



The Yacht Had Disappeared.



The Two Older Men Exchanged a Quick Glance.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. Zmbrick, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owe it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Pettit's Eye Salve RELIEF FOR WEAK SORE EYES

Her Qualifications. Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out: "Hullo, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?" "Bogorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attention of ivory fool in town."—The Housekeeper.

Chinese Educational Puzzle. It is generally recognized that China has set to work at the wrong end of her education problem. . . . China has begun at the top, has tried to establish universities without preparing students for them, and all the lower rungs of the ladder are so badly constructed that it is almost impossible for the student to mount by them.—National Review, Shanghai.

Shouldn't He? A very good natured broker, who is very much larger than his wife, and who likes his little joke at someone else's expense, was sitting in the theater. A man behind him, not knowing who he was, leaned forward and whispered, "Will you please ask your wife to remove her hat?" "You'd better do it yourself. I'm afraid!" Whereupon the man behind became angry, arose, protested and left the theater.

Different. "It is the little things in this world that cause us the most trouble." "Not in my business," replied the shoe clerk; "it's the big things, the owners of which want to put into little shoes."

Explained. Indignant Diner—Look here, waiter; I just found a button in this dish of roast turkey. Calm Waiter—Yes, sir; it is part of the dressing.—Harper's Bazar.

And You Must Pay. "Experience is the best teacher," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but her charges are mighty high," added the Simple Mug.

FEED YOU MONEY Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed Your Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meals, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly. The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business. At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet. "I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased. "My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. "Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quick and more acute than for years past. "After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts, food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in phgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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 Joanne 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 brisk revolver fire, 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 sagacious 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. Edward, 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 he 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-rod 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 times when they had talked together there, but in this last hour he had sounded a new abyss beneath it 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 Plank had taken him aboard the Walrus, down to the hour last night when he had sprung into his boat again and pulled shoreward. Captain Plank 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 Jeanne 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 makes it 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—Cayley. He's there with her; I'm sure he is." He turned away and spoke directly to his father. "I don't know how I know, but it's as if I saw them there together. He has fallen in love with her, I think. 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—the light 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 foe 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 for an 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."

She drew a long deep breath, hung out her arms wide, and then stretched them skyward. "What a day it is. Was there ever such a day down there in that warm green world that people live in?—Oh, I don't wonder that you love it. I wish I could fly as you do. But since I can't, for this one day you

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 would take to her 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 he. "Rubbish is a relative term. What seemed no better than that 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 beautiful supply of fuel was lying in great drifts along the lower slope of the talus. Jeanne 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 of 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. "But presently Cayley got to his feet. "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 half-dozen paces 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 most 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 idliest 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.

Obviously 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?" she 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 coat 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 pliant about it. He never let on that He heard me at all!"

"The Club." An exclusive dining society is the one bearing the arrogant title "The Club," which since its foundation has been limited to thirty-five members. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Goldsmith were among the original members. Garrick and Boswell joined in 1773, and Gibbon and Fox in 1774. Of the eighteen premiers in the nineteenth century nine were members of the club. Fox, Liverpool, Canning, Russell, Aberdeen, Gladstone, Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour—London Chronicle.

The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER

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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While searching the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an Arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Plank and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in 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. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the stick and the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing-stick, and sends Cayley, Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeanne. He is intent on murder when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeanne 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, pure golden-yellow and emerald-green, and a white whose incandescence fairly stabbed the eyes. And as those great moving masses ground together, they flung, high into the air, broad shimmering veils of rose-colored spray.

Of the foe, 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. I would swear to that before God. 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 field-ice, which, filling the sea out to the utmost horizon, confirmed the captain's words.

"How long—" Tom Fanshaw began, any possible chance I would take it, but there is none—none in the world. Dead sea, on this footstool and has scold more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it up hill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that. This North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of November 27, 1858, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshall with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh. But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see

There is one place in Hanover where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for 15 miles in doing it.—Boston Transcript.

From the Blue Bird. In Masterlinck's "Blue Bird" little Tyltyl goes to some far-off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him. She answers, But it's just the same thing; I am down below, we are all down below. . . . You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see us when you see me down below. . . . Do you understand, Tyltyl, dear? . . . You believe yourself in heaven; but heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other. . . . There are not two mothers, and you have no other. . . . Every child has only one; and it is always the same one; and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.

Stream Changed Its Course. North River in One Night Moved Its Mouth Three Miles to the Northward. There is a stream in this state called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Seltwater. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Seltwater and the river is 40 miles long. This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the

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