic sacrifices.

It is not likely, however, that the "Hobson's choice" of Shakespeare's time, which has survived the test of centuries, is in part of its original pungency or applicability.

ANNOUNCEMENT. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of treasurer of Buncombe county, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating convention. I also take this method of announcing to my friends who have solicited me to run for the office of sheriff, that the exposure attendant upon the duties of that office would not permit me, on account of my health, to accept the same. This June 8, J. A. BROOKSHIRE, 6-3dandw.

ANNOUNCEMENT. I hereby announce myself a candidate before the Democratic convention for the nomination for the office of county treasurer. If nominated and elected I pledge myself to serve the people to the best of my ability, devoting my entire time to the discharge of the duties of the office and I agree to accept as payment in full for my services as treasurer one-half of the salary allowed by law. ROBERT L. PATTON, June 2, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of the Superior court of Buncombe county, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating convention. This June 13, 1893. Respectfully, 6-131atwkdandw N. A. PENLAND.

ANNOUNCEMENT. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Buncombe County, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating convention. This June 8, 1893. J. McD. WHITSON.

ANNOUNCEMENT. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of the county Democratic convention. ERWIN W. PATTON.

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Blue and certain shade of fawn, which are the dominant notes of color at present, combine to form a pretty shade model which is equally desired for formal, nun's veiling, or cashmere. A novel feature of the waist is the trimming of festooned ruffles, a revival of the custom of corded white lines, consisting of pleated frills of ribbon which are fringed in the weaving—a tiny fringe on each edge—and a cord is also woven in for drawing it into any required fullness or design. The yoke, now an almost unusual feature, is of corded white linen lawn, an accomplishment, the smallest set of eight sleeves, which have three

tucks on the upper arm and frills at the wrist. The corsage, broadened by shoulder ruffles, is crossed to the left side, where the ruffling meets that of skirt in a continuous effect. The skirt is of circular cut, and is trimmed to imitate an overlapping front with a rounded corner. Its width is three yards and three-quarters. The yoke is in pointed form at the back. The belt ribbon is of velvet. The proper cut of the gown can be obtained only from the cut paper patterns published by Harper's Bazar, where it appears. Quantity of material—pique, 20 inches wide, 8 yards; ruffling, 10 yards; linen lawn, 2 1/2 yards.



Ensign Walter Gherardi, the "baby of the navy," is the youngest commander of a ship in the service. He is the son of Admiral Gherardi, who was born in Honolulu in 1875 and graduated at Annapolis a year ago. His ship is the picket boat Sioux.

Notice. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed in trust executed to the undersigned trustee by Otis A. Miller, said deed in trust being dated August 2d, 1892, and recorded in book 20, at page 426, and the record of deeds in trust and mortgages for Buncombe county, to which reference is hereby made, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein mentioned and having been requested by the holders of the said notes to sell the lands described in said deed in trust, I will on the 20TH DAY OF JUNE, 1893, at the court house door in the city of Asheville, at public auction sell to the highest bidder for cash the lands conveyed in said deed in trust and described as follows:

Being lots Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of block No. 3, and lots Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7 and 10 of block No. 4, and lots Nos. 6, 7 and 8 of block No. 5 and lot No. 1 of block No. 6, a part of a plat of land belonging to the parties of the third part, which said plat is registered in book 79, at page 206 in the office of the register of deeds for Buncombe county, to which reference is made in the said deed in trust, and to which reference is made in the said notes to secure the payment of a part of the purchase money in said land. May 12th, 1893. J. G. MERRIMON, Trustee.

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