

The Sky-Man

By 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, 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, ascending 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 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 the big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshew, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshew declares that it is an Eskimo throwing-stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshew 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.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

At the sound of it, he drew himself up, towering, before her, and, so, became visible to her—a monstrous, blurred, uncertain shape.

And she cried out; this time in terror. Then, before he could spring upon her and kill her with his hands, as his brutish instinct of rage urged him to do, he started back suddenly, and himself, cried out!

For a faint circle of light, wavering, wandering, unearthly, was shining straight down upon both of them through the fog—out of the sky itself.

Looking up, he saw overhead a single, great luminous eye, and in the reflection of its own light upon the ice, very faintly, the fabric of outstretched wings.

Then from up there, overhead, he heard a voice—a quiet voice, "I'm here," it said. "Don't be afraid."

Blindly, Roscoe flung up his hands, whirled around and fell; scrambled to his feet again and fled, like a man harried, down the shore.

As he did so, he heard a ragged volley of shots from the direction of the Aurora. This sound of plain human fighting, which he understood and did not fear, helped restore to equilibrium his mind, which a moment before had been tottering to absolute destruction. Once he could get back to his boat and feel the oars under his hands again—once he found himself pulling out toward the yacht, no matter how desperate the odds awaiting him there might be against him, he would, he felt, be himself once more.

He ran on and on down the beach. He had not passed his boat, he knew; but he finally realized that he had passed the place where he had brought the boat ashore.

CHAPTER IX.

Waiting for Dawn.

Cayley wheeled so that he headed up into the wind and dropped, facing the girl and with his back to her retreating assailant. He had to drop almost vertically in order to avoid being blown out into the sea after he struck the ice. Even as it was, he went slithering down the glassy slope toward the water, and only managed to check his impetus by throwing himself flat on his face and clutching at a hummock which chanced to offer him a precarious hold. He had come down "all adrift" as sailors say, and his monstrous wings, powerless for flight but instinct with flapping perversity, cost him a momentary struggle while he was getting them bundled into controllable shape.

But, thanks as much to luck as to skill, he presently found himself upon his feet uninjured. He at once set out, making what haste he could, across the ice toward where he had last seen the girl, shouting up the gale to her at the same time, to know if she were safe. He heard no answer, but presently made her out, dimly, only a pace or two away. His first act, then, even before speaking, was to take out his pocket electric bull's-eye and turn it full upon her.

"It's just to make sure you're not hurt—that I really got down here in time," he apologized. "I wish I might have saved you the terror, but it wasn't until you cried out that I knew—"

"I'm not hurt," she assured him. "I'm a little dazed, that's all.—No, not with fright, with wonder. I hardly had time to be frightened. But I thought you'd come this morning, that you had abandoned us just as you said you would. And yet, when I cried out just now, for help, it was you that I called to.—" And then you came, out of the sky, just as I was sure you would. For I was certain, with the same certainty one has in dreams. Now, that it's over, I find myself wondering again if you are real. I'm not hurt at all."

Before he could find anything to say in answer, they heard another shot, muffled in the fog, from the direction of the Aurora, and in prompt reply to it, another volley.

"Wasn't there firing before?" she asked. "Can any one be attacking the yacht? There is no one there but Tom, you know, and he's disabled.—Can't we—can't I, get out there any way? The boat I came ashore in is right here."

Without making her any answer, he carried the unwieldy bundle his wings made into the hut and left it there, then returned to her and offered her his hand.

"We'll go down and look for your boat," he said.

Along the water's edge they searched, aided by the little beam from his bull's-eye, the sound of intermittent firing from the yacht urging haste all the while. But it did not take long to force the conviction upon them that the boat was gone. Blown adrift, most likely, was Cayley's explanation.

Cayley set his little bull's-eye on a shelf where they could make the most of its thin pencil of light. He then turned his attention to the door, and after a little struggle succeeded in getting it shut, and, what was more, securely bolted, by means of a heavy wooden bar which dropped into an iron crotch. If they were attacked with the first of the daylight, this place would afford them security until the people from the Aurora could come to their rescue. His revolver was a Colt, 45, and his belt was full of cartridges. With that weapon, he remembered that he had once been considered the best shot in the army.

