SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his triend. Lieut, Perry Hunter, turns to hatted. Cayley seeks notifude, where he perfects a flying nachine. 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 fice. 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 Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A glant rufman 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 captife the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the aky-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 an Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party gout of find the searchers. Tom professes he enters an abandoned hut, and there find her father's diary, which discloses the enters an abandoned hut, and there find her father's diary, which discloses the enters an abandoned hut, and there find her father's diary, which discloses the enters and abandoned hut, and there find her father's diary, which discloses the enters and about to atlack the girl when he is intent on murder. When the skyman evoops down and the ruffian flees Jeanne gives Cayley her father's

#### 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 a track on the ice. Wounded in a fight with another

"No, that's not likely." She asked no further explanation,

but slipped into the hut. The next moment she was back with the field-"While you're attending to the

bear," she said in a whisper, "I'll just keep watch up the beach for-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 scoing Philip sten forward, out of the shelter of the hut, to confront the bear, with had no fear for him. The feeling to pride than anything else.

Cayley fully justified her confidence. The course the bear was taking would have brought him within 20 yards of pened to offer a fair mark." their door-step. When he first caught sight of Cayley he stopped, in two minds, apparently, whether to be that is, if his rifle had anything like hunted or to do the hunting himself. a modern range." 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 took the bear between the eyes as he tainly.' was rising. The second was fired into paw which he was holding across his fourth shot, however, penetrated his

ly from the little vestibule.

He reloaded the revelver, letting or two. It was a disquieting thought, the empty shells drop unheeded on at best. the ice at his feet. He gave the weap-

from the enemy who first attacked windows.

The light was almost gone, so that all he could see were two or three to find her bending over him, shaking irregular dark stains upon the white him by the shoulder and crying out fur. A wound in the flank, which his name.

none 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 but and make fast the solid wooden woman. 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 inspec-

Conquering a feeling of repugnance, she bent over the hand, cast one glance at the thing it contained and into his face

not with fire arms, I mean."

saw that he was awake. "Philip, the

CHAPTER XIX.

to put it into commission again.

Then, with the rifle over his shoul

With his first glance abroad, he

him today. There could be no doubt

tired of walrus meat. The thought of

Three years' disuse, however, had

made his marksmanship somewhat

though he did not miss, the only ef-

fect his shot had was to make 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

him that was responsible for this new

thing which he told himself could not

possibly exist, except in his own

fancy, yet fully expected to see never-

theless, the shadow of Cayley's great

wings. And at last he saw it im-

pending in the lower air, like a brood-

Roscoe abandoned his pursuit of the

uncertain. He fired too soon, and

of that. Only, was he being too kind? him should he attempt it.

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

With infinite precaution against

noise he began laying a fire against

the windward wall of the hut. Squat-

ting, with his rifle across his knees

ready to use in case of an emergency,

of the hut, crouching down not more

Already the fire was burning finely

failed to work. The instinct of es-

cape by the nearest way from a burn-

it led Philip and Jeanne to the very

edge of the destruction, which Roscoe

Cayley had his hand upon the bolt

of the great door, whither he had

thought stayed him and held him

frozen where he was. For perhaps

had planned for them.

was plain against the glow of it.

without them.

-the man.

ing spirit, just above the tiny square sprung when Jeanne's cry had awak-

gone from his mind; but he did not, memory of the unexplained bullet hole

as on a former occasion, drop down he had found in the body of the great

in his arms; nor did he turn and flee the fire, which was destroying the hut,

like one hag-ridden up the beach. He must have been started outside of it,

"This Air Will Bring You Back to Life."

faitered, it is true, and his knees | articulated themselves into a perfect

He was horribly afraid all the time, through the storeroom. "Into the

but curiosity was all the while over- cave. He is waiting for us outside.

powering fear. He was not more than That's why he fired the hut. Quick.

trembled beneath him, and yet, slow- ly clear perception of Roscoe's plan.

check the bear's flight. The next mo- dry splinters off a few of the sticks.

the protection which the rifle afforded | than 20 paces away, and waited.

