If you had seen little jo standing at the street corner in the rain, you would hardly have admired him. It was apparently an ordinary autmn rainstorm, but the water which fell upon jo (who was hardly old enough to be either just or unjust, and so perhaps did not come under the lay of impartial distribution appeared to have some property peculiar to itself: one would have said it was dark and adhesive – sticky. But that could hardly be so, even in blackburg, where things certainly did occur that were a good deal out of the common.

For example, ten or twelve years before, a shower of small frogs had fallen, as is credibly attested by a contemporaneous chronicle, the record concluding with a somewhat obscure statement to the effect that the chronicler considered it good growing-weather for Frenchmen.

Some years later blackburg had a fall of crimson snow; it is cold in blackburg when winter is on, and the snows are frequent and deep. There can be no doubt of it – the snow in this instance was of the colour of blood and melted into of the same hue, if water it was, not blood. The phenomenon had attracted wide attention, and sicience had