



The Yacht Had Disappeared.

THE SKY-MAN

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgust and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the wreckage of a yacht. A party from the yacht is hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeane tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an authentic chronicle, used about thirty years ago. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeane believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeane. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's mission of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeane. He is intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeane gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The scene before his eyes was beautiful, with that stupendous beauty that only the arctic can attain. The harbor and beyond it, far out to sea—clear to the horizon, was filled with great plunging, churning masses of ice, all drenched in color by the low-hanging arctic sun—violet, rose, purple, golden-yellow and emerald-green, and a white whose incandescence fairly stabbed the eye. And those those great surging masses ground together, they sang, high into the air, broad shimmering walls of rose-colored spray.

Of the ice, which they had considered stable as the land itself, there was no longer any sign. There was nothing there, nothing at all to greet their eyes, to seaward, but the savage beauty of the ice.

The yacht had disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

The Aurora.

"I tell you, sir, the thing is beyond human possibility. There is no help—no human help in the world. But I think you must know it as well as I do." Captain Warner, standing upon the Aurora's bridge, was the speaker.

The two Fanshaws, father and son, their faces gray with despair, turned away and looked over the great masses of loose, churning fields, which, among the ice, were the ruffian's hide-out, and the speaker's words.

"How long—?" Tom Fanshaw began, his voice hoarse with grief.

then he paused, moistened his lips and rubbed them roughly with his hand—"How long," he repeated, "shall we have to wait before it opens up?"

"It won't open up again this season—not if I know anything about the arctic," said the captain.

"It will freeze, though," Mr. Fanshaw said, "freeze into a solid pack that we could cross afoot. How long shall we have to wait for that?"

"It's hard to tell. Generally in this latitude the pack is pretty solid by the first of September. But that warm current which caught Fielding's ship, which caught the Walrus—the current which makes, every summer apparently, that long gap of open water which enabled us to reach the land that Fielding reached—that current would keep loose field-ice floating about for at least another month."

Tom Fanshaw's eyes had almost the light of madness in them. "But she can't live a month!" he cried. "She's alone, unarmed! She has no food; no shelter but those bare huts!"

"The Walrus people doubtless left some stores there, if she could find them," said Captain Warner. "But, still, what you say is perfectly true. She can hardly hope to keep a live a week."

"Then," said Tom, in dull, passionate rebellion—"then, in some way or other, we must go back to her. If you won't go—if you won't take the Aurora back, I'll take one of the little boats and go myself!"

"If you want to commit suicide," said Captain Warner, "you could do it less painfully with a revolver. The small boat would not live 30 seconds after you put her over the side. You know that, if you are not mad. As for the Aurora herself, if she had not been built the way she is, she would have been crushed hours ago. And if I were to lower the propeller and start the engines, they would simply twist the screw off of her before she had gone a ship's length, and leave us helpless in the event of our ever finding open water. We may never live to find it, but there's a chance that we will. There are more than 30 lives that I am responsible for aboard this yacht, and I mean to live up to that responsibility. If we ever do find open water, then I'll do whatever you say. I will take you to Point Barrow and the yacht can winter there. Then when the pack is solid, if you can find dogs and sledges, you can attempt the journey across the ice. I don't believe it can be done. I don't believe there is a chance in a hundred that any single member of the party that set out would live to reach that shore. That, however, is not my affair."

"Or, if you wish, we can take the yacht back to San Francisco, refit her and come back next summer. I think that with our knowledge of the currents and where the open water is, we might get back to Etelding bay by the first of July. Then we can find—whatever there is to find."

His own voice faltered there, and there were tears in the deep weather-beaten furrows of his cheeks. "God



knows," he concluded, "if there were not unless we could fly through the air."

It was only an hour since they had ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Jeane was not aboard the Aurora. Until Tom had recovered consciousness, the others had entertained little doubt that she was safely hidden somewhere about the ship.

Cayley's warning, together with the confession of the Portuguese, Miguel, had caused them to steal alongside the Aurora as silently as possible. Not a word had been spoken by any of the party, and the sound of the rising wind had drowned the creak of their oars. Half a dozen well-armed men had stolen aboard over the bows to reconnoiter.

