



Tottered Forward and Collapsed in a Heap.

# The Sky-Man

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER  
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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 soaring over 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 Fielding, 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 Fielding, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fielding declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Farnshaw 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 captures him. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read. The yacht disappears and Roscoe's plans to capture it are revealed. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley. The seriousness of their situation becomes apparent to Jeanne and the sky-man.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Suddenly he was flying downward, as fast as gravity and his great wings would take him. Drenched with the sweat of a sudden terror, cleaving the air so fast that the sound of his whirling robe to a scream through his tail rigging. Down he slanted, seaward a little, past the end of the great headland. Then, with the sudden exertion of all his strength, upon one lowered wing, the other flashing high like the stroke of a scimitar, in the curve of the shortest possible arc, he shot landward, pounced, checked, and alighted not far from the girl.

She had been seated upon a broken ledge of rock when he had first caught sight of her. She was in act of getting to her feet when he alighted, not a half dozen paces away. She had been pale, but her color had come back now in a sudden surge. She was breathing unsteadily and her hands were clasped against her breast. "You—you mustn't fly like that," she said. "If you had been an eagle, the way you wheeled and came rushing down out of the sky would have terrified me. I shut my eyes in order not to see you killed."

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Red-Bound Book. By the time they had reached the headland, the whole beach before them was enveloped in the sapphire shadow of the cliff, and the little cluster of huts toward which they were trudging was hardly distinguishable. It was not until they had halved the distance that the girl made out the little plume of rose-colored smoke that floated above Philip's newly constructed chimney.

"Aren't they dangerous, those polar bears?" she asked. In his answering laugh she heard the ring of rising excitement. "I won't deny," he said, "that if I had my way about it, I'd have you safely shut up inside the hut before I tried conclusions with him. Give me the revolver, and take care to keep out of the line of fire. If you see a chance to slip inside the hut, do it. And don't assume that polar bears have no nerves at all. You can't shock them. They don't stop until you have put their locomotor facilities completely out of business."

She was smiling when she handed him the revolver. "Here's luck," she said. "Don't be afraid for me." Cayley smiled, too. "Keep behind me, but not so far that you're in any danger of getting cut off in case I have to dance around him a little. There he's winded us already." Cayley turned for a last look at her. He had slipped his bundled wings from his back and laid them on the ice. He was still smiling, but somewhat ironically. "I'm half afraid he'll run away," he said, "and half afraid he won't."

The next instant all doubt on that head was set at rest. The monster hissed and came lumbering toward them, protruding slowly toward the ice. Cayley advanced slowly to meet him, but not in a direct line. Instead, he bore off in a curve to the left. The girl understood the maneuver instantly, and, herself, set out landward at a brisk pace, moving in the arc of a circle, parallel to his but larger, in such a way as to keep the bear, Philip and herself, as all three moved in different directions, in a straight line. They quartered round in this way, the bear swerving in well toward Philip, until all three were in a line, about equidistant from the hut. Philip and the bear, were, perhaps, a dozen paces apart. Without turning, he called over his shoulder to her, "Now run for it—for the hut. I'll keep him amused over here."

At the sound of his voice the bear rushed him. The girl had never in her life found anything so hard to do as to obey orders now. But she did obey and was running at top speed toward the open door of the hut when she heard Cayley fire for the first time. Just as she reached it, she heard his second shot. When she turned about, panting, to observe the result of it, the two seemed to be at her horribly close quarters. The bear, reared up on his hind legs, had just lunged forward.

He sprang back clear of the flashing, scythe-like out of those terrible claws. A little to the girl's surprise and considerably to her alarm, he turned and went sprinting up the beach toward the talus, at full speed, the bear wounded, but not in the least disabled, lumbering after him. It takes a fast runner to outrun a bear, but Cayley did it. When he reached the foot of the talus, the bear was 20 paces behind him. She saw him stop short, whirl round again and face his pursuer with a shout.

The bear also checked his speed and reared up once more, towering on his hind legs. Then Cayley fired twice, the shots coming so closely together as to be hardly distinguishable. One or both of them took instantaneous effect. The great yellowish-white mass tottered forward, and collapsed in a heap only a pace or two from where Philip was standing.

He waved his hand at the girl, and walked back for his wings. When she met him, half way up the beach, he was carefully taking the spent shells out of his revolver, one at a time, and depositing them in his pocket. "No telling how they may prove out," he commented; then, with a quick look into her face, "I hope you weren't frightened when you saw me run."

The sight of her made it hard for him to stick to his maps. But presently he looked up with a sudden question. "Do you happen to find anything?" he began, and then broke off shortly. From her face, half-shaded as it was, he could see that what she had been reading just then was no mere description of this land upon which they had been cast away, but something far more personal to the father she had lost here.

"There's something perfectly terrifying," she said, "about father's description of this man Roscoe. Over here near the end, before the sun came back to them, he tells of going out for a walk by himself and of discovering that Roscoe was stalking him, in the hope, he thought, of discovering, in the advance of the others, where the gold ledge was. In the twilight, father says, he looked, in his white bear-skins, perfectly enormous and incredible. And Philip—"

## CHAPTER XV.

Discoveries. The sunlight of another crystalline day had made a path of gold across the floor and half way up the wall when Philip roused himself from what he had intended to make the merest cat-nap on one of the bunks, and with difficulty rubbed his eyes open. The savour of something good to eat was already in his nostrils. Jeanne, with her back to him, was bending over the fire, busy with the breakfast. She heard him stirring, and looked around.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to bang that pan down that way. I meant you to go on sleeping for hours and hours." Looking fairly at him as he sat there on the bunk she saw his hands clutch tightly over the edge of it; saw the color ebbing out of his face and then come surging back again. She had seen him do that once before.

