

The Flying Man

Harry Irving Greene

"The Lash of Circumstance," "Barbara of the Snows"

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"Now, what the mischief ails those brutes?" he exclaimed angrily as he started in quick pursuit, loudly commanding them to whom Tolliver, equally provoked at the actions of his own beast, was hurrying along by his rival's side as he called his animal by name.

"They must have winded some beast up there in the mountains and become uneasy. They are not particularly frightened—just restless. See! They have stopped already," he exclaimed. A hundred yards further down the pass the beasts had stopped short in their scamper, and wheeling about were now awaiting the approach of their masters, their ears pricked forward and tails jerking nervously. Rapidly the men pressed on to capture them while the opportunity ofered.

And then from behind them there arose a scream so shrill, so penetrating, so awful in its horror that their blood curdled within them and their hearts seemed to stop at its first wild note. They spun upon their heels with every nerve bristling. "My God," gasped Clay, reeling as though from a fierce blow in the face, while March, sickened to the very core of his soul by what he saw, felt a deathly faintness sweep over him. Doris, a hundred yards away from them and to all appearances already unconscious from terror and shock, was being lifted bodily from the earth by the Flying Man. Again the horses were stampeding down the canyon with terrified snortings.

With an inarticulate cry of horror March jerked his revolver from his pocket and went leaping backward towards her, Tolliver racing by his side with weapon in hand. But even as they made their first step the winged one, leaping into the air as lightly as a tiger who hears but a fawn leap a jungle deadfall, he smote the air with his tremendous wings. Upward he forged with swift beatings,

thought he struck the weapon from the other's hand and sent it ringing upon the stones. Without pausing to see what his ertswlike rival's next move would be he went dashing up the canyon in wild pursuit, his eyes fastened upon those above, the horror of one who faces the rack freezing him to his very vitals.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Clutch.

During the first five minutes of his frenzy Alan, little better than an insane man, ran frantically along the gently rising and fairly level floor of the gulch, striving with every nerve and muscle to keep pace with the creature above, calling Doris by name, shouting hoarsely at her captor, who still shielding himself behind the other, gazed silently back at him from over the top of her head as he flapped himself further and further into the distance in a half backwards, half sidewise flight. Then with the gradual return of reason as his wind began to desert him he realized the utter futility of so exhausting himself that he could no longer pursue, and with an effort fought himself back to self-control and logical reasoning. He glanced back, Tolliver, staring fixedly upward, was just coming up on a panting run and would have passed him without speaking or slackening his pace had not March seized him as he was going by. The look upon Clay's face caused another shiver to vibrate down Alan's spine. "Tolliver!" he cried sharply.

"Let me go, Release me, damn you," he yelled as he raised his revolver as if about the strike the other down. Alan shook him fiercely.

"Listen to me," he commanded. "If after I have spoken you still insist upon senselessly exhausting yourself you may do so. But harken to what I say first. Hesitating, seeming to but half comprehend what the other was saying Clay lowered his weapon and spoke as best he could between breaths.

"It is unspeakably horrible, but we must keep our senses if we would do our best. And we must work together and coolly if we would hope to save her. We must keep on as rapidly as we can without exhausting ourselves, and manage somehow to keep him in sight. He is pretty heavily burdened and I don't believe he can go far without stopping to rest. We must not run ourselves into the blind staggers at the outset, for once out of our sight we would stand little chance of finding him again. Neither would it do any good for one of us to go back for help, for all the aeroplanes are away. What is to be done must be done by us. And may the good Lord give us strength." Tolliver not answering and making no sign that he had heard was keeping about a yard in advance.

They went scrambling up a sharp incline and arrived at the top breathing sharply. Despite their efforts they had lost sight of the creature for a few moments during the climb, but as they now mounted the crest they caught sight of him once more seated upon a cleft in the rock wall perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead, the girl closely clasped in his arms and to all appearances still unconscious. For the first time since her scream had horrified him March was conscious of a gleam of hope. The girl's weight was a heavy handicap for the flying one, and he would of necessity have to make more and more frequent stops as he proceeded. With Clay to help him it might be that they could get the other in such a position that he could not shield himself from both at the same time, and then all might be well after all. Both himself and his companion were good pistol shots, and given half a chance could probably disable the brute. And now as the trail ran downward again they broke into a fast trot once more.