Roscoe. Roscoe had never been able to clear up his doubt as to Jeanne's identity, Roscoe wondered a little uneasily, nor to solve the mystery of Cayley's For, shambling along the ice, through tion, however, when a luminous idea appearance in the air. The doubt the thickening twilight, not 100 paces and the mystery tormented him worse away, was a big bear. Roscoe was than any final conviction could have done. When he thought, as he some- a bear steak made his mouth water. times 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 furtive edges of the beach, might be just a rather defenseless human couple, a bear turn about and go shambling man and a woman, and the woman down the glacier toward the beach beautiful, young, alluring-when he with ungainly haste. Roscoe hurried thought of all that he would go off after him, and fired two more shots. into transports of rage, which left Whether they hit or not he could not even his gigantic body limp and ex- tell. Certainly they did not serve to he methodically whittied a quantity of alarmed urgency in his voice when he hausted. If that were the situation, spoke to her. He offered no explana- he might have killed the man weeks ment he had rounded the corner of tion. Merely told her to go into the ago and taken possession of the the cliff and disappeared down the

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 beating it pure.

along, this unvaried routine more than then started up and gazed, wide-eyed, compensated for the solitude and the terrors his superstition thrust upon "A bullet!" she said. "But-but we him, and gradually restored him to his thought that Roscoe wasn't armed- old normal, formidable, brutal self. On the day when he made the discovery Cayley nodded. "But this seems to that was to terminate the long series be pretty good evidence that he is, of golden days which Jeanne and

courage as it was that the mere feel of it in his hands brought him back out of the reck, and with infinite labor in touch once more with the everyday matter of fact world, and made As the weeks and months dragged 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 some-

the hut.



He Fired Too Soon. those she had experienced when he That's why I sent you into the hut. | Philip had been enjoying, he was, had set out on a similar errand once It occurred to me that he might be before. She knew him now, and she following the bear, and that the lighted windows might give him a chance that thrilled her now was nearer akin for a shot at one of us. No matter what superstitious fears he has, he could hardly be too much afraid to fire

> "But we must have offered him that a hundred times in the last weeks,

at us from a safe distance, if we hap-

"That bullet is certainly a modern piece of ordnance," said Cayley. "It's soft-nosed and steel-jacketed."

He laid it down on a shelf and went into the storeroom to wash the stains of the encounter from his hands.

"After all," he said, "It's only one more mystery, and I don't know that Cayley was reasonably sure must have one more can make any great differentered a vital spot. The first one ence. Not in our way of life, cer-

Both tried to stick to that view of his open mouth. The third was probit and, for the present, to dismiss ably deflected by the massive fore conjecture upon the new topic from their minds, but they did not succeed body, in the attitude of a boxer. The very well. The idea that forced itself upon them, in spite of their attempt to throat and probably smashed one of discredit it, was that Roscoe's acquithe two first vertebrae, for it seemed sition of a modern, long-range weapon to bring the monster down all in a with ammunition to match did not heap, where he finally lay still. Cay- date back to the murder of Captain ley could have reached him with his Fielding, nor to the disappearance of the Aurora, but that he had found the "Good shooting," said the girl quiet- weapon, by some strange chance, only very recently, perhaps within a day

It was time for Cayley to turn in on back to the girl, and bent over the and for Jeanne to begin her evening watch alone, but before that happened "I'm less interested in what I did they paid an extra amount of atten-

to him," he said, "than in what he got tion to the security of their doors and It was a little before 11 o'clock when Cayley came out of a deep sleep

Roscoe, rifle and ammunition belt in over-mastering terror of the thing his hands, was hurrying on toward his with wings. cave once more. The body lay just He presented a fair mark now, and where his desecrating hands had left

again, the very man who, during those

long years of exile had dominated

crew and captain of the Walrus and

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 inter-

rupted 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

Before he had gone three paces

along this track his eye made out

something, just off his patch and a lit-

tle below it, which caused him at first

to utter a snarl of anger, but led him

the next moment to give a wild blas-

The great fissure which had opened

in the ice had done, in an instant,

what the party from the Aurora had

middle a belt full of cartridges.

sy, the hands were strong.

bent them to his will.

phemous yell of joy.

moraine.