The girl, when he turned to look at her, was seated on the edge of a bunk at the other side of the hut. Her pallor, the traces of tears he could see in her eyes, the pathetic droop to her lips, all emphasized the thing her voice had told him already, namely, that some emotional crisis, which she had been through in those recent hours, had left her quite exhausted.

Without a word, he turned to his bundle which he had deposited in a corner of the room, and fished out from it his sheep-skin sleeping-bag. It was not until he approached her, with it across his arm, that his eye fell upon the rosewood box and the morocco-bound book which lay beside it.

Her eye followed his. "They're father's papers," she said. "I found the box in here. That's why I stayed. I had come ashore—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. He took up the book with a gentleness almost reverent, laid it in the little chest and set it down on the floor beside the bunk.

The quality of the act brought the too ready tears to her eyes, but he did

not look up at her to surprise them there. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take off these boots of yours, which are wet, but which will serve excellently, nevertheless, for a pillow, and you are to take off that heavy coat and get inside this bag. Have you ever slept in one?"

He was already tugging at one of the boots, and her protest went unheeded—it was only a half-hearted protest after all.

When he had taken off the boots, she submitted, without demur, to his unfastening the frogs on her heavy seal-skin coat and slipping it off her shoulders.

When finally, with some assistance from him, she nestled down inside the great fleece-lined bag, when he had rolled her small boots into a bundle and made a pillow of them for her head, as he had said he would, she exclaimed, half-rebelloisly, at the comfort of it all.

"It is so deliciously warm and soft," she said. "I didn't know you were just being a luxurious sybarite when you refused a mattress and a pair of blankets on the yacht. If only you could be warm, too, and comfortable."

"I shall be," he assured her. "I'll make a cushion of that great coat of yours and sit down here at the foot of the bunk. You're not to bother about me. You're to prove the efficacy of the sleeping-bag by going to sleep in it."

"And what will you do all the while sitting there and keeping watch? Would you—would you like to read father's journal? If you would, I'd like to have you, after what you said long ago about the men who fished and lost their lives trying to reach the pole. I think if you will read that book, you will understand, in spite of your wings. And—well, I'd like to have you understand."

He moved the bull's-eye to another part of the hut, where the light from it would not shine in her eyes, and would illuminate the pages of the book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

Once as he passed by her in the completion of these arrangements, she withdrew her hand from the bag and held it out to him. "You've been very good to be," she said—"I don't mean you by risking your life and plunging down into that bank of fog when you knew I was in danger. A brave man would do that, I suppose—some brave men, any way. But you've been better than that—"

He told her not to talk, but to go to sleep; and without any more words encoined himself at her feet, drew his legs up under him, tailor-fashion, and began to read.

She saw him close the book at last and sit there, as she had sat, with it upon his knees, absorbed, reflective. Suddenly, he took up the book again, opened it and referred to the entry on that last page.

He was thinking now, not dreaming. His mind was on the active present. Before long he stole a look at her. She met his eyes.

"I'm glad father told us that the man was left-handed," she said gravely. "Because the man who killed Mr. Hunter was left-handed, too."

She had spoken the very thing his own mind had been groping for without finding, and he started and stared at her. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"It was a left-handed stick. I took it up in my left hand and it fitted; that was when I was fetching it out of the cabin for Uncle Jerry."

"Then that was how you knew I hadn't done it?"

"No, I didn't need any proof. I knew already without that."

"Suppose I had turned out to be left-handed, too?"

"I didn't think of that. But it wouldn't have made any difference to me. When you really have faith in anybody it isn't easily shaken; not by mere circumstances, at least."

"When you really have faith," he repeated. "Yes, I suppose that's so." He pressed his hands against his temples. "But there isn't too much of that divine commodity in the world." There was a long silence.

CHAPTER X.

What the Dawn brought.

