



SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land

A ROMANCE

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Duke Blackstock, an inveterate gambler and a card player, who is a member of the Knights of the Modern Maccabees. A clerical fellow has written an article for us, and we are going to put it on next week.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The man looked up and nodded. "Well, it's too late now. That's done for good and all. We needn't quarrel about it."

"We need to talk to you."

"Good Lord, how long they are!"

He began to talk, to mander to himself of what might have been and what had been, speaking of his aims, ambitions, achievements in an oddly detached way, as he might have reviewed another's life, only emotional when forced to realization of the fact that this was the end of it all.

"This ends it," he muttered the semi-confessional soliloquy monotonously, repeated over and over with the same falling inflection. Coast detected not a word, not even a note of regret for his crime, save insofar as it affected Blackstock's fortunes—blasted them.

A shrill clamor of the telephone bell electrified them all. Dundas cried out: "Blackstock, jump!"

He rushed to the hall. Coast, rising, heard his voice.

"Yes. Tell them to come up."

He returned, almost red-faced. "Here, Dundas," he said slowly, "you let 'em in, will you, like a good fellow."

Mute in his panic, Dundas went to the door.

Coast could hear the whine of the ascending elevator, the clanking of its safety chains.

Abruptly he was conscious that Blackstock's temper had undergone a change. From passive surrender to the fate the man had passed to one of active resistance. Somehow instinctively, Coast seemed to divine this in the surcharged, tense atmosphere of that moment. He shot a swift, suspicious look at the man, and detected in return a look of low cunning and desperation.

He saw Blackstock in a pose of attention. Listening, every sense alert, every muscle flexed—a man gathering himself together as a cat about to spring.

The elevator was very near the floor.

"By God!" Blackstock whispered, watching his prey, and again his eyes were blazing. "I'll fool 'em yet!"

The man turned swiftly. Outside the elevator gate clanged. Coast heard a confusion of footfalls and voices, a knocking on the door. And suddenly he understood what Blackstock intended. Already he had regained the side table and snatched up a pistol. He turned with it lifted.

"They shan't have it!" he cried, and detected it to his surprise.

"You fool!" Coast exclaimed unhesitatingly. With almost incredible swiftness of action he flung himself upon Blackstock and, seized the pistol, detected it toward the ceiling. It exploded.

For a moment longer he was struggling frantically with Blackstock, to save the man from self-destruction. Then, without warning, he was seized and dragged away, holding the pistol. A strange hand, snatched that away. Other hands plucked his arms to his sides. He fought for freedom for an instant, then ceased to resist, then, dazed with amazement.

Blackstock towered over him, taking him out. "That's your man, taking him!" he cried. "He's done murder and was trying suicide. I managed to keep him quiet until he had a gun coming, then he made a grab for the pistol. Thank God, you're in time!"

Something stuck in Coast's throat—his tongue trying to articulate in a muffled cry of protest and confusion. "You liar!" he managed to say. "You—"

"Shut up, you!" One of the policemen holding him clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Why?" he heard Blackstock say, "you saw him yourself, gentlemen. If there's any question in your minds, here's Mr. Dundas, who saw it all. He heard the shot. Fan 'em!" Mr. Coast, here?"

"Dimly, as through a haze," said Mr. Dundas, emerging from the press of men in the room, a ghost of a man, eyes wide, looking at Coast with a stare, as if he were a stranger.

Working in his small, pale face, and in his anguish of anger, fear and repentance, Coast detected the look, unobserved by any other, of secret understanding that passed between the two men.

"Yes," Dundas said, his voice tremu-

lous. "Why—why, of course, Mr. Coast did it."

Coast felt the chill of handcuffs on his wrist—a chill that ate into his soul.

CHAPTER III.

Warburton had forgotten nothing. Coast walked out of Sing Sing to see his own car, his departure so contrived and timed that he was conscious neither of a strange face nor a curious stare. The occupant of the driver's seat proved to be the mechanic who had driven for him prior to his trial and capture. His "Good morning, Mr. Coast; it's a pleasure to see you looking so well, sir," conveyed precisely the right degree of respectful congratulation; in this, too, Coast recognized the hand of his lawyer. He was grateful, further, for the hamper containing an excellent cold lunch, as well as for the fact, which Warburton presently disclosed, that the affair of his release had been managed so swiftly and quietly that only the latest editions of that day's evening papers would contain the news.

"We tried to give you as much time as we could," Warburton told him. "Whatever your plans are, you'll be glad not to be mobbed before you get a chance to put 'em across."

Coast's swift smile was reward enough for the little man. He struggled comfortably into his corner of the tony, the broad eccentric curves of his plump face and figure radiating pride of conquest in addition to the honest delight he felt because of his client's deliverance.

To his client and friend the world rocked in a sea of emotions rediscovered. The sense of freedom, of space, of motion, the soft buffeting of his face of the clean, sweet, unspent air, the recognition of a new-born world a riot with color—vernal green, ineffable emerald blue, flooding gold of

forebears in 1776 and 1861. He dared not breathe it—yet; he dared not hope for it nor even question whether or not it had been made his.

