

# The SKY-MAN

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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 yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Plank and the surviving crew of the 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 sky-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.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She was addressing the elder man as she spoke, and as she mentioned the name—it was the first time she had mentioned it to any one—she saw him shoot a startled, inquiring glance at his son. Following it, she met Tom Fanshaw's eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

"Cayley," he said, half under his breath; "Philip Cayley—"

"That was the name," she answered—

"And yet, I'd be willing to swear," he said, "I've never mentioned that name to you in my life."

"No," she said. "Why should you? I know you didn't. I knew I had never heard it before when he told me it was his." She hesitated a moment; then: "Did you ever know a man named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

He let the question go by, unheeded, and, for a long time, gazed silently out over the land. "I suppose," he said at last, "that a coincidence like this, any coincidence, if only it is strange enough, will bring a touch of superstitious fear to anybody. I never had even a touch of it before, in all my life; and I always had a little feeling of contempt for the men who showed it. But now—well, well, I wish poor old Hunter hadn't strayed away last night. I wasn't alarmed about him before, and I've no rational ground for alarm about him now. Only—"

He did not go on until she prompted him with a question. "And has the sky-man, Philip Cayley, anything to do with the coincidence?"

Still it was a little while before he spoke. "I suppose I'd better tell you the story—a part of it, at least; I couldn't tell it all to you. He turned to his father. "You, I think, already know it." Then with evident reluctance, he began telling the story to Jeanne.

"There was a man named Philip Cayley," he said, "in Hunter's class at the Point, three classes ahead of me, that was. He and Hunter were chums, the 'David and Jonathan,' you know, of their class. I remember what a stroke of luck for them everybody thought it was when they were assigned to service in the same regiment. It seems to me, as I think back to our days at the Point—of course, my memory may be playing me a trick—but it seems to me that even then Cayley was interested in the navigation of the air. Somebody kept a scrap-book of all that the newspapers and magazines reported on the subject, any way; I remember seeing it. I think it was Cayley.

"I lost sight of him and Hunter when they went to the Philippines. It is only justice to Hunter to say that I never heard a word of the thing that happened out there from him. He never seemed to want to talk to me about it, and, of course, I never forced him. Well, I can make a short story of it, any way, though it has to be a nasty one.

"A man came into the post one day, the head man of one of the neighboring villages out there, a man with white blood in him—Spanish blood. They carried him in, for he couldn't walk. He was in horrible condition. He had been tortured—I won't go into the details of that—and flogged nearly to death. He said that Cayley had done it. He had remonstrated with Cayley, he said, because he feared for his daughter's safety—she was a pretty girl, whiter than her father—and it seems that the man's fears had some justification. It appears that Cayley had come out there, blind drunk, with a couple of troopers, who deserted that same night, and man-handled the old man. The girl joined in her father's accusation, at least she didn't deny anything.

"Cayley was away on scout duty at the time when the man came in—the thing had happened some days prior, just before he started out. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for everybody liked Cayley and thought him an exceptionally decent, clean sort of chap, though he and Hunter both were drinking a good deal just then. Poor Hunter was all broken up about it. Everybody believed that he really knew some in-

criminating facts against Cayley, but he never would speak.

"As for Cayley himself, he made no defense whatever. He denied he did it, and that was all. There wasn't any real corroborative evidence against him, so the court-martial dismissed the case as not proved. But he wouldn't testify himself, nor have a single witness called in his behalf, and he resigned from the service then and there, and disappeared, so far as I know, from the world. I heard he had a ranch down somewhere in New Mexico, near Sandoval, I think the place was."

His father saw a quick tightening in the girl's horror-stricken eyes at the sound of the name, which evidently, in some way, helped corroborate the story to her, but he did not question her about it.

There was a silence after that, while the three out there on the Aurora's deck looked blankly into each other's faces.

The silence was broken at last, by none of them, but by a hail from the shore. "Añoy, Aurora!" cried the voice.

Mr. Fanshaw answered with a wave of his arm. "That's Donovan," he said to the others; then, "Yes; what is it?" he cried.

"Will you send a dingy for me, please?"

The boat was dispatched at once, and while they waited, Mr. Fanshaw borrowed Jeanne's field-glasses for a look at the man who had hailed them. "He's in a hurry," said the old gentleman. "He looks if he had news of one sort or another." They all had felt it in the mere timber of his voice—something urgent; something ominous.

