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 Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen carrying a trunk. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast is anxious to fathom the mysteries of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a shield of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life or her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear. Coast assures Katherine of his protection, and she informs him that they are to abandon the island immediately.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Coast waited to hear no more. Dumb with rage—to be so tricked and bamboozled! to have his teeth drawn in such a manner, by a blind man, almost without a struggle!—he stooped, picked up a heavy monkey-wrench, and threw himself at Blackstock.

Before he had covered half the scant distance between them, however, he was caught up suddenly from behind, jerked back and held, struggling, kicking, helpless as a child in the arms of Chang.

As if he were wholly unaware of what was taking place, Blackstock's voice rumbled on: ". . . adopted this means of making my wishes known. I trust you won't resent it when you wake up to the reasonableness of my attitude. You weren't hurt—of that I'm sure—beyond your feelings, perhaps. And," he added, suavely sardonic, "I beg to apologize for the indignity, Mr. Handyside."

CHAPTER XVII.

To his own advantage Coast was gifted with the ability to recognize the irremediable and concede it as such. With quiet resolution he calmed himself at that moment when he was cold with despair, thrilled with apprehension, hot with anger, trembling with humiliation, and powerless in the grasp of one to whom his most determined struggles were as impotent as the writhing of the butterfly whose wings you imprison between thumb and forefinger. The arms of the big Chinaman wound round him were as sinewy and long as those of a gorilla, as strong as bands of steel; he could as readily break their embrace as he could summon a jinnee to his aid by twisting the ring upon his finger.

He schooled himself to resignation. "Very well," he said in a passionless voice. "You've got your own way of making a civil request, and I don't pretend to like it; but I'll be grateful if you'll instruct this Chinese giant to let me go."

"What! are you there, Chang?" Blackstock's simulation of surprise was admirable—if it were simulation. "You may release Mr. Handyside," he continued; "he has promised to be good."

Without a word the Chinaman dropped his arms and stepped aside. His face, when Coast saw it, was as stolid as always; only the yellow eyes, gliding like a cat's through their heavy, half-closed lids, seemed to hold a hint of derision.

Coast lifted his shoulders in a shrug not of bravado but of endurance, turned to the tool bench by the motor and replaced the wrench. His thoughts were all confusion; again an incident mocked him with hidden meaning. What was he to understand—that Blackstock recognized his voice and knew him for himself, Garrett Coast? That he suspected him of being another than Handyside—a spy of the Treasury Department, in short—and had determined to disarm him as a matter of common precaution, suspending sentence until he had determined precisely who he was?

"You're wondering," said Blackstock, "why I didn't demand this gun before taking it by force. Aren't you?"

"I am," Coast assented bluntly.

"For one reason, because I wouldn't've got it. Would I?"

"Certainly not. What right—"

"One moment: I'm coming to that," Blackstock smiled his secret smile, weighing the weapon reflectively before bestowing it securely in a hippocket. "It was a matter of discipline—morale is the better word. You had to be made to understand that on this island I am dictator, my word law, my wishes law's equivalent. Your personal independence doesn't amount to a row of tacks, so long's you're on No Man's Land; I'm boss, and you've got to come to me. I don't allow anybody but myself to tote a gun here, and since I knew you'd refuse a request, I took this spectacular means of making our relations clear as daylight. The main trouble with Power was his exaggerated conception of the importance of his blessed ego; when I gave him a practical demonstration of its relative insignificance in the cosmic scheme, he got peevish. Don't you make the same mistake."

"I'm surprised," retorted Coast, deliberately offensive, "that Power didn't bet to be allowed to stay and lick your boots."

"That," said Blackstock, with an open grin, "sounds suspiciously like mutiny, Mr. Handyside."

"Call it any name you like. Possibly you may find somebody to knuckle under to such treatment for the privilege of earning a bare living on this God-forsaken island, but . . .

Well, it wasn't Power and it won't be me. I've had enough of you and I'm finished. Get Voobhis to send you another man as soon as you like; I leave, the first chance that turns up."

"Then the sooner you get that motor running, the quicker you'll be suited," returned Blackstock. "You'd better get busy."

"Go to the devil," said Coast coolly. "If you send out any messages from this station, some one else will have repaired your motor—I shan't. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Mr. Handyside," rang in his ears accompanied by a jeering laugh, as he swung on his heel and through the door to the open; but he paid no attention.

"Instruct This Chinese Giant to Let Me Go."