Making out the unfamiliar figures of the Walrus people on deck, and knowing that they had a fight on their hands, they had worked their way, unobserved, to a position amidships. Here, under cover of a break between the rigging, they had made it possible for the rest of their party to get aboard.

The Walrus people, several of whom were below, came tumbling up on deck at the sound of firing, and their whole party entrenched itself in the after-deck house. They had found arms of various sorts aboard the Aurora, and made a spirited resistance before they were finally overpowered.

The Aurora's people, under the cool-headed command of Warner and the elder Fanshaw, had proceeded in a brisk, scientific, military style that had spared them many serious casualties. There were a number of flesh wounds when it was over, and one or two of a more serious nature. None of them had been killed.

The Walrus people, however, had not surrendered until their plight was wholly desperate. Only five of them were left alive, and two of these were mortally wounded when the struggle ceased.

The uninjured were heavily ironed and locked up in the stowage. All the wounded—friends and foes alike—were turned over to the care of the yacht's surgeon and a couple of volunteer assistants from among the crew.

Altogether, it was two or three hours after the Aurora's people had regained undisputed possession of the yacht before it was possible to form any definite idea of what had happened. In the excitement and the necessity of everybody doing two or three things at once, Tom Fanshaw and his serious plight were not discovered, until he himself, having partly regained consciousness, uttered a low moan for help, which was heard by a chance passerby.

The gale, which had been raging all this while, had gone screaming by unheeded, and it was not until dawn that the horrified conquerors of the yacht discovered that there was no land in sight.

It was several hours after that, not indeed until the captain had worked out their reckoning from an observation, before they realized that they were 100 miles away from their anchorage of the previous evening, and that their return was hopeless.

Old Mr. Fanshaw gave his arm to his son, helped him down from the bridge and thence to the now deserted smoking room, forward. Tom submitted to be led blindly along, and did not demur when his father halted beside a big leather sofa and told him to lie down upon it. Since that momentary outburst of his upon the bridge, the young man had been unnaturally calm. His muscles, as he lay there now upon the sofa, seemed relaxed; his eyes were fixed, almost dull.

Through a long silence his father sat there watching him, but there was no dawn of a corresponding calmness in his face. It had aged whole years over night.

"It's strange to me," he said, "that we ever recovered possession of this yacht at all, let alone that we were able to recover it without it costing us the life of a single man. This gang must have had a leader, and a clever one. They way he maneuvered his men to keep them out of sight while he drew away first one party and then the other from the yacht was a piece of mastery strategy. He worked it out perfectly in every detail. He got possession of the yacht without losing a man, without even firing a shot that might give the alarm. And even with the warning we had and with the help of the fog, I don't see how we defeated a man like that. His success must have gone to his head and made him mad."

"He was probably killed in the first volley our people fired when they got aboard," said Tom dully. "He alone could have accounted for half a dozen of you, if he'd ever had a chance—a giant like that."

"A giant?"

"I think he must have been the leader," said Tom. "He was the first man to come aboard, certainly."

"But what makes you call him a giant?"

"Because he literally was. He struck me down with just one blow, and as he raised his arm to strike I saw that his shoulder-cap was above

the level of my eyes; and I pass for a tall man."

His father abandoned the subject abruptly, and for a while contrived to talk of other things; of the details of the fight and how different members of the crew had borne themselves.

But his mind was filled with a new terror, and as soon as he could feel that his son was in condition to be left alone, he left him, with a broken word of excuse. He must either set this new terror at rest, or know the worst at once. There had been no one, either among the survivors or the slain of the Walrus party, who in any way resembled the monster Tom had described.

An hour later he went back to the bridge to talk again with Captain Warner. He thought that they had sounded the depth of despair that former time when they had talked together there, but in this last hour he had sounded a new abyss beneath all. He knew now why the yacht had been so easily taken. He knew all the details of the devilish plan which had so nearly succeeded. More than that, he knew the story of the man Roscoe from the time when Captain Planck had taken him aboard the Walrus, down to the hour last night when he had sprung into his boat again and pulled shoreward. Captain Planck was dying, and old Mr. Fanshaw's questions had enabled him to enjoy the luxury of a full confession.

So they knew now, those two men who stood there on the bridge, white-lipped, talking over the horror of the thing—they knew that Jeane was not alone upon that terrible frozen shore. The man Roscoe was there, too.

