



The SKI-MAN

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER
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In May Beware of Dyspepsia.

PE-RU-NA
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
(CATARRH OF STOMACH)

NOT ANNOYED, OF COURSE

Capt. Butt Was Merely Giving to His Friend a Few Philosophical Reflections.

Capt. Archibald W. Butt, the president's military aide, was called out of bed at nine o'clock one morning to answer a telephone call.

"Archibald," said his friend on the other end of the wire, "I called you up to tell you that I shall not be able to keep the appointment I made with you for eleven o'clock today."

"I'm sorry," said Butt, his tone a trifle chilly.

"Yes; it's too bad," agreed the other.

There ensued an ominous pause.

"You know," remarked Butt sententiously, "telephoning seems to be a habit, a bad habit, in Washington. People are beginning to issue their invitations by telephone. They phone on the slightest provocation. They don't seem to know when not to telephone. They even get you out of bed to talk to you on the telephone."

"I'm afraid I annoyed you, and you're bawling me out," said the friend.

"Oh, no!" contradicted Butt in a louder tone. "My remarks are merely a few philosophical reflections induced by the early hour of the morning."—The Sunday Magazine.

SCRATCHED TILL BLOOD RAN

"When my boy was about three months old his head broke out with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. We tried everything we could but he got worse all the time, till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands were thin like claws.

"He was bad about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Cuticura Ointment and he was so soothed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was he felt better. It took one box of Cuticura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cuticura Soap to cure him. I think our boy would have died but for the Cuticura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. There has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of my cure." (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario, May 27, 1910.

Not Exactly Patriotic.

He was, let us say, Irish, was among several men of other nationalities, and had imbibed several beverages. He was extremely anxious, moreover, to uphold the glories of Erin, but was not quite so sure of what was going on about him. A foreigner near him remarked:

"An honest man is the noblest work of God!"

The Hibernian didn't quite catch what was said:

"Get out!—an Irishman is!" he roared.

A Herford Bon Mot.

Oliver Herford and a friend were strolling through a section of town that was plentifully strung with pulley lines on which many a family "wash" was waving in the wind. Mr. Herford's companion called attention to the manner in which these garments were shut out the sky and otherwise disgraced the landscape. Mr. Herford gazed at them thoughtfully and then gently murmured: "The short and simple fannels of the poor."

Not a Singer.

"Johnny," the teacher said, "here is a book. Now stand up straight and sing like a little man."

The song was "Nearer, My God, No sooner had the school commenced to sing than a little girl waved her hand frantically. Stopping the singing, the teacher inquired the cause.

"Please, teacher, I think Johnny will get nearer if he whistles."

Well Known.

Blobbs—is Hardup pretty well known in your town?

Slobbs—I should say he is. He's so well known he can't even borrow an umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

A Good Score.

"What's bokey at your suburb?"

"Forty coxes a year. Last year we had only forty-one."—Exchange.

For your own sake, don't wait until it happens. It may be a headache, toothache, earache, or some painful accident. Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it. Get a bottle now.

Let us never be discouraged by any difficulty which may attend what we know to be our duty.—Bowler.

A man is seldom arrested for striking an attitude.

SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his attention for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hunting. Cayley seeks Hunter where he performs a heroic deed. With some one over the Arctic regions, he picks up a variously shaped rock he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he finds 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 rock. Captain Planck 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 immense ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

For a long time Roscoe walked steadily on, until the two had come far up the glacier. Finally, when he did stop, he whirled quite around and stood confronting Planck, squarely in the middle of a narrow path between two deep fissures in the ice. His eyes were glittering malevolently.

"Do you know any reason," he asked in a thick voice, "why I don't pick you up and drop you down one of those cracks there, or why I don't serve you as I served that fellow yesterday?"

Planck thought he meant to do it, but, with the fatalism that marks the men of his profession, he stood fast and eyed his big opponent.

"You're strong enough to," he said. "And I'll do it if I want to; you know that," Roscoe supplemented.