Lacking any excuse to linger in the vicinity of the bungalow, he continued at leisure toward the farm-house, consistently at every step more troubled with doubts, anxieties, forebodings. It was all very well (he thought) to make the best of a bad business! but—Appleyard was not to return until nightfall. It was now half-past four of a sultry, overcast and misty afternoon. In the two and a half or three hours of daylight to follow, what might not happen? What if Blackstock purposed leaving No Man's Land in the little cathoat within that interim? What could possibly be contrived to stop him by one man, unfriended and unarmed?

Pausing at the farm-house only briefly to make sure Katherine was not there, without purpose, in weary despondency he wandered on, down through the Cold Lairs toward the beach.

As he drew near the spot where the collie kept its vigil, the animal, apparently recognizing his footsteps, rose and whined a woe-begone welcome. He stopped out of sheer compassion, sensible of a vague feeling of fellowship with the dog, since he, too, was outcast, defenceless and impotent, the sport of malign circumstances. That thought rankled. . . .

Presently it occurred to him that the dog must be hungry. On sudden impulse he left it, went back to the farm-house kitchen, and without word of explanation to the Chinese there, forraged for scraps until he had heaped a pan with food; with which he returned to the collie.

It ate ravenously, as if breaking a long fast. And while he stood watching it, wondering at the dumb fidelity which had kept it steadfast beside the grave though it slowly starved—he heard a faint cry from seaward, turned in surprise, and saw Katherine stumbling hurriedly up from the beach. Though she had evidently been running for some distance and was flushed and breathless, there was something more than haste in her manner; there was its stimulus, a commingling of strong emotions so interdependent and confused that he found them unintelligible and recognized only intense excitement into which they merged.

"Garrett," she gasped—"Garrett—I want you to tell me the truth. If you know it—the truth, Garrett, though I'm afraid to hear it . . ." She paused, shuddering, the crimson ebbing from her cheeks and lips while terror played like lightning in her eyes.

Cautiously he looked round . . . But the deserted buildings shut them off from the farm-house, and there was no one visible on the bluffs or downs. He took her tenderly in his arms.

"There," he soothed her gently. "Tell me . . ."

"I'm afraid," she breathed brokenly. "It's too awful, Garrett, too dreadful. It can't be true . . ."

"Tell me," he begged, though now he knew.

"It's—about Mr. Power, Garrett. I—I—he never left this island."

"I know," he said.

She drew away, her eyes widening. "You knew, Garrett?"

"They—" he stammered—"It happened yesterday morning, just before I came ashore—about daybreak."

"You—you know this to be so?"

He told her briefly what and how he knew of the tragedy. "This dog," he concluded, "has been there—you must have noticed—by his grave ever since."

She nodded. "I saw him," she said in a low, vibrant voice, "but—I didn't understand. I remember thinking it strange. He was here when we came—a legacy from the former tenant—and Power was kind to him. He never would have anything to do with any of the rest of us—except me; Mr. Power fed him and he followed him everywhere, but my—he the dog hated, and the Chinese, too."

The brief explanation had helped to quiet her; but now as she stood staring blankly seaward, tears trembled in her lashes, and her lips trembled as she breathed convulsively.

"It's so terrible," she said in a dull and even monotone, dispirited and cheerless. "Was I born only to bring suffering and terror and death to all about me?"

"Don't say such things," Coast pleaded wretchedly. "Just a little longer and—"

"But nothing can ever make me forget, Garrett . . . Mr. Power was kind—I don't believe especially high-principled or good—but he was thoughtful as to me and resented his treatment of me. It was because of that they were constantly at odds—and now, because of that . . . Oh, Garrett, Garrett!" she sobbed.

Silent, who knew no words to comfort her, he let her grief spend itself in his embrace. When she was more composed, he ventured a question that had been troubling him ever since she had betrayed her fears: How had she learned of this?

"It was the boat—the boat they said he stole," she explained listlessly. "I remember thinking at the time it wasn't like him—that he would have waited until the fog cleared, and then would have taken the sail-boat. He knew a great deal about the water, and knew that the tides run very strong between here and Squibnocket." She named the nearest point on Martha's Vineyard. "I thought it strange he should try to row across with nothing to guide him and the danger of being swept out to sea—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAST HONORS PAID TO MAINE'S DEAD

BUSINESS IN CAPITAL IS SUSPENDED AS BODIES ARE LAID IN ARLINGTON.

PRESIDENT, ARMY AND NAVY, JOIN IN SOLEMN CEREMONY.

Military Guards and BlueJackets Escort Remains of Victims to Last Resting Place As Minute Guns Boom.

