SERIAL STORY

The FLYING

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The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, annufacturer of the celebrated "Mernury" automobile, loses her way. The sar has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to lirect it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up he Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench has disinherited his son, who is a disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but bresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engeged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the foung man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and pecognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadrantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he still try to educate her indifferent cousin to the hospital in Massachusetts, the same thing wrecked the leader at the last Beach race and dashed him through the fence. Do you know what

CHAPTER V.

There was a change in the Ffrench affairs, a lightening of the atmosphere, a vague quickening and stir of healthful cheer in the days that followed. The somber master of the house met it in Bailey's undisguised slation and pride when they discussed the successful business now taxing the factory's resources, met it yet again in Emily's pretty gaiety and content But most strikingly was he confronted with an alteration in Dick.

It was only a week after his first morning ride with Lestrange, that any of them," Bailey insisted. Dick electrified the company at dinser, by turning down the glass at his knuckle of my own machine broke unplate.

"I've cut out claret, and that sort of thing," he announced. "It's bad for the nerves."

His three companions looked up in complete astonishment. It was Satursay night and by ancient custom Bailey was dining at the house.

"What has happened to you? Have with sarcasm.

"It's bad for the nerves," repeated Dick. "There isn't any reason why I Ir nerve'

Mr. Ffrench contemplated him with then, the lightly treated episode! the irritation usually produced by the display of ostentatious virtue, but it," advised Dick's disturbed tones found no comment. Emily gazed at the table, her red mouth curving in Friday and Saturday, Balley, not us." apite of all effort at seriousness. "You're right, Mr. Dick," said Bai-

ley dryly. "Stick to it." And Dick stuck, without as much as a single lapse. Ffrenchwood saw went on, the village and factory much. He lost some weight, and ac-

quired a coat of reddish tan. Emily watched and admired in silence. She had not seen Lestrange again, but it seemed to her that his influence overlay all the life of both house and factory. Sometimes this showed so plainly that she believed Mr. Ffrench must see, must feel the silent force at work. But either he did not see or chose to ignore. And Dick was incautious.

"I'm going to buy one of our roadsters myself," he stated one day. "Can I have it at cost?"

Mr. Ffrench felt for his pince-nez. "You? Why do you not use the @mousine?" "Because I don't want to go around

im a box driven by a chauffeur. I want a classy car to run myself. I've been driving some of the stripped cars, Eately, and I like it."

"I will give you a car, if you want one," answered his uncle, quite kindly. "Go select any you prefer."

"Thank you," Dick sat up, beaming. "But I'll have to wait my turn, we've orders ahead now. Lestrange says I've no right to come in and make some other fellow wait."

Mr. Ffrench slowly stiffened. "We do not require lessons in ethics from this Lestrange," was the cold rebuke. "I shall telephone Bailey to

send up your car at once." Rupert brought the sixty-horse-power roadster to the door, three hours later. And Emily appreciated that Lestrange was discreet as well as compelling, when she found the blackeyed young mechanician was detailed to accompany Dick's maiden trips; which duty was fulfilled, incidentally,

with the fine tact of a Richelieu. In May there was a still greater accession of work at the factory. In addition, the first of June was to open with a twenty-four hour race at Beaci track, and Lestrange was entered for it. Exchement was in the air; Dick couse in the house only to eat and

The day before the race, Mr she heard an echo, as if the two young that way."

his niece was reading.

"I want to see Bailey," he said briefly. "Do you wish to drive me Mr. Ffrench frigidly inquired. down to the factory, or shall I have Anderson bring around the limou the new drill is acting." Bailey pulled

"Please let us drive," she exclaimed, rising with alacrity. "I have not been to the factory for months."

