

Summary of the More Important Happenings of the
Twelve-Month Here and Abroad.

by Harry Irving Greene

Copyright, 1912, by Harry Lexing Greene

Copyright, 1912, by Harry Irving Greene

SYNOPSIS.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Pausing not at all they went plunging down with the recklessness of despair, stumbled across the boulder-littered bottom, dragged themselves weak with exhaustion up the opposite slope and staggered to the summit as their foe, invigorated by a half-hour's rest, arose just ahead and continued his flight apparently as fresh as when he had started hours before. Reeling of brain and hopeless of heart, their breath coming in sobs, they followed.

[illegible]

surface of a table surrounded with pre-
cious clods carrying their wild and
wonderful life. The only thing that
except mountain sheep and wandering
agony. Was it in this inaccessible
place that the enemy was leading the
March could but vaguely remember
the first time he had seen the
just in time to see the other go down
the mountain. He had seen the
fall and his motives. For the first
time since the start he halted, hesi-
tating. He had seen the enemy
despair hurried back to the fallen ones
and turned him over. The eyes were
filled with a look of despair. He
that of a suffering fish and the head
rolling limp. Despair seized him
and he saw the enemy's hand
become like a dagger and his head
swam dizzy. He saw the enemy
his hand to the blood clots and
his throat like old parchment. He
saw the enemy's hand to the blood
to go on alone, yet go on he must
his last breath, his last step, his last
step. He saw the enemy's hand
self. He turned to preserve himself
and saw the creature beyond had
fallen. He saw the enemy's hand
quietly watching them. March ran
his hand across his eyes to close them
and saw the enemy's hand to the
not increasing the distance between
them, perhaps it was the enemy's
hand to the blood clots. He saw the
enemy's hand to the blood clots.

On the other hand should be rest for a while he would be able to take the pursuit with renewed vigor and perhaps at that time Clay would be able to accompany him. He thrust himself upon the rocks.

The desire to sleep fell upon his eyelids as a dead weight. Fatigue, dawning as an anesthetic, as he numbing as to require the utmost efforts of his will to keep it from stupefying his senses, possessed him from brain to toe. The pain was gone from his limbs—but in its place was the numbness of paralysis. His head, too, had ceased to reel, but it was his

[illegible]

the eyes of the prostrate one. The creature's face was plainly, then filled with a wild light. He struggled painfully to his feet, gazed about, saw the crouching form of the other, and, with a gasping, March cleft at his heels. For a short distance they proceeded in silence, the one leading, the other following. The crouching creature ahead to evidence that he either saw or heard the other, and a wild beast gave convulsive shudders. Then, as the other went on, he called the Flying Man crouching quick to rise, and, turning, the latter saw the eyes of his arm as the girl began to follow himself and those who were closing in on him. Doris had evidently seen him, for she had been heard for an instant, almost immediately letting it fall as she became aware of the Flying Man's presence. He thrust himself from the point where he had rested bodily into space and, heavily aloft the mountain side, that he had been seen. March felt convinced. Perhaps he had been far that day before, perhaps he had been seen by the house of the great for himself, but he was

Reeling of Brain, and Hopeless of Heart, They Followed.

perhaps he had been wounded by (the men of the flying machines and was gradually losing his strength—the possibility of one or more of his conjectures, being correct stimulates Alan like a glass of strong wine, and his legs becoming more limber again with use he pressed forward nearly as rapidly as he had upon the beginning of the pursuit. Tolliver, also greatly refreshed by his short slumber and working the stiffness from his muscles with every step also again ran almost lightly. Close upon each other's heels they raced over the uneven rocks.

They passed across a treacherous

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

of horror gripped his stomach up-
ill he became deathly ill and shivered
s, one with theague, the cold per-
piration bursting from his brow, weak
s a cat. He rolled over upon his face
with his fingers buried in his hair,
fighting back the deathly faintness
with all his powers of resistance. It
was too horrible to be real—therefore
it must be nightmare from which he
would presently awake, or falling in
that loss his senses to a verity. Human
reason could not long withstand
such agony.

A noise at his side brought him to
a sitting posture. Clay had regained
his feet and was staring about in a
bewildered way, his clothing in rags
and his incriminated hands twitching con-
vulsively. "I have rested and now I
am going to get her," he said in a

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

his follower's head.
"Fool, for the last time stand back!"
"I die as death March faced him."
"You are losing your head. If you
saved her as you pretend—if you were
grateful to her as you say, you would
welcome my assistance. If we rescue
her the honor shall be yours and if
she confirms your assertion I will
be satisfied to let her go again. But un-
less you yield an inmate of my castle
to her, if you know a way up
there at cliff I am going up it also, with
your permission if you will grant it,
without it if you deny me. The knowl-
edge of certain death would not pre-
vent me from going to the last step I
am able to take." He started forward
toward him with his eyes fixed steadily upon
him as he once before him, seeking to get his
hands upon him, disarm him and talk

and underestimated the desperation means mind that lay behind the dead weapon. From head to foot quivered like a wind-mimed reed.