It seemed an interminable while before the returning boat came alongside the foot of the accommodation ladder. When the new-comer appeared at the head of it, his face had plainly written on it the story of some tragedy.

"What is it?" Jeanne asked, not very steadily. "Oh, please don't try to break it to me! Tell me, just as you do to the others."

"It's nothing concerning you, miss, not especially, I mean; nothing to do with your father." Then he turned to Mr. Fanshaw. "I found Mr. Hunter, sir."

"Dead?" The tone in which Donovan had spoken made the question hardly necessary.

"Yes, sir. His body is lodged deep down in one of the ice fissures in the glacier. I could see it perfectly, though I couldn't get down to it."

Tom Fanshaw covered his face with his hands for a moment. Then he looked up and asked, steadily: "He slipped, I suppose?"

At the same moment his father asked: "Do you think we shall be able to recover the body?"

Donovan answered this question first.

"We can try, sir, though I've not much hope of our succeeding."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the son.

"No, sir, he didn't fall; at least it wasn't the fall that killed him. I found this in a cleft in the ice near by. It must have been driven clean through his throat, sir."

He held out, in a shaking hand, a long, slim ivory dart, sharp almost as steel could be, and stained brown with blood. "He was murdered, sir," Donovan concluded simply.

"Give me the dart," the old gentleman demanded. As he examined it, his fine old face hardened. "Do you see?" he asked, holding it out to his son. "There is no notch in the end for a bow-string, but it will lie very truly in the groove of that throwing-stick that Jeanne brought aboard the yacht this morning."

Then he turned to the girl. "I'm afraid your visitor last night was no vision, my dear, after all."

But the girl was looking and pointing skyward.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Dart.

High, high up in the clear opaline air was a broad, golden gleam. Nearer it came, and broader it grew, and as it grew, and as it caught more fully the slanting beams of the low-hanging arctic sun, it shone with prismatic, iridescent color among the gold, like an archangel's wings. The shining thing towered at last right above the mast-head, but high, high up in the sky.

Then the four watchers uttered, in one breath, a horror-frozen cry, for, as a falcon does, it dropped, hurtling. But not to the destruction they foresaw; once more it darted forward, circled half round the yacht, so close to her rail that they heard the whining scream of the air as those mighty wings cleft through it. And then, as on the night before, his plans upstanding straight, Cayley leaped backward, clear of them, and alighted on the ice beside the yacht.

Old Mr. Fanshaw walked quickly around the deckhouse and hailed the new arrival. "Won't you come aboard, sir?" Jeanne heard him call. "I'll send the dingy for you."

"Thank you," they heard him as



"Did You Ever Know a Man Named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

swer. "There wasn't much room for alighting on the deck or I could have spared you the trouble."

Jeanne stole a glance into Tom Fanshaw's stern, set face, wondering if the tone and the inflection of that voice would impress him as it had her. "Don't you find it hard to believe that he could have done such a thing?" she asked; "a man with a voice like that?"

"I only wish I found it possible to believe he hasn't. Not every villain in this world looks and talks like a thug. If they did, life would be simpler." He paused a moment, then added: "And we know he did the other thing—out there in the Philippines."

Her face paled a little at that, stiffened, somehow, and she did not answer. They sat silent, listening to the receding oars of the dingy as it made for the ice-floe. Suddenly the girl saw an expression of perplexity come into Tom Fanshaw's face.

"When you talked with him, Jeanne, last night, did you tell him our name? Mine and father's, I mean? Did you give him any hint who we were, or that we were people who might know him?"

"No, only my own; and who father was. He asked me about that."

"Ah," he said. "Then that accounts for his coming back."

She had hoped that in some way or other the trend of her answer might be in the sky-man's favor, and was disappointed at seeing that the reverse was true.

She had to repress a sudden impulse of flight when they heard the returning dingy scrape alongside the accommodation ladder. And even though she resisted it, she shrank back, nevertheless, into a corner be-

hind Tom Fanshaw's chair. The old gentleman was waiting at the head of the ladder, blocking, with the bulk of his body, the new-comer's view of the deck and those who were waiting there until he should have fairly come aboard.

"Mr. Philip Cayley?" he inquired stiffly. "My name is Fanshaw, sir; and I think my son, who sits yonder—" he stepped aside and inclined his head a little in Tom's direction—"is, or was once, an acquaintance of yours." From her place in the background, Jeanne saw a look of perplexity—nothing more than that, she felt sure—come into Philip Cayley's face.