A sound on the deck below attracted Mr. Fanshaw's attention. Tom, with the aid of a heavy cane, was limping precariously along the deck toward the bridge ladder, and, to their amazement, when he looked up at them, they saw that somehow, his face had cleared. There was a grave look of peace upon it.

"I've thought of something," he said, after he had climbed up beside them—"I've thought of something that would seem possible to go on living, and even hoping."

The two older men exchanged a swift glance. He was not to know about Roscoe. If he had found something to hope for, no matter how illusory, he should be allowed to keep it—to hug it to his breast, in place of the horrible, torturing vision of the human monster which the other two men saw.

"What is it you've thought of, Tom?" his father asked unsteadily.

"It's—It's Cayley. He's there with her; I'm sure he is." He turned away a little from Captain Warner and spoke directly to his father. "I don't know how I know, but it's as if I saw them together. He and I'm quite sure she has with him. I wanted to kill him for that yesterday, but now—his voice faltered there, but the look in his eyes did not change—now—of a serene, untroubled hope—"He's there with her," he went on, "and with God's help he'll keep her alive until we can get back with the relief."

He said no more, and he clutched the rail tight in his gauntleted hands and gazed out north, across the ice.

CHAPTER XII.

Cayley's Promise.

For this small mercy Cayley thanked God. The girl did not understand. She was rubbing those sleepy eyes of hers and putting back, into place, stray locks of hair that were in the way.

"The fog must have gone to pieces," she said, "and they've drifted off in the fog without knowing it. I suppose there's no telling when they'll be back; very likely not for hours."

He did not risk trying to answer her. All his will power was directed to keeping the real significance of the yacht's disappearance from showing in his face.

She had turned to him quite casually in answer, but not getting it, remained looking intently into his eyes. "Mr. Cayley," she asked presently, "were you telling me last night what you really thought was true, or were you just encouraging me—I mean about those men who attacked the yacht? Are you afraid, after all, that our people are not in possession of the Aurora, wherever she is?"

"I told you the truth last night. I can't imagine any possibility by which the men who came here on the Walrus could get the Aurora away from your people, except by stealth."

"But if our people beat them off, why didn't they come ashore? There aren't any of them around, are there?"

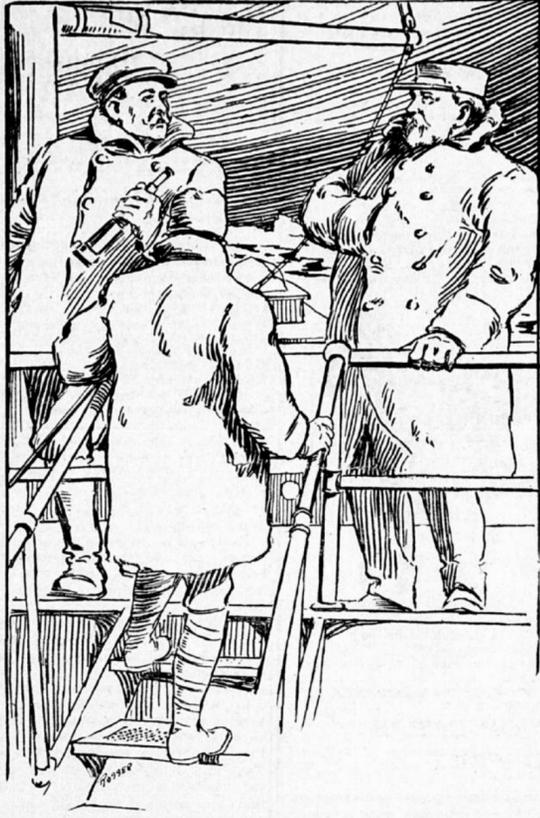
"Apparently not," said Cayley. "They may have all been killed before they could get back to shore, or some of them may have been captured. No, I really don't think you need worry about them."

"A giant?"

"Because he literally was. He struck me down with just one blow, and as he raised his arm to strike I saw that his shoulder-cap was above

the level of my eyes; and I pass for a tall man."

