

The Yacht Had Disappeared.



SYNOPSIS.

Cayley, accused of a crime of e is not guilty, resigns from the diagrace and his affection for id, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to Cayley seeks solitude, where he a flying machine. While scaring he yacht has come north to seek signs
f her father. Captain Fielding, an arctic
spiorer. A party from the yacht is maing search ashore. After Cayley departs
seanne finds that he had dropped a culously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and
the mirriving crew of his wrecked whaler
see in hidding on the coast and the county of the coast and the county of the coast and Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. 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 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 visit of the key-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Rakimo throwing-stick, used to shoot darts. 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 rellef party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. Bhe rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds har father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian fees, plans a swoops down and the ruffian fees. Feanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read. Demic - Service

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

The scene before his eyes was beau tiful, with that stupendous beauty that only the arctic can attain. The har bor and beyond it, far out to seaclear to the horizon, was filled with great plunging, churning masses of ice, all drenched in color by the lowhanging arctic sun-violet, rose, pure golden-yellow and emerald-green, and a white whose incandescence fairly stabbed the eye. And as those great moving masses ground together. they flung, high into the air, broad shimmering veils of rose-colored

Of the floe, 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 think you must know it as well as I do." Captain Warner, standing upon

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 horison, confirmed the captain's words.

"How long-" Tom Fanshaw began,

then he paused, moistened his lips and rubbed them roughly with his hand-"How long," he repeated, "shall we have to wait before it opens up?" "It won't open up again this sea-

arctic," said the captain. "It will freeze, though," Mr. Fanshaw said, "freeze into a solid pack that we could cross afoot. How long shall we have to wait for that?"

son-not if I know anything about the

latitude the pack is pretty solid by the first of September. But that warm current which caught Fielding's ship, which caught the Walrus-the current which makes, every summer apparently, that long gap of open water which enabled us to reach the land that Fielding reached that current would keep loose field-ice floating

about for at least another month." Tom Fanshaw's eyes had almost the light of madness in them. "But she can't live a month!" he cried. "She's alone, unarmed! She has no food; no shelter but those bare huts!"

"The Walrus people doubtless left some stores there, if she could find them," said Captain Warner. "But, still, what you say is perfectly true. She can hardly lope to keep a live a week.

"Then," said Tom, in dull, passionate rebellion-"then, in some way or other, we must go back to her. If you won't go-if you won't take the Au rora back, I'll take one of the little

"If you want to commit suicide," said Captain Warner, "you could do it less painfully with a revolver. The small boat would not live 30 seconds after we put her over the side. You know that, if you are not mad. AB for the Aurora herself, if she had not been built the way she is, she would have been crushed hours ago. And if I were to lower the propeller and start the engines, they would simply twist the screw off of her before she had gone a ship's length, and leave us helpless in the event of our ever finding open water. We may never live to find it, but there's a chance that we will. There are more than 30 fives that I am responsible for aboard this yacht, and I mean to live up to that responsibility. If we ever do find open water, then I'll do whatever you say. I will take you to Point Barrow and the yacht can winter there. Then when the pack is solid, if you can find dogs and sledges, you can attempt the journey across the ice. don't believe it can be done. I don't believe there is a chance in a hundred that any single member of the party that set out would live to reach that shore. That, however, is not my

affair. "Or, if you wish, we can take the the Aurora's bridge, was the speaker. yacht back to San Francisco, refit her The two Fanshaws, father and son, and come back next summer. I think that with our knowledge of the currents and where the open water is, we might get back to Fielding bay by the first of July. Then we can find- | giant?"

whatever there is to find." His own voice faltered there, and



not unless we could fly through the tall man."

consciousness, the others had entertained little doubt that she was safely

hidden somewhere about the ship. Cayley's warning, together with the oars. Half a dozen well-armed men described. had stolen aboard over the bows to | An hour later he went back to the reconnoiter.

rest of their party to get aboard.

The Walrus people, several of whom deck at the sound of firing, and their The Aurora's people, under the cool headed command of Warner and the the luxury of a full confession. elder Fanshaw, had proceeded in a brisk, scientific, military style that ties. There were a number of flesh two of a more serious nature. None of them had been killed.

The Walrus people, however, had reased.

The uninjured were heavily ironed and locked up in the steerage. All peace upon it. the wounded-friends and foes alikewere 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 at once, Tom Fanshaw and his serious himself, having partly regained con- men saw. thall we have to wait for that?"

sciousness, uttered a low moan for "What is it you've thought the ball of the ba

The gale, which had been raging all this while, had gone screaming by unheeded, and it was not until dawn that the horrifled 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 and that their return was hopeless.

