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 burying a man. 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.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The other vessel was entering the mouth of the channel, at the moment that Coast put the helm over and brought the Echo's green starboard eye into view. A mile or so lay between them. Appleyard lifted the hatch and opened the throttle full, before setting out the port light.

A shower of spray swept over the Echo's counter as she bucked the tide.

"That's the stuff," said the little man. "Now they're wondering what particular variety of darn fools we are. Hold her as she stands—steady."

Two throaty blasts from an automatic whistle floated down the wind.

"What'd I tell you?" chuckled Appleyard. "She's slowed down already," he announced, although Coast was unable to discern any change in the speed of the nearing craft. "It hurts to do this." The little man jerked the whistle lever and echoed a single, prolonged, derisive blast. "Lord! they must be cussin' a blue streak!"

By this time the Echo had worked well up into the channel, the other vessel being about midway through. To a second signal, a solitary blast, Appleyard replied with two, in utter defiance of every rule and regulation for the prevention of collisions at sea. A husky shout of wrath answered this manifestation of landlubbery foolishness. Appleyard responded with three short barks of the whistle, the same signifying what was obviously untrue—that he had reversed his engine and was running full-speed astern; for at the same moment, in obedience to his low-toned command—"Starboard, starboard your helm!"—Coast again put the wheel over and the Echo swung smartly on her heel, showing her port light and making as if to cut across the other's bows at a moment when they were but a few lengths apart.

There was an instant of suspense as the boats drew swiftly together. Coast held his breath and prepared to jump should the threatened bump; it seemed certain that the sharp stem of the motor cruiser would crash into the catboat's side. Even Appleyard lost something of his customary aplomb and betrayed the strain upon his nerves.

"Sit tight—sit tight!" he whispered between his closed teeth. "Don't give an inch—they've got to—they don't dare—ah-h!"

The last was a sigh of relief as the cruiser swerved sharply in toward Pasquo, shot forward a couple of lengths and brought up suddenly with a churning screw—hard and fast aground.

A moment later the Echo rounded gracefully to port within two yards of her stern; and simultaneously Appleyard, leaning far out over the combing, made an exceedingly cunning cast with a coil of line which Coast had laid in against the possibility of a broken halyard. The flying loops settled accurately into the water, just above the foam kicked up by the cruiser's propeller, and in another instant its motor stopped with a strangulated gasp.

Out of the cloud of profanity that smoked up from the cruiser's cockpit drew first one heavy spanner, then another. Both splashed heavily along side the Echo. Not until they had drawn well out of range did Coast and Appleyard rise from the shelter of the combings.

"So far, splendid," commented Appleyard soberly, staring astern, "I reckon that, between the furrow they ploughed in that shoal and several yards of good hempen rope gumming up the shaft and screw, they'll bide where they are a wee. Till the storm blows over any way. It ought to take a good diver or a marine railway to free that shaft. . . . Now, if you'll give me the wheel, we'll go about and get ready for business. That was child's play, alongside of what's to come. Get the sail up, please."

For a space thereafter Coast had his hands full; the Echo was swinging out of the channel, past the hollow, despondent clanging bell, and the wind had found her with a swoop of fury and a wolfish howl. By the time he had trimmed the main-sheet the catboat was sweeping onward at a rate little short of incredible.

Steadily the guiding 'longshore lights swung round them, marking their progress to starboard. Cuttyhunk shining steadfast as a low-hung star, to port Gay Head lifting up its lofty beacon, astern, low down, a glimmer, frequently lost—Nobska. No nearer lights were there to bewilder; wise coastwise mariners hugged snug harbors on such a night as that; the Echo took her chance alone. . . .

Touching Coast's arm, Appleyard drew his attention to a tiny glint of light in the south, where No Man's Land beckoned them from afar, across a weary waste of broken waters.

Coast nodded, with a set, grave face, knowing that his hour drew nigh.

CHAPTER XIII.

