



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 a flying machine. He is flying over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curious flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curious flying machine. He is flying over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curious flying machine. He is flying over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curious flying machine.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"The sentence is that you shall be frightened with a bear story. There's a big one coming down the beach after you this very moment, and you're to surrender the revolver to me and stay under arrest in the hut until after I have killed him."

She did not need to be told that he was in earnest, in spite of the smile that went with his words. She turned about quickly and looked up the beach, sighting along Cayley's arm as he pointed. Even in the deep twilight she could already make out the shambling figure that was coming along toward them on all fours.

"Why does he move in that queer sort of way?" she whispered.

They had shrunk back into the shadow of the hut, the girl actually inside of the vestibule and Cayley on the door-step.

"He's been wounded. When I was overhead I could make out the blood stains on his side, and he was leaving a track on the ice."

"Wounded in a fight with another bear?"

"No, that's not likely."

She asked no further explanation, but slipped into the hut. The next moment she was back with the field-glasses.

"While you're attending to the bear," she said in a whisper, "I'll just keep watch up the beach—for any one else."

The past weeks had made one difference in her attitude toward Cayley which she was now aware of, as she contrasted her sensations on seeing Philip step forward, out of the shelter of the hut, to confront the bear, with those she had experienced when he had set out on a similar errand once before. She knew him now, and she had no fear for him. The feeling that thrilled her now was nearer akin to pride than anything else.

Cayley fully justified her confidence. The course the bear was taking would have brought him within 20 yards of their door-step. When he first caught sight of Cayley he stopped, in two minds, apparently, whether to be hunted or to do the hunting himself. Then, as Cayley advanced upon him rather slowly, he decided, hissed at him venomously and reared up.

He was already badly enough wounded to have taken all the fight out of any other sort of animal, but half alive as he was, he cost Cayley four cartridges. Three of those shots Cayley was reasonably sure must have entered a vital spot. The first one took the bear between the eyes as he was rising. The second was fired into his open mouth. The third was probably deflected by the massive fore paw which he was holding across his body, in the attitude of a boxer. The fourth shot, however, penetrated his throat and probably smashed one of the two first vertebrae, for it seemed to bring the monster down all in a heap, where he finally lay still. Cayley could have reached him with his foot.

"Good shooting," said the girl quietly from the little vestibule.

He reloaded the revolver, letting the empty shells drop unheeded on the ice at his feet. He gave the weapon back to the girl, and bent over the bear.

"I'm less interested in what I did to him," he said, "than in what he got from the enemy who first attacked him."

The light was almost gone, so that all he could see were two or three irregular dark stains upon the white fur. A wound in the flank, which

one of Cayley's shots could have accounted for, he explored with practised hand.

Watching him as he did so, the girl could see that he had found something unexpected, something which surprised him greatly. And there was more than surprise. There was alarmed urgency in his voice when he spoke to her. He offered no explanation. Merely told her to go into the hut and make fast the solid wooden shutters over the windows. He would come in and would tell her what it was all about, in a moment.

The girl had hardly finished the task he had given her, when he came in. In his blood-stained hand he was holding out something for her inspection.

Conquering a feeling of repugnance, she bent over the hand, cast one glance at the thing it contained, and then started up and gazed, wide-eyed, into his face.

"A bullet!" she said. "But—but we thought that Roscoe wasn't armed—not with fire arms, I mean."

Cayley nodded. "But this seems to be pretty good evidence that he is

what once had been a shirt, sufficed to put it into commission again.

"Get up quickly!" she said when she saw that he was awake. "Philip, the hut's on fire!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Roscoe had never been able to clear up his doubt as to Jeanne's identity, nor to solve the mystery of Cayley's appearance in the air. The doubt and the mystery tormented him worse than any final conviction could have done. When he thought, as he sometimes did, that the cause of all his terror, the thing which kept him penned up here in the cave and denied him access to more than the furthest edges of the beach, might be just a rather defenseless human couple, a man and a woman, and the woman beautiful, young, alluring—when he thought of all that he would go off into transports of rage, which left even his gigantic body limp and exhausted. If that were the situation, he might have killed the man weeks ago and taken possession of the woman.