With all the pomp and solemnity that a mighty nation can pay its heroes of war the last of the dead of the Maine were laid away beneath the green hills of Virginia in Arlington cemetery. Side by side with the bodies of those brought back from Havana harbor after the war with Spain, they were consigned to the earth of the Old Dominion, while a nation paid its last measure of honor to the "unidentified" of that great catastrophe that brought on a war that changed the map of the world and extended the empire of the United States into the corners of the earth.

Seldom in the history of this country has there been planned a higher tribute to the memory of any man or men than that for the 64 dead of the Maine. Government business in Washington was practically suspended by executive order. President Taft, most of the members of his cabinet, the highest officers of the army, the navy and the marine corps, officials of the departments and the representatives of many foreign powers participated in the exercises. Over the government buildings flags hung at half-mast, while congress adjourned for the day. The booming of minute guns and the tramp of soldiery added the touch of military pomp and circumstances.

PACKERS ACQUITTED.

Jury Deliberated Nineteen Hours on the Case in Chicago.

Not guilty was the verdict which the jury returned in the trial of the ten Chicago packers accused by the government of violation of the criminal sections of the Sherman anti-trust act.

The verdict was returned before U. S. Judge Carpenter, after the jury had deliberated over 17 hours.

The ten defendants accused by the government and acquitted are:

Swift group—Louis F. Swift, president of Swift & Co.; Edward F. Swift, vice-president of Swift & Co.; Chas. H. Swift, director of Swift & Co.; Francis A. Fowler, manager dressed beef department Swift & Co.

Armour group—J. Ogden Armour, president Armour & Co.; Arthur Meeker, director and general manager Armour & Co.; Thos. J. Connors, director and general superintendent Armour & Co.

Morris group—Edward Morris, president Morris & Co.; Louis H. Heyman, manager beef department Morris & Co.; Edward Tilden, president of the National Packing Co.

Railroads Refuse Engineers' Demand.

Forty-eight railroads, comprising practically all the lines east of Chicago and north of the Norfolk & Western, refused to grant an increase in wages demanded by their locomotive engineers.

The engineers' demand, presented on Jan. 22, was for an increase amounting to about 19 per cent a year. The railroads' refusal is based on the assertion that they are financially unable to bear the increased expense.

The reply was presented at a joint meeting of committees representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and 12 vice-presidents and general managers of the railroads in New York. The railroads point out that the proposed increase will amount to $7,555,792 annually. This increase, they say, would be equivalent to placing on their properties a lien of $188,544,818 of 4 per cent securities, which would have preference over first mortgage bonds, and to just that extent would lessen the ability of the roads to make the improvements necessary to increase the efficiency of their service and to insure greater safety to the public and employes."

Tigers in Railroad Accident.

Two coaches carrying the Detroit ball players were wrecked while passing through the Washington street tunnel in Vicksburg, Miss. Nearly every player in the party was more or less seriously injured.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

William C. Seipp, brewer, who committed suicide Monday, at Chicago, left $55,000 of his estate to Chicago charitable institutions.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., departed from San Francisco for New York Friday to take up his duties with a brokerage firm there with which he now is associated.

Women's coats will be 32 inches long next fall and winter and not an inch longer or shorter, according to a decision by the Suit Designers' association now in convention in New York city.

Vessels of the Atlantic fleet, headed by the flagship Connecticut with the flag of Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, dropped anchor in Hampton Roads, after a five-day voyage from the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba, where they were engaged in winter maneuvers.

As a result largely of the sensational killing of Judge Thorton L. Massie, and officers of his court at Hillsville, Va., Chief Magistrate William McAdoo, of the New York city courts, has decided that all the uniformed attendants and clerks in the courts under his jurisdiction must carry revolvers.

MERE GIRL IS RULER

Grand Duchess Marie Succeeds Father on Throne.

Although Luxembourg's New Sovereign Has Not as Yet Reached Her Eighteenth Birthday She Is to Head Smallest Nation.

Berlin.—By the death of William Alexander, Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the crown of the little principality passes to his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, a girl who has not yet reached the eighteenth anniversary of her birth.

This young girl may in the near future have to wrestle with some very complicated international problems of the greatest importance. The years of her childhood have been gloomy, and it cannot be said that the outlook is very bright for Luxembourg as a nation.

For the last ten years the grand duchess's father, Wilhelm Alexander, had been an invalid. A few weeks after his accession to the throne he was stricken with apoplexy. For five years he had seldom been removed from his bed and his wife, the Princess Maria Anna, Infanta of Portugal, and his daughters hardly ever left the castle of Hohenberg in upper Bavaria, where in the peace of the mountains and forests physicians were trying to save him from his fate. In the city of Luxembourg as well as in Berlin, Munich and Vienna the grand duchess and her children were strangers. They could not with propriety attend any social functions! The grand duke, too weak to be brought back to his own country, found himself to all purposes an exile in Bavaria. This is why, except the fact that she is a rather gifted musician, very little is known concerning the personality of the young duchess.

