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 Von Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Von 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 throwing 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 returns upon seeing deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going farther and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has also brought the island. He is blind and wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Von Tuyl. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They flee at him.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Coast decided to make himself a present of whatever benefit might be held to inhere in the doubt. He gained the rear entrance in a bound, with another found himself charging down the embankment, in whose treacherous composition of loose sand and gravel he struggled momentarily and vainly for a footing. Then he fell and rolled ingloriously, accompanied by a cloud of dirt, rubbish and small stones. At the bottom of a descent of some thirty feet he picked himself up, unhurt but shaken, just as a second bullet ploughed up the sand two paces to one side.

There was no longer any question as to the identity of the target Coast permitted himself a single, fleeting, upward glance, caught a cinematographic glimpse of the Chinaman—like some huge, ungainly bird in his loose, flapping garments, descending the bank—and turned and ran headlong.

Presently, some distance ahead, the shadowy proportions of the beached cutboat took shape through the mist. For some reason Coast hailed it with a sob of hope: Heaven alone knows what manner of hope the sight of it held out to his dazed preceptions. He had merely a bewildered notion that if only he could hold out until he reached the boat it would afford him some sort of shelter—or else that he might stumble across some nondescript weapon of defence—a broken oar—anything.

Somehow he did manage to gain the little vessel, and, with his pursuer pounding on not fifteen feet in the rear, doubled like a rabbit round its stern. He had a fugitive impression, as he passed, of a curious something crouching there; but with no time for recognition, or indeed for thought, he shot on, of a sudden painfully alive to the fact that he had been mistaken, that there was no refuge for him there.

Then he pulled up on the sound of a heavy fall behind him—a dull crash followed by a short, stifled cry and a sharp crack as of two stones coming together.

He looked back in time to see the short, starved figure of Appleyard straightening up from the body of the Chinaman, to see the little man's half-friendly, half-apologetic smile, and to hear him say in a tone of quiet reassurance: "All right, old top. He's down and three times out."

Incredulous and half exhausted, Coast staggered back to the boat.

The Chinaman lay like some monstrous effigy of man, there sprawling, with a sagging jaw, shut eyes and a ragged, bleeding wound in the middle of his forehead. A bit of driftwood—part of the water-bleached branch of a small tree—was twisted between his feet; a formidably jagged stone in Appleyard's hand eked out the story of his downfall.

"It wasn't anything," the little man explained with his timid, makeshift smile, noting Coast's expression. "I saw you coming—heard the shots to begin with—and made preparation accordin'. Lucky you chanced this way. Otherwise . . ."

He shrugged and cast away the stone that had served so famously: "We'd better be making tracks before the others came down on us," he suggested calmly.

"You—you've killed him?" Coast panted.

"Um-m-no; sorry to say." Appleyard stooped to one side and picked up a revolver which had fallen from the Chinaman's hand. "Unfortunately just stunned. Mebbe," he added, brightening momentarily, "it'll turn out concussion of the brain, but"—he made a dubious mouth—"I'm afraid not. These brutes are tough as pig-iron. Still, I think I'm some promisin' entry in the David and Goliath class—what? . . . Come along now; no time to waste."

He dropped the weapon into a pocket, and seizing Coast's arm, began to trot him along the beach in the direction of the Echo's dory.

"You see," he commented severely, "what comes of going out alone. Next time I go calling, I want you to stay at home and keep out of mischief. Now you hear me!"

CHAPTER XI.

While his crew was whipping the dory's headwarp round a deck-cleat, Coast stood in the cock-pit of the Echo, frowning thoughtfully at the blurred loom of land to starboard, whose shadow seemed to fall cold upon his soul with a sinister presage of suffering and disaster. For there was Katherine, there Blackstock, there mystery, terror, death; . . . and there he himself must be, for her sake.

Out of the horror and turmoil of the last half-hour he emerged with conviction and understanding. She must not be left alone in that place of nameless perils. Such doubts as he had previously entertained no longer found footing in his thoughts: it was settled now; he would stay.