He observed, without reflecting what the observation meant, that a bountiful supply of fuel was lying in great drifts along the lower slope of the talus. Jeane accompanied him upon his quest of it, and with small loss of time and no trouble at all they collected an armful. They laid their fire upon a great flat stone in front of the hut, for the outdoor day was too fine to abandon for the dark and damp in the interior, and soon they had the fire blazing cheerfully.



The Two Older Men Exchanged a Quick Glance.

must stay down here upon the earth with me."

Her mention of his wings gave him his first faint perception of the line the struggle would take. His mind flashed for an instant into the position which her own words took when she should know the truth. To her it would not seem that they were castaways together. He was not marooned here on this shore. His ship was waiting to take him anywhere in the world. He was as free as the wind itself—

"I believe living in the sky is what makes you do that," he heard her say—"makes you drift off into trances that way, perfectly oblivious to the fact that people are asking you questions."

He met her smiling eyes, and a smile came, unbidden, into his own. "You've forgiven me already, I see," he said. "What was the question about?"

"It was about breakfast. Have you anything to eat in that bundle of yours?"

He shook his head, and she drew down her lips in mock dismay.

"Is there anything to eat anywhere?" she questioned, sweeping her arm round in a half circle, landward. "Mustn't we go hunting for a walrus or a snark or something?"

Cayley had to turn away from her as she said that. The remorseless irony of the situation was getting beyond human endurance. The splendor of the day; the girl's holiday humor; her laughing declaration that she would not permit him to fly away; this last gay jest out of the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" about hunting for a walrus.

"God!" he whispered as he turned away—"My God!"

He had his revolver, and besides the six cartridges which the cylinder contained, there were, perhaps, 30 in his belt. For how many days, or weeks, would they avail to keep off starvation?

But his face was composed again when he turned back to her. "There are two things that come before breakfast," he said—"Fire and water. There is a line of driftwood down the beach to the westward, there at the foot of the talus. When we get a fire going—" he stopped himself short. "I was going to say that we could melt some ice for drinking water, but until we have some sort of cooking utensil to melt it in, it won't do much good. There must be something of the sort in the hut here."

She shook her head. "They're completely abandoned," she told him. "Our shore party searched them first of all, and afterward Uncle Jerry and I searched them through again. There is nothing there at all, but some heaps of rubbish."

"I think I'll take a look myself," said Jeane. "Rubbish is a relative term. What seemed no better than yesterday afternoon while the yacht was in the harbor may take on a different meaning this morning."

He disappeared through the doorway, and two minutes later she saw him coming back with a big battered-looking biscuit tin.

"Unless this leaks too fast," he said, "it will serve our purpose admirably."

He observed, without reflecting what the observation meant, that a bountiful supply of fuel was lying in great drifts along the lower slope of the talus. Jeane accompanied him upon his quest of it, and with small loss of time and no trouble at all they collected an armful. They laid their fire upon a great flat stone in front of the hut, for the outdoor day was too fine to abandon for the dark and damp in the interior, and soon they had the fire blazing cheerfully.

For a while they sat, side by side, upon his great sheepskin, warming their fingers and watching the drip of the melting ice in the biscuit tin.

"Breakfast!" he said.

"Is there to be anything besides a good big drink of water apiece? If there isn't, I'd rather not think about it until the yacht comes back."

"Unless I'm mistaken, there's an excellent breakfast waiting for us not far from where we got the fire-wood. But I'll go and make sure before I raise your expectations any higher."

He walked away a hasty pace without waiting for any reply; then, thinking suddenly of something else, he came swiftly back again.

"Do you know anything about firearms?" he asked. "If you're accustomed to shooting, I'll leave my revolver with you—No," he went on, answering the question which she had not spoken—"no, I don't foresee any danger to you. It's just on general principles."

"I'm a pretty good shot. But if you're going on a hunting expedition for our breakfast and there isn't any foreseeable danger to me in being left alone, it seems reasonable that you should take the gun."

He took the revolver from his belt, however, and held it out to her. "Our breakfast doesn't have to be shot. And as a concession to my feelings—no, it's nothing more than that—I'd rather you took it."