"Very good. You are looking well, Emily, of late." Surprised, a soft color swept the

face she turned to him. "I am well. Dear, I think we are all

better this spring.' "Perhaps," said Ethan Ffrench. His bitter gray eyes passed deliberately change." over the large room with all its traces of a family life extending back to pre-

Colonial times, but he said no more. It was an exquisite morning, too virginal for June, too richly warm for May. When the two exchanged the sunny road for the factory office, a north room none too light, it was a moment before their dazzled eyes perceived no one was present. This was Bailey's private office, and its owner

had passed into the room beyond. "I will wait," conceded Mr. Ffrench. dismissing the boy who had ushered them in. "Sit down, Emily; Bailey will return directly, no doubt."

through the fence. Do you know what it means to the driver of a machine hurling itself along the narrow verge of destruction, when the steeringwheel suddenly turns useless in his grasp? Can you feel the sick helplessness, the confronting of death, the compressed second before the crash? Is it worth while to risk it for a bit of costless steel?"

The clear realism of the picture forced a pause, filled by the dull roar and throb through the machinerycrowded building.

"They were not our cars that broke,

"Not our cars, no. But the steeringder my hands last March, on the road and if I had been on a curve instead of a straight stretch there would have been a wreck. As it was, I brought her to a stop in the ditch. There is no other thing that may not leave a fighting chance after it breaks but this leaves absolutely none. I know, you both know, that the steeryou been attending a revival meet. ing-wheel is the only weapon in the driver's grasp. If it falls him, he goes out and his mechanician with him."

Emfly paled, shrinking. She reshouldn't like to do anything other membered the road under the maples the track to ask me to demean myself fellows do. Les-that is, none of the and Lestrange's laughing face as he by acting like a messenger boy. All men who drive cars ever touch that leaned breathless across his useless right?" wheel. That was what it had meant,

> "You'd better fix it like he wants "Remember, he's got to drive the car

"It's not alone for my racer I'm speaking, but for every car that leaves the shop," Leetrange caught him up "I'm not flinching; I've driven the car before and I will again. It may hold somparatively little of him, as time for ever, that part, but I've tested it and it's a weak point-take the warning for what it's worth."

> There was a movement as if he rose with the last word. Emily laid



Met it Yet Again in Emily's Pretty Gaiety and Content.

her hand on the arm of the chair. turning her excited dark eyes on her uncle. Surely if ever Mr. Ffrench was to meet his manager, this was the moment; when Lestrange's ringing argument was still in their ears, his splendid force of earnestness still vibrant in the atmosphere. And suddenly she wanted them to meet, passionately wanted Ethan Ffrench's liking for this

"Uncle," she began. "Uncle -- " But It was not Lestrange's light step that halted on the threshold,

"Why, I didn't know-" exclaimed "Excuse me, Mr. Ffrench, they didn't tell me you were down."

Ffrench walked into the room where | men left the next room. Bitterly disappointed, she sank back.

"That was your manager with you?"

"Yes; he went up-stairs to see how out a handkerchief and rubbed his brow. "Excuse me. it's warm. Yes. he wants me to strengthen a knuckle -he's spoken considerable about it. I guess he's right; better too much than too little.'

"I do not see that follows. I should imagine that you understood building chassis better than this racing driver. You had best consult outside experts in construction before making a

"Uncle!" Emily cried.

"There's a twenty-four hour race starts tomorrow night," Bailey suggested uneasily. "It's easy fixed, and we might be wrong." "We have always made them this

"Yes, but-" "Consult experts, then. I do not like your manager's tone; he is too assuming. Now let me see those pa-

Emily's parasol slipped to the floor with a sharp crash as she stood up. quite pale and shaken.

"Uncle, Mr. Lestrange knows," she appealed. "You heard him say what would happen-please, please let it be fixed."

Amazed, Mr. Ffrench looked at her. his face setting.

"You forget your dignity," he retorted in displeasure. "This is mere



"I-I Would Rather Be Outdoors."

childishness, Emily. Men will be consulted more competent to decide than this Lestrange. That will do." From one to the other she gazed,

then turned away. "I will wait out in the cart," she said. "I-I would rather be outdoors." Dick Ffrench was up-stairs, standing with Lestrange in one of the narrow aisles between lines of grimly efficient machines that bit or cut their way through the steel and aluminum fed to them, when Rupert came to

him with a folded visiting card. "Miss Ffrench sent it," was the explanation. "She's sitting out in her horse-motor car, and she called me off

"All right," said Dick, running astonished eye over the card.