In the emotional stress of his unforeseen encounter with the woman temporarily he had forgotten the victim of the bowstring. But now, busying his conclusions on what she had told him of the personnel of the island, he saw without doubt that the man could have been no other than that Mr. Power she had named as Blackstock's assistant. Power was an Irish name: Coast had catalogued the man as of Irish extraction, at sight.

Held His Breath Fearing He Was Discovered.

If the motive for the assassination remained dark, that Blackstock was privy to it, if not the prime instigator of the crime, was as patent as daylight.

Coast knew in his heart that he was fated never to leave No Man's Land while the woman he loved remained there with the man he feared, despised and hated.

Mr. Appleyard, having made fast the dory, sat himself down, filled and lighted his pipe, and for several moments regarded Coast with a look at once contemplative, penetrating and sympathetic. Then he chose to divert his employer with an enigmatic observation.

"Silly of you," he remarked coolly.

Coast came out of his abstraction with a start. "What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"I said: 'Silly of you.'"

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I mean," drawled the little man, "that you're wasting valuable time standing there with your hands idle and trying to make up your mind what's best to be done about it. If we were only a bit better acquainted, or if you had a grain of perspicuity in your make-up, you'd have realised long ago that you'd better leave it all to me."

"What—!" stammered Coast. "What in thunder are you talking about?"

Appleyard removed the pipe from his mouth and waved it comprehensively toward the island. "That," he said, sententious, smiling sweetly up into the amazed face of his companion. "Your predicament," he added. "If you'd only stayed put, I'd have had everything fixed, but of course you had to butt in and complicate matters. Not that I'm at all dismayed; I can still arrange everything satisfactorily, I think. But you oughtn't to interfere. If I didn't like you so much I'd be awful vexed, honest I would!"

Coast sat down and gasped with astonishment and irrational resentment. "Either you're mad!" he said. "raving—or—"

"You lose your first guess," the little man interrupted calmly. "I'm talking sense, and I'll prove it. Listen: you're cudgelling your—hmm!—brains for an excuse to go back and establish yourself on No Man's Land—persona grata to the inhabitants temporarily at least. Aren't you?"

Coast's jaw dropped. "How do you know that?" he breathed, thunderstruck.

"I'm the best little guesser you ever met," replied Appleyard complacently. "Take it from me, I'm wise to a lot more than you ever dreamed. Furthermore, I'm for you. Now, with that entente clearly established, are you willing to put yourself in my hands and rest easy in my assurance that you'll win out, or do you prefer to blunder on in your infatuated, bull-headed way and take your chances?"

"But—but—who are you? What do you know?"

"I'm the man in the know in this case, all right. But that's not the point. I'll explain, and to your satisfaction, later. For the present, the questions is: Will you or won't you trust me?"

Coast made a helpless gesture. "Go on," he said.

"Good enough. Now," continued Appleyard, rising, "the first thing to do is to clear out of this. You get the anchor up and I'll start the machinery."

"But—"

"Tut, tut! Leave it to me; I'm the doctor, and I'm handing you the only possible prescription, based on an exhaustive diagnosis of the symptoms, et cetera. And you'd better hump yourself. As things stand," the little man paused to explain with a trace of impatience, seeing that Coast made no move and was on the point of interposing further objections, "we have the advantage of our friends ashore. We know who they are, but they don't know us. But if we stick round here it's only a question of time before we're discovered. Whereas, if we fold our tent and silently beat it, we can return anon (get that 'anon'?) and they'll have less excuse for identifying us with the first rash intruders. Moreover, we shall have had time to study the situation in detail and plan our campaign accordingly. . . .

Now will you get that mud-hook up?"

He turned his back to Coast and prepared to uncover the motor, while his putative employer, mystified and talked into a condition of semi-hypnosis, silently rose and clambered forward.

By the time he had weighed in the light anchor and returned to the cockpit, the little engine was trouble busily and the Echo had begun to move, Appleyard at the wheel, imperturbable, steering by the compass on the seat at his side. He nodded satisfaction as Coast began to coil the cable, still dazed and almost inclined to credit the preposterous situation to a waking dream.

"Good!" said the little man. "Now get below and change—you can't afford to catch your death, standing round in those dripping rags—and believe me, that I may do the same. Furthermore, I'd be glad of a drop of grog. . . . We'll talk later."