The man rose from his seat at the foot of the bunk and, with restless strides, began pacing back and forth in the narrow limits of the little hut. The girl lay still, but her eyes followed him. Her thoughts were keeping step with his.

"There's not much faith in the world, that's true," she said presently. "And yet, that's not exactly the world's fault. When people haven't anything else to walk by, they have to walk by sight—" she hesitated a little there, feeling for the words she wanted. "It was so easy," she went on at last, "to clear you of the thing they thought you did yesterday. Couldn't you give them a chance to believe the truth about the other thing too? There must be something you could reveal about that old charge that would wash out the stain of it—something that would make Tom see the falsity of it as clearly as I do."

"No," he said; "that was never possible. It's less possible than ever now."

That involuntary admission told her much. If the thing she suggested were less possible now than it had been before, then, somehow or other, the vindication must have rested in Perry Hunter's hands. But the finality of his voice and the dumb agony she saw in his face, as he paced back and forth beside her, prevented her from following up the admission, or urging him any further.

He pulled himself up sharply and looked at his watch. "It will be daylight in two hours now," he said. "When it comes we'll signal to the

yacht and they'll send for you and take you away—you and this precious find you've made. In the meantime, you must go to sleep. You hardly slept at all while I was reading."

"I hardly dare go to sleep—not really deep asleep. If I did I'm afraid you'd turn out to be all a dream, and I'd find myself back in my stateroom on the yacht." She was speaking half in mockery, but there was an undertone of seriousness in her voice. "Think how unlikely it is that all this can have happened," she went on. "You said this morning you were going to leave us, and I watched you go.—How can it be anything but a dream that you were hanging aloft there in the sky, above the fog, ready to come plunging down when I cried out for help?"

"I told you once," he said not very steadily, "that one of us might be dreaming, but that one was not you."

"You will promise, then," she asked. "That if I go to sleep, I'll wake up here and not on the yacht, and that you won't have disappeared?"

"I promise," he said seriously.

He seated himself once more at her feet, switched off the fading light from the bull's-eye and drew the sleeves of her coat across his shoulders. "Good night," he said.

She answered drowsily.

Warmed a little, and oppressed by complete exhaustion, he fell asleep

himself. He knew, at least, that he must have done so, when, rousing with a start and springing to his feet, he saw a ray of sunshine splashed golden upon the opposite wall of the hut. It must have been light for hours.

Very silently, very cautiously he unbarred the door and pulled it open. Before opening the outer door, he drew his revolver and spun its cylinder underneath his thumb-nail. If the repulsed party from the Walrus were camped near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering.

He pulled the outer door a little way open and glanced slantwise up the beach. The brilliant light dazzled him and made it hard to see; but apparently there was no one there. Stepping outside, he turned his gaze inland, along the foot of the cliff. His mind was entirely preoccupied with the danger of a sudden rush of one miles from near at hand.

That is how it happened that, for quite a minute after he opened the door and stepped outside, he did not cast a single glance seaward. He did not look in that direction, until he saw that Jeanne, awakened by the daylight in the hut, was standing in the doorway. Her own eyes, puzzled, incredulous, only half awake, were gazing out to sea. The expression he saw in her face made him turn, suddenly, and look.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You've Been Very Good to Me."

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"You've Been Very Good to Me."

LAWYERS' FEES IN GERMANY

They Are Fixed by Law and the Attorney Can Charge Neither More Nor Less.

Lawyers in Germany cannot advertise, and their fees are fixed by law, according to Dr. Hermann Haeussler, rechtsanwalt, of Berlin, Germany, who is at the New Willard. A rechtsanwalt is an attorney at law and counselor combined.

The German law fixes the exact fees which a German attorney has to claim for all kinds of professional work, and the rechtsanwalt can charge neither more nor less. These fees are fixed whether the cases are criminal or come under the civil code. The amount depends exclusively on the value of the object of contention or the character of the crime. It is an old, though still unfulfilled, wish of German lawyers to have a new fixed list of fees, not made after the old low standard of the year 1878, but with consideration to the changes—numerous and decided—which have taken place since that year.