"No answer?" "No answer."

"Then I'll hurry back to my embroidery. I'm several laps behind in my work already."

"See here, Lestrange," Dick began, disks into gear-wheels.

"Don't do that!" Lestrange exclaimed sharply. "Get up, Ffrench." "It's safe enough.

slip-'

"Oh, well," he reluctantly rose, "If Emily sent up."

Lestrange accepted the card with a faint flicker of expression. "Dick, uncle is making the steering-

knuckle wait for expert opinion," the anyhow. Do not let him race so."

card still in his hand. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Golf and a Prince.

Mrs. R. H. Barlow, the golf champion, said at a recent luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia:

with a Persian prince. "The prince, as he sat on the club ling patches.

plazza watching the various chamions drive off, drawled:

"I don't see very much in golf. No object is to be gained by the deposit of an ancient lake, surrounded by ing of a white ball in a subterranean grim hills. It is a town of about cavity; and if any object were to be thirty-five hundred inhabitants-hardgained, the shortest and surest methin the hand from cavity to cavity.' "I laughed.

"'But, prince,' I said, 'the difficulty attraction of the game."

"'The difficulty constitutes the attraction, ek?' The prince frowned. Well,' he went on, 'It would be more than a razor, but I don't think many he pulled shut the door Emily fancied remove their beards each morning in





ARMING THE INFANTRY

Montenegrin capital, and one which of lead-pencil, the Montenegrin monarch has always

coveted. access. Excellent steamships take go unarmed. Even the clergy are not one from Trieste down the picturesque | excepted from this rule, yet a stranger Dalmatian coast and disembark one can hardly help feeling surprised when at the town of Cattaro, which lies at | he sees a dignified priest of the Greek the head of the lovely bay of that church in his professional robes, but name. A mile or two back from the with a couple of enormous revolvers bay rises a steep, stony mountain- stuck in his belt. I heard of but one wall, with a smooth, white military fatality during my stay in town, and road zigzagging laboriously up it, and that was when a somewhat exhilarover that mountain range is Montenegro.

The drive from Cattaro up to Cettinje is one of the most beautiful in the world. From the mountain-top, west over Cattaro and the smiling bay and the sparkling blue waters of the sunny Adriatic and east across the great, gloomy, desolate gray mountains, the views are remarkable. In sumption of ammunition is tremendmy opinion, this drive is far finer than ous. In fact the exercise of firearms, the much-lauded Upper Corniche, between Nice and Monte Carla. Until about the only national amusement. quite recently the drive by carriage took seven hours, but now one can go by motor car.

Some Royal Financing.

Motoring in Montenegro has, howas the mechanician departed, sitting ever, its limitations, as there is probdown on a railing beside a machine ably not a road in the country, except steadily engaged in notching steel the one previously mentioned, over which an automobile could pass. Even the Cattaro-Cettinje road is hazardous enough at that, because on it there are no less than one hundred "It's nothing of the kind. The least and thirty turns so acute that a car with a long wheel base finds difficulty in negotiating them at all, and most of you're going to get fussy. Read what these turns are on a considerable grade.