"Yes, I know that." The big man nodded curtly.

"Well, I'm not going to now, because I choose not to. Listen. If you had the chance, could you navigate that solid mahogany, hand-painted ship down there?"

Planck cleared his throat, as if something were stifling him. "With a crew, yes," he answered.

"Could Schwartz run those nickel-plated engines he'll find in her, do you think?"

"Yes."

"Well, within two days I'll give you a chance to make good. Now, I'm going to tell you my plan, not because you asked me, but because I want you to know. I'd run the whole thing alone if I could, but I want you with me. We're going to take that yacht and we're going off alone in her—we of the Whaler, alone. Do you understand that?"

"They're better armed than we," said Planck reflectively; "better fed, better everything. And man for man, bar you, they're just as good, and they're three to one of us. It will want some pretty good planning."

"You needn't worry about that," answered Roscoe. "I didn't expect you to make the plans; I knew you couldn't. I've made them myself; they're working right now. Can you keep your tongue in your head and listen?"

Planck nodded.

"That searching party didn't go back to the yacht last night. They're all camped together—about 20 of them—down in the Little Bear valley. There aren't above half a dozen firearms in the bunch; none of the sailors from the yacht have any, and they've got about two days' rations. They're all there together, except the one man we accounted for yesterday."

"I see," said Planck; "and you think we can capture the yacht now while they're ashore?"

"Don't try to think, I tell you," Roscoe growled. "I'm doing the thinking. There are probably ten able-bodied men left on the yacht. That's not good enough odds, considering the way they're armed. But about an hour ago I sent Miguel down to the shore party to be their guide. He isn't going to say anything much to them, but what he says will be enough, I reckon. He's to pretend he's giddy and can't understand what they say to him."

Planck's eyes widened a little and he did not ask his next question very steadily. "Where is he going to take them?"

"Can't you guess that? He's going to lead them into Fog Lake, of course." The thought of it made Planck's teeth chatter. Fog Lake was, perhaps, the most curious natural phenomenon upon that strange arctic land—a little cup-shaped valley, from which the fog never lifted—had never lifted once in all the four years they had lived there. On days when the rest of the land was clear, the fog hung there, half way up the side of the hills, so that from the ridges surrounding it it really looked like a strange vapory sea. They had explored the edges of it, fearfully, at times, but had never penetrated far enough to learn the secret of its mystery, if it had one.

"And that?" Planck asked.

"Why, they'll send out a relief party from the yacht, of course. The yacht's people know what routes the searching party took with them, and when they don't come back in two days, they'll probably set out from the yacht, with every able-bodied man on board, and try to find the first party and bring it in. As soon as they are

well out of hearing, we take the yacht. We may not find a living soul aboard her; and we certainly can't leave one there. But we'll steam up and take our gold aboard—all our gold. And then, well—there's where you'll come in."

"But what then, man? My God! what then? Do you suppose we can go steaming into San Francisco, or any other port in the world, with all that gold in our hull and another captain's log and papers? We might just as well hang ourselves from our own crow-jack yard."

"I hope your wits will improve when you get a deck under your feet," Roscoe growled. "On land here you're about as much good as a pelican in a foot race. No, your sailing orders won't be San Francisco, nor any other port that has such a thing as a revenue officer aboard. But you ought to know the north coast line over there as far east as McKenzie bay. You must know some harbor there where we can lie up for the winter if I don't be bothered."

"Yes," said Planck. "I could take a yacht to such a place as that. There's a very good harbor in behind Hatched Island. But what will we do when we get there?"

"After that, it's my affair," said



His Eyes Were Glittering Malevolently.

