

SYNOPSIS

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He felt the bottom drop from his stomach as she fairly legard across deadly air pockets where all below was like a vacuum, covering the gan an a great runner upon skees sweeping down and the state of the state of

the far distant bodies of space. But now finding himself upon earth one was borief. He must hunt her up immediately. In the scattering of the concourse before the flight of the aviators he had for an instant felt a slight worriment as to her safety, but the knowledge that Tolliver was with her and that his rival was fully completed to project her fand cased his before the contraction of the

t my own rife and share the shock. So today did desire to sit beside one hear the whistle of the ct, in spirit I did soar test, closed my eyes and

aviator friends. But I fear I am super-imaginative and that I am iaying myself open to ridicule. Ah I is see you are smiling aiready. I had feared so." March's smile grew broader.
"I presume we were all carried a little beyond ourselves by our enthalm.





things: Laugs of great capacity and |

power. This and seate but exceeds in larly tongs vings compressible within a direction when the seate of the legal of the



The Story of North.

Some three hours later and by the early moonlight the planes began to a continuous contin



considering fast this afternoon with her was rightfully his, had found a list fivral would eventually excuse it title consolation in the thought that he rival would eventually excuse thereby have the and that he would thereby have the and the her better on intention of departing, keeping his place close by her side and chatting easily and confidentially as they walked and ignoring March as much and the self-liment was over, had grown quiet as well.

All the gate she turned and gave them each a small, soft hand. "Parther mach a small, soft hand." "Parther would be her hands and ram up the well and the parther of them with an impartially distributed smille. "It was considerate of you to give me so much of your time, and it appread their hats and turned away, March lighting a cigar and Telliver a cigar that farewell. They touched their hats and turned away, March lighting a cigar and Telliver a cigar that inght was another miserable lone for Doria, in her sleeps he seemed to be suddenly litted and borne boddenly litte

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ow look here, March,"
od. "I am no Buttins)
a yours just say the wo
sep still, you idlot. 8
ng now." He faced to