The SKY-MAN

By HENRY KETCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS W. ROSSER

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 Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Field ing 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. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeanne.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

At the sound of it, he drew himself up, towering, before her, and, so, became visible to her—a monstrous, blurred, uncertain shape.

And she cried out; this time in terror. Then, before he could spring upon her and kill her with his hands, as his brutish instinct of rage urged him to do, he started back suddenly, and himself cried out!

For a faint circle of light, waving, wandering, unearthy, was shining straight down upon both of them through the fog—out of the sky itself.

Looking up, he saw overhead a single, great luminous eye, and in the reflection of its own light upon the ice, very faintly, the fabric of outstretched wings.

Then from up there, overhead, he heard a voice—a quiet voice, "I'm here," it said. "Don't be afraid."

Blindly, Roscoe flung up his hands, whirled around and fell; scrambled to his feet again and fled, like a man hag-ridden, down the shore.

As he did so, he heard a ragged volley of shots from the direction of the Aurora. This sound of plain human fighting, which he understood and did not fear, helped restore to equilibrium his mind, which a moment before had been tottering to absolute destruction. Once he could get back to his boat and feel the oars under his hands again—once he found himself pulling out toward the yacht, no matter how desperate the odds awaiting him there might be against him, he would, he felt, be himself once more.

He ran on and on down the beach. He had not passed his boat, he knew; but he finally realized that he had passed the place where he had brought the boat ashore.

CHAPTER IX.

Waiting for Dawn.

Cayley wheeled so that he headed up into the wind and dropped, facing the girl and with his back to her retreating assailant. He had to drop almost vertically in order to avoid being blown out into the sea after he struck the ice. Even as it was, he went slithering down the glassy slope toward the water, and only managed to check his impetus by throwing himself flat on his face and clutching at a hummock which chanced to offer him a precarious hold. He had come down "all adrift" as sailors say, and his monstrous wings, powerless for flight but instinct with flapping perversity, cost him a momentary struggle while he was getting them bundled into controllable shape.

But, thanks as much to luck as to skill, he presently found himself upon his feet uninjured. He at once set out, making what haste he could, across the ice toward where he had last seen the girl, shouting up the gale to her at the same time, to know if she were safe. He heard no answer, but presently made her out, dimly, only a pace or two away. His first act then, even before speaking, was to take out his pocket electric bull's-eye and turn it full upon her.

"It's just to make sure you're not hurt—that I really got down here in time," he apologized. "I wish I might have saved you the terror, but it wasn't until you cried out that I knew—"

"I'm not hurt," she assured him. "I'm a little dazed, that's all.—No, not with fright, with wonder. I hardly had time to be frightened. But I thought you'd gone this morning, that you had abandoned us just as you said you would. And yet, when I cried out just now, for help, it was you that I called to. . . . And then you came, out of the sky, just as I was sure you would. For I was certain, with the same certainty one has in dreams. Now, that it's over, I find myself wondering again if you are real. I'm not hurt at all."

Before he could find anything to say in answer, they heard another shot, muffled in the fog, from the direction of the Aurora, and in prompt reply to it, another volley.

"Wasn't there firing before?" she asked. "Can any one be attacking the yacht? There is no one there but Tom, you know, and he's disabled.—Can't we—can't I, get out there any way? The boat I came ashore in is right here."

Without making her any answer, he carried the unwieldly bundle his wings made into the hut and left it there, then returned to her and offered her his hand.

"We'll go down and look for your boat," he said.

Along the water's edge they searched, aided by the little beam from his bull's-eye, the sound of intermittent firing from the yacht urging haste all the while. But it did not take long to force the conviction upon them that the boat was gone. Blown adrift, most likely, was Cayley's explanation.

Then From Up There Overhead He Heard a Voice.

He felt her trembling. Whether with cold or dread, he did not know, but he took her arm and steadied her with the pressure of his own.

"Come back to the hut," he said "The situation isn't as bad as you think. I'll tell you when we get to shelter where we can talk."