Once over the mountain and across the Montenegrin frontier, the first impression is that of the absolute desolation of the country. Nothing legend ran, in pencil. "Have Mr. Bal- but bleak, gray, stony mountain ley strengthen Mr. Lestrange's car, ranges, one after the other, as far as the eye can reach, into the misty dis-Near them two men were engaged tance. Not a habitation, not a tree of in babbitting bearings, passing ladle- any size, not a sign of life. The outfuls of molten metal carelessly back look suggests an imaginative lithoand forth, and splashing hissing drops graph of the beginning of the world. over the floor; at them Lestrange Only one evidence of humane exisgazed in silence, after reading, the tence is seen. Along the roadside are numerous flat-bottomed pockets of land, where a little cultivable soil has washed down the rocky slopes, and in each of these pockets a few potato plants have been carefully set out. Often the pocket is so small as to contain only a dozen plants, but in a "Golf has its humors, and this land so sterile and stony every square struck me particularly in a conversa- foot of soil is thriftily utilized. No tion at a golf club that I once had houses are visible, and people must come miles to cultivate these strugg-

A Homely Mountain Village, Cettinje lies in the middle of a small, fertile plain which was once the bed ly more than a village-and yet it is generations preserved its identity rapacity for territorial expansion is ou call them, is what constitutes the In her sturdy spirit of self-defense little Montenegro leaves naught for criticism.

There is not much of the formality of a European capital about Cettinje. difficult to shave with a coal shovel The reiging monarch can frequently be seen leaning out of a window in

DECLARATION of war is al- | vated railroad trains go by. The ways a serious matter, but principal hotel of the town is kept in one who has been on the by a magnificent man, who at the time ground, the news that Mon- of my visit was minister of war. The tenegro had declared war conduct of his hotel was decidedly unagainst Turkey inevitably aroused a ceremonious, except that the Austrian certain modified merriment. Sub- minister and the Italian minister apsequent proceedings have reduced the pear for dinner every night in element of comedy materially, but full dress. Probably each one felt when the little mountain kingdom first | that the dignity of his country must stood forward against the Porte, the be maintained at all hazards, and two antagonists offered a sufficient neither one could take it on himself contrast for smiles at least. Consider- to suggest a sarterial disarmament. ing the size and resources of the two | Strict formality is exercised in some antagonists, it is very much as if New | branches of the government; a tele-Rochelle declared war on New York in | gram which I sent to the telegraph the hope of capturing and annexing | office at nine o'clock one morning was Yonkers, the last-named city being re- returned to me unsent at five o'clock presented by Scutari d'Albanie, a that afternoon with the criticism that place about ten times as large as the I should have written it in ink instead

It goes without saying that the Montenegrins are a warlike race. Contrary to current Impression. Every man is expected to carry arms. Montenegro is not at all difficult of and, in fact, it is against the law to ated native fell down stairs in a cafe and one of his own revolvers was accidently discharged, shooting him through the stomach. As a mark of repect to the deceased, the proprietor of the cafe turned off the talking machine on the day of the funeral .

It is surprising that there are not more such accidents, since the conso far as I could learn. Over in Scutari, a man told me of what a splendid time he had had at a wedding on the previous day; he had fired off nearly two hundred cartridges.

Wisdom of the Orient.

already old and wise when Columbus first planted the seeds of all sorts of set fire to it. trouble by discovering America. Here, for example, is a gem of science that tom you will see a small flame run reaches us from Morocco and that slowly from there to the top of the tells us how wives may compel their thread, where it is tied round the penhusbands to retrace the footsteps that cil, and at that point it will go out. even in the home of the brave will There will be nothing left but a black sometimes wander from the straight cinder which looks very much like a and narrow path of conjugal felicity. As soon as the wife has received the Pinkerton report that tells the old, old little paper fastener. story of who he was with last night let her draw a straight line of pure honey down from the middle of her PIECE OF ICE MAKES FIRE forehead to her chin and collect the rub the tip of her tongue with a fig leaf till it bleeds and soak seven grains of salt in the blood. Mix it all up together with the honey, add some more salt which has been carried for a day and a night in a tiny incision in trick may be accomplished by followthe skin between her eyebrows. To ing the directions given herewith: this must be added a pinch of earth from the print of her bare right foot melt it down in the hollow of on the ground, and the whole dose should then be put into the erring husband's breakfast food when he isn't looking. The charm of the thing is its harmlessness and its simplicity. Like infant baptism, it cannot possibly do any harm, and it might do good. And the women of Morocco to know.

