

The Sky Pirate

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

PROLOGUE.

The sea pirate has long been a fascinating figure of romance, but the march of progress has driven him into well deserved retirement, and he has now been replaced, in fiction at least, by the sky pirate, who is even more mysterious, more daring and more romantic than his predecessor. Read and there will unfold before you the extraordinary story of Captain Alfonso Payton and his ship, the *Chameleon*, of William Grayman, the richest man in the world, of his beautiful daughter, for whose ransom \$10,000,000 was demanded; of Lieutenant Allen of the revenue service, of wonders by wireless and of fierce battles above the clouds.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BILLIONAIRE'S FREDICAMENT.

MEANWHILE what was happening to William Grayman? The *Chameleon*, as I have said, speeded westward upon leaving Tribes Hill, and Payton took good care to rise so high and to disguise the aero so well with appropriate color that probably not an eye caught sight of her after she quitted the scene of the encounter with the police.

As soon as Mr. Grayman had been carried aboard he was put into the little room that had been occupied by his daughter, and the door was locked upon him.

"I had to venture it," he soliloquized. "I don't see that there was any other way and yet I was a fool! And what have I gained? Almost it would have been better to pay the money and let the scoundrel go—if he surrendered Helen safe."

Then he tried to imagine what Payton would do. Would he keep him a prisoner? But what could he gain by that? The billionaire knew well enough that there was nobody who would pay \$10,000,000 to have him released. Was his life in danger? No, he did not think so. The commissioner's reasoning on that point seemed conclusive. All the danger centered on his daughter. At moments he debated whether he should not now offer to pay the ransom and have done with it. He could afford it, enormous though the sum was. He had cleared fifty millions during the past year.

While he was turning the subject in his mind the door opened and Payton entered.

"Mr. Grayman," he said in his most winning manner, "I give you my word as a gentleman that I am indescribably pained by what has occurred. It was not my intention to carry you off or to offer you any indignity whatever, but you know as well as I do that I was compelled."

"You promised me immunity if I would meet you," interposed Mr. Grayman.

"And you broke the convention by coming to the rendezvous under the secret escort of a whole fleet," laughed Payton. "But for my means of learning the designs of my enemies I should have been beautifully trapped. But now I let that pass. I am willing to overlook it in view of your inexperience in such affairs as this. You are now, by force of circumstances, in a position where it will be impossible for any further interruption of our private conversation to occur, and we may proceed with the business in the most amicable spirit."

The easy self assurance of this speech and Payton's bold assumption that he was the injured party quite dumfounded Mr. Grayman. He saw the game well enough, but he did not see a way to meet it. He felt a desire to throttle the fellow. "Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

Payton smiled provokingly as he replied. "She is where so police in the world can ever find her and where she will remain in my charge until the ransom is paid or until—"

Payton purposely did not finish the sentence, but remained silent, looking straight into the eyes of the man who it was his plan to shake his prisoner's nerves he was fairly successful. "I do not want any harm to come to you or your daughter, but I must have the ten millions. You have the money; I have the girl. You can afford the price, and she is worth it to you or to any man. Your life is in my hands—there's no denying that. But I don't want it. I want only the money."

Mr. Grayman saw that he must temporize somehow. The first thing was to get himself out of this fix. He would try promises, and if worst came to worst he would even pay the ransom, trusting to get it back again when Payton should finally be caught.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to promise me on your honor as a gentleman to give the order to turn New Yorkward at once."

Payton had read the billionaire's thoughts as if they had been printed. He knew that at present Mr. Grayman had no intention of meeting him on the terms he had prescribed, but would endeavor to entrap him. Yet unless he released him now he could never hope for the money.

He rose and left Grayman alone in the cabin, but within a few minutes returned, saying, "Come out, Mr. Grayman, and convince yourself that you are homebound."

Rather unwillingly the billionaire ventured upon the deck. They were

still over high, but were being soundered at great speed.

"These are the Caymans away over yonder," the pilot said. "I don't think you'll see New York in a half an hour, but I prefer to visit the metropolis after midnight. It is now only 11 o'clock. We'll take lunch and then circle about a bit and see the country. If you like we can run out to Niagara and see how the great cataract looks to a bird."

"But my daughter!" cried the billionaire eagerly. "Since you will have the money anyway and the speed of your craft is so great take me to her."

"She is in no danger. She doesn't even know she is a prisoner," replied the sky pirate lightly. "Why alarm yourself?"