She turned obediently, and breasted the icy slope with him. Neither spoke again until they were safe in the lee of the hut. Then he said:

"I don't think Fanshaw is alone there on the yacht. The relief party and the first party from the Aurora got together some time this afternoon and started back toward the shore. They should be aboard the yacht by now, though when the fog fell it put an end to my activities. The Walrus people have undoubtedly attacked them, but they shouldn't have any trouble in beating them off. They outnumber them and they are better armed; in fact, so far as I know, the Walrus people aren't armed at all. They knew—your people I mean—that the yacht was likely to be attacked. I told them so myself, and then their pretended guide confessed."

"How did you know about the Walrus?" she asked curiously.

"The Portuguese was one of them; he had guided your first party down into a little valley of perpetual fog, under orders to abandon them there. When he saw me sailing about overhead—through the fog, you know—he broke down and confessed and then—well, he made a clean breast of it. He knew nothing of the details of his leader's plans; but the mere fact that he had been delegated to guide the party into a place from which it was to be expected they could never get out, was conclusive as to his intentions at least."

He had spoken rather disconnectedly, his sentences punctured by the sounds of firing from the yacht. By the time he finished they were almost continuous.

"Why does it sound so much fainter than it did?" she asked. "It's not nearly so loud as that first volley we heard."

"It's a trick of the fog, very likely," he said. "Fog is a frightfully treacherous thing. It deceives men's ears as well as their eyes. There's no judging distance through it. When you cried out just now, I couldn't tell whether you were 50 feet below me or 500 feet. I was up above it, you see, and I hadn't any way of telling how deep it was.—There! Do you hear?" he went on. "The firing has stopped altogether. Your people are almost certainly safe."

"Will you let me go inside this hut," he asked, "and see if it is habitable? If it is, you'd better go in and let me make you as comfortable as I can. I don't think you need have any fears about the Walrus people. And worrying wouldn't do any good any way. There's nothing we can do but wait for daylight. Nothing can happen anywhere until then."

He had, very distinctly, in mind what might happen then if the Walrus people were repulsed from the yacht. Unless they were all destroyed in the attack, they would undoubtedly make trouble as soon as morning revealed the fact that they had two hostages in their hands. But he could fight them off better from the doorway of the hut than from anywhere else. And there was no need of troubling the girl with that consideration, not for the present, at least.

"It's all right in there," she said. "I spent I don't know how many hours there reading before you came. But the candle has burned out."

The open door behind them gave access into a tiny shed, protruding from the corner of the hut and serving, evidently, as a vestibule for it. The inner door, a heavier and stronger affair, opening at right angles to it, gave access to the interior of the hut.

Cayely switched on his bull's-eye and cast a brief glance about the room. There were two or three rude, flimsy-looking doors which undoubtedly opened into small, cabin-like bedrooms; but the principal part of the hut was taken up by the room in which they found themselves.

Cayley set his little bull'-eye on a shelf where they could make the most of its thin pencil of light. He then turned his attention to the door, and after a little struggle succeeded in getting it shut, and, what was more, securely bolted, by means of a heavy wooden bar which dropped into an iron crotch. If they were attacked with the first of the daylight, this place would afford them security until the people from the Aurora could come to their rescue. His revolver was a Colt, 45, and his belt was full of cartridges. With that weapon, he remembered that he had once been considered the best shot in the army.

The girl, when he turned to look at her, was seated on the edge of a bunk at the other side of the hut. Her pallor, the traces of tears he could see in her eyes, the pathetic droop to her lips, all emphasized the thing her voice had told him already, namely, that some emotional crisis, which she had been through in those recent hours, had left her quite exhausted.

Without a word, he turned to his bundle which he had deposited in a corner of the room, and fished out from it his sheep-skin sleeping-bag. It was not until he approached her, with it across his arm, that his eye fell upon the rosewood box and the morocco-bound book which lay beside it.

Her eye followed his. "They're father's papers," she said. "I found the box in here. That's why I stayed. I had come ashore—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. He took up the book with a gentleness almost reverent, laid it in the little chest and set it down on the floor beside the bunk.

The quality of the act brought the too ready tears to her eyes, but he did not look up at her to surprise them there. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take off these boots of yours, which are wet, but which will serve excellently, nevertheless, for a pillow, and you are to take off that heavy coat and get inside this bag. Have you ever slept in one?"

He was already tugging at one of the boots, and her protest went unheeded—it was only a half-hearted protest after all.

When he had taken off the boots, she submitted, without demur, to his unfastening the frogs on her heavy seal-skin coat and slipping it off her shoulders.