High Art Price Despite Size.

What are declared to be the two ings you can start a fire. highest priced paintings in the world, od would surely be to carry the ball the capital of a nation that has for in proportion to their size, are being shown in the Kleinberger galleries. against far greater neighbors, whose One, "The Portrait of a Man," by can find, the kind used in the long of getting the ball into the cavities, as too well known to require comment, and a half by eight inches, and the dig out a hole. Into this put a leaden to be a portrait of one of the sons of up the hole with putty. Round off the twelve and a half by ten and a fourth dancer is ready to dance. inches.

While the exact price paid for the of the cork paste on a little blue hood canvases has not been announced, it of tissue paper; make a dress of the He glanced over his shoulder; as men are tempted on that account to casual conversation with one of his is known that it reached well into six same and tie on a sash of ribbon. subjects, in very much the same pos- figures. They are magnificent speci- On the cork make with ink the dweller, who watches the ele- known as the Raphael of Flemish art, the young lady a-dancing.

MAKING A START IN SCIENCE

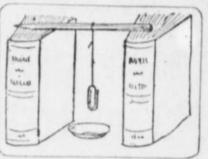
Burned Thread May Be Prepared to Hold Up Some Light Weight-Explanation of Trick.

When we speak of matter we usualy mean something that can be seen or felt, anything that has form or weight or color. We say that matter has certain properties. It is a property of glass to be brittle and of rubber to be clastic.

The properties of some kinds of matter can be changed by the application of fire or water or both. We can change iron into steel, we can make brass with a spring to it or without. There are some things that will resist the action of fire or water to a certain extent. You can hold up a pretty good weight at one end of a slice of bread if it is dry or stale, but f you soak the bread in water it will hardly hold itself up.

You can hang a good sized weight at the end of a very slender piece of thread, but the moment you set fire to the thread the weight will fall to the ground. Every one knows that, you will say, but with a little preparaion you can convince them that this will not always hold true. It is possible to make a thread hold up a light weight even after the thread has been set on fire and is apparently all burned up.

If you will take a piece of stout thread about a foot long and twist it



Burned Thread Holding Weight.

as much as you can and then double it it will twist upon itself and you will ave a double thread, twisted through its entire length. If you tie one end of this thread around a lead pencil and hang some light weight, such as a paper fastener, to the other end so that it shall swing freely above a small dish you may try the experiment of putting a match to it and see now long it will hold up the weight.

But if you stand two books on the table to support the pencil steadily it is possible to burn the thread completely from end to end and still have it hold up the weight provided ou have in the thread some substance that is not changed in its properties so much as the thread itself when you burn it.

This substance is common salt, with ments may be made. Prepare a saturated solution of salt and water, which we call brine, and soak your twisted thread in it. Then hang it up to dry. When it is dry soak it again and let it dry again. After you have done this two or three times the thread will not look any different from ordinary twisted thread, but when you hang your pa-How much we may learn from the per fastener or some very light weight Orient with its centuries of tradition, to it with the pencil to hold it up it will astonish your friends when you

By applying the match to the botvery thin burnt match, but it will be quite strong enough to hold up your

drippings in a spoon. Let her then Illustration Shows How Lens May Be Formed With Hands and Then Applied to Paper.

> It may sound queer to some, but ice can be used to start a fire, and this



Making Fire With Ice.

hands so as to form a large lens. The say that it never fails, and they ought illustration shows how this is done. With the lens shaped ice used in the same manner as a reading glass to direct the sun's rays on paper or shav-

A Cork Dancer.

Take one of the largest corks you Hans Memling, is a small panel, ten necked green bottles, and in one end other, by the same master, supposed bullet, or several large shot, and stop Philippe le Bon, duke of Burgundy, is edges of the cork at this end, and your

Around the top of the other end

ture as that of a Third avenue tene- mens of the work of Memling, who is prettiest face you can, and then set