"Why—what's the matter, Philip?" she asked. "It's just the wonder of you," he said slowly; "of waking up to find you here, busy about this home of ours—as if—as if it were all true. I've been very deep asleep." "You'd better get ready for breakfast," she said, in a tone whose matter-of-fact infection was a little exaggerated. "It's nearly ready."

When they had finished, and while they still sat face to face across the board plank which had served them for a table, Cayley leaned forward a little and, smiling, asked a question. "What's the secret, Jeanne? Your eyes have been shinning with mystery ever since we sat down here." She laughed. "You're much too penetrating. I didn't mean you even to dream there was a mystery to penetrate. But—well, it's time to tell you now, any way."

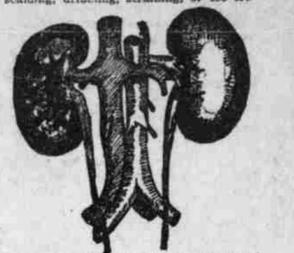
She, too, leaned forward a little and shook her head at him with a tantalizing air of triumph. "You didn't find the thing you were looking for last night in father's journal—the place where they hid the stores, I mean." "Oh, but I did!" he cried. "I only waited to give you time to eat a necessary and sensible breakfast before I spoke of it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we set about finding it in good earnest, when I saw, in your eyes, that you had a mystery of your own."

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$5.00 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you without charge. It is a simple recipe, and is made by A. B. Robinson, 8330 Mack Building, Detroit, Mich. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, and it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

IT DOES ON HOUSES. Wise—Do you see that striking looking woman with the veil. Howe—Yes. Wise—Do you know why she wears the veil? Howe—No. Howely? Wise—No; she's afraid the sun might blister the paint.

Properly Thankful. Clark Howell of Atlanta tells of the sad case of an elderly dandy in Georgia, charged with the theft of some chickens. The negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether any one could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt. The dandy received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank you, sah," said he cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't anything what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech of my lawyer dat you'd hang me, shore!"

Australia Rich in Libraries. Free library (Australia) five hundredth free library was opened lately. One of all of the older libraries are well patronized. The gross revenue received by them in the aggregate from halls, members' subscriptions, and grants is about \$340,000. There are about a million books in these libraries and it was claimed that something like 3,500,000 visits are paid to them in a year. While works of fiction are read to the greatest extent, general literature and history receive a good deal of attention.

Out of the Hare. "Here's a hairpin in the soup, waiter." "Yes, sir. It's all right. It's hare soup, sir."

## BUSINESS WOMEN A Lunch Fit for a King.

An active and successful young lady tells her food experience: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, induced by continuous brain strain and improper food, added to a great grief. "It was ordered to give up my work, as there was great danger of my mind failing me altogether. My stomach was in bad condition (nervous dyspepsia, I think now) and when Grape-Nuts food was recommended to me, I had no faith in it. However, I tried it, and soon there was a marked improvement in my condition. "I had been troubled with faint spells, and had used a stimulant to revive me. I found that by eating Grape-Nuts at such times I was relieved and suffered no bad effects, which was a great gain. As to my other troubles—nervous prostration, dyspepsia, etc.—on the Grape-Nuts diet they soon disappeared. "I wish especially to call the attention of office girls to the great benefit I derived from the use of Grape-Nuts as a noon luncheon. I was thoroughly tired of cheap restaurants and ordinary lunches, and so made the experiment of taking a package of Grape-Nuts food with me, and then slipping out at noon and getting a nickel's worth of sweet cream to add to it. "I found that this simple dish, finished off with an apple, peach, orange, or a bunch of grapes made a lunch fit for a king, and one that agreed with me perfectly. "I threw so on my Grape-Nuts diet that I did not have to give up my work at all, and in the two years have had only four lost days charged up against me. "Let me add that your suggestions in the little book, 'Road to Wellville,' are, in my opinion, invaluable, especially to women." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in books.

There's a Reason. Ever read the above letter? A man appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MICE IN THE RAILWAY CARS. Traveling Man Always Carries a Trap, and Catches One About Every Other Night. "On my last trip across the continent I met a man who showed me a hitherto unsuspected danger of sleeping cars," said the traveling man. "The first night out from Denver we occupied the berth across the aisle from mine. Shortly after everybody had turned in for the night I heard him

"Oh, that's nothing," said he. "I catch a mouse about every other night in seasons when I am on the road most of the time. I don't know where they make their nests, but there are few of the ordinary coaches that do not carry their share of mice." "In Chicago I bought a five-cent mouse trap and set it on the way home, but I did not catch a mouse."

"HIPPO" DOESN'T LIKE SAND. When Resident of New York "Zoo" Went for a Swim He Found the Ballast Heavy. Although he is the son of the accomplished Mrs. Murphy, the acknowledged queen of hippopotamus row, in the Zoo in Central park, and in view of his lineage certainly should know better, Pete, the hippopotamus in the Bronx park, recently tried to convert a pile of sand into a nourishing repast. The consequences of this culinary error were distressing. Some small thought moving in his big head told him that if the sand looked so well it must be good to eat, and he attacked it voraciously. When he rolled into his tank he found that he would not stir, being too heavily ballasted with his light luncheon. This luncheon while it had suspended entirely his powers of locomotion had not affected his vocal cords, and he bellowed lustily for help. Keepers turned off the water in the tank and

Self-Satisfaction. Some men are satisfied with themselves merely because they are poor judges of character.