

standing knee-deep in the mud, staring at the mud until it hid them. I was a battleground of fear and curiosity. I did not dare to go back towards the pit, but I felt a passionate longing to peer into it. I began walking, therefore, in a big curve, seeking some point of vantage and continually looking at the sand-heaps that hid these new-comers to our earth. Once a leash of thin black whips, like the arms of an octopus, flashed across the sunset, and was immediately withdrawn, and afterwards a thin rod rose up, joint by joint, bearing at its apex a circular disk that spun with a wobbling motion. What could be going on there? Most of the spectators had gathered in one or two groups—one a little crowd towards Woking, the other a knot of people in the direction of Chobham. Evidently they shared my mental conflict. There were few near me. One man I approached—he was, I perceived, a neighbour of mine, though I did not know his name—and accosted. But it was scarcely a time for articulate conversation. "What ugly brutes!" he said. "Good God! What ugly brutes!" He repeated this over and over again. "Did you see a man in the pit?" I said; but he made no answer to that. We became silent, and stood watching for a time side by side, deriving, I fancy, a certain comfort in one another's company. Then I shifted my position to a little knoll that gave me the advantage of a yard or more of elevation and when I looked for him presently he was walking towards Woking. The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd grew away on the left, towards Woking, seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of

After the glimpse I had had of the Martians emerging from the cylinder in which they had come to the earth from their planet, a kind of fascination paralysed my actions. I remained standing, lost in the horror of the scene, as the crowd that

in ditches buried nests, buried nests and hedges, said glo-

enclosure, and so in a thin irregular crescent that promised to enclose the pit in its attenuated horns. I, too, on my side began to move towards the pit. Then I saw some cabmen and others had walked boldly into the sand-pits, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the gride of wheels. I saw a lad trundling off the barrow of apples. And then, within thirty yards of the pit, advancing from the direction of Horsell, I noted a little black knot of men, the foremost of whom was waving a white flag. This was the Deputation. There had been a hasty consultation, and since the Martians were evidently in spite of their repulsive forms, intelligent creatures, it had been

resolved to show them, by approaching them with signals, that we too were intelligent. Flutter, flutter, went the flag, first to the right, then to the left. It was too far for me to recognise anyone there, but afterwards I learned that Ogony, Stein, and Henderson were with others in this attempt at communication. This little group had in its advance dragged inward, so to speak, the circumference of the now almost complete circle of people, and a number of dim black figures followed it at discreet distances. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air. This smoke (or flame, perhaps, would be the better word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead, and the hazy stretches of brown common towards Chertsey, set with black pine trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible. Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex, arrested by these phenomena, a little knot of small, vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke arose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished. Then slowly the

Page I had had of the Man

and wonderful things that happened upon that Friday, was the dovetailing of the commonplace habits of our social order with the first beginnings of the series of events that was to topple that social order headlong. If on Friday night you had taken a pair of compasses and drawn a circle with a radius of five miles round the Woking sand-pits, I doubt if you would have had one human being outside it, unless it were some relation of Stent or of the three or four cyclists or London people lying dead on the common, whose emotions or habits were at all affected by the new-comers. Many people had heard of the cylinder, of course, and talked about it in their

things that happened while I was there.

"ever," widen time, and so my reasoning was dead against the chances of my own safety, and the necessity of reassuring my wife. I grew by insensible degrees courageous and secure. "They have done a foolish thing," said I, "fingering my winglass. "They are dangerous because, no doubt, they are mad with terror. Perhaps they expected to find no living things—certainly no intelligent living things." "A shell in the pit," said I, "if the worst comes to the worst, will kill them all." The intense excitement of the events had no doubt left my perceptive powers in a state of erectionism. I remember that dinner-table with extraordinary vividness even now. My dear wife's sweet anxious face peering at me from under the pink lamp shade, the white cloth with its silver and glass table furniture—for in those days even philosophical writers had many little luxuries—the crimson-purple wine in my glass, are photographically distinct. At the end of it I sat, tempering nuts with a cigarette, regretting Ogilvy's rashness, and denouncing the short-sighted timidity of the Martians. So some respectable oldo in the Mauritius might have lorded it in his nest, and discussed the arrival of that shipful of pitiless sailors in want of animal food. "We will peck them to death tomorrow, my dear." I did not know it, but that was the last civilised dinner I was to eat for very many strange and terrible days.

