

## SYNOPSIS

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## CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"And you saw—"

"HIM! Yes, I saw him as plainly as I did that night on the lawn when he came from the window and hid behind the bushes and waited a hundred times more hideous. And he was making mouths at me or trying to say something or—Oh, I don't know what he meant, but anyway I heard from the window that he was coming. He came back instantly with the gun he has just bought, but there was nothing in sight then. Why is he haunting me? What can it be? He has a right to be here, he has a right to single me out from everybody else, and now again in the midst of all these horrible things he is doing he comes to my window at midnight! I am not afraid of him, I am not afraid and do not want to be alone a moment. I had to call up some protector to be with me this afternoon, so I rang you. You can imagine what the creature must have been like! He is a little, veined March, a nameless fear at the thought of the monster's apparently strange fascination for the sweet woman at his side, but still his voice is so strong and his eyes so dark and answered her he tried to present the matter in as light a form as possible."

"I am inclined to think like this," she said, "probably your frinket with its pale green likeness—"

"Yes, that was he familiar in his own world and which may have some symbolic meaning among his people, first of all attracted and interested and curiosity."

"And so he has come to me," March had to start his love making at the first opportunity—"and your sweetness and prettiness—" She checked

"Very well. We will assume then that you, personally, were a secondary character in the play, and that you were eliminated by the trinket. That should relieve your mind, and nothing is simpler than to leave him the ornament outside as a peace offering. Also, you may remember this house and its place where he received his first instruction in human beings, and last night in his prowlings he probably chanced this way and stopped for a moment

"Probably through coincidence pure and simple. Perhaps he merely wished to see what was inside. He sees like that. But why should he look in?"

"She removed her hands from her ears and, once more sat composedly. Of course it may be that what you say is true. But I don't know. I can't have any idea. I can't say. I can only use my own eyes. However, I think differently. I think it was a desire for revenge that brought him here, for that he is malevolent and revengeful. I think that he is a creature of evil. I remember, that he was first attracted, attacked before he had offered violence to us. You know Jack started to attack me. I don't know whether he was for several days afterward while we were getting well. It is possible that the creature knew that to be so, and that he was looking for a chance and some day he was looking for him. And again perhaps he was after me once more. Oh, I don't know, but I am sure."

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assistant I will be pleased to communicate with you further," she responded in a monotonous, businesslike voice. She leaned forward, looking down the stairs. "There comes Clay," she announced.

Displeasure amounting to anger, and disappointment approaching disgust pervaded Alan's being. After ten days of waiting, he had just been told that they were getting started on the right conversational track to have an exceedingly disagreeable third person who he had just left her house after staying in it for two days. The intrusion upon the scene was somewhat more than irritating. He would rather Clay had been the Flying Man himself, for at least then he could have resented the intrusion. He was not in the vigor, however, he must now tamely submit. However, he would ascertain if this was of Doris bringing about the end of the expected honeymoon. He inquired casually, "Is he coming?"

"No. It is entirely of his own motion."  
"Have you told him of your experience of last night?"  
"I have told no one but father and you."  
"And are you going to tell him?"  
"I do not know—not at present at least. He might infer that the Flying Man searching here for him and be worried because of his worry to me. I shall say nothing to him about it at present." She arose and went to the head of the steps to greet him smiling, her hand outstretched. He bowed over it, muttering something inaudible to March's ears, then nodded.

"Hardly expected to see you again," he said drily to the latter with one of his queer looks. The whole affair exasperated March. But a few hours before he had confessed to Doris that he was in love with her. For Doris for days, and it must look to Tolliver as though his rival, not daring to compete with him face to face, had been waiting for an opportunity to get out of his sight until his back was turned. And now this rush was turned to her upon the first intimation that there was nobody upon the field to dispute with him. Doris, however, relieved the situation somewhat.

"Yes, I sent for him and he was good enough to come. We had not had a chance to talk for some time, and both been rather busy, you know." "Clay did not seem in the least disturbed at the possibility that he had

"It was frightfully lonesome to be by myself after the delightful society of the past week, so I just absent-mindedly followed up my thoughts until I found myself here," he laughed. "Beautifully the way that flying animal misbehaving himself. Too bad I did not get him that first night and have all this commotion."

