

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
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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 young blondes and "Van Tui". There is a quarrel, and Blackstock accuses Van Tui of desertion. Coast struggles to wrest the women from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Douglas accuses Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

His journey uptown in the subway which he accomplished without misadventure, shielding himself behind a newspaper, was his first taste of unrestricted freedom—and by that token a delight without alloy.

At a quiet and inconspicuous hotel in the Forties, some distance from Broadway he registered boldly as "Brainard West, Philadelphia," and paid for his room in advance, explaining that his luggage would come in later. The open stare of the room clerk irritated him but little, whose thoughts were preoccupied with a hundred half-formed and less than half-considered plans.

In his rooms, forgetful of his promise to telephone Warburton, he threw himself upon the bed to ponder the next move; and exhaustion, superinduced by excitement, overcame him almost immediately. For the better part of an hour he slept without stirring, and awakened in the end only to the shrilling, prolonged and not-to-be-dented-ring of the telephone by the head of his bed.

Still a little stupid with sleep, he required a moment or two to grasp the import of the switchboard operator's advice, to the effect that a Mr. Cross, representing the Evening World, would like to see Mr. Brainard West. The message was repeated in accents peremptory before he comprehended that he had been run to earth.

"Ask the gentleman to come up at once," he said, and, seizing his hat, left the room as soon as he had finished speaking.

Ascending a single flight of the stairway that wound round the elevator shaft, he waited until the car began to rise, then rang. As he had foreseen, it paused at the floor below to discharge the newspaper man before coming up for him. As he stepped into the cage he pressed a dollar into the operator's palm.

"Down," he demanded; "ground floor. And don't stop for anybody." A single minute later he was in the street. Haste being the prime essential of the situation, he dodged round the corner into Sixth avenue, walked a block uptown and turned through to Broadway.

There suddenly, as he paused at the upper end of Longacre square, doubting which way to turn, what to do, he quickened to sensibility of his solitude, and knew himself more utterly alone in that hour than ever he had been throughout his days.

A passing handman palled in to his signal. He entered, giving the address of Katherine Thaxter's home.

There was a crimson glare of sunset down the street when he alighted and paid his fare.

"Just in time," said Coast; "I was to come to tea today—I begged the privilege only yesterday."

He paused, shamed by a presentiment of the aspect of the house. At every window the shades were drawn level with the sills. The flight of brownstone steps, littered with wind-swept dust and debris, ran up to heavy eucalyptus trees, tight-closed. The seal of a burglar-protective concern stared at him from a corner of one of the drawing-room windows. Only in the old-fashioned basement were there signs of life; the area-gateway stood open; a gas jet glimmered through saffron curtains.

Heavily Coast turned into the area, and rang the basement bell.

After some time the door was opened to him and he entered, to have his hand caught and fawned upon by the aged butler who had smuggled him sweets when Coast in the pride and pomp of his first knickerbockers had come to stay with Katherine in her nursery.

"Oh, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Garrett!" the old voice quavered. "God bless the day, sir! I've seen the papers and I said that you'd be here, sir, as soon as ever you got back home. I knew 'twould turn out so, sir, from the first; I've never failed to stand up for you and say you never done it. . . . But a black shame it is justice was so long in coming."

Soames rambled on, garrulous in semi-sensile joy. Coast leaned wearily against the wall of the gloomy basement hallway, with no heart to interrupt. At length, however, he found his voice.

"Thank you, Soames," he said, gently. "But—Miss Katherine?"

The answer he had foreseen, hopelessly. "Gone, sir—gone this many a day. . . . You know what happened, sir?"

"I can guess. But tell me." He steered himself against the disclosure of what he already knew with intuitive certainty.

"Mrs. Gresham died—you know that, sir?" Soames named Katherine's aunt, with whom she had lived after her parents' death.

"During my trial—yes, I knew."

"She never believed you guilty, sir. Perhaps you'd like to know . . ."

"But Miss Katherine?"

The old man shook his head mournfully. "Mad, sir, mad . . ." he mumbled.

Coast caught his wrist fiercely. "What's that you say?"

"I say she was mad, sir, to do what she done, and that I'll say though it cost me my place. . . . It wasn't a decent three months after Mrs. Gresham passed away, sir—"

you'd been—been sent away barely a month—when she married him—"

"Blackstock?"

