



The Yacht Had Disappeared.

The GUY-MAN

HENRY KETCHELL 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 steamer, under search orders, after Cayley departs. Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously shaped stick. A giant 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 giant man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo 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 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 murdering her. The ruffian gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

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

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 I think you must know it as well as I do." Captain Warner, standing upon the Aurora's bridge, was the speaker. The two Fanshaws, father and son, their faces gray with despair, turned away and looked over the great masses of loose, churning field-ice, which, filling the sea out to the utmost horizon, confirmed the captain's words.

"How long—" Tom Fanshaw began, any possible chance I would take it, but there is none—none in the world,



the level of my eyes; and I pass for a tall man."

His father abandoned the subject abruptly, and for a while contrived to talk of other things; of the details of the fight and how different members of the crew had borne themselves. But his mind was filled with a new terror, and as soon as he could feel that his son was in condition to be left alone, he left him, with a broken word of excuse. He must either set this new terror at rest, or know the worst at once. There had been no one, either among the survivors or the slain of the Walrus party, who in any way resembled the monster Tom had described.

An hour later he went back to the bridge to talk again with Captain Warner. He thought that they had sounded the depth of despair that former time when they had talked together, but in this last hour he had sounded a new abyss beneath it all. He knew now why the yacht had been so easily taken. He knew all the details of the devilish plan which had so nearly succeeded. More than that, he knew the story of the man Roscoe from the time when Captain Planck had taken him aboard the Walrus, down to the hour last night when he had sprung into his boat again and pulled shoreward. Captain Planck was dying, and old Mr. Fanshaw's questions had enabled him to enjoy the luxury of a full confession.

So they knew now, those two men who stood there on the bridge, white-lipped, talking over the horror of the thing—they knew that Jeanne was not alone upon that terrible frozen shore. The man Roscoe was there, too.

A sound on the deck below attracted Mr. Fanshaw's attention. Tom, with the aid of a heavy cane, was limping precariously along the deck toward the bridge ladder, and to their amazement, when he looked up at them, they saw that somehow, his face had cleared. There was a grave look of peace upon it.

"I've thought of something," he said, after he had climbed up beside them—"I've thought of something that makes it seem possible to go on living, and even hoping."

The two older men exchanged a swift glance. He was not to know about Roscoe. If he had found something to hope for, no matter how illusory, he should be allowed to keep it—to bug it to his breast, in place of the horrible, torturing vision of the human monster which the other two men saw.

"What is it you've thought of, Tom?" his father asked unsteadily.

"It's—it's Cayley. He's there with 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 tell you that yesterday, but now—" His voice faltered there, but the light of a serene, untroubled hope—"He's there with her," he went on, "and with God's help he'll keep her alive until we can get back with the relief."

He said no more, and he clutched the rail tight in his gauntleted hands and gazed out north, across the ice.

CHAPTER XII.

Cayley's Promise.

For this small mercy Cayley thanked God. The girl did not understand. She was rubbing those sleepy eyes of hers and putting back, into place, stray locks of hair that were in the way. "The fog 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 returned to him quite casually for an answer, but not getting it, remained looking intently into his eyes. "Mr. Cayley," she asked presently, "were you telling me last night what you really thought was true, or were you just encouraging me—I mean about those men who attacked the yacht? Are you afraid, after all, that our people are not in possession of the Aurora, wherever she is?"

"I told you the truth last night. I can't imagine any possibility by which the men who came here on the Walrus could get the Aurora away from your people, except by stealth."

"But if our people beat them off, why didn't they come ashore? There aren't any of them around, are there?"

"Apparently not," said Cayley. "They may have all been killed before they could get back to shore, or some of them may have been captured. No, I really don't think you need worry about them."

She drew a long deep breath, 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 live in?—Oh, I don't wonder that you love it. I wish I could fly as you do. But since I can't, for this one day you



The Two Older Men Exchanged a Quick Glance.

must stay down here upon the earth with me."

Her mention of his wings gave him his first faint perception of the line the struggle would take. His mind flashed for an instant into the position which her own would take when she should know the truth. To her it would not seem that they were castaways together. He was not marooned here on this shore. His ship was waiting to take him anywhere in the world. He was as free as the wind itself.