Roscoe. "We'll winter on the yacht. Then when the weather begins to open up a bit, but before the spring thaw, we'll land our gold and our stores, cache all the gold, except what we can carry over the trail, say about 500 pounds of it, and we'll leave the yacht's sea-cocks open, so that when the ice goes out, she'll settle herself. We shall probably find ledges, and perhaps a pony or two, on the yacht. If we do, it will be easy. It's only a short hike to one of the tributaries of the Porcupine river. Once we reach the Porcupine, it will be easy, for it flows into the Yukon, and that's as good as a fall-way line. We'll make a raft and float all the way down to Saint Michaels with no trouble at all. The gold we have with us will be enough to take us down to Vancouver, and there we can charter a ship. You take command of her, and we go north through the straits again that very summer—next summer that will be, of course. We go back to the harbor where we left the yacht. You can figure out the rest for yourself, I guess."

"Yes," said Planck. "It's all very well—only won't there be a good many to trust that sort of secret to?"

Roscoe looked at him with a savage sort of grin. "Come, you're improving. But that hike across the mountains to the upper tributaries of the Porcupine is a hard trail. There aren't likely to be many of us left by the time we get started floating down open water. When we get to the Yukon it won't be surprising if there isn't anybody left at all, but you and me."

Planck caught his meaning quickly enough, indeed, a duller man could have read it in Roscoe's savage light blue eyes; and the thought made his teeth chatter. He would have felt a deadlier terror, perhaps, could he

have read the thought that lay at the bottom of Roscoe's mind. The gold hunter was not much of a sailor, but he felt confident that on the broad stretches of the Yukon he could navigate a raft alone.

CHAPTER IV.

The Throwing-Stick.

"Oh, I suppose," said Jeanne, "there's no use worrying."

Across the table from where she sat at breakfast in the snug, warm, luxurious little dining room on the yacht, old Mr. Fanshaw methodically laid his coffee spoon in the saucer beside his cup, and looked up at her with his slow, deliberate smile.

"My dear," he said, "remember that Tom is in the party. Unless they find everything that, by the utmost stretch of hope, they could find, he would insist on keeping up the search as long as the light lasted, and when the light failed, there would be no more light to come home by. Don't think of worrying; I don't. We'll hear nothing of them for hours."

"It won't be as long as that," she predicted confidently. "My sky-man will probably bring me news before then."

Old Mr. Fanshaw halted his coffee

himself, coming down out of de sky las' night. I was out on deck, sub."

Fanshaw looked quickly from the negro's face to the girls as if he suspected a hoax, but the terror in one face and the mystification in the other were obviously genuine.

Then he rose and went over to the buffet, returning to the table with the oddly-shaped, rudely-whittled stick. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, looking up at the girl with a puzzled frown—"do you mean to say that he, the man you dreamed about, made you a present of this stick?"

She laughed. "If that seems a reasonable way of putting it, yes; at least it slipped out of his belt and I found it where he had been sitting. But can you imagine what he used it for?"

"Oh, I know what it is, but that only makes the puzzle all the deeper. It's an Eskimo throwing-stick. They use it to shoot darts with. It lies in the palm of the hand, so, and the dart is put in that groove, though the butt of this one seems curiously misshapen; I can't make it fit my hand. But I can't figure out how the thing got aboard the yacht; it wasn't here yesterday."

"Of course not," she said; "my sky-man brought it."

He ran his fingers through his bushy gray hair perplexedly. Then he laid the thing down and seated himself at the table. "At any rate," he said, "we needn't let even a mystery spoil our breakfast. Come, my dear, you've eaten almost nothing. That omelet deserves better treatment."

Obediently she took up her fork, but almost immediately laid it down again, and he saw her eyes brighten with tears. "Of course, if there'd been any news, if there'd been anything to find, we'd have heard."

Silently he reached across the table and patted the hand that lay there on the white cloth.

"Oh, I know I oughtn't to cry," she said, "and I won't; it's your goodness and kindness to me as much as anything else. Ever since he went away you've been like a father to me, and Tom, dear old Tom, like a brother."

"What words, Tom? Out with it!"



"I Can't Make It Fit My Hand."

And then building this ship and coming up here yourself, facing the dangers yourself and letting Tom face them, all for such an impossible, hopeless hope as that message the sea brought to us."