The thing that kept him sane was, in itself, a species of insanity, the passion for gold which had led him to murder Captain Fielding. Every day he tramped up the glacier to the gold ledge and there, while the light lasted, he worked, cutting the precious metal out of the rock, and with infinite labor beating it pure.

As the weeks and months dragged along, this unvaried routine more than compensated for the solitude and the terrors his superstition thrust upon him, and gradually restored him to his old normal, formidable, brutal self. On the day when he made the discovery that was to terminate the long series of golden days which Jeanne and

Philip had been enjoying, he was, again, the very man who, during those long years of exile, had dominated crew and captain of the Walrus and bent them to his will.

He was returning from the ledge along the crown of the glacier, when, on the day of this discovery, he found that his accustomed path was interrupted by a new fissure in the ice; it had occurred since he had come that way in the morning, and was too broad to leap across. So he was forced to descend by the rougher and more difficult track which lay along the moraine.

Before he had gone three paces along this track his eye made out something, just off his path and a little below it, which caused him at first to utter a start of anger, but led him the next moment to give a wild blasphemous yell of joy.

The great fissure which had opened in the ice had done, in an instant, what the party from the Aurora had failed to do after hours of hard labor—it had yielded up the body of Perry Hunter, which, during all these months, it had kept imprisoned.

Strapped across the dead man's shoulders, just where he had carried it in life, was a rifle and around his middle a belt full of cartridges.

The next instant Roscoe was bending over the body, jerking savagely at the frozen buckles which resisted his impatient fingers. But they were not to be denied. If they were clumsy, the hands were strong.

It was not five minutes later when Roscoe, rifle and ammunition belt in his hands, was hurrying on toward his cave once more. The body lay just where his desecrating hands had left it.

The rifle was unharmed; that he had seen at a glance, though, of course, all the mechanism of its breech was frozen fast. But a half hour's hard work with cleaning rod and rags of

what once had been a shirt, sufficed to put it into commission again.

Then, with the rifle over his shoulder, he swaggered out of the cave. With his first glance abroad, he started. His devil was being kind to him today. There could be no doubt of that. Only, was he being too kind? Roscoe wondered a little uneasily. For, shambling along the ice, through the thickening twilight, not 100 paces away, was a big bear. Roscoe was tired of walrus meat. The thought of a bear steak made his mouth water.

Three years' disuse, however, had made his marksmanship somewhat uncertain. He fired too soon, and though he did not miss, the only effect his shot had was to make the bear turn about and go shambling down the glacier toward the beach, with ungainly haste. Roscoe hurried after him, and fired two more shots. Whether they hit or not, he could not tell. Certainly they did not serve to check the bear's flight. The next moment he had rounded the corner of the cliff, only, and disappeared down the beach in the direction of the hut.

Roscoe hesitated, but only for a moment; then, with an oath, he set out in pursuit. It was not so much the protection which the rifle afforded him that was responsible for his new courage as it was that the mere feel of it in his hands brought him back in touch once more with the everyday matter of fact world, and made his visions and ghosts seem a little unreal.

It was fully dark down here in the shadow of the cliff. The lumbering yellow shape of the bear was indistinguishable against the icy beach. That didn't matter, for he could follow along well enough by the bloody tracks the wounded beast had left.

The last of the twilight was still in the sky, and half his glances were directed thither, looking for something which he told himself could not possibly exist, except in his own fancy, yet fully expected to see nevertheless, the shadow of Cayley's great wings. And at last he saw it impeding in the lower air, like a brooding spirit, just above the tiny square of light which marked the location of the hut.

Roscoe abandoned his pursuit of the bear; all thought of it, in fact, was gone from his mind; but he did not, as on a former occasion, drop prone upon the ground, his face buried in his arms; nor did he turn and flee like one hag-ridden up the beach. He

rage against the two who had baffled him and enjoyed immunity from him so long, almost led him to attempt to break into the hut then and there, and settle matters; but his saner common sense told him that the settlement would almost inevitably be against him should he attempt it.

He was still entertaining this notion, however, when a luminous idea occurred to him. Around on the far side of the hut, the west side, which looked toward the headlands, was a good-sized heap of fire-wood, which Philip had not been able to find room for inside the hut. Roscoe had with him a flint and steel and a quantity of tow. He never traveled without them.