Old Mr. Fanshaw gave his arm to the relief." his son, helped him down from the bridge and thence to the now deserted the rail tight in his gauntleted hands smoking room, forward. 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

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 " let alone that we were able to re over it without it costing us the life of a single man. This gang must have had a leader, and a clever 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 masterly 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 we defeated a man like that. His success must have gone to his head and made him mad.

"He was probably killed in the first colley 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

"Because he literally was.

mows," he concluded, "if there were the level of my eyes; and I pass for a

His father abandoned the subject It was only an hour since they had abruptly, and for a while contrived to ascertained, beyond the shadow of a talk of other things; of the details of doubt, that Jeanne was not aboard the the fight and how different members Aurora. Until Tom had recovered 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 confession of the Portuguese, Miguel, word of excuse. He must either set had caused them to steal alongside this new terror at rest, or know the the Aurora as silently as possible. Not worst at once. There had been no a word had been spoken by any of the one, either among the survivors or the party, and the sound of the rising slain of the Walrus party, who in any wind had drowned the creak of their way resembled the monster Tom had

bridge to talk again with Captain Making out the unfamiliar figures Warner. He thought that they had of the Walrus people on deck, and sounded the depth of despair that knowing that they had a fight on their former time when they had talked tohands, they had worked their way, ungether there, but in this last hour he observed, to a position amidships, had sounded a new abyss beneath it Here, under cover of a brisk revolver- all. He knew now why the yacht had fire, they had made it possible for the been so easily taken. He knew all the details of the devilish plan which had so nearly succeeded. More than that, were below, came tumbling up on be knew the story of the man Roscoe from the time when Captain Planck whole party entrenched itself in the had taken him aboard the Walrus, after-deck house. They had found down to the hour last night when he arms of various sorts aboard the At- had sprung into his boat again and rora, and made a spirited resistance pulled shoreward. Captain Planck before they were finally overpowered. was dying, and old Mr. Fanshaw's questions had enabled him to enjoy

So they knew now, those two men who stood there on the bridge, whitehad spared them many serious casual- lipped, talking over the horror of the thing-they knew that Jeanne was not wounds when it was over, and one or 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 not surrendered until their plight was the aid of a heavy cane, was limping wholly desperate. Only five of them precariously along the deck toward were left alive, and two of these were | the bridge ladder, and, to their amazemortally wounded when the struggle ment, when he looked up at them, they saw that somehow, his face had cleared. There was a grave look of

"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 some thing to hope for, no matter how ilthe excitement and the necessity of lusory, he should be allowed to keep everybody doing two or three things it-to hug it to his breast, in place of he said. the horrible, torturing vision of the about?" plight were not discovered, until he human monster which the other two

"What is it you've thought of, "It's-it's Cayley. He's there with down her lips in mock dismay.

her; I'm sure he is." He turned away a little from Captain Warner 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 changethe light of a serene, untroubled hope.-"He's there with her," he went anchorage of the previous evening, on, "and with God's help he'll keep her alive until we can get back with

He said no more, and he clutched 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 floe 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 casual ly for an answer, but not getting it, remained looking intently into his eyes. "Mr. Cayley," she asked pres ently, "were you telling me last night what you really thought was true, or were you just encouraging memean 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. can't anagine any possibility by which the men who came here on the Wal rus 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, really don't think you need worry

She drew a long deep breath, flung 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 any possible chance I would take it, there were tears in the deep weather but there is none—none in the world, beaten furrows of his cheeks. "God saw that his shoulder-cap was above But since I can't, for this one day you fire blazing cheerfully. struck me down with just one blow, live in?-Oh, I don't wonder that you and as he raised his arm to strike I love it. I wish I could fly as you do. in the interior, and soon they had the

about them."



Her mention of his wings gave him the struggle would take. His mind flashed for an instant into the position which her own would take when she should know the truth. To her it it would not seem that they were castaways together. He was not ma- it until the yacht comes back." rooned here on this shore. His ship was waiting to take him anywhere in excellent breakfast waiting for us not the world. He was as free as the far from where we got the fre-wood wind itself-

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 "You've forgiven me already, I see,"

"It was about breakfast. Have you danger to you. It's just on general anything to eat in that bundle of principles." yours?"

He shook his head, and she drew "Is there anything to eat anywhere?" she questioned, sweeping her arm alone, it seems reasonable that you 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 as a concession to my feelings-no, 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 starva-

But his face was composed again when he turned back to her. "There are two things that come before brokk. fast," 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. 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 batteredlooking 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 bountiful 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

For a white they sat, side by side. upon his great sheepskin, warming their fingers and watching the drip his first faint perception of the line of the melting ice in the biscuft tin. But presently Cayley got to ble feet. "Breakfast!" he said.