"Do you mind telling me where we're bound?" Coast inquired with mild sarcasm.

"Not at all. This course ought to take us clear of Devil's Bridge," returned the little man helpfully.

Coast was in a more cheerful mood, too, when he returned, the confidence and courage of his manner bearing witness to the restorative power of plenty of hot coffee and bacon and eggs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Business Man.

Doctor—"Now, Mr. Macdonald, you must take your temperature."

Macdonald (nee Israels)—"Ach, but you cannot. Everything is in de name of my wife!"—Everybody's Weekly.

RICHESON CONFESSES SENTENCED TO DIE

FORMER PREACHER IN JAIL IN BOSTON ADMITS HIS GUILT AS POISONER OF MISS LINNELL.

HOPES TO ESCAPE DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Prosecutor Declares He Has No Idea of Allowing Him to Dodge Trial for Climax of His Cruel Deeds.

Clarence Valentine Thompson Richeson, former Baptist preacher, in jail in Boston, confessed giving poison to Miss Avis Linnell, of Hyannisport, causing her death on the night of October 14, 1911. The confession was made public by Richeson's lawyers.

The confession was phrased and penned by Richeson. It gives no details. It states no motive for the crime. It is an admission of guilt and an allegation of remorse, a revelation of fear of the electric chair, desire to escape it, and an appeal for life in prison walls. It closes with expressions calculated to indicate religious sentiment and feeling in the man who heartlessly poisoned the young choir singer whom he had wronged, whose condition threatened revelations which might jeopard his proposed marriage to a young and wealthy society woman.

Moses Grant Edmands, father of Violet Edmands, to whom Richeson was engaged, opened his purse for Richeson's defense. Richeson's dead father came on from Virginia. Douglas Richeson, a brother, came from Chicago. Members of Immanual Baptist church, Cambridge, of which Richeson was pastor when arrested, prayed for Richeson and refused for some time to accept his resignation, even when urged to do so by Richeson himself. All these repeatedly publicly affirmed the belief in his innocence. They are stunned by his confession of bloodguiltiness.

Guilty; Sentenced to Die May 19.

A plea of guilty of murder in the first degree was made by Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson in the superior court in Boston, and he was sentenced by Judge Sanderson to death by electrocution some time during the week of May 19, 1912.

Richeson had pleaded not guilty when arraigned after his indictment on the charge of poisoning Avis Linnell, of Hyannis, Mass., his sweetheart, but following a written confession he retracted that plea and made a formal plea of guilty.

It is understood a petition may be made to Gov. Foss and the executive council of the state to commute the death sentence to imprisonment for life.

New York Has $10,000,000 Fire.

At least $10,000,000 loss and possibly as high as $15,000,000 was caused by a fire in New York that destroyed the nine-story building of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Four persons are known to be dead and three others are missing, believed to be buried in the ruins of the historic marble structure that made up the entire block between Nassau, Pine and Cedar streets and Broadway. One of the dead is Deputy Fire Chief Walsh, who was trapped on the fourth floor.

Between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000 worth of securities are in the vaults under the building, but are supposed to be safe.

According to an officer of the Equitable, the great safety deposit vaults in the building contained securities aggregating between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000. The vaults are believed to be intact.

Larger Deficit Faces Treasury.

The dying year 1911 is bequeathing the federal government a materially increased deficit as compared with the close of 1910, to be wiped out, if possible, during the remaining half of the current fiscal year. The general fund, representing the available resources of the treasury, showed a big growth, on the other hand, due to the sale of $50,000,000 in Panama canal bonds during the year. The principal cause of the increased deficit was a falling off of probably $10,000,000 in customs receipts and an increase of about $7,000,000 in the cost of the navy during the last half year, as compared with the same period in 1910.

End of 1911 Brings Relief in Wall St.

Relief rather than regret is felt in Wall street at the passing of the year 1911. It has been a year of decided unsettlement in both finance and business. Activity in almost every line has been repressed. Trading on the stock exchange dwindled. At no time, however, were there threats of widespread disaster. The condition was one of dull suspense rather than of actual retrogression. Business was sound but the characteristic American vim was lacking.