Motionless the one upon the cleft watched them until they had come within a couple of hundred yards, eyeing them with the motionless alertness of an eagle upon his eyrie, then spreading his wings launched himself into open space. The noise of his heavily beating wings came plainly to their ears, his flight was irregular and labored like that of a hawk bearing away a chicken, or an eagle a lamb, and so long as the traveling was good the struggling pair in pursuit nearly kept pace with him. Half a mile farther on, however, the canyon bed again became a steeply rising jumble of rocks, and up this they went laboriously. And once again when they reached the summit they saw the object of their pursuit just arising from the trail after a moment's rest and but a stone throw ahead of them, yet still shielded as cunningly as ever by the body of the girl. So on and on they went with the perspiration streaming from their bodies and their hearts thudding heavily, but with the grim determination to follow until exhausted nature bereft them of the power of movement and left them prone and gasping upon the rocks. Tolliver, still a few paces in advance, threw aside his coat with a curse of impatience at its weight, and March, after a minute's consideration, did likewise. It bid fair to be a chase that would draw their strength to the last ounce and wear their endurance to the bone, therefore one could not well crawl too light. His collar and vest

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quickly followed the first garment, and feeling far more free of action and breath by thus having rid himself of those cumbering things, he quickened his pace with a step which once more fell lightly.

An hour had passed with no permanent change in their see-saw positions. As the Flying Man had led the air craft by a distance unvarying to the eye, so now did he lead the tolling two who hung so grimly on his course.

Then by reason of the steepness or roughness of their path he got so much as half a mile ahead, he would promptly stop and refresh himself until they had come up within a few hundred yards, whereupon he would founder up with difficulty and resume his flight with heavily beating wings. Noon with its horizontal sun found both pursuers suffering acutely. Despite the coolness of the mountain air their clothing was drenched with perspiration, their limbs racked, their heads swam, their feet tortured, their breath came in wheezing gasps. Yet without pause and without a word uttered they struggled on, first one forging to the lead and then the other, passing and being passed alternately as the footing favored or retarded, sliding down sharp inclines to the rattle of following stones, scrambling up painful ascents where they left the blood of their hands and knees upon the sharp rock edges, sometimes stumbling into a fall that tore ragged gaps in their clothing and raked the skin from their limbs, their mouths half open, their limbs shaking, their breath whistling, their eyes forever glued upon the retreating one who, with a brief rest for every mile, still baffled them as maddeningly

to go on alone, yet go on he must: his last breath, his last step, his last crawl, and Clay must take care of himself. He turned to nurse his way and saw that the creature beyond had already settled to the rocks and was quietly watching them. March ran his hand across his eyes to clear them from the sweat. Since the other was not increasing the distance between them, perhaps it would be wise upon his part to rest also. Should he continue on in his present condition it would be but a short time before he would collapse as Clay had done, and then there would be no eye to mark the direction of the monster's flight. On the other hand should he rest for a while he would be able to take up the pursuit with renewed vigor, and perhaps by that time Clay would be able to accompany him. He threw himself upon the rocks.

The desire to sleep fell upon his eyelids as a dead weight. Fatigue deadening as an anesthetic, so 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 this numbness of paralysis. His head, too, had ceased to reel, but it was humming like a hive. Fighting unconsciousness with all his strength of body and will he raised himself to a sitting position and again looked ahead. The enemy was squatting where he had alighted last, his head drooping forward and his hand resting on the form of the girl whom he had laid at his feet. That he was not asleep a slight uneasy movement now and then indicated, but that he was very weary his sunken attitude gave strong evidence. Although his body was not unprotected by that of his captive, the distance was too far to precipitate matters by a pistol shot which if it hit either of them might almost as likely strike the girl.

Again slumber, so nearly overmastering that for a moment the world swam darkly before his eyes, surged down upon the watcher, and again March was compelled to painfully bestir himself to keep from unconsciousness. He forced his eyelids apart, threw back his head and breathed to the bottom of his lungs. His respirations grew more regular, less frequent. He felt his head begin to clear and fresh strength surge through his limbs. Strong, active and in perfect health his recuperative powers were unusually good, yet the last three hours of incessant scramble and run, slide and climb, stumble and fall had been severe enough to sorely tax the most hardened mountaineer. But he had rested for fully half an hour now and once more felt capable of resuming the grind. The first grisly horror which had gripped him had given way to cold desperation. He arose, stretched his stiffened limbs and walked awkwardly to Tolliver, showing him with his foot. "Get up," he roughly commanded.

POULTRY

FOOD VALUE OF MANY EGGS

Though Nearly Half Water, Their Contents Are Extremely Nutritious—Comparison With Meat.

Many persons often ask what an egg is made of, but strange to say few ever find out to their entire satisfaction. A test at the department of agriculture shows that the white of an egg is nearly seven-eighths water, the balance being nearly pure albumen. The yolk is slightly less than one-half water. This is true of the eggs of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. In comparing the eggs of these various birds the department of agriculture quotes the following figures:

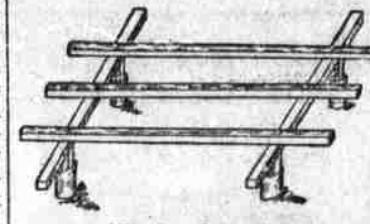
Hen eggs, 50 per cent. water, 16 per cent. protein, 36 per cent. fat. Goose eggs, 44 per cent. water, 19 per cent. protein, 36 per cent. fat. Duck eggs, 46 per cent. water, 17 per cent. protein, 36 per cent. fat. Turkey eggs, 48 per cent. water, 18 per cent. protein, 33 per cent. fat.