The rifle was uninjured; that he had seen at a glance, though , of course, frozen fast. But a half hour's hard next moment the light disappeared. work with cleaning rod and rags of

failed to do after bours of hard labor whispered eath, and rubbed his eyes. and then in spite of the icy gale which -it had yielded up the body of Perry Hunter, which, during all these months, it had kept imprisoned. Strapped across the dead man's

ly and with many pauses he made his

200 yards away when Cayley alighted

At what he saw then, Roscoe

dropped his rifle on the beach, with a

way forward.

beside the girl.

The light which diffused itself from the open window of the hut was not much, but it was enough to reveal the fact that this great man-bird, this shoulders, just where he had carried golden-winged spirit which had kept it in life, was a rifle and around his him in terror for his own sanity all these months, was taking off his wings The next instant Roscoe was bendand folding them up into a bundle, in ing over the body, jerking savagely as matter-of-fact a way as if he were at the frozen buckles which resisted furling an umbrella. He stood there his impatient fingers. But they were now, just an ordinary human figure not to be denied. If they were clumof a man; the very man, in fact, that he had seen before and would have It was not five minutes later when killed long ago had it not been for his

was in easy range, but Roscoe was too thought of it, was to attack them thoroughly astonished to seize the opportunity, and in a moment it was gone again. The two figures shrank | matters once and for all. all the mechanism of its breech was into the shadow of the hut, and the

For a moment, an accession of in close quarters he could not do

were rolling down his cheeks. He

Good Idea for Wood Fire. "Curious ideas some people have of patents," a New York coal 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

on fresh logs just to see some more flame. If you bored an inch hole through the middle of a log and put it would form a kind of chimney, and you would have a cheerful little jet of flame coming up through it until

"Get up quickly!" she said when she | what once had been a shirt, sufficed | rage against the two who had baffled | much with a rifle; and he remember him and enjoyed immunity from him ed the deadly revolver shooting he so long, almost led him to attempt to had seen upon the body of the bear. der, he swaggered out of the cave. break into the hut then and there, and Also, he would have to go into the settle matters; but his saner common dark, with the firelight behind him. started. His devil was being kind to sense told him that the settlement No. It wouldn't do. He must wait. would almost inevitably be against Well, he could afford to wait-much better than they could.

He was still entertaining this no-Reluctantly he rose, turned his broad back to the gale, and began maoccurred to him. Around on the far king his laborious way back to the side of the hut, the west side, which cave.

It was high time. His face was frozen already. The intensity of the cold had already rendered his rifle useless, for the whole mechanism of the breech was frozen fast. His stratagem had falled in its ultimate intention, for nature had laid her great fcy hand upon the board and for the pres ent declared the game a draw.

#### CHAPTER XX.

A Moonlit Day. The midday moon had changed the ignited them and carefully nursed the comber purple of the snow to silver. blaze, until, under the rising wind, it The snow lay everywhere, save upon grew to the beginning of a fair-sized the vertical face of the cliff itself, an conflagration. Then, catching up his unrent, immaculate mantle over all rifle, he slipped around the other side this arctic world. The valley, the hills, the beach and the frozen sea all lay at peace beneath it, as if asleep or dead.

and the silhouetted outline of the hut To Cayley, where he lay, suspended in midsky, the moonlight gleaming His plan was a good one. The peoupon the sensitive fabric of his ple ipside the hut would have no planes, as it gleams upon the faint choice and, probably, no thought, but ripples on a mill pond in the dead of of escape. When they rushed out, as some June night-to Cayley this white they almost certainly would, bewildsleeping, frozen world looked very ered and confused, and plainly visible far away. He was a-wing for the to him against the glow of the fire befirst time since that eternity ago when hind them, it would be easy, from the he had descended upon the beach besate shelter of the darkness, to shoot side Jeanne to warn her of the approach of the bear. It was only, indeed, by the merest