"I believe living in the sky is what makes you do that," he heard her say—"makes you drift off into trances that way, perfectly oblivious to the fact that people are asking you questions."

He met her smiling eyes, and a smile came, unbidden, into his own. "You've forgiven me already, I see," he said. "What was the question about?"

"It was about breakfast. Have you anything to eat in that bundle of yours?"

He shook his head, and she drew down her lips in mock dismay. "Is there anything to eat anywhere?" she questioned, sweeping her arm round in a half circle, landward. "Mustn't we go hunting for a walrus or a snark or something?"

Cayley had to turn away from her as she said that. The remorseless irony of the situation was getting beyond human endurance. The splendor of the day; the girl's holiday humor; her laughing declaration that she would not permit him to fly away; this last gay jest out of the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" about hunting for a walrus.

"God!" he whispered as he turned away—"My God!"

He had his revolver, and besides the six cartridges which the cylinder contained, there were, perhaps, 30 in his belt. For how many days, or weeks, would they avail to keep off starvation?

But his face was composed again when he turned back to her. "There are two things that come before breakfast," he said—"fire and water. There is a line of driftwood down the beach to the westward, there at the foot of the talus. When we get a fire going—" he stopped himself short. "I was going to say that we could melt some ice for drinking water, but until we have some sort of cooking utensil to melt it in, it won't do much good. There must be something of the sort in the hut here."

She shook her head. "They're completely abandoned," she told him. "Our shore party searched them first of all, and afterward Uncle Jerry and I searched them through again. There is nothing there at all, but some heaps of rubbish."

"I think I'll take a look myself," said he. "Rubbish is a relative term. What seemed no better than that yesterday afternoon while the yacht was in the harbor may take on a different meaning this morning."

He disappeared through the doorway, and two minutes later she saw him coming back with a big battered-looking biscuit tin.

"Unless this leaks too fast," he said, "it will serve our purpose admirably."

He observed, without reflecting that 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 in the interior, and soon they had the fire blazing cheerfully.

(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 pliable about it. He never let on that He heard me at all!"

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 made of."

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Very Select.
The landlady was trying to impress the prospective lodger with an idea of how extremely eligible the neighborhood was. Pointing over the way at a fine mansion, she said in a hushed whisper: "Young man, over there across the street there's seven million dollars!"

Market Hogs Much Lighter.
The average weight of hogs marketed in recent years is much lighter than in former years; in the decade 1879-1879 the average weight of hogs killed during the winter months in the western packing centers was about 275 pounds; in the decade 1880-1889 about 267 pounds; in the decade 1890-1899 about 239 pounds, and in the past decade 1900-1909 about 219 pounds. In other words, hogs marketed between 30 and 40 years ago averaged one-fourth heavier than those marketed in recent years.

Strange Children.
George Bancroft, the historian, 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 Commonwealth's Hearst." The old gentleman was nearly blind. A flock of geese was being driven gobbling up Lincoln street. Leaving far out of the carriage, the fine old aristocrat, thinking they were children, threw out a handful of pennies, graciously exclaiming: "God bless you, my children!"

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HOW CAT WON LASTING FAME

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

From the notoriety viewpoint "Kiddo," the cat mascot of the airship America during the recent sensational 1,900-mile voyage over the Atlantic has eclipsed the human portion of that dauntless crew. In writing the history of that voyage in Hampton's

Magnate 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-conscious—are always conscious of suspicion and pride, of danger, of over-generous praise—and therefore over-

never two-legged. The young gray cat, taken on board half in jest as a mascot, was howling pitifully amidst these strange surroundings. Chief Engineer Vanman, afraid of having his 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 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 whatever there is to find."

His own voice faltered there, and there were tears in the deep weather-beaten furrows of his cheeks. "God

and tried to lower him down to the motor launch, but the launch had cut loose and "Kiddo" was pulled up again, a narrow escape from losing all his fame."

Architects War on Skyscrapers.
The Pittsburg Architectural club is anxious that Pittsburg's skyline in the future shall not resemble a comb which has been in use for many years; that is, a comb from which many teeth have departed, leaving it very irregular and broken up. The

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.