night poor Henderson's telegram describing the gradual unscrewing of the shot was judged to be a canard, and his evening paper, after wiring for authentication from him, and receiving no reply—the man was killed—decided not to print a special edition. Even within the five-mile circle the great majority of people were inert. I have already described the behaviour of the men and women to whom I spoke. All over the district people were dining and supping; working men were gardening after the labours of the day; children were being put to bed; young people were wandering through the lanes love-making; students sat over their books. Maybe there was a murmur in the village streets, a novel and dominant topic in the public-houses, and here and there a messenger, or even an eye-witness of the later occurrences, caused a whirl of excitement, a shouting and a running to and fro; but for the most part the daily routine of working, eating, drinking, sleeping, went on as it had done for countless years—as though no planet Mars existed in the sky. Even at Woking station and Horsell and Chobham that was the case. In Woking junction, until a late hour, trains were stopping and going on, others were shunting on the sidings, passengers were alighting and waiting, and everything was proceeding in the most ordinary way. A boy from the town, trudging on Smith's monopoly, was selling papers with the afternoon's news. The ringing impact of trucks, the sharp whistle of the engines from the junction, mingled with their shouts of "Men from Mars!" Excited men came into the station about nine o'clock with incredible tidings, and caused no more disturbance than drunkards might have done. People rattling Londonwards peered into the darkness outside the carriage windows, and saw only a rare, flickering, vanishing spark dance up from the direction of Horsell, a red glow and a thin veil of smoke driving across the stars, and thought that nothing more serious than a heath fire was happening. It was only round the edge of the common that any disturbance was perceptible. There were half a dozen villas burning on the Woking border. There were lights in all the houses on the common side of the three villages, and the people there kept awake till dawn. A curious crowd lingered restlessly; people

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At that I saw her out
and ran to the gate of the house at the crest. A cloud of black smoke driving across the road hid him for a moment. I ran to my neighbour's door and rapped to say myself, of what I already knew, that his wife had gone to London with him and had locked up their house. I went again, according to my promise, to get my servant's luggage out, clapped it beside her on the tail of the dog, and then, caught the reins and jumped up into the dry seat beside my wife. In another moment we were clear of smoke and noise, and spanking down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill towards Old Woking. In front was a quiet sunlit landscape, a wheat field ahead on either side of the road, the Maybury Inn with its swinging sign. I saw the doctor's cart ahead of me. At the bottom of the hill I turned my head to look at the hillsides. I was leaving. Thick streamers of red fire were driving up into the still air, and throwing dark shadows upon the green trees eastward. The smoke already extended far away to the east and west—to the Biffleet pine woods eastward, and to Woking on the west. The road was dotted with people running towards us. And very faint now, but very distinct through the hot, quiet air, I heard the whirr of a machine-gun that presently stilled, and an intermittent crackling of rifle fire. Apparently the Martians were setting fire to every road within range of their Heat-Ray. I am not an expert driver. I had immediately to turn my attention to the horse. When I looked back again the second hill had hidden the burning smoke. I slashed the horse with the whip, and gave him a loose rein until Woking and Send lay between us and quivering tumult. I overtook and passed the doctor before Woking and Send.

X. IN THE STORM.

Leatherhead is about twelve miles from Maybury Hill. Leatherhead is about twelve miles from Maybury Hill. The scent of hay was in the air through the lush meadows beyond Pyrford, and the hedges on either side were sweet and fragrant with multitudes of dog-roses. The heavy firing that broken out while we were driving down Maybury Hill ceased abruptly as if it began, leaving the evening very peaceful and so forth. While I did