With infinite precaution against noise he began laying a fire against the windward wall of the hut. Squatting, with his rifle across his knees, ready to use in case of an emergency, he methodically whittled a quantity of dry splinters off a few of the sticks, ignited them and carefully nursed the blaze, until, under the rising wind, it grew to the beginning of a fair-sized conflagration. Then, catching up his rifle, he slipped around the other side of the hut, crouching down not more than 20 paces away, and waited.

Already the fire was burning finely and the silhouetted outline of the hut was plain against the glow of it.

His plan was a good one. The people inside the hut would have no choice and, probably, no thought, but of escape. When they rushed out, as they almost certainly would, bewildered and confused, and plainly visible to him against the glow of the fire behind them, it would be easy, from the safe shelter of the darkness, to shoot—the man.

It was only, indeed, by the merest hair's breadth that Roscoe's plain failed to work. The instinct of escape by the nearest way from a burning building is almost irresistible, and it led Philip and Jeanne to the very edge of the destruction, which Roscoe had planned for them.

Cayley had his hand upon the bolt of the great door, whether he had sprung when Jeanne's cry had awakened him, before the saving second thought stayed him and held him frozen where he was. For perhaps five seconds he stood there, while the memory of the unexplained bullet hole he had found in the body of the great bear, and the belated observation that the fire, which was destroying the hut, must have been started outside of it,

articulated themselves into a perfectly clear perception of Roscoe's plan.

"The other way! The other way!" he cried, motioning Jeanne back through the storeroom. "Into the cave. He is waiting for us outside. That's why he fired the hut. Quick. We must save all we can."

And so it happened that Roscoe waited in vain. He saw the blaze he had kindled reach its fiery climax, and then in spite of the icy gale, which was fanning it, die down into an angry, sullen, smouldering glow. But no man appeared to furnish a mark for his waiting rifle, and no woman was delirious defenseless, shelterless, into his brutish hands.

The failure of his plan brought back a moment or two of the old superstitious horror, but his mind was braced against it now and did not readily give way. Somehow, the failure must be accountable—humanly accountable.

At last he solved this mystery, too, partly solved it, at least, for he remembered the ice cave back of the hut. His first impulse, when he thought of it, was to attack them there and now, to charge in over the red hot coals of the hut and settle matters once and for all.

He was sane enough to see that the advantage would be all against him, in close quarters he could not do

them up? He said every one liked to see the blaze lit an open wood fire and when it got low they poked it or put on fresh logs just to see some more flame. If you bored an inch hole through the middle of a log and put it on the fire with the hole vertical it would form a kind of chimney, and you would have a cheerful little jet of flame coming up through it until the log was completely burned away.

"I tried it when I got home that night. But the idea of asking for a patent on such a thing as a hole!"

Good idea for Wood Fire.

"Curious ideas some people have of patents," a New York city dealer said. "A man came in here the other day and wanted to know if we ever heard of boring holes in the logs we sell for open wood fires, because, he said, if the idea was new he was going to get a patent on it."

"It asked him what might be the use of boring holes in the logs; to hang

them up? He said every one liked to see the blaze lit an open wood fire and when it got low they poked it or put on fresh logs just to see some more flame. If you bored an inch hole through the middle of a log and put it on the fire with the hole vertical it would form a kind of chimney, and you would have a cheerful little jet of flame coming up through it until the log was completely burned away.

"I tried it when I got home that night. But the idea of asking for a patent on such a thing as a hole!"

Vegetarian Boots and Shoes.

An enterprising manufacturer has discovered a process whereby a passable imitation of leather may be manufactured from a vegetable product. The novelty owes its introduction to London vegetarians, who shuddered at the thought of the number of animals that were killed annually to keep humanity in boots. The imitation leather is being used for the manufacture of boots, shoes, Bible covers and a hundred other articles usually found in the art leather department.

They had broken through the outer crust of the drift, and the white radiance of the midday moon shone into the black tunnel where he had been working, he stood for a moment drawing deep breaths and gazing over the scene which lay beneath his eyes. He hastened back into the little pilot house.

