

# The Flying Man

Harry Irving Greene

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### SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared. Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage. A leaf bearing a cabalistic design flutters down among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Epton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her. The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a fierce battle ensues, in which Tolliver and March, suitors of Doris, and Professor Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away. A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terror-stricken at the possibilities for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of \$500,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Putnam is the first of the aviators to respond. After a thrilling chase in the air he is thrown from his machine by the flying man and killed. North and a score of other aviators arrive where the reward is increased to a million. The aviators find themselves outdistanced and out-manuevered by the flying man. Artillery proves futile. A distress signal is sent. The aviators go to the scene of the tragedy, some 200 miles distant. Doris invites March to accompany her on a horror back ride. They are joined by Tolliver, much to March's disgust. While the men are rounding up the horses, which have become unaccountably frightened, the flying man suddenly swoops down and carries Doris off. March and Tolliver pursue the demon. The way leads through canyons and over mountains. Tolliver, driven insane by the strain, shoots March. Tolliver succeeds in climbing up the mountain to a plateau where the flying man has sought refuge. Tolliver is taken unawares by the monster, who carries him up in the air and drops him to his death. March, only slightly wounded, starts back to summon the aviators, but drops from exhaustion. He sees North flying on high and calls him to earth. North takes him in the machine and they land on the mountain plateau.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

In the deathlike stillness the whisper of North sounded thin and shrill as they drew their weapons. "We will keep about fifty yards apart, yet all ways in each other's sight. Watch me closely for signals and I will do the same by you. Now come." Slowly they advanced, scanning each possible place of retreat and choosing their way with the infinite caution of prowlers who traverse a corridor in the darkness of midnight. In the tension of his suspense March could not feel his heart pounding heavily. The weirdness of the place was upon them with its spell, its silence throbbing in their straining ears, its chaos infernal in its hideous desolation. To one side and below them was a thousand feet, so nearly sheer down that one might have almost tossed a pebble into it, glistened the steel blue waters of Lake Talo, the crater lake of unmeasurable depth, that lay amidst this solitude a dozen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Then March, whose eyes were everywhere, saw North abruptly stop, recoil and then beckon to him to come by a wave of his hand. Even across the distance that separated them he could see the pallor that had swept over his friend's sun-browned face, and sick with fear at the unknown horror



With an Involuntary Cry He Bounded Forward.

he must now look upon he passed quickly to his side. The aviator was pointing at an object which lay close before him. March, looking also, felt his blood turn to ice.

"A sight like that is about the only thing that gets my nerve," whispered the other as he blotted his damp forehead with a hand that shook despite his efforts to control it. "I have seen too many of my good friends lying like that. It makes me think what I will look like one of these days if I don't get out of this cursed business. But we will come back and take care of him later. Just at present we have a woman to look after. Lord! He must have fallen a thousand feet."

Five minutes later Alan, moving with the stealth of a mountain lion, saw something that brought his heart

to his throat. Doris, huddled against a rock, her face in her hands, was within a hundred feet of him. With an involuntary cry and thoughtless of all else except that he had found her, he bounded forward. She heard him coming, shrank convulsively back against the rock with a cry of distress, then raising her hollow eyes saw who it was and springing to her feet stood swaying with hands outstretched. Another instant and he had caught her in his arms.

"Doris!" he cried fiercely as he strained her to him, searching her wan face and sunken eyes. She shuddered, clung to him closer, seemed about to lose her senses, then raising her face to his, smiled.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### The Rescue.

North came up on a run. "Thank the Lord," he exclaimed huskily. "I feel like falling upon my knees and worshipping." Ever alert as a weasel, he looked upon all sides and upward. "Where is he now?" he demanded. She shook her head.

"I do not know. He left an hour ago—creeping away among the rocks. He goes and comes as silently as a shadow. Always he seems to be upon the watch, by night as well as by day. I doubt if he ever sleeps." She looked at Alan's torn garments, bloodstained face and lacerated hands. "Oh, it is too bad, too horrible! And Clay—"

She shuddered and covered her face with her palms. "I think I lost my senses for a time last night when that terrible thing happened. He seemed to be falling for hours. Take me away from this place of hideousness." North, pacing restlessly about, frowned.