How long ago that was, by the hair's breadth that Roscoe's plain measure of hours and days and weeks, he did not know. He had no data for an estimate that would be better than ing building is almost irresistible, and a guess. He remembered how desperately they had worked that night, saving what they could from the burning hut and carrying it back into the cave; remembered with what labor be and Jeanne had climbed the ice chimney to the only shelter that now reof light which marked the location of ened him, before the saving second mained to them, the little pilot house observatory upon the cliff-head; remembered the unremitting labor of bear; all thought of it, in fact, was five seconds he stood there, while the uncounted hours while they adjusted their way of life to the conditions imposed by the calamitous loss of the prone upon the ground, his face buried | bear, and the belated observation that

But after that there were lapses of ime which memory did not cover. During that time he knew the utmost fury of the arctic winter had been raging over them, without cessation. They had been sheltered from it down in the beart of the great drift of snow which the storm had heaped about them. But, even in this security the shock of those successive paroxysms of nature's titanic rage reached lown and benumbed them, body and

But at last the rage of the storm had spent itself and had become still. The bitterness of the cold relaxed and became milder. Cayley had feit the blood stirring in his veins again, the power of consecutive thought and the ambition to live, coming once more on application to "Cuticura," Dept. into his possession. He had gone to 29 K, Boston. work, feebly and drowally at first, but with constantly increasing energy and strength, at the task of opening up. once more, the tunnel through the drift which the great storm had

When he had broken through the oter 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 beteath his eyes. He hastened back into the little pllot

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.

were half poisoned in there. This cir 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 that has ozone spar-

kling all through it. It is alive enough to make your blood dance. It's doing that now." He tried to persuade her to take a

little exrecise 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 avow. So be unfurled the bundle that had lain disused so long, spread and tightened and tested it, and at last, with a rod of farewell to the girl, dived off the cliff-head.

Any doubt he may have had con cerning 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.)

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 on the fire with the hole vertical it | London vegetarions, who shuddered at the thought of the number of animals that were killed annually to keep bumanity in boots. The imitation leather is being used for the manufacture "I tried it when I got home that of boots, shoes, Bible covers and a

### 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 almshouse, 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 bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician prenounced 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 Cutieura 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 pftiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they semed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Scap 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

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

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

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

# 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

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 Vegehim about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table 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 Bethune, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pink-

ham'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, the rold tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other 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 meial to King Edward in Windsor,

told the following story: Not long before the King's death hear his voice. He asked Sister dow and looked out upon—well, he "I asked him what might be the use night. But the idea of asking for a hundred other articles usually found there lay in King Edward's hospital Agnes, the manager if it would be looked out upon nothing, for tears of boring holes in the logs; to hang patent on such a thing as a hole!"

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 held his hand for a long time and he was expected and was almost too spoke to him words of sympathy and weak to speak, said it would be a counsel. When he had finally said great happiness to him if he could good-bye he walked slowly to the win- a patent on it.

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. then silently left the room.

them up? He said every one liked to see the blaze in an open wood fire and when it got low they poked it or put open wood fires, because, he said, if of fiame coming up through it until the idea was new he was going to get the log was completely burned away.

"The other way! The other way!"

he cried, motioning Jeanne back

And so it happened that Roscoe

walted in vain. He saw the blaze he

had kindled reach its flery climax,

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 delivered defenseless, shelterless,

The failure of his plan brought

back a moment or two of the old sup-

erstitious horror, but his mind was

braced against it now and did not

readily give way. Somehow, the fail-

ure must be accountable-humanly ac-

At last he solved this mystery, too,

partly solved it, at least, for he re-

membered the ice cave back of the

hut. His first impulse, when he

there and now, to charge in over the

red hot coals of the hut and settle

He was sane enough to see that the

advantage would be all against him.

We must save all we can."

into his brutish hands.

countable.