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THE GREEN RAY

JULES VERNE

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The Green Ray by Jules Verne.

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“Such happiness,” said Sam, “that sometimes when I am alone I find myself smiling.”

“And I weeping,” said Sib.

“Well, gentlemen,” remarked Aristobulus, “it must be allowed that this is the first time you have ever disagreed; one of you smiles, and the other weeps.”

“It is exactly the same thing,” interposed Sinclair.

“Exactly,” repeated his young wife, taking each uncle by the hand.

“How can that be?” replied Aristobulus, in his usual tone of superiority, “No! no! not at all! What is a smile? A voluntary and particular movement of the muscles of the face, whilst tears—”

“And tears?” asked Mistress Sinclair.

“Are simply a humour which lubricates the eye-ball, a composition of chloride of sodium, phosphate of chalk, and chlorate of soda!”

“Speaking chemically, sir, you are right,” said Oliver Sinclair, “but chemically only.”

“I don't understand the distinction,” sharply retorted Aristobulus.

And bowing with the rigidity of a geometrician, he resumed his way to the station, with measured steps.

“Mr. Ursiclos would explain sentiment on the same principle as he accounted for the Green Ray,” observed Mistress Sinclair.

“But after all, my dear Helena,” said Oliver, “we never saw that ray, much as we wished to.”

“We have seen something better still!” quietly replied his young wife. “We have seen the happiness which the legend attached to the observation of that phenomenon! And since we have found it, my dear Oliver, let us be contented, and leave to those who have never yet known it, the search for the Green Ray!”

THE END.

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