Her voice faltered there, and she bent down abruptly and kissed the hand that was still caressing her own.

"My child," he said, "your father and I were like brothers—nearer to each other than most brothers. He went away, knowing that if his venture failed, if it ended fatally for him, as it probably did, I should regard you as my daughter—as just as much a child of mine as Tom is. If you hadn't been in the case at all, we'd have built this ship and come up here to find Tom Fielding just the same. There, don't cry. Put on that big fur coat of yours and come out with me on deck."

"I suppose," the girl said almost voicelessly, "I suppose I mustn't dare

The moment Mr. Fanshaw and Jeanne emerged upon the deck they heard the sound of oars beneath them, and looking over the rail saw one of the boats in which the shore party had set out, pulling up alongside the accommodation ladder. Three men were in it, two of the crew and Tom Fanshaw.

"What news, Tom?" his father called out anxiously enough to belie his former tranquil manner. "Have you found anything? I hope there's nothing wrong."

The younger man looked up. He saw his father, but not the girl. "Nothing wrong," he growled, "except this infernal ankle of mine. I've sprained it again, and I did it just when—" He broke the sentence off short there, his eye falling at that moment upon Jeanne.

She paled a little, for she had been quick to perceive that something he had been about to tell would not be told now, or must be told differently. But she waited until his father, together with the two sailors, had got the disabled man up onto the deck and safely installed in an easy chair. Then gravely, but steadily, "Just as what, Tom? What clue had they found just as you had to come away?"

"It was very wonderful," he said; "quite inexplicable. Just as we were about breaking camp this morning we saw a man coming toward us across the ice. We thought at first that it was Hunter, and we were mighty glad to see him, because he had strayed off somewhere and hadn't camped with us. But we soon saw it wasn't he, wasn't a man anything like him. He was a queer, slouching, shuffling creature, dressed in skins, and he came up in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of us. He couldn't talk English, nor understand it, apparently."

He looked to me like a Portuguese, and I tried him in Spanish—a good Filipino Spanish—on the chance. I thought it startled him a little, and he pricked up his ears at it, but he couldn't understand that either. He just kept beckoning and repeating two words—

"What words, Tom? Out with it!"

"No, hardly that," said Tom judicially. "What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice it particularly?"

"Yes," she said; "I helped him fold it up. It was made of bladders and bamboo and catgut, he said."

"And his motor?" cried Tom. "What was his motor like?"

"There was no motor at all," she said; "just wings."

"There you see, Tom," interrupted his father, "absolute moonshine."

But still the younger man shook a doubtful head. "No," he said, "the things not impossible—not inconceivable, at least. The big birds can fly that far, and think nothing of it."

The old man snorted: "They're built that way. Think of the immense strength of their wing muscles."

"Not so enormous," said the younger man. "I dissected the wing of an albatross once to see. It's not by main strength they keep aloft in the air; it's by catching the trick of it."

"That's what he said," the girl cried eagerly. "He told me he could fly across the north pole, from Dawson City to St. Petersburg, and when I asked him if he could keep flying, flying all the time like that, he said the biggest birds didn't fly; they sailed, and he said he sailed, too, and the force of gravity was his keel."

Her story was making its impression on the younger man, at least, even if his father was as impervious to it as he still seemed.

"Well, if you dreamed that," said Tom. "It was a mighty intelligent dream. I'll say that for it."

"But it wasn't a dream at all," she cried. "Didn't I help him take the thing apart and fold it up into a bundle? And didn't he say that he was a tax payer, and that his name was Philip Cayley?"

—even let myself begin to hope yet, must I, not—yet?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "The fellow seemed half-raised, seemed, almost, to have lost the power of speech from long disuse of it. But he meant to take us somewhere, that was clear enough from his gestures. If I could only have seen you before I began to blurt the thing out, I'd have spared you the suspense until there was something to tell. I'm sorry, Jeanne."