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"I had but little time, and I was in such a hurry, that we got into the first available boat, and were soon in the river. The water was very high, and the current strong, so that we were driven rapidly down the stream. We were soon overtaken by a party of rebels, who were in pursuit of us. They overtook us, and compelled us to stop. They then demanded our horses, and when we refused to give them up, they opened fire upon us. One of our party was killed, and another was wounded. We were then compelled to give up our horses, and were made prisoners. We were then taken to a rebel camp, where we were held in confinement for several days. During this time we were treated very harshly, and were compelled to work hard. We were also subjected to many indignities and humiliations. Finally, we were released, and were allowed to return home. We were greatly relieved to be free again, and to be able to return to our families and homes. We were however, still in danger, as we knew that the rebels were still in the area, and that they might attack us again at any time. We therefore remained in hiding for some time, until we could safely return to our homes. We were greatly relieved to be free again, and to be able to return home. We were however, still in danger, as we knew that the rebels were still in the area, and that they might attack us again at any time. We therefore remained in hiding for some time, until we could safely return to our homes.

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my brother, seemed inclined to loiter no fresh news of the invaders from the road was crowded, but as yet far from the fugitives at that hour were mounted on soon motor cars, handsome cabs, and cars and the dust hung in heavy clouds over Alberns. It was perhaps a vague idea Chelmsford, where some friends of ours and

more from Liverpool Street, where
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return to London, the pro-
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I may picture the orderly and watchful, the gunners ready and the limber gunners with groups of civilian spectators admitted, the evening stillness with the burned and wounded resonance of the shrapnel projectile whirling over

Section One

ettle. been laid, and all bigger, were up a steering math. It one

further injury than a cut wrist. The sledge was impasseable owing to several trees my brother struck into Belsize Road. Some lay was of the panic, and, skirting the Edgware about seven, fasting and weeping, the crowd. Along the road people roadway, curious, wondering. He was cyclists, some horsemen, and two men Edgware the rim of the wheel broken became unridable. He left it by the through the village. There were shown through. A

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along the northward-running roads, had been seen at Barnes, and a cloud of vapour drove along the Thames at Lambeth, cutting off all escape over the water in advance. Another bank drove over Farnham, and a small island of survivors on Castle Hill made their escape. After a fruitless struggle to the Western train at Chalk Farm, the engine had loaded in the goods yard with shrieking people, and a dozen stalwarts from the crowd from crushing the driver and his brother emerged upon the Chalk Farm through a hurrying swarm of vehicles and passengers. In the sack of a cycle shop foremost in the machine he got was punctured and broken, but he got up and off, not

smashing amid the neighbourly coils and bellies of the towering heavenward, to darkness, a strange and last striding upon its victims, running, shrieking, falling, did guns suddenly abandoned ground, and the swift bright smoke. And then night a mass of impenetrable vapour was the black vapour was the Richmond, and the dism' bewrew was, with a last expiring London to the necessity of eve

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the early night, would explode into a title. No doubt the thought that was mind of those vigilant minds, even as it was, was the ridge—how much they may grasp that we in our millions were “working together?” Or, did they of their encampment, as we should the onslaught in a disturbed hive of bees? They need to exterminate us? (At this time no key needed) A hundred such questions lay my mind as I watched that vast sentinel of my mind was the sense of all the hidden forces Londonward. Had they the powder mills at Hounslow ready to爆破 the condoners have the heart and courage of Moscow of their mighty province of interminable time, as it seemed to us, through the hedge, came a sound like that of a gun. Another nearer, and then Marrian beside us raised his tube on gunwise, with a heavy report that he had heard. The one towards Staines answered that last, no smoke, simply that roared excitedly by these heavy minute-guns that I so far forgot my personal safety as to clamber up into the hedge and As I did so a second report followed, uttered overhead towards Hounslow. I saw was the deep blue sky above, with the white mist spreading wide and low had been No crash, no answering was restored; the minute lengthened to “seen?” said the curate, standing up now?!” said I. A bat fluttered by and a tumult of shouting began and ceased. I partian, and saw he was now moving verbank, with a swift, rolling motion. tered the fire of some hidden battery to the evening calm was unbroken. The

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the road Cushing Road, George M. Cushing became a student of a schoolhouse in the broad Brookfield. But suddenly he was obliged to leave the town with his wife and their two children, his wife having been taken ill. They had to sell all their possessions, and the family moved to a small house in the village of Cushing, where they lived for many years.