For the first time in its history Luxembourg will have a ruler born on its own soil. Grand Duchess Marie was born in the capital on June 14, 1894. One of the smallest independent nations in the world, Monaco alone having a smaller area, Luxembourg had always been ruled by foreign princes.

Strangely enough the national anthem of the grand duchy begins with the words, "We'll always remain what

Grand Duchess Marie.

we are" "Mir welle bleiwe wat mir sin." Every day at the hour of noon the chimes of the Luxembourg Cathedral repeat this refrain.

Nevertheless, history tells us that Luxembourg was successively Spanish, Austrian, French, German, Dutch, Belgian and what not? Since the tenth century, when Charlemagne's dominions were dismembered and when some robber baron intrenched on the rocky Hills of Brock called himself Sire of Luxembourg, the little country has been a pawn on the European chessboard, being included in the victor's plunder after every big battle.

CHURCH OF HIDDEN TREASURE

Walls of This Edifice Said to Contain a Chest Full of Money and Jewels.

Barelas, N. M.—A small building popularly known as "The Church of Hidden Treasure," stands in this little town. During the Mexican war many of the richest families in the neighborhood had their gold and valuables in all sorts of curious places.

Senor Sandoval, a very rich landowner, chose the thick walls of the village church as his treasure vault, according to a writer in the Wide World, and tradition says that the precious hoard has never been removed.

Only a few years ago several groups of men, armed with pickaxes, crowbars and other implements, besieged the place in search of the fabulous wealth said to be concealed somewhere on the premises. The treasure is believed to be contained in a large wooden chest, such as most of the wealthy Mexicans formerly possessed. It is claimed that the box contained thousands of dollars in gold, besides emeralds, diamonds and pearls.

The Sandoval family, however, guarded the place most carefully, while they in turn are jealously watched to see that they do not disturb the church property. Bold and daring plans are sometimes laid, but nothing seems to come of them, and the ancient building still guards its precious secret.

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Sloan's Liniment is a great remedy for backache. It penetrates and relieves the pain instantly—no rubbing necessary—just lay it on lightly.

Here's Proof.

"I had my back hurt in the Beer War and in San Francisco two years ago I was hit by a street car in the same place. I tried all kinds of dope without success. Two weeks ago I saw your liniment in a drug store and got a bottle to try. The first application caused instant relief, and now except for a little stiffness, I am almost well."
FLETCHER NORMAN,
Whittier, Calif.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Miss E. Rim of Brooklyn, N.Y. writes: "Sloan's Liniment is the best for rheumatism. I have used six bottles of it and it is grand."

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Perpetual Worth.

"Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"Deed, Miss Ellie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat dald nigger's wuth moah to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."—Lippincott's.

His Coming Out.

A fond Chicago mother is to give a coming-out party for her son. Of course, we have no means of knowing the youth, but we fancy he must be exactly that kind of son—and we await with bated anxiety a full description of his coming-out costume.

What will be done with the gentle youth after this severe social ordeal isn't stated, but it can be believed that he is to be rushed around to all sorts of society functions—and, of course, carefully guarded against the matrimonial designs of fortune-hunting females.

Modern Journalism.

Arthur Brisbane, the editor, praised at a dinner in New York the educative value of moving pictures.

"But, of course," he said afterwards, "the moving picture will never equal the newspaper as an educative force.

"The newspaper not only reports news—in dull seasons it makes news as well. A famous editor put this news-making feature very neatly before a cub reporter when he said:

"'If a dog bites a man it isn't news. But, if a man bites a dog, it is. Whenever you can't find a man biting a dog, go and bite one yourself.'"

NO WORDS WASTED

A Swift Transformation Briefly Described.

About food, the following brief but emphatic letter from a Georgia woman goes straight to the point and is convincing.

"My frequent attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart culminated in a sudden and desperate illness, from which I arose enfeebled in mind and body. The doctor advised me to live on cereals, but none of them agreed with me until I tried Grape-Nuts food and Postum.

"The more I used of them the more I felt convinced that they were just what I needed, and in a short time they made a different woman of me. My stomach and heart troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my mind was restored and is as clear as it ever was.

"I gained flesh and strength so rapidly that my friends were astonished. Postum and Grape-Nuts have benefited me so greatly that I am glad to bear this testimony." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in Pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.