About midway between the eastern and western extremes of the north shore of No Man's Land, a little sandy spit juts out, forming, according to Appleyard, "what you might call a sort of cove, if you don't care what you say." To the west of it lies the only good anchorage near the island—one that can be termed such solely when the winds blow from the south.

The Echo Took Her Chance Alone. . . .

Into the poor shelter of this courtesy harbor, under the pilotage of Appleyard (who asserted that he found his way half by guess work and half by sense of smell) the Echo fought her way and as her anchor bit into the bottom and her cable tautened brought up staggering, like a spent runner at the close of a long race.

Only seamanship of a sort not inaptly to be called superb (but not less so than the courage exhibited by both men) eked out by Appleyard's intimate acquaintance with the waters thereabouts, could have brought the Echo through in safety.

Coast took ashore with him a new sense of respect and admiration for his companion. What emotions, if any, Appleyard entertained, remained inscrutable.

Driving the boat through a quartering run of surf, they made an uncomfortable though not dangerous landing on the west side of the sand spit, drew the dory far up and set off, side by side, wet and weary, for the Cold Lairs—as they had christened, by common consent, the abandoned fishing village.

They stumbled up to and through its empty street, a little wondering, a little apprehensive, more than a little alert and inclined to seek the touch of each other's shoulders. They were, in the good old phrase, taking their lives in their hands in this phase of their adventure; and the sense of this clutched at their hearts with fingers of ice. That they would be recognized (save Coast by Katherine) as the men who had been on the island in the fog seemed little likely; so far as they knew neither had been seen, but by the Chinaman whom Appleyard had stunned; and it was improbable that he had caught clear sight of either. There remained, however, a hundred masked dangers growing out of Blackstock's certain distrust and misgivings, with a far-fetched possibility that the men stranded on the shoals off Pasquo would find some means of escape and communicate with Blackstock by wireless from the mainland. It was not more than an improbable possibility, but none the less it held its meed of danger, and they might not forget it, though Appleyard had argued and contrived plausibly against mischance.

If the crew of the grounded vessel (he explained) chose to land on Pasquo, they would better their condition not at all—merely exchange a comfortable cabin for the questionable freedom of a little two-by-four island cut off from Naushon and its habitations by the deep, swift currents that scour Robinson's Hole. In another direction, it would profit them as little to seek the cheerless shelter of the life-saving station on Nashawena; it would require more than man-power to free the cruiser from the sticky clutches of the shoal, and their chances of obtaining a tow before the storm abated were positively nil.

"You can tie to this," Appleyard had summed up; "they'll stay put till morning. And then a while. That'll give me time to 'tend to their cases properlike. Even should I fail down there, we've got at the worst reckoning a clear eighteen hours. And if that's not long enough for us to frame up a suitable last act for this thrilling drayman of crrrime and hooman hearts, we ain't fit even to dope out a scenario for a moving-picture film; and I for one will make up my mind to shake the legit, and try to make a dent in the two-a-day."

From which pronouncement Coast drew what comfort he could. . . .

The bunaglow occupied what was apparently the brow of the island's highest ridge, something like a quarter of a mile to the south of the farm-house and near the southern shore. As they drew nearer Appleyard slowed down to a cautious walk. At a fair distance from the lighted window both paused, as if seeking some final word; then, without speech (it would have been necessary to shriek to make oneself heard in that exposed spot) Coast caught the little man's hand and gave it a long, friendly pressure. He turned and moved a few paces toward the house. When he looked back Appleyard had melted into the darkness.

He passed a window so misted with moisture that he could have seen little within had he wished or stopped to look. He turned a corner, moved past another window, and came to a door before which he stopped a long minute, not hesitant, but pulling himself together, realizing but on the whole not sorry that he now stood alone, had only himself to look to whatever the emergency the next few hours might give rise to. On the other side of those panels were the only two beings in the world who could strike upon his heart-strings every chord in the gamut of the emotions; and he must be prepared to experience them all and show himself unmoved, at least outwardly. . . .

Lifting his hand, he knocked loudly, and without waiting turned the knob and entered. A tearing blast of wind accompanied him, for the door faced the east. He had a brief struggle with it before he got it closed and faced the light—his heart in his mouth, if the truth is to be told.

