

After a breakfast, which was an exact replica of the meal of the preceding day and an index of *practically* every meal which followed while I was with the *green* men of Mars, Sola escorted me to the plaza, where I found the entire community engaged in watching or helping at the harnessing of huge mastodonian animals to great *three-wheeled* chariots. There were about two hundred and fifty of these vehicles, each drawn by a single animal, any one of which, from their **appearance**, might easily have drawn the entire wagon train when fully loaded. ¶

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