When finally, with some assistance from him, she nestled down inside the great fleece-lined bag, when he had rolled her small boots into a bundle and made a pillow of them for her head, as he had said he would, she exclaimed, half-rebelliously, at the comfort of it all.

"It is so deliciously warm and soft," she said. "I didn't know you were just being a luxurious sybarite when you refused a mattress and a pair of blankets on the yacht. If only you could be warm, too, and comfortable."

"I shall be," he assured her. "I'll make a cushion of that great coat of yours and sit down here at the foot of the bunk. You're not to bother about me. You're to prove the efficacy of the sleeping-bag by going to sleep in it."

"And what will you do all the while sitting there and keeping watch? Would you—would you like to read father's journal? If you would, I'd like to have you, after what you said long ago about the men who risked and lost their lives trying to reach the pole. I think if you will read that book, you will understand, in spite of your wings. And—well, I'd like to have you understand."

He moved the bull's-eye to another part of the hut, where the light from it would not shine in her eyes, and would illuminate the pages of the book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

Once as he passed by her in the completion of these arrangements, she withdrew her hand from the bag and held it out to him. "You've been very good to be," she said—"I don't mean by risking your life and plunging down into that bank of fog when you knew I was in danger. A brave man would do that, I suppose—some brave men, any way. But you've been better than that—"

He told her not to talk, but to go to sleep; and without any more words ensconced himself at her feet, drew his legs up under him, tailor-fashion, and began to read.

She saw him close the book at last and sit there, as she had sat, with it upon his knees, absorbed, reflective. Suddenly, he took up the book again, opened it and referred to the entry on that last page.

He was thinking now, not dreaming. His mind was on the active present. Before long he stole a look at her. She met his eyes.

"I'm glad father told us that the man was left-handed," she said gravely. "Because the man who killed Mr. Hunter was left-handed, too."

She had spoken the very thing his own mind had been groping for without finding, and he started and stared at her. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"It was a left-handed stick. I took it up in my left hand and it fitted; that was when I was fetching it out of the cabin for Uncle Jerry."

"Then that was how you knew I hadn't done it?"

"No. I didn't need any proof. I knew already without that."

"Suppose I had turned out to be left-handed, too?"

"I didn't think of that. But it wouldn't have made any difference to me. When you really have faith in anybody it isn't easily shaken; not by mere circumstances, at least."

"'When you really have faith,'" he repeated. "Yes, I suppose that's so." He pressed his hands against his temples. "But there isn't too much of that divine commodity in the world."

There was a long silence.

CHAPTER X.

What the Dawn Brought.

The man rose from his seat at the foot of the bunk and, with restless strides, began pacing back and forth in the narrow limits of the little hut. The girl lay still, but her eyes followed him. Her thoughts were keeping step with his.

"There's not much faith in the world, that's true," she said presently. "And yet, that's not exactly the world's fault. When people haven't anything else to walk by, they have to walk by sight—" she hesitated a little there, feeling for the words she wanted. "It was so easy," she went on at last, "to clear you of the thing they thought you did yesterday. Couldn't you give them a chance to believe the truth about the other thing too? There must be something you could reveal about that old charge that would wash out the stain of it—something that would make Tom see the falsity of it as clearly as I do."

"No," he said; "that was never possible. It's less possible than ever now."

That involuntary admission told her much. If the thing she suggested were less possible now than it had been before, then, somehow or other, the vindication must have rested in Perry Hunter's hands. But the finality of his voice and the dumb agony she saw in his face, as he paced back and forth beside her, prevented her from following up the admission, or urging him any further.

He pulled himself up sharply and looked at his watch. "It will be daylight in two hours now," he said. "When it comes we'll signal to the

"You've Been Very Good to Me."

yacht and they'll send for you and take you away—you and this precious find you've made. In the meantime, you must go to sleep. You hardly slept at all while I was reading."

"I hardly dare go to sleep—not really deep asleep. If I did I'm afraid you'd turn out to be all a dream, and I'd find myself back in my stateroom on the yacht." She was speaking half in mockery, but there was an undertone of seriousness in her voice. "Think how unlikely it is that all this can have happened," she went on. "You said this morning you were going to leave us, and I watched you go.—How can it be anything but a dream that you were hanging aloft there in the sky, above the fog, ready to come plunging down when I cried out for help?"