"Guess we will all have to wait hereabouts until we have located this game of ours. For all we know, he may be roosting somewhere about and waiting for us to set sail. I dare not take you aboard until I know that he is not in a position to interfere. He has given me a few illustrations of what he can do in the flying line when he wants to—and neither have I forgotten poor Putnam as yet." The wisdom of his position could not be controverted. Doris must not be risked in the downward flight until the enemy was either rendered harmless or driven afar. They must wait.

Briefly she told them of her ordeal. Following the fearful shock of finding herself borne upward by him had ensued a condition of unconsciousness with brief spells of reason regained, wherein she saw them running and falling as they struggled on below in their pursuit, intermitted by blank periods until at last she awakened to find herself in this land of desolation. He had not seemed to desire to injure her either upon the flight or after their arrival here, in fact had handled her no more severely than necessary in transporting her. And after their descent he had laid no hand upon her, only staring at her by the hour from the distance of a yard or two with his great, beetle-like eyes, silent as a gargoyle or a graven idol. Then of a sudden he would arise, listen as though he had heard a sound which had not registered itself upon her ears, disappear only to later on come creeping back with the stealth of a cat to resume his steadfast gazing. He had not seemed to notice the bitter chill of night and had made no effort to make a fire, and her principal physical sufferings had been caused by the night cold. Neither had he eaten or drunk in her presence, and what he was engaged in during his frequent excursions she had no idea except when—

She shuddered, clinging convulsively to March, speaking in a broken voice. "I would give years of my life to efface that horrible memory. The moon had arisen fairly high when all at once he became rigid, listened, and his eyes shone—Oh, with such a light, so uncanny, so vindictive. They were the eyes of a coiled serpent, only so much greater than a serpent's and therefore more room for infinitely more malice. Then he crept away like a ghost through the shadows of the plateau with wings trailing and I saw him outlined for a moment upon a distant pile of rocks before he dropped out of sight upon the other side. It was still then as it is now—this unearthly stillness wherein all noises seem faint and far away with no sounding board to emphasize them. Then a cry arose, a cry so awful that for a moment I was paralyzed by the horror of it, and after that came the sounds of a struggle, the voice of a man who is fighting for his life, hoarse and desperate, together with a strange, croaking sound such as the creature made that night upon the lawn after Clay had wounded him. I know that he had surprised either you or Clay, or possibly both of you, and that somebody would be killed. My strength came back to me as it did when I rushed out to you with the sword and in my desperation I seized a stone and ran towards the place where they were fighting, not knowing what I



would do except that I would aid with all my little might. Then I saw him arise with a dark form in his arms—who it was I could not tell. He beat his way upward until he was very high, so high that he looked no larger than my hand, and then—"

She choked and could speak no more, staring straight ahead with fixed eyes as if fascinated by something far distant—"and then I sank upon this spot and have not left it since. I dared not go and look—not even in the periods of his absence."

She paused and they stood silently, the gresslessness of it all gripping them as though they had just awakened from the spell of a nightmare. Then North's voice arose quiet and even as though he were speaking of the most immaterial of things. "Miss Fulton, there is no occasion for further anxiety upon your part, for between Alan and myself here we will guarantee you protection from all flying things, man or devil, between here and Jupiter. Yet we must all be prepared for action and each be alert to do his part—and that part is going to happen pretty quick." He made a slight motion with his head. "He is coming now. Look to the south." Instantly their eyes flew in that direction. Perhaps a mile away and almost upon a level with the plateau the Flying Man was bearing down upon them with the speed of a hawk, flying as he had done during the long chase by the planes, his body almost horizontal with the earth, his wings cutting the air with a rapidity of movement that they could not follow. That he had just discovered them was evidenced by a sudden broad sweep aside, a halt and a poising, followed by a slow zig-zag course towards the edge of the plateau. Two hundred yards away from them he alighted, and standing upright and with wings half extended stared at them unwinkingly with great, opalescent eyes. March, his left arm thrown around Doris and his right hand clasping his revolver, was debating as to whether he should risk one of his remaining three shots at that improbable hitting distance. North was already speeding upon him with the rush of a torrier.