The old gentleman's manner was certainly an extraordinary one in which to greet a total stranger, 500 miles away from human habitation. Cayley seemed to be wondering whether it represented anything more than the individual eccentricity of the old gentleman, or not.

Evidently he recognized Tom Fanshaw at once, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, seemed to make up his mind to overlook the singularity of his welcome. "I remember Lieutenant Fanshaw well," he said, smiling and speaking pleasantly enough, though the girl thought she heard an underlying note of hardness in his voice. "You were at the Point while I was there, weren't you? But it's many years since I've seen you."

At that he crossed the deck to where young Fanshaw was sitting, and held out his hand. Tom Fanshaw's hands remained clasped tightly on the two arms of his chair, and the stern lines of his face never relaxed, though he was looking straight into Cayley's eyes. "I remember you at the Point very well," he said, "but, unfortun-



"It Was a Moment Before He Spoke."



ly, there are some stories of your subsequent career which I remember altogether too well."

The girl did not need the sudden look of incandescent anger she saw in Philip Cayley's face to turn the sudden tide of her sympathy toward him. It was not for this old wrong of his that they had summoned him, as to a bar of justice, to the Aurora's deck, but to meet the accusation of the murder of Perry Hunter. Whether he was guilty of that murder, or not, this raking up of an old, unproved offense was a piece of unnecessary brutality. She could not understand how kind-hearted old Tom could have done such a thing. Thinking it over afterward, she was able to understand a little better.

From behind Tom's chair she could see how heavily this blow he dealt had told. For one instant Philip Cayley's sensitive face had shown a look of unspeakable pain. Then it stiffened into a mere mask—icy; disdainful. It was a moment before he spoke. When he did, it was to her. "I don't know why this gentleman presumes to keep his seat," he said. "If it is as a precaution against a blow, perhaps, he need not let his prudence interfere with his courtesy."

"He has just met with an accident," she said quickly. "He can't stand—No, Tom. Sit still," and her hands upon his shoulders enforced the command.

Cayley bowed ever so slightly. "I suppose," he continued, "that since last night you also have heard the story which this gentleman protests he remembers so much too well?"

"Yes," she said.

At that, he turned to old Mr. Fanshaw: "Will you tell me, sir," he asked, "for what purpose I was invited to come aboard this yacht?"

Tom spoke before his father could answer—spoke with a short, ugly laugh, "You weren't invited. You were, as the police say, 'wanted.'"

"Be quiet, Tom!" his father commanded. "That's not the way to talk—to anybody."

Cayley's lips framed a faint, satirical smile; and again he bowed slowly. But he said nothing, and stood, waiting for the old gentleman to go on.

This Mr. Fanshaw seemed to find it rather difficult to do. At last, however, he appeared to find the words he wanted. "When Miss Fielding gave us an account, this morning, of the strange visitor she had received last night, we were—I was, at least—inclined to think she had been dreaming it without knowing it. To convince me that you were real and not a vision, she showed me a material and highly interesting souvenir of your call. It was an Eskimo throwing-stick, Mr. Cayley, such as the Alaskan and Siberian Indians use to throw darts and harpoons with. It happens that I've had a good deal of experience among those people, and that I know how deadly an implement it is."

He made a little pause there, and then looked up suddenly into Cayley's face. "And I imagine," he continued very slowly, "that you know that as well as I do."

Cayley made no answer at all, but if Mr. Fanshaw hoped to find with those shrewd eyes of his, any look of guilt or consternation in the pale face that confronted him, he was disappointed.

Suddenly, he turned to his son: "Where is that thing that Donovan brought aboard with him just now?" he asked.

The blood-stained dart lay on the deck beside Tom's chair. He picked it up and held it out toward his father, but the elder man, with a gesture, indicated to Cayley that he was to take it in his hand; then: "Jeanne, my dear," he asked, "will you fetch out from the cabin the stick which dropped from Mr. Cayley's belt last night?"

When she had departed on the errand, he spoke to Cayley: "You will observe that the butt of this dart is not notched, as it would have to be if it were shot from a bow."

He did not look at Cayley's face as he spoke, but at his hands. Could it be possible, he wondered, that those hands could hold the thing with that sinister brown stain upon it—the stain of Perry Hunter's blood—without trembling? They were steady enough, though, so far as he could see.

When Jeanne came out with the stick, he handed that to Cayley also. "You will notice," he said, "that that dart and the groove in this stick were evidently made for each other, Mr. Cayley."