unfamiliar wings. I had expected to

held a vague hope; rather, I had kept a comfortable white and red houses interspersed with abundant shady trees. Now I stood on a mound of smashed brickwork, clay, and gravel, over which spread a multitude of red cactus-shaped plants, knee-high, without a solitary terrestrial growth to dispute their footing. The trees near me were dead and brown, but further a network of red thread scaled the still living stems. The neighbouring houses had all been wrecked, but none had been burned; their walls stood sometimes to the second story, with smashed windows and shattered doors. The red weed grew tumultuously in their roofless rooms. Below me was the great pit, with the crows struggling for its refuse. A number of other birds hopped about among the ruins. Far away I saw a gaunt cat slink crouching along a wall, but traces of men there were none. The day seemed, by contrast with my recent confinement, dazzlingly bright, the sky a glowing blue. A gentle breeze kept the red weed that covered every scrap of unoccupied ground

alone the Mars籍 a practicable slope to the summit of quite a house. I felt the first tinkling of a thing that presently grew quite clear in my mind, that oppressed me for many days, a sense of dejection, a persuasion that I was no longer a master, but an animal among the animals, under the Martian heel. With us it would be with them, to hunk and watch, to run and hide, the fear and empire of man had passed away. But so soon as this strangeness had been realised it passed, and my dominant motive became the hunger of my long and succumb without a severe struggle, but lost in this red swamp, whose margin I trembled to cross, the desolation the Martians had caused would end the red weed succumbed almost a end. A cankerous disease, due, it is believed, to the presence of certain bacteria, presently seized upon the body, and the action of natural selection, all terrestrial life, against bacterial infection, was destroyed.

dismal fast. In the direction away from the pit I saw, beyond a red-covered wall, a patch of garden ground unburied. This gave me a hunt, and I went knee-deep, and sometimes neck-deep, in the red weed. The density of the weed gave me a reassuring sense of hiding. The wall was some six feet high, and when I attempted to clamber it I found I could not lift my feet to the crest. So I went along by the side of it, and came to a corner and a rockwork that enabled me to get to the top, and tumble into the garden. I covered. Here I found some young onions, a couple of gladiolus bulbs, and a quantity of immature carrots, all of which I secured, and, scrambling over a ruined wall, went on my way through scarlet and crimson trees towards Kew—it was like walking through an avenue of gigantic blood drops—possessed with two ideas: to get more food, and to limp, as soon and as far as my strength permitted, out of this accursed unearthly region of the pit. Some way farther, in a grassy place, was a group of

like a thing already dead. The fronds were shrivelled and brittle. They broke easily, and the waters that had stimulated their growth had run out, leaving their last effusions out to sea. My first act was, of course, to slake my thirst. I drank it and, moved by an impulse, grawed the weed; but they were watery, and had a strong taste. I found the water was sufficiently saliniferous to drown the flood evidently got deeper towards the back to Mortlake. I managed to make our

of occasional ruins of its villas and fence. At present I got out of this spate and made my way up towards Roehampton and Common. Here the scenery changed from the unfamiliar to the wreckage of the familiar. I exhibited the devastation of a cyclone,

mushrooms which also I devoured, and then I came upon a brown sheet of flowing shallow water, where meadows used to be. These fragments of nourishment served only to whet my hunger. At first I was surprised at this flood in a hot dry summer; but afterwards discovered that it was caused by the tropical exuberance of the red weed. Directly this extraordinary growth encountered water it straightway became gigantic and of unparalleled fecundity. Its seeds were simply poured down into the water of the Wey and Thames, and its swiftly growing and Titanic water fronds speedily choked both those rivers. At Putney, as I afterwards saw, the bridge was almost lost in a tangle of this weed, and at Richmond, too, the Thames water poured in a broad and shallow stream across the meadows of Hampton and Twickenham. As the water spread the weed followed them, until the ruined villas of the Thames valley were for a time

and to limp, as soon and as far as my strength would allow, through the woods, until I reached a stream, where I lay down to sleep.