"Yes, sir. . . . She didn't know what she was doing, sir. I've thought it was what I've heard called infatuation. She didn't know her own mind when he was talking to her. He carried her clean off her feet, so to speak. . . . So they were married and went away."

"To Germany, I understood, sir."

"You've heard—"

"Never a word—not a line. I sometimes wonder at it, sir. She left me a bit of money to run things on till she returned, but that's gone long ago, sir, and I've had to draw upon my savings. . . . She must know."

Blindly Coast turned and reeled into the servants' dining-room, where he fell into a chair by the table, pillowing his head upon his arms.

A passion of blind, dumb rage shook him by the throat; blackness of despair succeeded that; he sat motionless, witless, overwhelmed.

An hour or two passed before the butler aroused him with an offer of biscuits and a decanter of rare old port; all the house had, he protested, it to offer to his Mr. Garrett.

Coast ate and drank mechanically.



"He Carried Her Clean Off Her Feet, So to Speak."

without sense of taste or refreshment. Even the generous wine lay cold within him.

Still later he asked for writing materials and scrawled a few lines to Warburton, briefly requesting him to look after Soames and advance him money from time to time, according to his needs, pending the return of his mistress.

Then, rising, he stumbled forth into the night, at once unconscious and heedless of whether his feet were leading him, walking far and blindly under the sway of a physical instinct dumbly demanding of him action and exertion.

Midnight found him on a hilltop far beyond the city limits, insensibly comforted by the great calm of the tranquil countryside, blanketed with kindly darkness, lighted only by the arching stars. There was a wind of freedom in his face, sweet with the keen tang of the sea. Before him there was only the mystery of chance, the grateful oblivion of the open spaces; behind him a lurid sky, overhanging the city of his renunciation.

So, plodding, the night enfolded him to her great bosom, warm with peace.

Lure of Lost Inheritances

Many Centuries Old Fortunes Awaiting the Claim of the Lawful Heirs.

In Rhenish Bavaria two associations have recently been organized to obtain a \$400,000 inheritance left in 1676 by the Dutch Field Marshal Baron von Ornholm. In Bavaria there is a new effort under way to secure five fortunes now estimated at about \$17,500,000, the amounts left by five Dutchmen to their German relatives, between 1636 and 1706, plus the interest that has accumulated since that time. Every one of these five fortunes, the largest of which was \$1,120,000, has completely disappeared.

There is a record that the money left by Johann Joss, an Amsterdam ship's captain, who died in 1707, reached the representative of his heirs in Augsburg in 1785. In the next year the heirs were informed that \$700,000 had been deposited for them in an Augsburg bank. The heirs of a teacher-dealer, Van Gratz, received small payments on account, and even obtaining \$40,000 about 1791. In 1855 an Augsburg banker by the name of

To the boatyard and ship-chandlery establishment of a certain Mr. Huxtable in the town of Fairhaven, on the eastern bank of the Acushnet river, there came—or, rather, drifted with the tide of a casual fancy—toward the close of a day in June, Garrett Coast.

A declining sun threw his shadow athwart the floor of the chandlery. Huxtable glanced up from the middle of papers on his desk. Coast lounged easily in the doorway, with one shoulder against the frame; a man notably tall and slender and graced, besides, with a simple dignity of manner that assorted oddly, in the Huxtable understanding, with clothing well-worn and travel-stained. Out of a face moderately browned, his dark eyes glimmered with a humor whimsical, regarding Huxtable.

The object of their regard pushed up his spectacles for a better view. "Well?" he inquired, not without a suspicion of grim resentment, who was not weathered to laughter at his own expense.

It happened, however, that Coast's amusement sprang from another cause; his own utter irresponsibility, which alone had led him to the chandlery, he considered hugely diverting.

"I was just thinking," he said, smiling, "that now would be a useful time to buy a boat."

Huxtable, possessed of an inherent predilection for taciturnity, liable, ever and anon, to be sore beset if not wholly put to rout by the demon Curiosity (a familiar likewise legitimately handed down to him by several generations of New England forebears), with a mute nod to signify that he had heard and now awaited without preju-

dice a more explicit declaration.

