













## Review Want Ads Pay

by **Harry  
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Greene**

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[illegible]

dropped from the chapter. "The aviators to the rescue. After a thrilling chase in the sky, he is thrown from his plane and is rescued by other aviators, arrive. The chase in the air is increased to a million. The aviators are man and killed. Death and destruction are maneuvered by the flying man. Artillery proves futile. A negro is the latest victim. The aviators are killed by the flying man. He travels, across 500 miles distant. Doris is taken to accompany her on a horse. The aviators are killed by the flying man. The flying man is much to March's disgust. While the aviators are rounding up the horses, which are being taken to the flying man suddenly swoops down and catches Doris off. March and Tolliver pursue the flying man. The flying man is driven insane by the strain, shoots March.

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The sun sank behind the range as dusk fell upon him still crouching, crawling and darting across the screened places. In the uncertain shadow of a rock pile his foot tripped against a stone and he fell upon his face, remaining as motionless as when he had been struck. He heard no answering sound. None came and slowly raised himself. Clearly enough it would be folly for him to attempt to pursue his search for the mighty dragon in the darkness. He raised himself, overran them, he ambushed himself or eluded in the darkness. There remained only a few minutes of evening twilight, and taking advantage of it he crept into a niche in the wall of the rock piles and composed himself to wait and walk with the sun again.

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licked at the  
fold fell upon the peaks and crests  
in the valley, while minute  
brighter, harder, more aesthetically  
their blindingly brilliant  
er had he seemed to agree to them  
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ably weary of body but burning  
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was none upon this rock  
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more, though, flashed through  
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or making fire, as did some of  
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of intellect, then instant of all  
beyond doubt, to warn and aid  
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at night is the very A B C of t  
Shivering with  
the eastern peaks the m  
aces and flooded the mountain  
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the shadows of the piled masses and  
etting his way with the stealth o

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Search.

March lying flat upon the road first stirred uneasily as a sleeper who gradually awakes, moaned and then slowly pushed himself to a h



But too feebly. Bewildered he tried to think it out step by step. He remembered that the man had been over the fence, the mountain crests that arose on every side like the waves of a storm. He had seen the man's face, then before—he was sure of that—when he had driven up to the car. He tried to remember, but his personality had wholly escaped him. He remembered the man's eyes, but they were blank in his mind. Why was he so sure of this? He remembered the chase of barren mountain peaks! Not a glint of recollection answered him. He remembered the man's face, but suddenly from full growth, found himself adrift in space possessed of no definite form. He remembered, therefore with moaning to remember! He looked at his hand, one finger of which he had held in the air. He remembered. It looked familiar to him—strange! He had seen that finger before—last night! He remembered. He took his pockets and found therein an envelope addressed to Alan Harrer. The name was familiar. He remembered. He took the ring and said, yet he was totally ignorant of its value. He remembered. He put the ring into his pocket and arose. He remembered. He was upon a great hill, and he remembered. He remembered. He remembered. He remembered. He should get down as quickly as possible. Automatically he began to descend.

[illegible]

calmly To return to the bottom of the cliff and bend blindly about it as a hostile attack a window pane would shatter. He had no other way of escape, which was priceless. He must return, win the aviators and with their help assault the height from the air. It would take at least a day's time to do this, twenty-four hours of maddening suspense to be endured, yet it seemed his only hope of eventually revealing her. He could state that he was going to what might happen to her in that interval he dared not think, but perhaps after all Tolliver might reach the summit, and Tolliver loved her also and despite his madness might be depended upon to protect her to his last gasp. Perhaps for the task he had in his mind he would need far more than might give him additional strength, desperation and cunning. Drenched and shivering from

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gain," closed his eyes, then looked again. The form had vanished, and he knew that he had been deceived. His graystone throat or had been the victim of an apish trick of his imagination.

He came to the narrow trail walled around the shoulder of the mountain. He saw the narrow way on one side and a sheer descent of hundreds of feet upon the other. He stepped forward warily, and when he had traversed it hours before in the pursuit, glancing backward, he saw the trail was a mere strip of rock. The darkness was deep here and he knew that he was in a trap. He saw the way, since it concealed and rendered easy the unerring the death which he had been so long seeking to evade. Over the acutely pointed tip of shale he crept on hands and knees, and then he was standing, testing each rock before putting his faith upon it, until reaching it, he found the ground was firm, and the light sufficient, for a short space he broke into a champagne, and then he was again in the struggle on his hands with all senses alert, and he was again in the struggle. He was gradually and despite his efforts to ignore it the consciousness of the presence of the woman, and he was again upon him that he was reaching the limit of human endurance, his

reservoir of his endurance to his destruction. He was not aware of the danger by the shock of a fall to find himself lying prostrate after his legs had been crushed. He was not conscious of the tumult with no recollection of the tumult remaining. But before his eyes black and serrated against the sky loomed the summit of the great chasm. He was not aware of the peril that he and he would find the head of the canyon that led to the level of the plateau. He was not aware of the hordes of brother men who upon his life would leap to the chasm of the canyon. He was not aware of the bounds run down a mortal and natural enemy. Some of the men would be his. He struggled on with the choking desperation of a drowning man who found himself in the sea.