What if his release had been solely due to the efforts of his friends, to the pressure brought to bear upon the state executive?

He felt that to discover such to be the case would prove insufferable. Death itself were preferable to the vindication of the charges that had been laid against him.

So terribly he feared to learn the truth.

His friends, those who stood by him, those who had been slight, those who had denied him; what would be their reception of him now? He conned the names of a dozen of the dearest; did they believe in him, even now, in their secret hearts? Had they ever had absolute faith in his innocence, despite their protestations? Would he himself ever cease to doubt them secretly?

Katherine Thaxter?

He had heard nothing of or from her since his conviction; before that, little enough; a note or two of halting sympathy, tinged by a constraint he had been afraid to analyze. Whether it had been due to belief in his guilt, or to a thing more dreadful in his understanding, he had never found the courage to decide, not even in the longest stretches of the hope- less nights when he had lain in waking torment in his cell, listening to some miserable condemned wretch moaning in his sleep a door or two down the corridor.

His thoughts had swung the full circle. He ceased to think coherently.

In time Warburton touched Coast's arm with a gentle hand. "Lunch?" he queried, almost apologetically.

To see Coast smile once more was a keen delight.

When they had finished, Coast, refreshed and strengthened, diverted

REVOLT IN NORTH CHINA SEEMS NEAR

REVOLUTION IS SPREADING IN CHINA AND RISINGS ARE PLANNED IN VICINITY OF CAPITAL.

FOUR PROVINCES ARE NOW CONTROLLED BY REBELS.

Fears Are Expressed That Foreigners May Be Attacked in Efforts by Officials to Force Intervention.

The revolutionary spirit is now manifesting itself in the north as well as in the south. Those who have believed the northern provinces might rally around the government are now of the opinion that rebellions will follow in rapid succession.

The precautionary measures taken in Manchuria, where the government does not permit mention of the revolution, show the anti-government spirit in the far north. There are persistent reports that risings have been planned in the immediate vicinity of the capital. It may be that these will not be fulfilled, but they indicate a widespread sympathy with the revolution.

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Aviator, Ely Dashed to Death.

In spite of a proclamation which prompted him to give the address of his wife to his mechanic, the aviator could be notified in the event of a mishap, Eugene Ely, who gained world-wide fame as the first aviator to fly from and to the decks of United States warships, ascended in his aeroplane to make a sensational dip at the state fair grounds at Mason, Ga., and a few moments later plunged 150 feet to his death.

Misjudging the distance, Ely started his descent, slid too soon while running at a mile a minute, and was unable to rise. When the machine crashed to earth the aviator was hurled clear of it by nearly 100 feet. He was unconscious when reached by his mechanic, Frank Callin, and died 10 minutes later, before he could be removed to a hospital.

John R. Walsh Dies Suddenly.

John R. Walsh, former banker, publisher, and railroad owner, released recently from Leavenworth federal penitentiary, died suddenly in Chicago of heart disease.

Mr. Walsh had been in bed most of the time since his arrival home from Leavenworth, Oct. 15.

He had been attended constantly by physicians. Intermittent reports of Mr. Walsh's falling back during his incarceration had been denied at the penitentiary. On his release, it was plain that he had aged and he gave up plans for resumption of his position as a financial leader and took to his bed.

Build Clean Stables for Cows.

The state dairy and food department has joined the ranks of the conservationists and will make a strenuous effort to retain the elements of soil fertility on Michigan farms.

The deputy commissioner, who has charge of the dairy end of the department, has issued a circular stating that there are \$44,755 milk cows in Michigan. From his personal observation he estimates that one-half, or to be exact, 22,377 cows, will be confined in dirty stables during the coming winter, so that each side of each cow will be plastered with fertilizer.

It is during the coming six months two-thirds of an ounce of fertilizer falls from the plastered sides of each cow, and this, the milk pail (a very low estimate) 105,594 pounds of fertilizer will be transferred from the farms where it rightly belongs—to the city consumers of milk and butter, wasted.

In an effort to stop this loss of fertilizer from the farm, the department has just issued a bulletin on "Clean Cows and Clean Stables." In this bulletin are given pictures, plans and specifications for building a model cow stall that will keep a cow absolutely clean. She cannot get dirty if the floor, the stall is so patented. Any farmer can build it. It is the cheapest stall made.

Any farmer who writes to the state dairy department at Lansing can get a copy of this bulletin giving full particulars for building this stall.

Woman Draws \$10,000 Land Prize.

Mary J. Kendall, Rapid City, S. D., drew No. 1 at the opening of the drawing in the Roosevelt land allotment. No. 1 is estimated to be worth \$10,000.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is seriously ill in Capri.

The army worm has swooped down on the cotton fields of Kentucky and the farmers are pleased. There is something to be pleased about, the plants have not been denuded, but the farmers assert this happened—the effect of causing the hails to come earlier than they otherwise have appeared and they have been anxious lest much of the cotton should fall to open before frost comes.

The English foreign office has issued a statement to the effect that the reports that England was about to annex Egypt are without foundation.



He Found Appalling the Thought of Re-entering It.

sunlight—played upon his heart a sinister glow.

Again he thanked his God his father and mother had not lived to know the day of his arrest.