"If you had not attacked him it is quite possible no commotion would have arisen," she suggested mildly.

He seemed a trifle put out at that view of it.

"He Was Making Mouths at Me." Dave. He was after you, reaching for me, and of course I could not permit anything like that from man or beast the advance was repellent to you. You did not wish him to touch you?" "Most certainly not. But diplomatic attitude might have been more effective."

"Miss Doris, when it comes to protecting our women folks from the creases of this or any other world, I believe in the gunpowder treatment first and the diplomatic afterwards—if there is any afterwards. But if you are not a hasty person—"

"I am not criticizing, and you know how much I appreciated your motives. Let us talk about something else."

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"To be comfortable. But of course  
the two new aeroplanes were not  
like his old ones. They had no  
cushions to them." "Listen to that!"  
Overdread there came the peculiar  
clanking of the propellers stopping  
and starting quickly to the law that  
two new aeroplanes were speed-  
towards the little treeless plain.  
The two men looked at each other which  
had been set aside for their use."  
It is North and Luther arriving,"  
he told them. "I saw in the paper  
that you were coming here."  
North is an old friend of mine,  
and he has come down here to see  
how we go down and see him.  
He is quickly assented, and walking  
down the hill towards the gate.  
After passed out of the alighting place  
the planes. Her head uncovered,  
she looked up at the sky where  
at sunset, exceedingly fair of face  
fearfulness of form in her perfectly  
gray gown, no man passed her  
without admiringly adding  
when without self-deny. And proud  
her indeed were the two who

He gazed North busy about his machine, tightening this, loosening that, testing everything. He was a looking young fellow of about thirty-five, determined of face and of form and an aviator of the most rank, although almost the antithesis of the ill-fated Putnam. For the dead man had been boastful, North was modest, where one had been reckless the other was merely sure, and where obstinacy had been predominant in the former in the man now saw cool determination held in check.

He greeted March enthusiastically.

gladly glad to see you again, old friend. Remembered that this was your first time here, and you had to have been thinking of you and on all day. Maybe we won't have a good old time together once when I get that million. Be good to introduce me." He removed his slipper.

He happened to meet you, Miss Fulbright. He gazed at Doris with frank admiration. "Don't know as I blame you for the Flying Man, but I'm sure headquarters here." He saw the girl that fitted across the saw's and hastened to apologise. "Beg pardon, but I thought you'd dropped in on your presence, Miss Fulbright. I mean the Flying Man, not the other. He isn't half bad when you know him. Glad to know you, you know. I'll be glad to see you again. I wonder if your friends will excuse for just half an hour while I show me a decent place near here. I can get a bite to eat—merely half an hour, you know." Doris

you will both promise to return  
end of that time—"I shall  
be a contract," he took Alan by  
firm. "We have got to hurry by  
it, and these are busy days with  
us understand. Somehow I al-  
did have a hankering desire to  
millionaire and this is my first  
at it, he rattled on. Off  
the loiterers the two friends  
rapidly, leaving Clay and the  
ramble about by themselves  
they could not see. For fifteen  
was thereafter, and very contrary  
usual manner, Tolliver never  
thinking deeply seldom spoke  
he finally began to wonder mid-  
to the cause of it.

...a are feeling quite recovered by  
...he inquired at length. He  
...ed with an uneasy note in his

voice that caused her a slight perplexity.

"Yes, Miss Doris, that is, physically speaking. But mentally—she was unbalanced and seemed to be seeking for words he wished—"I am very much disturbed." She glanced at him quickly.

"May I ask about what?"

"You may if it is about your house," Doris thought. Those six days at your house brought my mental disease to a climax, that is, if it be true that talk of a disease is as disease as some psychologists would make us believe. I restrain myself from speaking to you about it while I wait for you, although I am sure you may be very sure it was ever the germ in my mind. Yet the truth comes when I live. Like murder, must be put in my case that time has come and you must listen to me for a few more minutes."