A white marble bust of Vice-President James S. Sherman has reached the capitol and will be immediately put in place in a niche close to the main entrance of the senate.

The Michigan Funeral Directors and Embalmers' association held a meeting at the Hotel Dresden, Flint, and fixed the date for the annual meeting in Flint next year. It will be held Aug. 14, 15 and 16.

Dangers of the streets of New York are thrown into strong relief in the annual report of the highways protective society, showing that street accidents resulted in the killing of 4 persons and the serious injury of 1,004 in 1911. During 1910, there were 376 killed and 930 seriously injured. In 1911 60 chauffeurs ran away and escaped detection after killing pedestrians according to the report.

U. S. TROOPS HELD READY

Fifteenth Infantry, in Manila, Can Be Sent to China on Moment's Notice.

The Fifteenth Infantry regiment, which is stationed at Fort McKinley, Manila, where it arrived December 5, is being held in readiness to proceed to China.

It was brought up to war strength on its arrival, in preparation for eventualities.

The army stands ready to meet any demands on it within reason, and the officers in Washington are wondering why the word does not come from Pekin, knowing that other powers have been dispatching troops into the interior of China along the lines of the railroad from Pekin to the sea.

Wellington R. Burt Gives $6,000 to Fair.

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, has made public a donation of $6,000 to the Eastern Michigan Fair association, contingent on the association securing $30,000 by March 1. The directors have started an active campaign to secure the necessary funds, selling stock to citizens.

Coldest in Thirteen Years at the Soo

With the mercury down to 26 degrees below zero the cold record for 13 years was broken at Sault Ste. Marie. On February 10, 1899, the record of 37 below zero was made.

Sir William Rann Kennedy, lord justice on appeals of London, Eng., recently president of the International Law association, will deliver the annual address before the American Bar association at its annual meeting to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 27, 28 and 29.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

DETROIT—Cattle—Best steers and heifers, $6; good to choice butcher steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs, $5.25@5.75; light to good butcher steers and heifers, 700 to 900 lbs, $5.50@5; mixed butchers' fat cows, $3.50@4.25; canners, $2@3; common bulls, $3.25@4; good shippers' bulls, $4.25@4.75; common feeders, $3.50@4; good weight do, $4.50@5; light stockers, $3.25@4.25.

Veal Calves—Market steady; best grades, $9@10; others, $5@8. Milch cows and springers, $25@80.

Sheep and Lambs—Market steady; best lambs, $6.30@6.75; fair to good lambs, $5.50@6; light to common lambs, $4@5; fair to good butcher sheep, $3@5.50; culls and common, $2@2.50.

Hogs—Market steady; light to good butchers, $6@6.15; pigs, $5.75@6.30; light yorkers, $5@6.15; stags, one-third off.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Market active and steady; prime steers, $7.25@8; butcher grades, $5.50@6.80. Calves—Market active and firm; culls to choice, $7@11. Sheep and lambs—Market active, sheep firm; lambs 15c lower; choice lambs, $6.75@7.25; culls to fair, $5@6.50; yearlings $5.25@6.25; sheep, $2@5.50. Hogs—Market active and steady; Yorkers, $6.40@6.45; pigs, $6.25; mixed, $6.45; heavy, $6.25@6.30; roughs, $5.50@5.90; stags, $4@5.25.

GRAIN, ETC.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 1 car at 97½c; May opened with an advance of 2c at 21.01¼, advanced to $1.01¾, declined to $1.01⅝, and closed at $1.01⅝; July opened at 93¾c and advanced to 96¼c; No. 1 white, 95½c; No. 2 mixed, 1 car at 91½c.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 62½c; No. 4, 1 car at 60c; No. 3 yellow, 63½; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 61½c.

Oats—Standard, 50¼c bid; No. 3 white, 50c; standard on track, 51c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 86c bid.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and January shipment, $2.32; February, $2.32; May, $2.45.

Clover seed—Prime spot and March, $12.50; sample, 3 bags at $10.50, 8 at $11.25, 5 at $12; prime alsike, $10.75; sample alsike 3 bags at $10.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, $2.20.

Barley—Sample, 1 car at $2.45 per cwt.