Of course, farmers understand that protein goes to make muscle and blood, while fat is fuel for running the machinery of the body. Thus it will be seen that eggs, though half or nearly half water, are extremely nutritious, containing all the elements required for the building and support of the body. There is no truth, however, in the old saying that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of steak. It would be nearer correct to estimate a pound of eggs as being equal to a pound of lean steak in nutritive value.

MAKE PERCHES MITE-PROOF

Made of 2x4 Stuff, There is No Place for Little Insects to Hide—Kerosene Does Work.

The simplest constructed perch we can get, if it gives satisfaction should be the one to build. There is no place for the mites to hide, even should they get on these perches. The perches are made of 2x4 stuff with one edge rounded, the pieces that form the support for the perches are of the same material as the perches, also that of the legs, which are one foot long, which makes the perches 18 inches from the floor. Sufficiently high for convenience and not so high that when fowls jump from them,



Mite-Proof Perches.

they will bruise their feet, causing "Bumble-foot," broken legs or breast bones. The legs should fit the cans loosely so that in removing them to facilitate cleaning out the droppings, the cans will not be overturned. The cans should contain an inch or two of kerosene or coal oil at all times, and there is no possible chance of any mites, big or little, getting by.

INDUSTRIOUS HEN LAYS EGGS

Fowl Should Not Be Compelled to Remain Idle by Being Cooped Up in Filthy Quarters.

The hen is naturally industrious, and she should not be compelled to remain idle by being cooped up in dark, filthy quarters, where drafts are prevalent, the floor without some good litter and surroundings otherwise unhealthy. Rather encourage her to work by providing her with good, comfortable quarters. Construct a good scratch shed, but if this be impossible then construct a dropping board under the roosts and place the litter upon the floor of the coop. Permit all the light possible. Scatter the grain food in the litter and let old birds scratch for it to her heart's content. Avoid feeding moldy food and provide drinking water in plenty. During the bitter cold weather slightly warm the water for the convenience of the fowls. Remember, the working hen is the one that will shell out the eggs, while the idle one will not lay.

Varieties of Ducks.

Today we have 11 acknowledged varieties of ducks, viz.: Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen, Indian Runner, Crested White, White Muscovy, Colored Muscovy, Cayuga, White Call, Gray Call and Black East Indians.

For real practical purposes, I only recommend the first four classes and in the order that I have named them, the Pekin being the most extensively bred and probably as good as an all-round market duck as there is today; but they are the most timid, and consequently more liable to get panic-stricken when raised in large numbers, says a writer in an exchange. Standard weight of adult drakes, eight pounds; ducks, seven pounds. As to laying qualities the Pekins are outclassed only by a single breed. It is a common thing for a Pekin cock to lay from 100 to 125 eggs in a single season.

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STREET CAR SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MARCH 1, 1913. ZILICOA AND RETURN 6:00, 6:15, 6:30 a. m.

Sunday schedule differs in the following particulars: Car leaves square for Manor at 6:00 a. m., return 6:15.



Doris Was Being Lifted Bodily From the Earth by the Flying Man.

upward and away, shielding himself perfectly from the drawn weapons of those below by the form of the one he bore, peering malevolently over the top of her head with his enormous insect-like eyes at those who were raging below like men bereft of their reason. With brain reeling as though he would go mad March glanced at Tolliver. His rival's face was distorted almost beyond the semblance of a human being, his eyes filled with the dull glare of stark madness, his teeth bared like a wounded panther's, his big revolver already raised for the shot which even though it missed the girl and pierced the forehead of the one who bore her must bring her also crashing down upon the rocks to certain mutilation and death. With the quickness of

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

as during the first hour. And above all was the incessant torment of their thirst.

One o'clock found them upon the edge of a ravine, deep and precipitous, its bottom a jumbled mass of huge boulders that through the untold centuries of the past had gone crashing to its bottom from the mountain's top. Just ahead of them the winged one was flapping in direct flight for the other side, while they traveling upon their blistered feet must first descend the dizzy slope to its lowest depth, clamber across its chaotic bottom and struggle painfully up the other side—a good mile of heart-breaking struggle against a half mile's unimpeded flight. But 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.

At two o'clock March, suddenly arousing himself, found that he had been struggling on in a daze, a semi-conscious state wherein he had stumbled along as in a dream as he clambered over jagged, upheaved masses and dragged himself painfully up steep ascents that led ever up and up towards distant and towering peaks that receded as steadily as he approached; his eyes ever fastened upon a grotesque flying thing that alternately flapped onward like a man-

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