To Coast's unspeakable relief he found Blackstock alone. Apparently the man had been sitting by the table, his feet on a near-by stool; but when Coast discovered him he was standing in that dogged, forceful pose of strength and preparedness which seemed somehow peculiarly his: with his feet well apart, his heavy body inclining forward from his hips, his broad shoulders a trifle lifted, his round and heavy head thrusting forward on its thick, strong neck.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great Economic Problem.

Uncle Eben—"I tell ye, the present poor quality of immigration is driving out the native born Americans." Nephew Eben—"Right ye are, uncle! Look at this town, for instance. What with drummers in the spring, city boarders in the summer, surveyors in the fall, and actors in the winter, a feller who's born and raised here don't stand any chance with the home gals at all."—Judge.

THREE DROWNED IN WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS

MAN, WIFE AND BOY LOSE THEIR LIVES AS ICE BRIDGE MOVES.

HUSBAND AND WIFE GO PRAYING TO DEATH.

Thousands With Aching Hearts See Rescue Party All But Reach Helpless—Kiss Each Other Good-Bye. . . .

A man and his wife and a boy of 17 lost their lives in Whirlpool rapids, when one of the annual Niagara river ice bridges slipped loose from its position below the falls and swept down stream, bearing the three on it.

The couple were Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, of Toronto, and the other Burrell Heacock, 17, of East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, Cleveland. Young Heacock lost his life because he turned back to try to help save the woman when five others were running off the ice to safety ashore.

The memory of Heacock's death, because of the heroism that marked it, will live long in the annals of the beautiful, deadly falls that from year to year are made the scene of tragedy. Twice this youth of 17 years scorned to save himself that he might assist in the futile attempt to rescue the woman. And at the end, when he was all but safe, he fell into the icy waters because he had been exhausted by his efforts for another.

The death of the three is one of the most tragic and heart-rending possible. As the great cakes of ice floated down toward the whirl, braking into smaller and smaller fields, a number of American and Canadian firemen and hundreds of others, with long ropes, tried to save the trio by letting the ropes down from steel bridges across the stream in hopes the victims could seize the ropes and be drawn up to safety.

All three were able to get hold of the rope, but were too benumbed to hold on.

WILL AID RIVAL UNION.

Federation Will Attempt to Settle Lawrence Strike.

The Central Labor union of Lawrence, Mass., which is affiliated with the Federation of Labor, will enter into the fight for the success of the strike of more than 15,000 textile mill operatives, which has been on for nearly a month under the direction of a rival organization, the Industrial Workers of the World.

This action was decided on at a closed meeting of the executive committee of the Central Labor union when it was decided to have the C. L. U. try to bring about a settlement in favor of the operatives.

STATE BRIEFS.

The Commercial Savings bank, capitalized at $20,000, will be opened in Standish.

Since the cold weather set in the first of the year more people have been accepted into the county poor farm than ever before in the history of Saginaw. There are 97 inmates at present.

Mrs. Anna Benkert, of Grand Rapids, former local club leader and society woman, possessor of nine diplomas from nine educational institutions, was sentenced indefinitely to the House of the Good Shepherd by Judge Stuart, for selling liquor illegally. Mrs. Benkert was formerly a resident of Toledo, O.

Albert Holter, of Ashland, it is charged, entered a department store in Ontonagon at 1:30 o'clock in the morning, robbed the till, permitted the place to catch fire from dropped matches; sounded the alarm of fire; worked as a volunteer fireman to extinguish the blaze and was arrested later as he was taking a train for Ashland. J. P. Donnelly, who owned the store, said the loss was $40,000. Less than $40 was in the cash drawer.

State lands in Michigan are going to cost more in the future. Dollar lands are to be things of the past. These are among the various things agreed on at the meeting of the public domain commission held in Lansing. Secretary Carton wants to see all state lands placed at a value of at least $6 an acre. Several members thought such a change would not be just the thing to do at present. Eventually, however, the state lands will be raised to that figure.