He experienced a curious freak of memory, very suddenly, seeing between him and the glorious world a fragment of a scene, his trial, exceedingly vivid; Blackstock groping a slow way toward the witness stand, his dark face the darker for an eye-shade, his eyes masked sinisterly with smoked glasses.

Poor old Van Tuyl!

His nerves crawled with apprehensions, inspired by the city toward which the car was heading him; the city of his birth and banishment; the city inexorable, insatiable, argus-eyed, peopled with its staring millions, ravaged long since have been gladdened with details of his disgrace. He found appalling the thought of re-entering it, of trying to take up his former life in its easy, ordered groove, of coming and going in the company of those ever branded with the mark of Cain—yes, even though he were exonerated of the crime of which he had been accused, for which he had been placed on trial, convicted and sentenced. Would they ever learn to believe him guiltless, even though the truth were published broadcast, trumpeted from the housetops? Would the questionable hero of a sensational murder trial, whose escape from the electric chair had been due simply and solely to the exertions of his influential friends?

Exonerated!

The word was sweeter to him than the name of Freedom had been to his

and, enlarged, boldly grasped the nettle.

"Well?" he asked with a steady glance of courage.

"Warburton pounced nimbly upon his chance. 'It's exonerated,' he began, and unconsciously hit upon the word so squarely that he caught himself up with a gasp at Coast's reception of it."

"Why?" he cried, alarmed, "you're white as a sheet, man! I said exonerated—full and clear!"

Coast reassured him with a gesture. "It's just jargon," he explained simply. "He put his head back against the cushions, closed his eyes and drew a long breath. 'How was I to guess how all this had been brought about with a gasp at Coast's reception of it.'"

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A DRUGGIST'S FAVORITE KIDNEY REMEDY—CURED HIMSELF.

Fifteen years ago I had an attack of acute kidney trouble. I consulted a physician who gave me medicine which only relieved me for a time. After discontinuing his medicine my trouble returned as severe as before. Having heard of Swamp-Root I gave it a trial and can honestly state that three dollar bottles cured me, never having any sickness in fifteen years. I have sold Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root as a druggist for many years and can give the very best of recommendations at all times.

You are at liberty to use this statement any time you wish.

Respectfully,

W. C. SUMMERS.

1219 Central Ave., Kansas City, Mo., With Grand View Drug Co.

State of Kansas, County of Wyandotte, ss.

On this 11th day of August, 1909, personally appeared before me, W. C. Summers, who subscribed to the within statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

CHAS. W. WALKER, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

AN EXPLANATION.

Sambo—Say, grannummy, what makes de moon shine so bright some-times, while some nights is so dark?

Grannummy—Well, chile, I reckon de good Lord made de stars de nights so dat poor colored folks kin have chicken 'bout de formality ob payin' fo' it.

The spoke of the wheel which creaks most, doth not bear the greatest burden in the cart.—Thomas Fuller.

All suppression of selfishness makes the moment great.—Lydia Maria Child.

SPHON'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYES, and the like among horses of all ages and prevents all others. It is the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and the disease. Any good druggist can supply you or send to Mrs. G. C. and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents to be exact. Free books. Sphon's Distemper Cure, Spec. Centigents Diseases, Gorden, Ind.

It is quite possible for a man to be hot-headed and still get cool feet.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children (teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic).

A dollar saved is often a dollar loaned.

When the Liver is Out of Tune

the whole system is off the key—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallow and the eyes dull. You cannot fight again with the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the nausea and dizziness, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion.

These old family pills are the natural remedy for bilious complaints and quickly help the liver to

Strike the Key-note of Health

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

Pool—in winter I write poems to keep the wolf from the door.

Admiring Friend—Yes.

Pool—And in summer I have to keep on writing poems so the leeman will stop at the door.

ALMOST CRAZY WITH ECZEMA

"I, the undersigned, cannot give enough praise to the Cuticura Remedies. I had been doctoring for at least a year for eczema on my foot. I had tried doctor after doctor all to no avail. When a young girl I sprained my ankle three different times, paying little or no attention to it, when five years ago a small spot showed upon my left ankle. I was worried and sent for a doctor. He said it was eczema. He drew a small spot from the ankle about the size of a match and about an inch long. The small hole grew to about the size of an apple, and the eczema spread to the knee. The doctors never could heal the hole in the ankle. The whole foot ran water all the time.

"My husband and my sons were up night and day wheeling me from one room to another in the hope of giving me some relief. I would sit for hours at a time in front of the fireplace hoping for daybreak. The pain was so intense I was almost crazy, in fact, I would lose my reason for hours at a time. One day a friend of mine dropped in to me. He had a bottle of Cuticura. He said, 'I'll try this for you. It's a trial. After using the Cuticura Remedies for three months I was perfectly restored to health, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I will be sixty-four years of age my next birthday, hale and hearty at present.' (Signed) Mrs. Julia Finnegan, 234 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo., Mar. 7, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to 'Cuticura,' Dept. 12 K, Boston.

Charity. "I hear your rich uncle left all his money to charity?"

"No. He left it all to me."

"Well, isn't that the same thing?"