Late that evening passersby in Fifth avenue were startled by seeing a huge aeroplane glide silently over their heads. Shortly afterward the *Chameleon* settled gently upon the grass in a park glade, and Payton, without any sign of haste, descended, and graciously dismissed his guest in the very face of a policeman.

"Goodby and an revoir," said Payton, wringing Mr. Grayman's unwilling hand. "You'll hear from me in a few days. Don't forget your promise or the need of your daughter's life of the air which you alone can give her."

Without replying Mr. Grayman turned on his heel and walked rapidly away. Payton remained on the ground regarding his retreating form with a disdainful smile. The policeman was rapidly approaching, but Payton made no move.

"Here, you!" said the officer, seizing Payton by the arm. "I arrest you. What are you doing with an aero in the park?"

"Looking for squirrels," said Payton. "Leaving for— See here, young fellow, come with me."

"Aren't you going to arrest the aero?" asked Payton.

The question upset the policeman for a moment. Then, thinking of no better answer, he raised his club. In the fraction of a second he was sprawling on the grass and Payton had leaped aboard the aero. As the policeman jumped to his feet and blew his whistle the *Chameleon* whirled up into the darkness and disappeared.

The reader will perhaps remember that when Payton carried off Miss Grayman he reentered her room on the pretense of extinguishing the light. What he really did was to fumble in her writing desk and take possession of a bundle of letters, which he thrust into his pocket. Among the letters was one written to Helen by her father during one of his infrequent sojourns. How he employed this will appear presently.

Payton had no sooner performed his characteristic exploit of landing Mr. Grayman in the heart of New York with the *Chameleon* than he set out with full speed for his lodge in the wilderness.

We left Miss Grayman weeping in her room at the lodge over her veranda at Mrs. Williams' conduct, emphasized by her own undefined suspicions. Susan was greatly puzzled, but very sympathetic.

"Oh, Miss Helen," she said, "please don't cry. They cannot be long delayed; they are sure to come."

"I wish I could get away from here," Miss Grayman responded, wiping her eyes. "I don't know what ails me, but—sometimes I feel that they may never come. Why doesn't Mr. Williams treat me so? Why wouldn't she let us go in the canoe? I have such a creepy feeling about that place in the woods."

"Oh, it's your fancy, Miss Helen. I didn't see anything very strange there. Come, let's go out and sit on the veranda. Perhaps we shall see them returning at any moment."

But Susan was not a true prophet. They descended and went out on the veranda.

Payton could hardly contain his delight over the success of his bold raid. Then he set out to complete his mastery of the situation by entertaining Miss Grayman, cultivating her interest and confidence in himself and keeping her thoughts from dwelling upon her disappointment. He had, in fact, seized the first opportunity to tell her about the adventure in the woods, and less than an hour after his return Miss Grayman, in gay spirits, accompanied by Susan, embarked with him in the canoe for a visit to the spot where her curiosity had doubtless been excited.

"Mrs. Williams has told me about your flight," he said, "and about her own fright also. The bears are dangerous, and I have ordered Indian John to be on the spot well armed, so if you are still curious about the grave of the big bear we'll go and see it and try to satisfy your curiosity."

"Accordingly he took them to the place and showed the spot where the digging had been. It was now carefully covered up with the forest carpet of leaves. This, he explained, had been done in order that wild animals might not dig up the carcass. He gave a spirited description of the extraordinary size and ferocity of the (imaginary) bear that had been killed.

"Since we shall be forced to spend a week or ten days here," he said, "I wish you to become acquainted with all the pleasures that the woods afford. I cannot begin to describe the scene for at least three days yet, because as your father may have mentioned, I had to leave all my men but the engineer at Lettystown, and they must reach us by the forest trail. Being born woodsmen and hunters, they can make the distance in about forty hours, and I have ordered them to start on the time required for rest and sleep. As soon as they arrive I shall be very busy directing and aiding them, for I have a shop here specially fitted up to repair my aero. In the meanwhile I can devote all my time to trying to make things pleasant for you."

He certainly did make things pleasant. Never had he been so entertaining, so full of interesting stories, so devoted to the comfort and enjoyment of his guests. They boated, fished, hunted, gathered rare flowers and read or chatted on the veranda.

After three days of this kind of life, into which Miss Grayman entered with all the zest of her romantic and enthusiastic nature, Payton announced that his men had arrived. They dismissed themselves about the lodge, and presently the aero was removed from its customary place and taken into an inclosure partly roofed over, from which the sounds of hammering now began to be heard. Payton seemed to be very busy here during the daytime, but in the evening he was as attentive and entertaining as ever.