"The Claw, Mounting to Doris' Waist and Held Her for an Instant in His Grasp—  
"Happy or very wretched?" She averted her face that he might not see the warmth of her color, while he proceeded in a voice that was low and passion filled.  
"It is impossible that you with your own perception have not read my feelings towards you, for no woman could remain oblivious to such a palpable state of mind as mine has been towards you, Doris, have you not?"  
"Own?" Her face still remained averted, her voice unchanged.  
"I have realized that you have been kind, courteous, considerate. No woman could desire a more gallant admirer, since you assert that you have

"You suspicious nothing more than an inferior?"

"I think I am by nature unsuspicious."

"His dark face clouded with a slight displeasure. "Believe me, I am far too cautious to jest. "Doria, I have been in love with you with a love that has increased with each passing moment since the day I first met you. I have tried to make you understand it in many ways, and I am convinced that you have known it for months. And yet you wear a uniform kindness, and you have no apparent pleasure at seeing me. Have I fanned my hope until I have sometimes thought I would not be

"I might almost say tenderness," he said, "in hearing of this during these days of your disability." "I am not sure," she said, "with it. Therefore I came this afternoon to tell you that I love you as my life for ever, that I want you to be my life for ever, that I would never ever come when I shall be put to the test—and that above all things of earth I wish to marry you." "My eyes had brightened, his face had grown pale, his upper lip quivered with suppressed emotion, his hands were clasped together, his head bowed, his hair softened and the girl, glancing quickly sideways at him, thought handsome indeed. She answered quietly, half seriously, half lightly, "I am not sure, but I will be glad to be married and gratified to feel that he holds me a man so highly esteemed her."

They walked a dozen steps in silence. "Time," said he at last, "need not be considered the essence of this contract, should there be a contract even so. I will be content to wait any length of time if I may only come to hope. May I have that, Doris?"

"I will answer you tomorrow," she said. "Today, now," he begged. But she shook her head and he walked away from her with downcast eyes and a sad face until presently he spoke again.

"I am going to ask you what you

may consider to be an impertinent question. Of course you may ignore me as either, or refuse to answer as you please without any of offending me. Is there are you—"

"No," she interrupted quickly. "I am not promised to anyone else, if that is what you are alluding to." Instantly his face grew lighter and he even laughed a bit.

"I am to every cloud there is a silver lining," he said. "I was dreadfully frightened for a few moments and the relief is unexpressable. I beg your pardon for hinting at such a possibility. I still tomorrow (least, and continue to cherish hopes—yes even after that no matter what the answer may be. Tonight, even though it be for the first time, I shall revel in my dreams."

"I think we had better turn back

Back at his machine after his lunch North was testing the motor, March watching him with mild interest. Suddenly the aviator clutched his friend's arm with a grasp of steel, his face flown bloodless, his eyes staring. His voice coming in an awed whisper. "Great Maker of Miracles! Look up

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Pursuit of the Planes.

March 1918. The first of the exclamation burst from his own lips as well. Just rising from the nearby range, where he had doubtless been roosting as he watched, swinging wide over the plain, the two planes, the instant and two thousand feet up, marvelously distinct in the tenuous mountain air, the Flying Man was floating down, his wings spread wide, and his thin pinions. Alan had witnessed his flight with the ill-fated Putnam, but North, now seeing him for the first time, fairly awoke at the wonderful sight and the ease of the man's flight. For perhaps five seconds he gazed at him in fascination as he continued to squeeze his companion's arm and whisper to him. Then, he released his hold and gasped:

"Shade of Darius! Now that's the

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Instantly wild tumult and hoarse  
 howling burst forth. A hundred voices  
 followed the discovery at once and in  
 a moment a score of men and ma-  
 jors had leaped upon their seats with  
 shouts of warning to the fleeing  
 animals. The men and the horses  
 broke the earth as they achieved  
 their momentum for the upward leap.  
 Twenty great propellers were whirl-  
 ing, and the animals were being  
 driven rising in buzzing flight like a  
 herd of mammoth goats, they went  
 away in twos, threes and  
 clusters in the direction of North  
 and south. "Blue Dragon" was splitting  
 the air at nearly ninety miles an hour.  
 He had been flying for half an hour  
 already before they had fairly left the  
 ground and came down with a crash  
 at a snapping of wires, themselves  
 falling to the ground. The animals  
 springing to their feet practically un-  
 hurt. Their machines, however, were  
 broken and the men were calling down  
 imprecations upon their luck. The  
 soldiers' heads they could only stand  
 turned to the spot like other men and  
 watched the animals as they sped  
 million-dollar chase, when but for a  
 moment it occurred they would have been  
 in their hands. The greatest op-  
 portunity of lifting