For perhaps ten seconds March, chafing under the impulse to charge after North, yet not daring to leave the one who was now clinging to them, watched them in absolute fixity. Then as the aviator, now half way across the space, raised his arm for the first shot, the flying one became a thing of energy once more, alert and cunning. The fury of a jealous ape distorted his face. With a leap of incredible quickness he sprang over the ledge and disappeared, and when North, darting up to the edge, peered over it he saw his prey far below, his wings half shut, falling as an autumn leaf eddies downward from a bough. Close above the surface of the crater lake he spread his pinions broad, skimmed over it like a gull and went soaring upward from the momentum of his fall. A mile away he alighted upon the side of the opposite mountain, went crawling over it upon all fours with wings trailing, then picking up a large object mounted again. Upon the table mountain the three shot quick glances at each other. He was about to bombard them from on high with stones that if they struck their mark would fell them as though stricken by the lightnings, and March, knowing that he and North would be the objects of the attack, thrust Doris from him and stepped forth upon the cleared space that lay before him. High above them the flying one poised, beating the air as an eagle hovers above the basking fish as he achieves a position of absolute perpendicularity, then released the missile. Straight down upon North it shot, but the aviator darting aside with the quickness of a weasel, dodged it by a dozen feet, yet escaping being headed in its clinging rebound by the breadth of a hand. The next instant both revolvers spoke.

Three hundred feet above them they saw him flap convulsively like a wild fowl that feels the sudden sting of lead, wheel in a broad circle, and then go lurching over the abyss with spasmodic beating of his wings. A grim smile came creeping over the face of North. "We touched him up hard that time. Now once again, before he gets out of range." Again the mountains reverberated to the double roar, and the Flying Man, collapsing in midair, turned a complete summersault as he had done that day when the mortars were loosed against him. But this time there was no recovery. Whirling, spinning, turning dizzily, his great wings now fluttering impotently, he struck the lake in a spout of spray that shot high upward, sank, arose, floated for a moment borne up by his wide pinions, then disappeared in the depths of the blue waters as a shadow merges with the shade.

"And Lake Talo is bottomless. The scientists will never even get his body to speculate over," muttered March. North turned his tense face upon them.

"Anyway there are three eye wit-

nesses who can testify at the coroners inquest, and when it comes to applying for that little old reward," he said grimly. "And it will make a respectable sum when divided up pro rata amongst us, Put's widow and a slice for the other boys who did not happen to be in at the death. Also today sees the last flight of one erstwhile aviator named North. I have had enough of skyscraping to last for one lifetime. I am going to get married and live happily in a hole in the ground forever after." He pointed into the air.

"Imlay is coming. He must have heard our guns. He can take one of you down and I will guarantee the safe descent of the other." A grin overspread his face. "You two seem to be having your own troubles and I guess I'll fade into the perspective for a moment if you think you can spare me. And my blessings upon you." He turned his back upon them and was gone behind the rocks.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The End.

Doris was in March's arms, her tremblings vanished by that strong clasp, the horror that had filled her eyes gone, her sweet face upturned to his.

"But tell me," he was whispering. "Poor Clay—he lost his mental poise at the last and said many wild things. Was there any understanding between you—you know what I mean, Doris—were you?" He hesitated, turning his eyes upon the distant speck floating in the sky, which he knew to be Imlay speeding towards them. Her face grew very grave and her voice was low as she anticipated the word he disliked to speak.

"No—we were good friends, nothing more. He asked me to marry him upon the Sunday of the pursuit and I told him I would answer him by letter upon the following day. He had always been so kind to me that I did not have the courage to refuse him to his face—and he was so strange in many ways. In my letter I told him that I could not accept, begging the privilege of his continued friendship. He accepted the answer calmly, merely renewing his avowals of devotion and repeating that he would give all—even to his life—for me." Her eyes swam mistily. "And the horror of it! He kept his word."