The pupils of Jeanne's eyes dilated as she watched the accused man fit them together, and then balance the stick in his hand, as if trying to discover how it could be put to so deadly a use as Mr. Fanshaw had indicated. He seemed preoccupied by nothing more than a purely intellectual curiosity.

His coolness seemed to anger Mr. Fanshaw, as it had formerly angered his son. For a moment this sudden anger of his rendered him almost inarticulate. Then:

"We don't want a demonstration!" came like the explosions of a quick-fire gun. "And you have no need for

trying experiments. You knew how nicely that dart would fit in the groove that was cut for it. You know, altogether too well, what the stain is that discolors it. You know where we found that dart. You're only surprised that it was ever found at all—it and the body of the man it slew."

"Everything you say is perfectly true," said Cayley, very quietly. "I am surprised that the body of the man was ever recovered. I'm a little surprised, also, that you should think, because this stick fell from my belt last night, and this dart, which you found transfixing a man's throat this morning—"

Tom Fanshaw interrupted him. His eyes were blazing with excitement. "It was not from us that you learned that that dart transfixed the murdered man's throat!" he cried.

"I knew it, nevertheless," said Cayley in that quiet voice, not looking toward the man he answered, but still keeping his eyes on old Mr. Fanshaw. "And also a little surprised," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "that you should think, because this stick and this dart fit together, that I am, necessarily, a murderer."

"You have admitted it now, at all events," Mr. Fanshaw replied. His voice grew quieter, too, as the intensity of his purpose steadied it. "I suppose that is because, upon this 'No-Man's-Land,' you are outside the jurisdiction of any court. I tell you this: I think we would be justified in giving you a trial and hanging you from that yard there. We will not do it. We will not even take you back to the states to prison. You may live out here and enjoy, undisturbed, your freedom, such as it is, and your thoughts and your conscience, such as they must be. But if ever you try to return to the world of men—"

Cayley interrupted the threat before it was spoken: "I have no wish to return to the world of men," he said. "I wish the world were empty of men, as this part of it is, or as I thought it was. I abandoned mankind once before, but yesterday when I saw men here, I felt a stirring of the blood—the call of what was in my own veins. Last night when I took to the air again, after the hour I had spent on that ice-floe yonder, I thought I wanted to come back to my own kind; wanted, in spite of the past, to be one of them again. Perhaps it is well that I should be rid of that delusion so quickly. I am rid of it, and I am rid of you—bloody, sodden, stupid, blind."

"Yet, with all my horror of you, my disdain of you, I should not expect one of you to do murder, without some sort of motive, some paltry hope of gain, upon the body of a stranger. It is of that that you accuse me—"

"A stranger!" Tom Fanshaw echoed. "Why, when you confess to so much, do you try to lie at the end? You can't think we don't know that the man you murdered was once your friend—or thought he was, God help him! Why try to make us believe that Perry Hunter was a stranger to you?"

The girl's wide eyes had never left Cayley's face since the moment of her return to the deck with the throwing-stick. Through it all—through Fanshaw's hot accusation, and his own reply—through those last words of Tom's, it had never changed. There had been contempt and anger in it, subdued by an iron self-control; no other emotions than those two, until the very end. Until the mention of that name—"Perry Hunter."

But at the sound of that name—just then, the girl saw his face go bloodless, not all at once, slowly, rather. And then after a little while he uttered a great sob; not of grief, but such a sob as both the Fanshaws had heard before, when, in battle or skirmish, a soft-nosed bullet smashes its way through some great, knotted nerve center. His hands went out in a convulsive gesture, both the stick and the dart which he held, falling from them, the stick at the girl's feet, the dart at his own. Then leaning back against the rail for support, he covered his face with his hands. At last, while they waited silently, he drew himself up straight and looked dazedly into her face.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the other two men, she crossed the deck to where he stood. "I'm perfectly sure, for my part, that you didn't do it; that you are not the murderer of Mr. Hunter. Won't you shake hands?"

He made no move to take hers, and though his eyes were turned upon her, he seemed to be looking through, rather than at her, so intense was his preoccupation.

Seeing that this was so, she laid her hand upon his forearm. "You didn't do it," she repeated, "but you know something about it, don't you? You saw it done, from a long way off—saw the murder, without knowing who its victim was."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Restoring Color to a Stone.

A turquoise which has lost its blue color and becomes green may be restored by soaking it in pure alcohol for two weeks and drying carefully in sawdust for a week. If the color changes again repeat.