

my finger that he changed. He was so courteous, so gentle, so chivalrous up to then, and since—oh! I can't tell you what I've suffered. I thought he was ill, or that I'd offended him in some way. I couldn't believe he no longer loved me."

"I've been so worried about you," said Patricia, remorsefully, "ever since I sent Hugh the ring. I can't understand why I did it. But all will come right now. Oh! yes, I feel sure of it."

The daylight slowly faded as the two girls sat over the dying fire holding each other's hands. Both felt strangely content—Patricia in having destroyed the ring, and Julie by the other's confession and presence.

The silence was broken. They heard the door-bell peal, steps in the hall, and then Hugh burst into the room.

"Julie!" he began, passionately, and stopped short, amazed at the sight of Patricia.

"Ah! Hugh," she said, calmly, "I rather expected you. What have you to say to Miss Rivers?"

His momentary amazement past, Hugh hardly noticed Patricia. He was staring at Julie. Yes, it was the girl he loved whom his eyes rested on, not the Julie of the past week—the Julie for some inexplicable reason distasteful to him. An hour before his love had suddenly reawakened, and brought him post-haste to sue for pardon.

"Julie!" he muttered, hoarsely, "can you forgive me?"

Patricia slipped quietly out of the room.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 17.)

With their machines ordered, a Voisin, a Farman and an Antoinette, both Andrews and Count Sergius had the run of all three establishments, where they proceeded to familiarize themselves with every detail of manufacture. All three factories were swamped with orders, and they were told that they could not get their machines before mid-Winter. But meanwhile there were the training machines on which to learn.

As they had already decided to do, they turned their attention first to mastering the Voisin. At his first attempt Count Sergius flew, covering a couple of hundred yards and coming easily to earth. After four more flights he accomplished, in excellent form, the circular kilometer, after which Monsieur Chateau, the instructor, left him entirely to himself, to practise as he would.

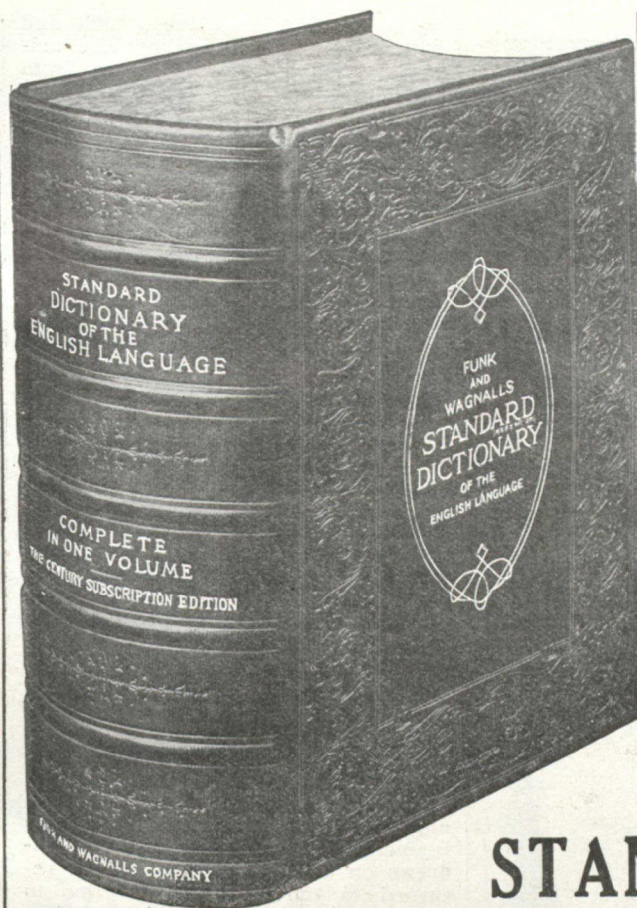
But with Andrews, to his surprise and frank chagrin, it was quite different. An expert at the most varied and divergent sports, skater, swimmer, horseman, tennis-player, automobilist; sure of eye, hand and balance, he had mastered all else he had undertaken. Nevertheless, the capricious aeroplane refused to rise for him. During his first three lessons its front wheels never left the ground.

THEN, at last, in the fourth lesson, it got up, heavily and reluctantly, and covered perhaps a hundred yards before slinking to earth again, as if with its tail between its legs. For several more lessons this seemed about all that Andrews could accomplish. Sergius was keenly disappointed. Monsieur Chateau shook his head and indicated his serious apprehension that Captain Andrews was not cut out for a flying-man.

But Chateau didn't know the Englishman. Andrews was annoyed, but he was by no means discouraged. He set his long jaw. Then, all at once, it came to him. It was his tenth lesson. Chateau stood by with a weary and supercilious air, which made Plamenac furious. Andrews, however, didn't care how the instructor looked. He grinned resolutely, grasped the wheel and rolled off.

Curious! To-day for the first time the machine felt like a live thing under his hand. With confidence he tilted the elevating plane.

The great machine rose obediently into the air and sailed steadily down the field without wavering. When he judged himself to be about fifteen feet



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