

SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land A ROMANCE

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York, who met English Blackstock, who invited him to a card party. He accepted...

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.) It was as if she had been expecting him; she seemed not at all surprised...

"I tell you in a moment," he teased. "I'll show you the system to make a stagger at operations. You forget my experience with the signal corps and the horse—that taught me enough in such things to make me send a good deal of time in the wireless room every time I crossed the water."

"I doubt if he ever sees the island," Coast interrupted, smiling. "You see, when the Coast did run around in Queen's Hole; we were the amateur letter that got in her way. And we left her there. Now Appleyard—what's my companion—has gone back to see that Messrs. Flint and Hecker and Handyside do nothing rash."

"What do you mean?" Oh, I don't know. I was afraid "and I was afraid," he said gravely; "and still am. That's why I couldn't stay away. The only man you could turn to in case of need was gone."

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Particularly the Ladies. Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but clearing and sweetening to the system. Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used.

THEN ALL WILL PRAISE. Scribber—What's the best way to become a great poet? Ruyter—Write a bunch of junk that no one can understand.

Revised Version. Senator Bankhead, discussing an eloquent speech that had been rather poorly reported, said: "The report spoiled the speech. It was like old Hiram Earwig's account of Daniel Webster's last word. Webster, you know, as he lay dying, uttered the profound and significant sentence, 'I still live.'" Well, Hiram Earwig of Sixteen Beach said to a visitor from the city: "Yawp, life's oasarin. Wot yuz it that that New Englander said—Webster, I think?" Yawp, yuz General Webster? He got of a good thing just afore he died. He riz up in bed an says, says he: "Ain't dead yet!"—Baltimore Sun.

Evidence. "What makes you think our great public men don't work as hard as they used to?" "By the photographs," replied Firmer Contostell. "When I was a young fellow the big men in politics didn't take near as much time to get shaved and have their hair cut!"

Out of Date. "Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it." "That's the great pity. Contorionists are no longer in demand as vaudeville attractions."

A Poor Guesser. "Wedmore—Before I married, I learned to live on half my income." Singleton—"And found that it was a wisdom step, eh?" Wedmore—"Yes, only a half was made in wrong proportion—I should have made it an eighth."

A Woman Doctor Was Quick to See That Coffed Poison Was Doing the Mischief. A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning, and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it. "I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day, a woman doctor advised me to drink Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee-poisoned."

COMMON FORM OF CRUELTY. Bessie—Yes, he claimed his wife pinched him severely whenever she asked him for money.

His View. "Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain." "Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."

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Loveless of character is not getting but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.—Froude.

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