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CHAPTER I.

WHEN MAIDENS FELL FROM THE SKY. FOR twenty shimmering miles the gulf beach lay in the sun, a white straight edge against blue. Mistily through the surf haze glimmered the tower of Sand Island light save when obscured by the smoke plume of a frailer standing in past Fort Morgan for Mobile. It was early forenoon. The yellow globe of the mooring balloon at the fort shone in the sun like a dome of some audacious new architecture flung high into the pulsating air. Two men far down the coast toward Pensacola caught the faroff splendor and noted in the very act of casting off from it a long, cigar shaped aerostat—an immense, elongated bubble of quicksilver. It floated seaward, rounded, stood a moment and on, vibrating like a balancing top. "She's bound for N'Yawlins, Ah reckon, sub."

Heaven! See that thing shoot up! It's some sort of helicopter, I believe—and the girl's alone in it, captain! Alone, I say! Why did they—She's lost control—she's lost! It's shooting over this way and coming down! It will—it will—My God! My God!

to imagine how you feel when you get out into space." "I wish you would," said Wisner. "It will hold her still. It's perfectly safe." Virginia, laughing at playing paperweight, entered the car. "Which is the clutch lever?" she asked. "This," said the inventor, pointing. "I'm going to the engine room. When I come back I'll show you how it works."

thought the buzz of the helices less strenuous. The roar of the breakers swelled in her ears like the crescendo of some tremendous, uprushing music, and she realized that she was falling in a great parabola that might carry her into the sea or might dash her upon the driftwood and wreckage of the beach. Suddenly the machine carved, and she thought she had struck, to be dashed broken on the ground, lost. She had not seen Theodore Carson on that highest dune, but he had grasped the painter as it dragged over him, and it was he who had thrown the flying machine from its level swoop, even as it jerked him down the dune, with Captain Harrod clinging to his legs, dragging them almost to the water's edge. The car swung horribly, and finally, spilled from it by its careening, there fell out of it a mass of red hat, crimson scarf, pique and silken fallals. The helicopter tore loose and fled out to sea before the gale.

as soon as the machine can take us. Are you going to give us your blessing?" "Go to the devil!" yelled the irate father. Famous Painter is Ill. PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 18.—became known today that John La Farge, the famous painter, is a patient at the Butler hospital in this city, a private institution for the treatment of nervous and mental troubles. La Farge was brought here from his summer cottage at Newport. It is reported that the officials at the hospital have little hope for his complete recovery. Raleigh to Coast League. LOS ANGELES, July 18.—Pitcher Raleigh of the St. Louis Nationals will join the Vernon Coast league club next week. Manager Hogan announced today that he has completed negotiations for the purchase of the young twirler, whom he sold to St. Louis two years ago. Raleigh did fair work for the St. Louis club. Catcher Hasty, whom Hogan turned over to the San Jose state team, has been returned to Vernon. He will be given another tryout.

Both Girls Alike to Him. CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—It didn't make any difference to Albert Denier which of the Gottlieb girls he married. He was engaged to Edith. Her father and mother objected, chiefly because Denier was 50 years old. Edith is a chorus girl, but she is not as old as that. Edith was willing, but counselled postponement. Denier was persistent, however, and asked Edith to elope. She refused and advised waiting until her parents should relent. Denier waited and waited and finally decided that he would settle the matter, so he went to the Gottlieb home at 1743 Hammond street. Edith was not at home; neither were Mamma and Papa Gottlieb. But Lillian, a 17-year-old sister of Edith was. Just what Denier said or what Lillian said doesn't matter. A few hours later the family telephone rang. Papa Gottlieb answered. "This is Denier," said a voice. "I have married your daughter." "What?" exclaimed Gottlieb. "You are crazy. Edith is here in the room with me." "That's all right," came the reply. "I didn't marry Edith, but Lillian. We will be home from Crown Point

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and swung there in midair, the painter dangling almost within reach 300 fathoms in the air, supported only by the spinning helices driven by an engine that one man only knew how to manage, and he as far removed from it potentially as if he had been in Mars! The girl's hand trembled so that she could not hold to anything, no matter how she tried. At last—it was over in a moment—more by accident than design, she moved something. With appalling velocity the thing shot upward; the aerostat fell away toward the earth; the fisherman's house far beneath was whisked down to the littleness of a toy. The air struck her face, blowing downward more and more chill. Overhead the screws hummed implacably, the only sound she heard. She studied the machinery, trying to apply her picked up knowledge of engines. Here was the thing with which to stop it, she felt sure of that, but to stop it suddenly was mere suicide, a swift fall to death.

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'Time's Flight Turned Backward' SAGE AND SULPHUR Made Her Look Twenty Years Younger READ MRS. HERRICK'S SWORN STATEMENT STATE OF NEW YORK COUNTY OF MONROE Nancy A. Herrick, being duly sworn, deposes and says: When I was a girl, I had a head of heavy, long, dark brown hair which was the envy of my schoolmates, and which attracted the attention and remarks of strangers. As I grew older, my hair commenced to come out, just a little at first, but gradually more and more, and then began to turn gray. I was induced by the many good reports I had heard of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy to try a bottle. My hair was quite thin and gray when I began using Sage and Sulphur, and you can imagine my satisfaction when I found that it was fast coming back to its natural condition, being thicker, darker and more glossy than it had been for a long time. I continued to use Sage and Sulphur, and my hair is now as heavy, dark and smooth as when I was a girl of sixteen. It is now four years since I commenced using Sage and Sulphur, and my hair is still in splendid condition.

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