"He loved you devotedly and did all that a brave man could for you, Doris," said March gently. She nodded. "I understand. And his memory—what can one say! She ran her fingers lightly across his matted hair, where the bullet had raked his skull.



Again the Mountains Reverberated to the Double Roar.

"You were wounded?" she asked softly. For the first and last time in his life March lied to her.

"Yes, an accident—the accidental discharge of a revolver. But towards the last I thought you loved him most after all. You never would answer me, you know." She smiled up at him, Doris' old smile, and there was no sweeter one anywhere.

"That night upon the lawn when I thought my last hour had come! Did I not leave him and run to your arms? And was that not answer enough?" A faint whistle fell upon their ears, thin, sibilant, momentarily shrilling louder. March glanced southward again. "Imlay is only a mile away and will be here in another minute to take you back—to the home from which I shall so shortly take you forever, Doris," he said as he drew her closer. Her head was upon his shoulder, her face upturned, her rich lips but a matter of inches from his own. He claimed them.

### THE END.

## Good Bowels Are An Aid to Growth

Growing Children Need a Mild Laxative to Foster Regular Bowel Movement.

As a child grows older it requires more and more personal attention from the mother, and as the functions of the bowels are of the utmost importance to health, great attention should be paid to them.

Diet is of great importance, and the mother should watch the effect of certain foods. A food will constipate one and not another, and so we have a healthy food like eggs causing biliousness to thousands, and a wholesome fruit like bananas constipating many. It is also to be considered that the child is growing, and great changes are taking place in the young man or young woman. The system has not yet settled itself to its later routine.

A very valuable remedy at this stage, and one which every growing boy and girl should be given often or occasionally, according to the individual circumstances, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This is a laxative and tonic combined, so mild that it is given to little babies, and yet equally effective in the most robust constitution. At the first sign of a tendency to constipation give a small dose of Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring, and prompt action will follow in the morning. It not only acts on the stomach and bowels but its tonic properties build up and strengthen the system generally, which is an opinion shared by Mr. John Dey of Bloomfield, N. J. He has a large family and at ages where the growth and development



MARIE DEY

must be watched. Little Marie has thrived especially well on Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Dey considers it the right laxative for young and old and has found none better for young children.

The use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will teach you to avoid cathartics, salts and pills, as they are too harsh for the majority and their effect is only temporary. Syrup Pepsin brings permanent results, and it can be conveniently obtained of any nearby druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

### SPELLING STUCK THE JURY

Point of Information They Wanted Involved No Great Legal Knowledge, if Judge Had It.

Here is one that was told at a tea given by Miss Geraldine Farrar, the singer, when one of the party referred to the judiciary and the peculiar cases that frequently come before the courts:

"Some time ago there was a homicide case in a western court in which there was considerable doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The trial judge seemed to share the popular belief.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in concluding his charge, "if the evidence, in your minds, shows that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death, you cannot convict the prisoner."

"Whereat the jury retired and in about ten minutes the constable returned and presented himself before the judge.

"Your honor," he remarked, "the gentlemen of the jury want some information."

"On what point of evidence?" asked the judge.

"None, judge," was the rejoinder of the constable. "They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"And Again, My Brethren!"

A certain small girl, wearily listening to a long sermon by a minister who had the odd habit of drawing in his breath with an odd whistle, whispered to her mother that she wanted to go home. The mother, expecting the discourse to end, momentarily, refused permission. The third time this happened the mother said, "I think he will stop now in a minute." To this the child answered in a clear, high voice, "No, mother, he isn't going to stop. I thought so now for three times, but he has gone and blowed himself up again."

**New Pipe Cleaner.**

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## The Secret of Health is Elimination of Waste

Every business man knows how difficult it is to keep the pigeon holes and drawers of his desk free from the accumulation of useless papers. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep her home free from the accumulation of all manner of useless things. So it is with the body. It is difficult to keep it free from the accumulation of waste matter. Unless the waste is promptly eliminated the machinery of the body soon becomes clogged. This is the beginning of most human ills.

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