As the result of a row that has been brewing for months, Deputy Postmaster William McCracken, of St. Joseph, has been dismissed from the postal service. An order to this effect was issued by the department at Washington 60 days ago. The order was based on the ground that the office was supplied with too much help and that the postmaster had the right to recommend any employe's dismissal. Although the latter was under civil service he had to trial, the first assistant postmaster general merely removing him from office.

A belated effort is now being made by relatives to locate Henry Martin Gage, who 31 years ago, was kidnaped by gypsies near Holland.

Vaccination for smallpox should be made compulsory in this state, was the opinion of the health officers who attended the closing meeting of the health officers' convention in Ann Arbor. The association decided to hold its next meeting there in May. The officers elected are: President, Dr. Guy L. Kiefer, of Detroit; vice-presidents, Doctors Langlois, Wyandotte; Koon, Grand Rapids; Fisher, Hubbell, and Goodwin, Bay City; secretary, Dr. R. L. Dixon, of Lansing.

CONVICTS MAY MOLD BRICK

Suggested as Means of Employment for Idle Prisoners.

At a regular meeting of the Jackson prison board of control the proposition of establishing, inside the prison, a plan for the manufacture of building brick and tile was considered, and the warden was directed to secure expert information as to the cost of manufacture and what profit the state would derive with inmate labor. W. F. Ward, of Jackson, a prospector, furnished the board with information as to the locations of clay lands. There are hundreds of acres of it, and samples of clay will be secured and tested preliminary to the making of definite plans for the carrying on of a brick and tile industry.

It is pointed out that the shops occupied by the Withington & Cooney contracts will expire soon, and space will be afforded within the prison walls for the necessary machinery and kilns for the manufacture of these products.

One of the things the board mentioned in connection with this proposition was freight rates, which will have to be taken up with the local railroad officials.

Bank Is Fleeced by Cashier.

With forged paper on its hands, entailing a shortage of about $9,000, the Dowagiac State bank was closed on an order from State Banking Commissioner Doyle, of Detroit.

The first intimation that the stockholders had of anything wrong was the posting of the sign on the door announcing over Commissioner Doyle's signature, that the institution was in the hands of the state banking department pending investigation.

The announcement created quite a flurry among the depositors, but they were somewhat pacified by the announcement of E. B. Jenney, president and cashier and chief stockholder of the bank, in which he stated publicly that no inconvenience would result and that depositors can be paid in full at any time. It is not regarded as likely the bank will be suspended permanently.

Local Option Violators Sent to Jail.

Judge Shepherd sentenced Frank Fochtman at Petoskey to a term of four months in the Detroit house of correction, in addition to a $200 fine and $5 costs. Fochtman, who is a prominent business man, pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the local option law, another case of the same kind being put over to another term.

Jake Krusel, convicted on the same charge, was sentenced to 60 days in the Emmett county jail and to pay $50 fine and $14 costs.

LATE WIRE BULLETINS.

Gen. Manuel Bonilla has assumed the presidency of Honduras.

Premier Canalejas denies that Spain has any intention of intervening in Portugal.

Britain and Russia will shortly advance to Persia another $2,000,000 to relieve the immediate necessities of the Persian government.

The Graff Seamless Shoe Co., of Attica, N. Y., has decided to locate in Saginaw. It is capitalized at $25,000 and makes athletic shoes.

Four hundred thousand timber staves valued at $40,000 were swept away at Beattyville, when an ice gorge in Kentucky river broke.

The committees appointed to make arrangements for the inauguration of Prof. John G. Hibben, Princeton's new president, announces that the formal inauguration will take place on Saturday, May 11.

One-eyed men in Alabama, having taxable property not exceeding $500 in valuation, are exempt from the annual poll tax of $1.50 required in that state, in the opinion of Attorney-General R. C. Grikell.

Grief at the receipt of the news of the death of Loretta Blakely, of Minneapolis, to become blind and dumb. She is in a hospital, where physicians say she eventually may recover both sight and speech.