When this had been going on for a couple of days Payton, with great animation, announced that the repairs to the aero had been so successful that he proposed to make a trial trip.

"I want to be sure of it," he said, "because not for worlds would I run the risk of a second accident with you aboard. So I am going to take her out for a trip of considerable length. I

will have sent you a dispatch, but—"

"But my friends—my father," she interrupted.

"I was about to tell you, but, in fact, I have something better than any explanation I could make. Look at this and then say whether I have not brought some good news." And, laughing, he held up a letter, which he then put into her hands.

Miss Helen Grayman, At Bear Lodge. By the hand of Commodore F. Brown. So ran the superscription, and Miss Grayman's heart bounded on recognizing her father's handwriting. She tore open the envelope and read:

Lettystown, June 25, 1913.

My Very Dear Daughter—A miserable series of accidents has spoiled the surprise that we had in store for you. It was a foolish piece of business from the start, but I thought that it might give you pleasure, and the Mitchell girls and their mother had their heads set upon it and gave me no rest until I consented. We intended to meet you at Commodore Brown's lodge, that we should spend a week fishing and hunting, winding up with a visit to a little Indian village whose inhabitants have long been proteges of Mr. Brown's.

Of course you were astonished to be carried off as you were, and I have been more than astonished at myself for consenting to it, and I should never have done so if I had not known so well the antecedents and character of Frederick Brown. The *Agachela*, who are very intimate with him and admire him greatly, had taken it into their heads that you and he ought to be acquainted, and Agnes Mitchell invented what she called "a love" to be introduced to you in an "abstruse manner." I can only say, Helen, that my consent to entrusting you to his charge was wrung from me through my esteem for the young man. We expected, of course, to join you as soon as you arrived at the lodge, but from the start the aero engaged by the Mitchell girls proved a relatively slow flier, and then came the accident.

Now, you will want to know why I send you a letter instead of coming myself. It is a most extraordinary and provoking case of mischance. When we set out for Brown to come to our aid we supposed that the injury could quickly be repaired. Instead of that it is impossible to send the aero back by train. And then, to cap the climax, when Brown had turned out half his men to make room for us and had embarked us in his aero through some fault of the steerman ran into a tree, and we all had a narrow escape. It turned out that the machine was so crippled that only Brown and his engineer could go in her. You are in good luck and fifty miles away in a wilderness with no roads. We do not know where to send for help, and, in truth, I should hardly care to entrust myself in one again, and I am distressed to think that you will have to do so in order to return.

But I have every confidence in Mr. Brown, and he assures me that such an accident never occurred to him before. He is a good man, and I am sure that he will see to it that you are safe again with the machinery which he has at the lodge. The upshot is that I and Mrs. Mitchell are going to the first train we can get for New York. Mr. Brown will bring you back as soon as he can repair his aero.

I am glad to learn that Mrs. Williams is at his lodge. She is a worthy woman, and I am sure that she will be a former housekeeper for you in the future. I wish I could tell you for the truth about that Frederick with me about. This is the last, as it is the best, of my affectionate regards to you. Your very affectionate father, WILLIAM GRAYMAN.

In reading this letter the poor girl was completely deceived. The resemblance to her father's writing was so perfect, the manner of addressing her so exactly in his style, and, moreover, her mental blindness induced by her own romantic fancies was so complete that she suspected no imposture.

So she looked up at Payton after reading the letter with beaming eyes and flushed cheeks and said with genuine feeling:

"I thank you most sincerely, Commodore Brown. My father explains the whole affair, and it was a very good deed of you to return so quickly to your disabled aero in order to relieve my anxiety. It is a dreadful disappointment, but—but I am sure the trip has not been without its pleasures for me even if its principal object has been mischievous."

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THE GIRL EAGERLY ACCEPTED THE PROPOSAL.

she ran over to a town in Maine, and as I have some pressing affairs relative to my Indians to attend to, I may be gone for a couple of days. In that time I can make sure whether the aero is really in first rate shape. Since this will delay our final departure I thought that perhaps you would like to drop a line to your father, assuring him of your health and contentment. Of course he will be anxious about you, and the letter would be an agreeable surprise. I could post it, and it would be received at least three days before our return to New York."