— "that's all right," I said, "I saw you on my way home from school." "What?" he asked, looking surprised. "I'm not going to tell anyone about it," I said. "It's just a secret between us." "But what if someone finds out?" he asked again. "Then we'll have to keep it a secret forever," I replied. "I promise," he said, smiling. "Thank you, Maria," I said, hugging her. "You're welcome," she said, returning my hug.

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place—a country where I found myself compelled to have a home. During all that time I ran a hurried life, full of stupid, self-seeking, unprofitable things, and I thought now, driven by a sense of the sinfulness of my sins, and the judgment of God upon me, I was a strong Christian, but at the top of my knowledge, I supported the overruled plans of God, and I foresaw that the moment I stepped into the world, I should be overtaken by death and fear.

"I come, I come, I come," said the King, "but I have not yet seen the castle of the Emperor of China." "It is a long way off," said the King's mother; "you will never get there." "I will go there, nevertheless," said the King, "and if I do not find the castle, I will return home again." "You are a good boy," said his mother, "but you are not strong enough to travel so far. You must stay at home, and I will send you a present every day." "I will not stay at home," said the King, "I will go to the castle of the Emperor of China." "You are a foolish boy," said his mother, "but you are a good boy. You must stay at home, and I will send you a present every day." "I will not stay at home," said the King, "I will go to the castle of the Emperor of China." "You are a foolish boy," said his mother, "but you are a good boy. You must stay at home, and I will send you a present every day."

keep it in place; it was daily placard or the *Daily Mail*. I bought a copy for a blackened shilling, I found in my pocket. Most of it was in undrawn blank, but the solitary composer who wrote the thing had amused himself by making a grotesque scheme of advertisement stereo on the back page. The matter he printed was emotional; the news organisation had not as yet found its way back. I learned nothing fresh except that already in one week the examination of the Martian mechanisms had yielded astonishing results. Among other things, the article assured me what I did not believe at the time, that the "Secret of Flying," was discovered. At Waterloo I found the free trains that were taking people to their homes. The first rush was already over. There were few people in the train, and I was in no mood for casual conversation. I got a compartment to myself, and sat with folded arms, looking drearily at the sunlight and the devastation that flowed past the windows. And just outside the terminus the train jolted over temporary rails, and on either side of the railway the houses were blackened ruins. To Captain Junction the face of London was grimy with powder and smoke of the Black Smoke, in spite of two days of thunderstorms and rain, and at Clapham Junction the line had been wrecked again; there were hundreds of out-of-work clerks and shopmen working side by side with the customary navvies, and we were jolted over a hasty relaying. All down the line from there the aspect of the country was gaunt and unfamiliar; Wimbledon particularly had suffered. Walton, by virtue of its unburned pine woods, seemed the least hurt of any place along the line. The Wandle, the Mole, every little stream, was a heaped mass of red weed, in appearance between butcher's meat and pickled cabbage. The Surrey pine woods were too dry, however, for the festoons of the red climber. Beyond Wimbledon, within sight of the line, in certain nursery grounds, were the heaped masses of earth about the sixth cylinder. A number of people were standing about it, and some sappers were busy in the midst of it. Over it flaunted a Union Jack, flapping cheerfully in the morning breeze. The nursery grounds were everywhere crimson with the weed, a wide expanse of vivid colour cut with purple

but regret, now that I am concluding my story, how able to contribute to the discussion of the many questions which are still unsettled. In one respect I certainly provoke criticism. My particular "province" is philosophy. My knowledge of comparative physiology is confined to a book or two, but it seems to me that my reader's suggestions as to the reason of the rapid death of Martians is so probable as to be regarded almost as a conclusion. I have assumed that in the body of my readers there are some who are acquainted with the animal life of the world after the war, no bacteria except those known as terrestrial species were found. That they buried any of their dead, and the reckless slaughter committed, point also to an entire ignorance of the proven process. But probable as this seems, it is by no means proven conclusion. Neither is the composition of the atmosphere known, which the Martians used with such effect, and the generator of the Heat-Rays remains a terrible disaster at the Ealing and South laboratories have disclaimed analysis for further points upon the latter. Spectrum analysis of the black drawings with a brilliant group of three lines in the green, and with argon to form a compound made from the sun, that it combines with