She did as he asked without further demur, and he went away. When she was left alone, the girl added fresh sticks to the fire, and then, in default of any more active occupation, took up the red-bound book which lay beside her and began once more to peruse its pages. She had by no means exhausted them. In her reading of the night before, she had skipped the pages of scientific description for those parts of the journal which were more purely personal. Even now the whole pages of carefully tabulated data concerning the winds, currents, temperature, and magnetic variations got scant attention. In her present mood the homeliest little adventure, the latest diversion of a winter's day meant more to her than all her father's discoveries put together. When she saw Cayley coming back toward her across the ice, she put the book down half reluctantly.

Evidently his quest for breakfast had not been in vain; he had a big black and white bird in his hand. "Do you suppose it's fit to eat? It was called out to him. 'How in the world did you manage to kill it without the revolver?'"

"Fit to eat! It's a duck. What's more, it's an elder, which means that her cook is worth saving."

"But how did you contrive to kill her?"

"I didn't. She killed herself. She was flying too low last night. I suppose—going down the gale, and in the fog she went smack into the side of the cliff and broke her neck. That was a very destructive storm for the birds. There must be 50 of them, of one kind and another, lying dead there along the top of the talus, at the foot of the cliff."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prayer Unanswered.

It had been raining all day and little Mark, shut up in the house, was anxious to get out and play. His mother, in another room, thought that she heard him talking, and presently inquired to whom.

"I was talking to God, mamma," the child replied. "I asked Him to make it stop raining so I could go outdoors, but—I don't think He was very p'lish about it. He never let on that He heard me at all!"



Vienna Style Sausage

A good dish for a Luncheon or Supper.

Brown the contents of a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausages in the frying pan and serve with baked potatoes.

Easy to serve—fine to eat

Look for the Libby label which means quality.

Libby, McNeill & Libby



A Heartless Father.

"I need some help with my household duties," announced a woman when her husband came home the other night.

"What's the matter with our daughter?" the husband wanted to know.

"Our daughter? The idea! Why, Jim, you know she's awfully delicate, and she would die if she had to do any household work. She has her school, and—"

"And what? Her teacher's report shows that she isn't doing a bit of school work."

"But she is the star member of her basketball team, and you know she is eager to take the prize at the gymnasium contest. But that's just like a man—wanting a delicate girl to engage in rough, hard labor. Be ashamed of yourself, Jim Jenkins! You have no feeling!"

The Worth of the Voice.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.—Longfellow: Hyperion.

Tea Time in Chile.

Either tea or yerba mate is served in Chile at 4:00 p. m., not only in the homes but at clubs, restaurants and hotels, and many business houses. A cut of tea and a roll or small cake in the club or hotel cost from eight to twelve cents United States gold, while the business houses serve it free rather than have the clerks leave their work or go out for it.

Raw.

More—Do you believe oysters have brains?

Bored—Certainly I do, since they know when to shut up.

Method.

Mrs. Knicker—Will your furniture go in the new flat?

Mrs. Bocker—it will after it's smashed.

WANTED TO SLEEP

Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me."

"Since I began the use of Grape-Nuts the benefits I have derived from it are very definite, I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on my table."

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me."

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on my table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason" will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HOW CAT WON LASTING FAME

Magazine Walker Wellman has this to say about how the cat happened to be put aboard and how it really lost all of its fame:

"Frank then obtained was directed to that member of our crew destined to be the real hero of the voyage—because real heroes are never self-conscious—they are always conscious of what is at stake, and of the danger of over-estimating their own strength and therefore never two-legged. The young gray cat, taken on board half in jest as a mascot, was howling pitifully amidst these strange surroundings. Chief Engineer Vaniman, afraid of having his short sleep disturbed, insisted that 'Kiddo' be left behind. Navigator Stinson, snortlike, vowed it was bad luck to let a cat leave a ship, and insisted Kitty should stay. Without any fear of midnight howls on the one hand, and without any superstitions on the other, I told Mr. Vaniman to do as he liked about it. He put pass in a box

and tried to lower him down to the motor launch, but the launch had cut loose and 'Kiddo' was pulled up again, a narrow escape from losing all his fame."

Architects War on Sky-scrapers.

The Pittsburgh Architectural club is anxious that Pittsburgh's skyline in the future shall not resemble a comb which has been in use for many years; that is, a comb from which many teeth have departed, leaving it very tremulous and broken up. The