The rechtsanwalt can never be a business man, as may the lawyer in the United States. The practice of the law is not considered a calling or profession, but is essentially a public office.

"According to the code of 1878, a lawyer is charged with certain public duties. He is obliged to have his residence in the town or district whence appointed. Further, he must conduct himself in and out of office in a manner befitting his professional and social standing—a duty devolving upon his rank. A lawyer is forbidden to advertise in newspapers, by canvassing, etc., or to buy or take over a practice already made, as being unworthy of his calling.

"His position in society is between

that of officials and scholars," said Dr. Haeussler, "and through custom and law he is compelled to keep the position to the last degree. This compulsion to keep one's rank has given rise to the existence of committees, called anwaltskammern, whose duty it is to scrutinize the conduct of the members of the profession. These committees have a strict code of punishment, which includes the power to disbar or expel a lawyer from his calling.

"In this way the lawyers in Germany have a good and honored position. In fact, there is scarcely a country in which the lawyer enjoys more respect and confidence."—Washington Herald.

Ancient Suffragettes.

The suffragette is not new in England. As far back as 1541, "several gentlemen and tradesmen's wives from the city" wanted to present a "no popery" petition. The commander of the guard, in obedience to the commons' command, "spoke them fair" and advised them to go home. They replied that they would return next day, and that "where there was one there would be 500." They proved as good as their word. Pym, the leader of the house in those days, did not prove so unyielding as Mr. Asquith; for it is related that he came to the door, thanked the women for the petition, and promised that it would have attention.

Headache Hat.

A hat with a circumference of some 5 1/2 feet weighs about fourteen ounces as a rule—a winter hat made of fur. A man's silk hat, at the weight of which man universally raises a howl of woe, weighs six or seven ounces. Women are supposed to be the weaker, and yet she bears this weight without a murmur, because it is the fashion. No wonder the big hat has been named the headache hat.

ADVICE FOR CANNING TIME

Getting Ready is the Most Important Thing—Best of Fruits Should Be Used.

In the operation of canning and preserving, as in almost every other function of housekeeping, the "getting ready" is the most important thing and begins far in advance of the actual canning day. Some of the most important things to be done are to be expected, so that time and provision may be made for them. As the various cans and glasses have been emptied, if they have been washed and covers carefully fitted before putting away, much annoyance and expense will be spared. If the apparatus of the family have been observed, it will not be advisable to put up any of the unpopular varieties.

Kettles—which have never been used for any other purpose than for serving—spoons, forks, knives, tasters, dippers, funnels, jelly balls, fruit press, strainers, scales, measures are all necessary implements (others will be individually required) and should be in a state of perfect order and cleanliness. Have enough suitable jars, cans, glasses, etc., with rubber-tops and covers at hand, plenty of paraffin, labels, cloths for wiping and handling utensils, and the labors of the preserving season will not plunge you into nervous prostration.

Procure the best fruits and vegetables, each at the crest of its season. Prices are lowest then and there is less waste. Overripe fruits never make good preserves or jellies.

A wise cook never tries a strange recipe if she has one which she has tested and found satisfactory. Taste, differ and an untried recipe may prove disastrous.

Use granulated sugar for all preserves, jellies and jams; light brown sugar for spiced fruits.

Heat the sugar for jellies in the oven before adding to the fruit juice. Do not cover while cooking unless you want trouble.

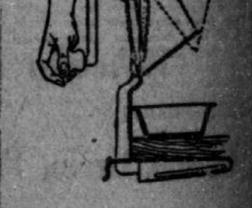
Have receptacles standing in hot water when the hot mixtures are put into them.

Seal perfectly. Leave standing where you can observe them for a few days.

KITCHEN GRATER IS ROTARY

Implement Has Wheel That Revolves While Nutmeg or Onion Is Held Against It.