mering because someone in the rustic haste had blundered. Small wonder that their rage was boundless. And now once more the Flying Man came. He came out of the crowd at them, out on masses of his hands, and then individually before he had made him. For a minute after North made his start the other remained as a spider suspended at the end of a thread, floating practically motionless. Then he came back to the other places arose and with his utmost force more than half way to he became active. Throwing himself forward upon a horizontal in much the same position as though he was about to swim in water, he gave a powerful stroke with his arms, and as the floating fish he leaped forward a hundred feet, and starting in a mighty

rels went whistling out over the hills, his score of pursuers instantly changing their course to a tangent in the opposite direction. And being that he by fair did so to the pursuers, he mightened his course into direct flight, and with his face turned back he might have seen them following him straight away. For the next half hour the Dragon and about half a dozen of the fastest of the machines seemed to follow him, but he did not stop for rest, unable to keep up any more, he gradually strung out behind like a kite's long tail. Whether he could have done otherwise he could not say, but as for the pursuers, the little provided they could keep him in sight. Whether they ran the risk of collision with the jagged mountain tops or level ground, made no difference to these seasoned sailors of the upper air, whose conception of association with death made them almost contemptuous of, and as grayhounds course a hare went whistling on with strained neck and outstretched wings, he was a hawk that sped as an arrow from a bow. Whether the pursued one was winging his best or only trifling with his pursuers he did not know, but this much was evident, doing his own best as they were, they were barely holding their own against him. He had no tactical advantage over his nearest consort, could not see that he had one a foot upon the enemy. To the speed and maneuvering of the one far behind the ones in the air seemed but distant floating specks, and by one by one the specks disappeared, until only the nearest observation loomed from the bosom of watching city.

The minutes had elapsed since  
 the first green, and the  
 which time March, grown to  
 spot, had stood staring after the  
 the sound of the bounding and  
 venthuslam mounting, the  
 beat as he thrilled with admiration  
 the skill and daring of the pursuers  
 the air, the whirling of the  
 capture of prey of the upper air. Car-  
 away by the excitement of it, he  
 in spirit down with North in his  
 the air, and the rushing of the  
 as he leaned forward in his seat  
 jockey rode a leaping rare horse,  
 the air, the rushing of the  
 at about him, the rush of the  
 him, the throbbing of the machine be-  
 him, the roar of the propeller  
 the air, the rushing of the  
 sweeping upward rise of the  
 time when they rose and rose as  
 the air, the rushing, upheaving  
 now, voluntarily  
 with a sharp intake as they  
 downward in a long dip as the  
 the air, the rushing of the  
 of a lord of the ocean when the  
 falls from beneath one's feet  
 as though he floated in  
 air, so rapid, so swift, so  
 below. Then the graceful rise  
 with the sudden plunge into air

A black and white illustration of a dragon flying over a landscape. The dragon is large, with its wings spread wide, and is flying towards the right. Below it, a small airplane is flying in the same direction, leaving a trail of smoke. The landscape below features rolling hills and a body of water in the foreground. The sky is filled with clouds.

er He Was Leading Them, None but Himself Could Guess.

ank that opposed them with a  
ess that caused the light plane  
adder and shiver at the impact,  
wherein the machine again  
a ship wallowing in a sea that  
kept her from stem to stern,  
baking herself free she once  
aced on, burning like a torped.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Noble Enough for Him.

"Of course you know, baron,  
y father is not in the remotest  
a nobleman." He—"Ray is  
beautiful one." A man who will  
s daughter a dowry of a mil-  
noble enough for me."



The Claw, Mounting to Doris' Waist  
Held Her for an Instant in Its Grasp



"He Was Making Mouths at Me" At