The Rev. Dr. Charles G. Roberts, one of the oldest and most widely known Congregational clergymen in the United States, is dead at his home in Flushing, Long Island, in his eighty-third year.

The 1912 assessment roll for Greenwich, Ct., sometimes called the wealthiest suburb in America, shows a total of taxable property of $35,000,000. This is an increase of $9,000,000 over the list of 1911.

Gov. Dix of New York has been advised by his physician to give up all social and public engagements for the present. Unable to bear the burden of duties thrust upon him, the governor has been on the verge of a breakdown.

The annual income of New York from all sources has almost reached the half billion mark, according to the report of the city chamberlain for 1911. This year's receipts amounted to $464,200,000. The income for 1912 will exceed half a billion.

After removing disputed features to the bill providing for the sale of the unallotted lands in the Standing Rock Indian reservation in North Dakota, and South Dakota, the senate passed that measure. The lands embrace more than 1,100,000 acres.

Mgr. Giovanni Bonzano paid a visit to the Vatican, where he was received by the pope for the first time as papal delegate in the United States, to which office he has just been appointed in succession to Diomede Falconio, who recently was elevated to the cardinalate.

The strong box of the state treasury was enriched $34,000 when State Commissioner of Insurance Palmer received a check from the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Milwaukee, for that amount, it being a remittance to the state for the 2 per cent tax on the company's premiums in Michigan.

A COMPLETE CURE OF BLADDER TROUBLE.

I am pleased to testify to the merits of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I had occasion to use for bladder trouble, which my physician was unable to relieve.

Four fifty-cent bottles of your remedy effected a complete cure.

Yours truly,
PETER VAN DEINSE,
Greenville, Mich.

County of Montcalm } ss.
State of Michigan }

The foregoing has this 12th day of July, 1909, been subscribed and sworn to before me a Notary Public in and for Montcalm County, Michigan.

FRED A. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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.

Got Back at Critic.

"I was walking up Sixth avenue in New York," says Capt. F. J. Archibald, "accompanied by James Neilsen of Sweden, who was over here on a visit. There is a big Swedish employment agency up there about Fortieth street, and the sign is spelled in Swedish fashion:

'Help wanted.'

"I asked Neilsen what in the world that extra 'j' was doing at the end of the word, especially as, even in Swedish, it is not pronounced.

"'Oh, it is just there, I suppose,' said Neilsen.

"'But now that you don't pronounce the letter why don't you people drop it altogether? It looks so silly to have a letter there you don't pronounce.'

"'Well,' said Neilsen, 'I suppose we keep it there for the same reason you hang on to the "p" in pneumonia.'"—New York Herald.

To Prevent Drafts.

A simple and practical way to prevent drafts entering under a door that has, through shrinkage, a wide crack under it, is to fold three thicknesses of paper together just the width of the door and two inches deep and cover it with serge or cloth as near the color of the door as possible.

Sew to this three small brass rings, one a quarter of an inch from each end and one in the middle. Fasten into the bottom of the door three small screw-hooks and hang the rings to them. You will have a perfect protection from cold air coming under the door and one that is easily removed and kept dusted.

Reward of Merit.

"Go on, sah! Go on and blow yo' hawn 'bout who yo' is and what yo' done!" impatiently said old Brother Bogus. "But lemme specify dat I'se de on'y extinguished citizen o' dis town dat de president o' de railroad—dis yuh road, right yuh!—paid any 'tention to when he went th'oo in his special kyah last week. Yassah! I wuz yuh when de train passed—right on dis spot!—and dat 'ar po'ly white man gimme a fine see-gyah; flung it to me out'n de window o' de kyah, and it wuz lit, too!"—Puck.

Useless.

"Why don't you make up your mind to cease permitting your wife to henpeck you?"

"I have made it up half a dozen times, but it doesn't seem to do any good at all. She refuses to concede that I have a mind."

An Interruption.

Gerald—With that end in view—
Geraldine—Stop looking at my feet.

Like a Pleasant Thought

of an old friend—

Post Toasties

with cream.

Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown.

A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper—always ready to serve instantly from the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

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