Buckwheat—Good grades, $1.75 per cwt.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $4.75; second patent, $4.50; rye, $4.50; spring patent, $5.50; rye, $4.80.

Feed—In jobbing lots in 100-lb sacks: Bran, $27; coarse middlings, $29; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal and cracked corn, $30; corn and oat chop, $28 per ton.

FARM PRODUCE.

Trading in farm stuff is active and the general tone steady to firm. The cold weather is causing an increase in demand in the leading lines of produce. Eggs are coming in freely and demand is active. Butter is dull owing to the high price. Chickens are in active demand and a lively trade is going on in dressed owing to the favorable weather for handling that line of goods. Prices are higher and the market is quoted firm. Potatoes are firm and in good demand. Sugars declined 50c.

Apples—Baldwin $2.50@3; Greening, $2.75@3; Spy, $2@3.50; Ben Davis, $2@2.50; snow, $2.50@3 per bbl.

Cabbage—2½@2½c per lb.

Hickory Nuts—Shellbark, 2½@3c per lb.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 10c; choice, 8@9c per lb.

Honey—Choice to fancy comb, 16@18c; amber, 14@15c per lb.

Dressed Hogs—Light, $7; medium, $6.75; heavy, $6.50 per cwt.

Potatoes—Car lot, truck, 25c per bu in bulk and 30c in sacks per bu.

Dressed Poultry—Chickens, 13@14c; hens, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 16@17c.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 12@13c; No. 2 chickens, 10c; hens, 10c; No. 1 do, 9c; turkeys, 15@16c; geese, 11@12c; ducks, 14c; young ducks, 16c per lb.

Cheese—Michigan, old, 16@17c; September, 15½@16c; York State, September, 16@17c; limburger, 14@15c; domestic Swiss, 17@20c; imported Swiss, 29@32c; brick cream, 15@16c per lb.

VEGETABLES.

Brussel sprouts, 25c per qt; beets, 70c per bu; carrots, 80c per bu; cauliflower, $2.75 per doz; celery, 30@40c per doz; hothouse cucumbers, $1.50@1.75 per doz; eggplant, $1.75@2.25 per doz; garlic, 10c per lb; green beans, $2 per bu; green peppers, $1.25 per bu; leaf lettuce, $1.50@2 per hamper; mint, 30c per doz; parsley, 50c per doz; parsnips, 80c per bu; radishes, 30c per doz; rutabagas, 40c per bu; Hubbard squash, 1½c per lb; turnips, 70c per bu; vegetable oysters, 10c per doz; watercress, 35c per doz.

Charging violations of the Sherman anti-trust laws, the Peoples Tobacco Co., of New Orleans, instituted civil action in the United States district court against the American Tobacco Co. for damages and penalties provided by the anti-trust law, in the sum of $331,199.08.

The dominion government is surveying the suggestion of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway that King George be invited to open Canada's transcontinental railway in 1915. Every effort will be made to have Majesty tour the dominion on that occasion.

He Knew the Worm.

A country girl was home from college for the Christmas holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't it perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

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If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.

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Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolsalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c for druggists, or free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Womanlike.

Crawford—How did your wife come to buy you all those suspenders?

Crabshaw—I think she wanted the pretty boxes they came in.—Judge.

One way to discount a woman's argument is to agree with her.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Contrary Human Nature.

People seem to find it easier to be kind than to be genuinely appreciative of a kindness done them.

You will sneeze: perhaps feel chilly. You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamlins Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

Nothing pleases some people more than the opportunity to spread bad news about their neighbors.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Force a man to eat his own words and he will soon lose his appetite.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

"Lost—A golden hour, set to 60 diamond minutes. There is no reward, for it is gone forever."—Beecher.

And sometimes the girl's father forbids a young man the house, when it wasn't the house he wanted.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

If you can't marry the one you love, try to love the one you marry.

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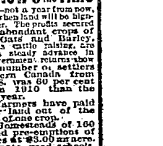
They do their duty.



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Genuine must bear Signature

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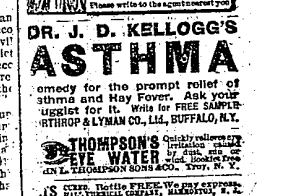

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