As it is usually women who manipulate graters it was only right that it should be one of that sex in Ohio who designed the rotary grater of this type reproduced herewith. The old-fashioned method of grating nutmeg, onion or whatever it might be, was to rub the article up and



down on a rough surface. This implement works differently. A wheel with a grating surface is mounted on upright, which is clamped to the edge of the kitchen table. A handle is hinged to the center of the wheel and in it is placed the article to be grated. The wheel is turned by the object pressed close against it, and the grating process accomplished very expeditiously. When enough has been grated off, the handle can be lifted and its contents allowed to drop into the dish below. When the article has been reduced to a size where the fingers are likely to be cut in pressing it against the wheel, some other object may be placed between.

Apples and Red Jelly.

Take six good-sized apples and core them. Put two cloves into each apple and as much granulated sugar as it will hold. Place them in a boiling pan, without touching, and add a cup of water, or more, as you think fit. Look at them often and try to keep them whole. When done, take out carefully and place in dish. Strain the syrup they were cooked in and put in another saucepan, with a little gelatin (dissolved) and a few drops of red coloring. Boil till quite clear and then put around apples. Set away to cool till supper time.

Stuffing for All Kinds of Meats.

Three cups bread from inside of stale loaf; break into small pieces; three tablespoons lard, three tablespoons butter, half cup stewed celery, one cup stewed onions, one tablespoon salt, quarter teaspoon pepper. Add lard and butter to onions and celery when the water is all evaporated; then cook until water is all evaporated; put pepper, salt and celery salt on bread crumbs and mix with other ingredients. Put in without packing it.

Melon in Winter.

A genuine discovery was made at our house when we went down to select a few days before Christmas to select a pumpkin for a pie, writes a Massachusetts contributor to Good Housekeeping. Among the pumpkins was a watermelon in prime condition, which became a part of our Yuletide feast. It was in a cool and dry cellar that this phenomenon occurred.

Corn Coffee.

Roast an ear of dry corn until the tips of the kernels are black. Break the ear into pieces, put it into a bowl and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Set aside until cold and drinkiced.



Then From Up There Overhead He Heard a Voice.

SPEAKING VOICE IMPORTANT

When its Correct Use Has Been Learned the Development of the Singer is Easier.

Few singers, students, or even teachers of singing, pay enough attention to the speaking voice. The teacher and his pupil are together so little—a brief half-hour or two each week—and there are so many things demanding attention that there seems

almost no time for consideration of the speaking voice. Yet consistency demands that a bad habit of voice use in speech shall be corrected so that the use of the voice in conversation shall not retard the perfection of the singing voice.

I am often asked if the process of tone production is the same in speaking and singing. I answer that it should be the same. When the voice

is correctly used in speech it will require not different, but merely amplified treatment for singing. Unquestionably the young person who has a correct use of voice in speech will find it less difficult to develop a good singing voice, than one who has an incorrect habit.

Deep breath control, pliable organs of articulation, and full, or complete, vowel pronunciation, are the fundamental requisites of correct speech and correct singing alike. When the speaking voice of a singer is not so

produced, its use in conversation is sure to retard the perfection of the singing tone.

Bill Chewed by Grasshoppers.

A man recently walked into the government office at Denver with a five-dollar bill in his hand, or rather what was left of the bill after the grasshoppers had got through with it. It was picked up on a country road and brought for redemption to the treasury department. From the manner in which the bill was chewed up by

the insects it must have been attacked from all sides at once, but the brigade that sailed into the head must have had the sharpest grasshopper teeth, for there was little left of the Indian head that once adorned the bill. When lost it was new and evidently just out of the money-making plants of the government.

"The Cloister and the Hearth."

The variety of life, the vigor of action, the straightforward and easy mastery displayed at every step in ep-

ery stage of the fiction, would of themselves be enough to place "The Cloister and the Hearth" among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative; while its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardor and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humor, the frequent passion of its pathos, are qualities in which no other tale of adventure so stirring and incident so inexhaustible can pretend to a man's comparison with it unless we are foolish enough to risk a referendum to the name of Scott.—Pittsburg.