"I told you once," he said not very steadily, "that one of us might be dreaming, but that one was not you."

"You will promise, then," she asked, "that if I go to sleep, I'll wake up here and not on the yacht, and that you won't have disappeared?"

"I promise," he said seriously.

He seated himself once more at her feet, switched off the fading light from the bull's-eye and drew the sleeves of her coat across his shoulders. "Good night," he said.

She answered drowsily.

Warmed a little, and oppressed by complete exhaustion, he fell asleep himself. He knew, at least, that he must have done so, when, rousing with a start and springing to his feet, he saw a ray of sunshine splashed golden upon the opposite wall of the hut. It must have been light for hours.

Very silently, very cautiously he unbarred the door and pulled it open. Before opening the outer door, he drew his revolver and spun its cylinder underneath his thumb-nail. If the repulsed party from the Walrus were camped near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering.

He pulled the outer door a little way open and glance slantwise up the beach. The brilliant light dazzled him and made it hard to see; but apparently there was no one there. Stepping outside, he turned his gaze inland, along the foot of the cliff. His mind was entirely preoccupied with the danger of a sudden rush of enemies from near at hand.

That is how it happened that, for quite a minute after he opened the door and stepped outside, he did not cast a single glance seaward. He did not look in that direction, until he saw that Jeanne, awakened by the daylight in the hut, was standing in the doorway. Her own eyes, puzzled, incredulous, only half awake, were gazing out to sea. The expression he saw in her face made him turn, suddenly, and look.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAWYERS' FEES IN GERMANY

They Are Fixed by Law and the Attorney Can Charge Neither More Nor Less.

Lawyers in Germany cannot advertise, and their fees are fixed by law, according to Dr. Hermann Haeussler, rechtsanwalt, of Berlin, Germany, who is at the New Willard. A rechtsanwalt is an attorney at law and counselor combined.

"The German law fixes the exact fees which a German attorney has to claim for all kinds of professional work, and the rechtsanwalt can charge neither more nor less. These fees are fixed whether the cases are criminal or come under the civil code. The amount depends exclusively on the value of the object of contention or the character of the crime. It is an old, though still unfulfilled, wish of German lawyers to have a new fixed list of fees, not made after the old low standard of the year 1878, but with consideration to the changes—numerous and decided—which have taken place since that year.

"The rechtsanwalt can never be a business man, as may the lawyer in the United States. The practice of the law is not considered a calling or profession, but is essentially a public office.

"According to the code of 1878, a lawyer is charged with certain public duties. He is obliged to have his residence in the town or district whence appointed. Further, he must conduct himself in and out of office in a manner befitting his professional and social standing—a duty devolving upon his rank. A lawyer is forbidden to advertise in newspapers, by canvassing, etc., or to buy or take over a practice already made, as being unworthy of his calling.

"His position in society is between that of officials and scholars," said Dr. Haeussler, "and through custom and law he is compelled to keep the position to the last degree. This compulsion to keep one's rank has given rise to the existence of committees, called anwaltskammern, whose duty it is to scrutinize the conduct of the members of the profession. These committees have a strict code of punishment, which includes the power to disbar or expel a lawyer from his calling.

"In this way the lawyers in Germany have a good and honored position. In fact, there is scarcely a country in which the lawyer enjoys more respect and confidence."—Washington Herald.

Ancient Suffragettes.

The suffragette is not new in England. As far back as 1641 "several gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives from the city" wanted to present a "no popery" petition. The commander of the guard, in obedience to the commons' command, "spoke them fair" and advised them to go home. They replied that they would return next day, and that "where there was one there would be 500." They proved as good as their word. Pym, the leader of the house in those days, did not prove so unyielding as Mr. Asquith, for it is related that he came to the door, thanked the women for the petition, and promised that it would have attention.

Headache Hat.

A hat with a circumference of some 5½ feet weighs about fourteen ounces as a rule—a winter hat made of fur. A man's silk hat, at the weight of which man universally raises a howl of woe, weighs six or seven ounces. Woman is supposed to be the weaker, and yet she bears this weight without a murmur, because it is the fashion. No wonder the big hat has been named the headache hat.