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Very Select.

the prospective lodger with an idea of

how extremely eligible the neighbor-

hood was. Pointing over the way at a

fine mansion, she said in a hushed

street there's seven million dollars!"

"Young man, over there across the

Jarket Hogs Much Lighter.

ed in recent years is much lighter

than in former years; in the decade

1870-1879 the average weight of hogs

killed during the winter months in

western packing centers was about

275 pounds; in the decade 1880-1889

about 257 pounds; in the decade 1890-

pounds. In other words, hogs man-

keted between 30 and 40 years ago

averaged one-fourth heavier than

Strange Children.

used to relate with gusto a joke that

he caught while trotting to school

along a Massachusetts country road.

It was about old Levi Lincoln, says

Percy H. Epler in "Master Minds at

The old gentleman was nearly

blind. A flock of geese was being

driven gobbling up Lincoln street.

Leaning far out of the carriage, the

fine old aristocrat, thinking they were

children, threw out a handful of pen-

A Pleasure

**Toasties** 

A food with snap and

Sprinkle crisp Post

Toasties over a saucer of

fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar-

zest that wakes up

"God bless you, my children!"

George Bancroft, the historian,

those marketed in recent years.

the Commonwealth's Heart."

nies, graciously exclaiming:

**Breakfast** 

when you have

**Post** 

appetite.

The average weight of hogs market-

The landlady was trying to impress

Maud-What excuse have you for

lirt because it's involuntary.

Ethel-The golden rule.

Bears the

To the contents of

"Is there to be anything besides i good big drink of water apiece! If there isn't, I'd rather not think about "Unless I'm mistaken, there's an

But I'll go and make sure before I "I believe living in the sky is what raise your expectations any higher." He walked away a half-dozen paces without waiting for any reply; then, proposing to Jack? thinking suddenly of something else, he came swiftly back again.

"Do you know anything about firearms?" he asked. "If you're accussmile came, unbidden, into his own. tomed to shooting. I'll leave my revolver with you .- No," he went on, "What was the question answering the question which she had not spoken-"no, I don't foresee any

"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

should take the gun." He took the revolver from his belt, however, and held it out to her. "Our whisper: breakfast doesn't have to be shot. And

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 1899 about 239 pounds, and in the the night before, she had skipped the past decade 1900-1909 about 219 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 idlest 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 ner across the ice, she put the book down half reluctantly.

Evidently 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 eider, which means that her coat is worth saving."

"But how did you contrive to kill

"I didn't. She killed herself. She was flying too low last night, I sup-

pose-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 p'lite about it. He never let on that He heard me at all!"

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## HOW CAT WON LASTING FAME

Kiddo, Feline Mascot of the Airship America, is Celebrated by Walter Wellman in His Story.

From the notoriety viewpoint "Kidso," the cat mascot of the airship America during the recent sensational 1,000-mile voyage over the Atlantic has eclipsed the human portion of that dauntless crew. In writing the history of that voyage in Hampton's generous praise and therefore

Magazine Walter Wellman has this to say about how the cat happened to be put aboard and how it nearly lost

all of its fame: "Just then attention was directed to that member of our crew destined to be the real hero of the voyage because real heroes are never self-con-

gineer Vaniman, afraid of having his all his fame." short sleeps disturbed, insisted that "Kiddo" be left behind. Navigator Simon, sailorlike, vowed it was bad luck to let a cat leave a ship, and insisted kitty should stay. Without any fear of midnight howls on the one hand, scious are always conscious of sus-picion and slander, of danger, of over-other, I told Mr. Vaniman to do as he liked about it. He put puss in a bas

never two-legged. The young gray and tried to lower him down to the Architectural club believes that a sky cat, taken on board half in jest as a motor launch, but the launch had cut mascot, was howling pitifully amidst loose and "Kiddo" was pulled up same as a street. Tall buildings cause these strange surroundings. Chief En. again, a narrow escape from losing this new kind of congestion and in

> Architects War on Skyscrapers. The Pittaburg Architectural club is anxious that Pittsburg's sky-line in the future shall not resemble a comb which has been in use for many years; that is, a comb from which many

line can become congested just th stead of adding to the city's beauty have a contrary effect

The club has declared war on sky scrapers. Resolutions recommending that a city ordinance be passed regulating the height of all buildings in proportion to the width and impor tance of the streets on which they teeth have departed, leaving it face have been adopted. The archiis what its contact and broken up. The teets declare that they appreciate the made of." face have been adopted. The archi-

efforts now being made by the city officials toward beautifying Pittsburg and relieving congestion in the city streets, but, in the opinion of the club, tall office buildings are detrimental to this project.

His Definition.

Young Arthur, being asked to give a definition of "deadlocks," quite as unexpectedly answered: "A deadlock is what Aunt Emma's back hair is