"It's queer," she said, at the end of a rather long silence. "I'm sure there was no Portuguese in father's expedition. Except for two or three Swedes and Norwegians, they were all Americans. I know the name of every man who sailed in his ship."

"He might have taken some one on at St. Michaels," suggested the elder Fanshaw.

"Yes," she said a little dubiously, "only he never thought much of southern Europeans as sea-faring men."

There was another silence after that. She rose presently and began sweeping the shore line with a prismatic binocular which was slung across her shoulders. The two men exchanged glances behind her, the elder, one of inquiry, his son, a reluctant negative. No, it would clearly be insane to build any hope on the incident.

At last she let the glass fall from her listless hand and turned to them, her face haggard with the torture of impossible hope. "I wish my sky-man would come"—she said forlornly, "come whirling down out of the air, with news of them."

"Your sky-man?" said Tom Fanshaw questioningly.

Here was something to talk about at last, and the old gentleman seized the chance it afforded.

"Yes, we've another mystery," he said. "See what you can do toward solving it." With that for an introduction, he plunged into a humorous account of Jeanne's report of her adventure of the night before, of the man who had dropped down from the sky, in the middle of the night, and talked to her awhile, and then flew away again. "She was really out on the ice floe," he said; "so much I concede; and when I assure her that she dreamed the rest, she is skeptical about my explanation."

"But even you can't explain," she protested, "how I could dream about an Eskimo throwing-stick, and then bring it back to the yacht with me when I was wide-awake, and show it to you at the breakfast table this morning?"

"I'll have to admit," said the old gentleman, "that my explanation doesn't adequately account for that." The expression of the younger man's face was perplexed rather than incredulous.

"But, my boy," cried the elder man, "think of it! He comes down out of the sky and says he just dropped in from Point Barrow; and that's 500 miles away. That's just as impossible as it would be to materialize an Eskimo throwing-stick out of a dream, every bit."

"No, hardly that," said Tom judicially. "What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice it particularly?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By Way of Variety.

"How did you enjoy the vaudeville performance?" "It was good. They had performing cats, a baseball player, a champion pugilist, a trained cockatoo, and, I give you my word, they even had an actor doing a turn."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Country Girl in the City

She Comes for Study, Business and Amusement, and Can't Be Left Out of the Social Reckoning.

She comes so generously, so eagerly, with such diverse purposes, and with such persistent, if seemingly intermittent, regularity, that it is impossible to leave her out of any serious social reckoning.

She comes to study music, medicine,

millinery, art, archery, astrology, agriculture, stenography, sculpture, the dance and the drama, hygiene and handicrafts, osteopathy and the art of conversation, journalism, theology, almost any and everything one can imagine. Broadway, State street, Broad street, all the great arteries of city life and traffic continually are crowded with her and her fellows. She comes looking for work as well as education. And, alas, poor youngster,

she also comes looking for amusement and prominent in the clubs, the churches, the schools, the social settlements, the work of the Young Women's Christian association, the trade and craft organizations—all the rich and varied life of the city.

But the abnormal or subnormal girl from the small town, the girl who, perhaps, motherless, perhaps carelessly reared, perhaps the victim of innocent ignorance or sudden family disaster, faces metropolitan conditions less ably—ah! that's another tale.—The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

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Things Worth Knowing.

There is no part of the sunflower that is without commercial value. The stalk is plithy, and when compressed into blocks the pith is enabled to absorb an immense quantity of water, besides retaining much flexibility, and so it is used in solving the problem of lining for battleship sides. The blocks are placed between two walls of steel, and the stuff is so resilient that it closes up the hole made by a projectile, keeping out the water for a long time. The sunflower is used some

times in the manufacture of cigars. The seeds, raised by hundreds of millions of pounds in Russia, make a palatable edible oil, with the residue good for cattle. The seed is also excellent food for poultry, and birds generally. The blossoms furnish honey and an excellent yellow dye. The Chinese extract a silky fiber from the stalks, which are also good for fuel and for the production of potash. Among some people there is a belief that the sunflower keeps away malaria.

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