Then if you will not listen to me shall die like the fool you have just been." Heavily the weapon fell, and Alan reeling threw up his hands, crying down upon the ground, while the other crouching just over its telled grey watched intently. But no sound came from the fallen one, no movement, and seeing his revolver back into his belt he went picking his way over jumbled mass, his lips muttering faint working as his glowing eyes told the disney way up which he had found himself in that desperate hour.

CHAPTER XI.

The Ascent.

For three hundred feet he slipped up the steep face of the black skyscrapers built by man the ice crevasses, spilt from the mountains by the wedges of the lightning during the summit by walls of ice absolute perpendicularity. He went of the past he had seen as it lay upon the summit, and therefore that there must be a trail leading up the precipitous fact that it was climbed inaccessible to humans.

Determined; therefore, that he would be the first human to try it for miles he had worked his way up the steeply searching eyes he sought for a path.

It must be made if he would attempt the ascent, found it at last, despite and scanty to the extreme yet

[illegible]

save the woman he sought, he was not a man of mean heart, but he imagined that in any way impede his progress. He was not a man of mean heart, but he imagined that in any way impede his progress. He was not a man of mean heart, but he imagined that in any way impede his progress.

through his disordered mind there
 a riot a strange melody of the riot
 the unreal! Well enough he knew
 that he was scaling this height to
 see the woman whom he loved, yet
 now conceived the Flying Man to
 of the supernatural, a winged mon-
 ster of the inaccessible cliffs, a dragon
 a poisonous cavern that lay be-
 yond the height of the cliff. It was
 the right chosen from all others because
 his superior strength and valor to
 perch and play him at the portals of
 the rock bound domain. Well, alas
 he would beyond the shadow of a
 dub, but already the sun was getting
 low; the climb was still long and des-
 tinate and he must be on his way last
 and certain death should over-
 take him fastened against the blank

scanned the cliff. Just above and was another projection which used a foothold could he but it, and burying his fingers in a and finding an inch wide support his foot he drew himself upward. The slightest slip of hand meant the death now, and again gripped the stone until grew white and bloodless from strain. Slowly he raised himself, another grip and another tiny and with an effort that sent blood surging to his temples at himself gasping one notch up. Here again the ascent became less precarious for a ways, and or half-hour found him within a

...to plunging the whole cascade
...a rocks below, but a last
...struggle saved him and weak
...remembrance of the support of
...the three himself down safely
...the edge. For a moment he
...men cautiously arose and looked
...the men far distant western peak
...the balance like a broad and
...poised delicately. His horizontal
...swept the plateau upon which he
...but the heat that had gripped
...him during the day of frenzied
...the vesting of the vesting
...in plain air. Oh, that awful pursuit!
...rain had seethed as a cauldron,
...rain roiled like a drunken man's
...numbered—responding to the
...the huge power of his
...as the unfeeling plating of a ma-
...the uncanny flying monster
...ing the woman of his heart over

his back and borne him down
old man of the sea. At times
he occurred lively, though he
the back and borne him down
March! He shot him? No,
only seemed to him that he had,
and he died dead upon the
ground. What if that had not been
he had been compelled to carry
on his back all day he would
have been dead, as the others
would have reached it in ad-
vice of the first one and born pre-
sented him dead upon the
ground, muffled a dead man or two in
the like this when a dragon was to
kill and a prince—a princess,
and a king, and a lady, and a
prince, a single episode would more
the bark of a beast than the
of a human voice. He turned
back to the plateau.

Isolation, it stretched away in
a sweep, on either hand, chaotic
and broken, with a few trees
or mountain makings—a junk
of the unusable fragments—
thin. Tossers little as pebbles,
and the trees were strewn
scattered broadly, grouped in

Alan Came Crashing Down.

ated a battlefield well planned for combat to come, for around these self masses he could creep like a tiger until he could find the dragon. Having found him—

It interested all, throbbing, pulsing, ringing in his ears like the of a sea shell. It hung quivering the air, lying upon him as a smooth weight and filling all infinity. The exhaust of his lungs was lost in unechoing vastness, and when he reached too carelessly his voice was washed from his lips and its wreckage floated in the void until but the perished ghost remained.

pered ghost remained.



Alan Came Crashing Down

seemed a battlefield well planned for the combat to come, for around these jumbled masses he could creep like a panther until he could find the dragon, and spring for his skin.

"Shoo!" It hovered all throbbing, pulsating, ringing in his ears like the voice of a sea-shell. It blew guttering in the air, lying upon him as a smothering weight and filling all infinity. The rapid exhaust of his lungs was lost in its unceasing vastness, and when he uttered incoherently his voice was snatched from his lips and its volume dissipated in the void until but its whispered ghost remained.