As Payton anticipated, the girl eagerly accepted the proposal and immediately sat down and wrote to her father as follows:

My Own Dear Papa—I was awfully disappointed over the accident that kept you away from us, and I am sure you had got so near us. It is a dreadful pity that the delightful plan could not be carried out, but it was so romantic! But really I have enjoyed my part in it, and I shall enjoy it more since I now know that the whole affair had your approval, and I am sure in good health and spirits, Commodore Brown is so entertaining and so attentive, and I am so glad that you like him and that you think that he has great ability. I have never met a young man with more elegant manners or more intelligence than he. He is an American, and you know how I detest those foreign dot-busters. But I must stop, for Mr. Brown is waiting for me. I send all love and hope to see you soon. Your affectionate daughter, HELEN.

P. R.—I think that Agnes Mitchell is impertinent, but truly Mr. Brown is very interesting. His father must have been a delightful person. I like such devoted nature. One of the Indians is here.

H. G.

Miss Grayman felt loathsome when Payton had departed with the *Chameleon*, but she thought of the pleasure her letter would afford to her father. She would have died of mortification and rage if she had known that her messenger was hardly out of sight before he skillfully opened the envelope and read the letter, smiling as he saw how completely it answered his wishes. Then he carefully resealed and sealed it.

Everything was playing into his hands. To obtain this letter had been the object of his forgery, and he could not himself have written it more to his mind. This was the master card that he had thought of when he had Mr. Grayman on the *Chameleon*. If he could get Helen to write a mind-blowing letter to her father, he thought that his daughter was beginning to be deeply interested in the supposed friend who had carried her off. He calculated that the far and safety thus awakened would make him willing to come to any terms for her immediate release.

From his eyes in Washington he had learned all he needed to know about the Mitchell. As soon as Miss Grayman's letter should be in her father's hands he would be ready for his next stroke.

No one can suggest the amazement, perplexity, anger and despair of the billionaire when he received Helen's letter bearing the postmark "Charlotte, N. C."

Payton had gone far out of his way to post the letter in order to give a false idea of the direction in which his mysterious lodge lay.

Mr. Grayman had all confidence in his daughter, but he knew her romantic nature, and now she was evidently completely deceived.

He recalled what Payton had told him about Helen's deception concerning his name and character, and with a sinking heart he remembered the fellow's handsome face and fascinating speech and bearing. The very thought of his daughter taking an interest in this unspeakable scoundrel drove him wild.

But the next day came the climax. In opening his mail he found a letter posted at Wheeling, W. Va., which read thus:

Aero Yacht *Chameleon*, in the Air. Mr. William Grayman—Since I parted from you in Central park after our delightful ride together I have made good progress in the esteem of your daughter Helen. It is a great gratification to me that, backed by the powerful approval of her father, I find myself a person of great importance, and I know that I shall grow rapidly in her favor. Indeed, I am become so good an entertainer, hope the fulfillment of which would give me a place in the world and in society which I could never otherwise have expected to occupy. I am aware that she has written to you, but what she wrote of course I do not know, and I trust you will believe that if I did know I should have no cause to feel disappointed.

Now, my dear Mr. Grayman, it may occur to you that the only way in which you can arrest the current is by keeping your agreement and arranging for the payment of the ten millions. Only that sum could compensate me for the defeat of hopes so brilliant. I trust that you will turn this matter over in your mind with your customary excellence of judgment, and shall call you up and name a place of meeting where we can consummate the transaction and effect the transfer. Very respectfully yours, ALFONSO PAYTON.

It is best to draw the curtain on Mr. Grayman's sanctum after he had read this letter.

[To be Continued.]

Cultivation Under Glass. A Swiss professor of agriculture has been experimenting with cultivation under colored glass, and finds that ordinary transparent glass gives the best results. Orange glass forces the plants, but hurts the fruit; violet glass increases the quantity of fruit, but lowers its quality; red, blue and green glasses is positively injurious.

Vienna's Gas Supply. The Vienna city council has purchased for \$900,000 the last remaining gas works owned by the English company which originally furnished the whole gas supply of the Austrian capital.



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SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county.

Mary E. Pizzano, Plaintiff, vs. Alexander Pizzano, Defendant.

The State of Washington: To the said Alexander Pizzano, Defendant above named:

You are hereby Summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit, within sixty days after the 13th day of October, 1911, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court, and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorneys for the Plaintiff at their office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be entered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of said Court.

The object of the above entitled action is to secure a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

DYSART & ELLSBURY and C. D. GUNNINGHAM, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Olympia, Wash. First publication Oct. 13, 1911. Tl.

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