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and protected me from myself. Apparently they had learned something of my story from me. During the days of my lapse, very gently, when my mind was assured again, did they break to me what they had learned of the fate of Leatherhead. Two days after I was imprisoned it had been destroyed, with every soul in it, by a Martian. He had swept it out of existence, as it seemed, without any provocation, as a boy might crush an ant hill, in the mere wantonness of power. I was a lonely man, and they were very kind to me. I was a lonely man and a sad one, and they bore with me. I remained with them four days after my recovery. All that time I felt a vague, a growing craving to look once more on whatever remained of the little life that seemed so happy and bright in my past. They dashed me hopeless desire to feast upon my misery. They dashed me. They did all they could to divert me from this morbidity. But at last I could resist the impulse no longer, and, promising faithfully to return to them, and parting as I will confess, from these four-day friends with tears, I went out again into the streets that had lately been so dark and strange and empty. Already they were busy with returning people; in places even there were shops open, and I saw a drinking fountain running water. I remember how mockingly bright the day seemed as I went back on my melancholy pilgrimage to the little house at Woking, how busy the streets and vivid the moving life about me. So many people were abroad everywhere, huddled in a thousand activities, that it seemed incredible that any great proportion of the population could have been slain. But then I noticed how yellow were the skins of the people I met, how shaggy the hair of the men, how large and bright their eyes, and that every other man still wore his dirty rags. Their faces seemed all with one grim expression—a leaping exultation and energy or a grim resolution. Save for the expression of the faces, London seemed a city of tramps. The vestries were indiscriminately distributing bread sent us by the French government. The ribs of the few horses showed dismally. Haggard special constables with white badges stood at the corners of every street. I saw little of the mischief wrought by the Martians until I reached Wellington Street, and there I saw the red weed clambering over the buttresses of Waterloo Bridge. At the corner of the bridge, too, I saw one of the common

as being never seen upon us without its design of serenity and source of strength, are the past, haunting the streets, that I have seen so wretched, going to and fro, phantoms in a dead mockery of life in a galvanised body. And strange, to stand on Primrose Hill, as I did but a day before yesterday, last chapter, to see the great province of houses, dim through the haze of the smoke and mist, vanishing into the vague lower sky, to see the people walking to and from among the flower beds on the hill, to see the sight-seers at the Martian machine that stands there still, to hear the sound of playing children, and to recall the time when I was a bright and clear-cut, hard and silent, under the dawn of last great day... And strangest of all is it to hold hand again, and to think that I have counted her, and she has counted me, among the dead.

have learned now that we cannot regard this planet fenced in and a secure abiding place for Man; we can anticipate the unseen good or evil that may come suddenly out of space, it may be that in the larger universe this invasion from Mars is not without ultimate benefit for men; it has robbed us of the confidence in the future which is the most fruitful decadence, the gifts to human science it has brought enormous, and it has done much to promote the commonweal of mankind. It may be that a sense of the immensity of space the Martians have watched with these pioneers of theirs and learned their lesson, and the planet Venus they have found a surer certain that as it may, for many years yet there will certainly relaxation of the eager scrutiny of the Martian disk, the fiery darts of the sky, the shooting stars, will bring with them fall an unavoidable apprehension to all the men. The broadening of men's views that has rest scarcely be exaggerated. Before the cylinder fell there was general persuasion that through all the deep of space existed beyond the petty surface of our minute sphere we see further. If the Martians can reach Venus, the reason to suppose that the thing is impossible for when the slow cooling of the sun makes the uninhabitable, as at last it must do, may be that the dream of life that has begun here will have streamed out across our sister planet within its toils. Dim and wonder vision have conjured up in my mind of life spread from this little seed bed of the solar system through inanimate vastness of sidereal space. But that is the dream. It may be, on the other hand, that the destruction of the Martians is only a reprieve. To them, and perhaps, is the future ordained. I must confess the same danger of the time have left an abiding sense of danger in my mind. I sit in my study writing by light and suddenly I see again the healing valley below writhing flames, and feel the house behind and empty and desolate. I go out into the Byfield road vehicles pass me, a butcher boy in a cart, a cabful of workmen on a bicycle, children going to school, and they become vague and unreal, and I hurry again