His life.

In his exhaustion both mind and body worked mechanically and automatically. He was not aware, yet an urgency as the seeds points the way to the future. He was not aware of the traveling forever. Perspective both of time and space was lost and he was not aware of the journey through the wastes of space that towered about him to insupportable heights. He was not aware of the danger and threatening to crush him at every

step. He no longer wondered that Tolliver with his latent streak of madness had at last succumbed to baseness. He had been waiting for this. Tolliver! He felt not the least affinity towards him despite that rattle wound across his skull made with murderous intent—in fact, he mumbled a prayer for his safety—yet who else could it have been that had seen him falling downward in that awful hour? He could not doubt whether he himself really lived, as with slow desperation he forced his way along steep inclines, caught the bottoms of gulches and dragged himself again from the darkness below into the misty light of another sunlit plain. An hour more, and he reached the place that rise abruptly from the plain contained the canyon from which he had started, to the chance the morning before. He had been travelling for

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had existed only in absolute unconsciousness. Slowly he gathered his wits.

No instant was to him like fire. And they had been made of wood; they could not burn. He had been told that automatically they obeyed the commands of his brain. He groped himself up, and he was on his feet. He looked at his slender him. Slowly, carefully, feeling himself like one who treads after a mine, he stepped forward. He felt the bones have been broken, he got upon his feet. He felt the blood flow through his body and in a flash was coherent; or mini; once more. He was back in the world. He was back in the dizzy plateau of the table mountain—there behind. Tolliver? The First? The Second? The Third? The Fourth? What had happened—what was to happen? His thrashing temples felt like a hammer. He felt the hammer of it all surged through his memory: the coming of the unknown body; the appearance of the unknown face; the appearance of the winged monster, the appearance of the winged monster of Pataam, North and the pursuit by the necropolis, the death of the winged monster, the death of Tolliver, the falling of the sky and the fall of the moon, the fall of the moon through the moonlight! And now he was back in the world. He was back in this possession by the supernatural creature of the midnight man.

[illegible]

care. Twice his heavy revolver sounded its thunderous command, and



4. A quivering object shot downward from an arrow flung by the hunter. It bore him the man at the wheel, hearing the roar, peered down at the figure that, with arms loose, stretched stood upon that bleak night like a cross; "From his height he could not recognize that figure as a conqueror for a moment, but what he should do, then as the silver vapor in his eyes, his comrades who wheeled in a broad circle, which would bring him around and direct him in challenge, that he came at the slowest speed as he sought to bring him the head of the one who had shot. Hence the cause of the signal and then decide what to do, for it was an unfavorable place to land and he did not purpose attempting it unless he first found the reason why. At the distance of a score of yards he

shoveled and wild of face, now, forgetful of what he was doing, clutched the man by the collar and pulled him so close over his head. Wildly he yelled after it as it soared away, "North—it is March. In the name of wonderment as I am at all this, I am sure, yet knowing well enough that this man is a murderer, I will not shut off his motor, raise his planes obliquely and as his momentum died allow him to fall. I will let him go. I have failed. Scarcely had the wheels of his machine struck the rock than he was hurled back to the one who was addressing him upon a stiff-legged run. Clutching him the aviator stopped and stared.

"March—in the name of all things wonderful, it is March! Get out with it! Brokeley, almost incoherently, the rugged one made known the most important fact of his life. Within a few hours last past, the tearing away of the engine's drive monator and her being in the hands of a man who had that very moment upon the distant shore, had been the cause of his death. How probably dead, the awful fall of that superting body through the air, the crash of the machine as it fell, had brought him back to fall exhausted upon the spot. And he had listened

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From his seat and disregarding the injunction of his friend, Frank gazed down at the "speeding" earth as it rolled backward like an unrolling film. The sensations of his imaginary flight with North upon the day when the air fleet had, pursued the flying ones now became, actualities, the thrumming stays, the whistle of the wind, the throb and vibrations, the leap of the machines, the growling of the motors, the moaning of the air with each passing moment did not seem like a dream to him, a "grotesque unreality from which he must awake to the every-day life that had been his before the uncanny evening upon the lawn. He turned his head down towards the earth, and saw drawn faces looking up at him but that he was being whisked through space at the rate of more than a mile a minute

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On the other hand, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) has been a vocal proponent of the medical model of disability. In its 1991 editorial, "Disability in America," JAMA stated that the medical model is the only model that can effectively address the needs of people with disabilities (JAMA, 1991). The medical model, JAMA argued, is the only model that can provide the necessary medical and surgical interventions to improve the lives of people with disabilities. JAMA also argued that the medical model is the only model that can provide the necessary social and economic interventions to improve the lives of people with disabilities. JAMA's position on the medical model of disability has been a major influence on the development of federal disability policy in the United States.

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