Jeanne was dozing upon a heap of bear-skins. He roused her with some difficulty; really waking up had been a hard matter lately, almost as hard as really getting off to sleep. She was still drowsy when he led her along the tunnel to the cliff-head.

"Breathe deep," he told her. "We were half poisoned in there. This air will bring you back to life again, it and the moonlight."

He had been supporting her with his arm about her waist, but now, as she held herself a little straighter and he could feel her lungs expanding with the pure air she breathed, he withdrew the arm and let her stand alone. Even the white moonlight revealed the color that was coming back into her cheeks.

For a while she did not speak at all; then, as if replying to a comment of his, she said:

"Yes, it's beautiful. . . . But Philip, it's dead. Dead."

"Not this air then, was ozone sparkling all through it. It is air enough to make your blood dance. It's doing that now."

He tried to persuade her to take a little exercise along the length of the tunnel, but she demurred to that. Instead, she asked him to bring out some bear-skins and let her sit there at the cliff-head looking out.

"And," she supplemented, "if you want to know what I should like most of all, it would be to have you bring your wings so that I can see you flying again, and a field-glass that I can watch you through."

He felt some hesitation, partly out of a fear of leaving her and partly from a doubt concerning his own strength; but neither of these reasons was one he cared to give. So he unfurled the bundle that had lain disused so long, spread and tightened and tested it, and at last, with a nod of farewell to the girl, dived off the cliff-head.

Any doubt he may have had concerning his strength disappeared at once. The mere touch of those great wings of his seemed to bring it all back, and hope and joy and confidence along with it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Fired Too Soon.



"This Air Will Bring You Back to Life."

CARING FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Thirty-Nine State and 114 Local Sanatoria Provided, but These Are Only a Beginning.

In spite of the fact that state sanatoria and hospitals for tuberculosis have been established in 31 states, and 114 municipal or county hospitals in 26 states, vastly more public provision is needed to stamp out consumption, says the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Nearly every state east of the Mississippi river has provided a state sanatorium, and west of the Mississippi river, state sanatoria have been established in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Oregon. There are 38 sanatoria provided by these states, Massachusetts having four, Connecticut and Pennsylvania three and Texas two. Including special pavilions and almshouses, there are 114 municipal or county hospitals for the care of tuberculosis patients.

Apart from these institutions, however, and a few special pavilions at prisons, hospitals for the insane, and some other public institutions, a grand total of hardly 200, the institutional care of the consumptive is left to private philanthropy.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was banded from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

A Catastrophe.
A cat was being chased along the roof of a New York building. It lost its balance and fell on a boy who was standing on a balcony on the second floor. The startled boy fell in his turn, landing on a baby carriage, fortunately empty, which another boy was wheeling in the street. The first boy dislocated his wrist; the cat was killed.

Feminine Reasoning.
Stella—Her gown is just like yours.
Bella—I don't care if her's is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

Modern Ethics.
Do not kick a man when he is down. Turn him over and feel in the other pocket.—Galveston News.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

I know a woman who says she married just for fun. And yet some people claim a woman has no sense of humor!

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."
—Mrs. DEMA BERTUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It has cured means had failed. Why don't you try it?



SYMPATHY OF KING EDWARD

Story of His Visit to a Sick Officer Who Wanted to Hear Monarch's Voice Once More.

Lord Burnham, speaking at a meeting to consider the question of a memorial to King Edward in Windsor, told the following story:

Not long before the King's death there lay in King Edward's hospital

for officers, an officer who it was thought could not survive a serious operation. The king was coming to the hospital to pay one of his quiet visits and the patient, who heard that he was expected and was almost too weak to speak, said it would be a great happiness to him if he could hear his voice. He asked Sister Agnes, the manager, if it would be possible for her to talk to King Edward outside the open door.

Sister Agnes said she would try to do what he wished, and having in due course led the king there she told him what her purpose had been. In a moment King Edward went through the door to the bedside of the sick man, held his hand for a long time and spoke to him words of sympathy and counsel. When he had finally said good-bye he walked slowly to the window and looked out upon—well, he looked out upon nothing, for tears

were rolling down his cheeks. He then silently left the room.

Good Idea for Wood Fire.