"A boat," Coast added, "preferably of the center-board cat type, with a hard-working motor auxiliary."

The Huxtable mind, which you are to believe typical of its caste, that a ship wisely navigated, moved cautiously in well-buoyed channels. It clung to tradition, whether in the business of boat building, which it pursued to admiration, or in the lighter diversion of humor, to which its attitude resembled that of the ancestor worshipping heathen Chinese. Premonitory symptoms of a reversion to type in the matter of wit were betrayed by the corrugation of the Huxtable wrinkles.

"To go sailin' in?"

After this utterance, tradition flapped its wings and screamed; Huxtable himself condensed to a chuckle; Coast, to a tolerant smile.

"Possibly," he conceded. "Have you such a boat?"

"I might have," Huxtable admitted cautiously. "Come along." He rose and led the way through a back door into the boat yard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

A most delicious fruit candy that will keep for weeks is called Turkish Sweets.—Take a pound each of dates, figs and walnut meats and put through the meat chopper. Mix well with powdered sugar and a little lemon juice enough to make a paste. Roll out and cut in any desired form or pack in glasses and cover with paraffin paper. This makes a delectable filling for sandwiches or it may be used dipped in fondant or chocolate for choice bon-bons.

Chocolate Caramels.—Put two and a half tablespoonsful of butter into a kettle and when melted add two cups of molasses, a cup of sugar and a third of a cup of milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and when the boiling point is reached add three squares of chocolate, stirring constantly until the chocolate is melted. Boil until when tried in cold water a firm ball is formed. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla just as it is taken from the fire.

Wintergreen and peppermint coloring may be made by flavoring and coloring fondant and melting it over hot water so it may be dropped in small teaspoonfuls on waxed paper.

Chicago Nuggets.—Boil together until the soft ball stage a cup of brown and a cup of white sugar and a half cup of water, stir in a half teaspoon of soda, a teaspoon of vanilla and pour over the well beaten white of an egg. Beat until it holds its shape when dropped on a buttered sheet, add a half cup of nut meats and drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered sheet.

Novelist at Eighty-seven. Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid, the British novelist, who is eighty-seven years of age, has written a new book. Mrs. Macquoid has been writing for fifty years, and her health remains good, save that the strain of her work has slightly affected her eyesight. She has traveled much in Europe off the beaten track. Mrs. Macquoid's first story was published in 1859, and she has written since over fifty novels, besides children's and travel stories. She has also just completed another new

novel, entitled "Suzanne." Her husband, Thomas Robert Macquoid, who is ninety-one, has had a long and honorable career as an artist and black and white draftsman.

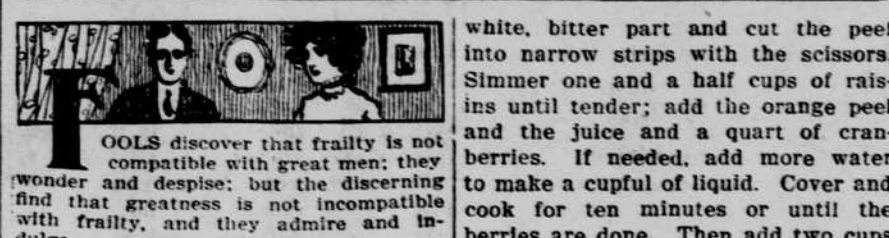
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"Well, what of it?" "Why, he has pine trees and a terrace!"—Judge.

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He Needed One. She—"Jack has a strong face." He—"It has to be. You should see his wife."—Fort Worth Record.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



TOOLS discover that frailty is not compatible with great men; they wonder and despise; but the discerning find that greatness is not incompatible with frailty, and they admire and indulge.

WAYS OF SERVING POTATOES. There are several hundred ways of serving the pomme de terre so we need not fear monotony in serving this common vegetable.

Have ready a quart of cold, cooked potatoes chopped to the size of small beans, a half a cup of tomato sifted and reduced to a thick pulp, one large green pepper freed from seeds and minced fine, one small onion minced, three tablespoonfuls of fat in which the onion and pepper is cooked until soft; then add the potato and tomato with salt and pepper to taste. Cook until dry and serve with fish or cold meat.

Hashed Brown Potatoes.—Chop cold cooked potatoes rather fine, dust with salt and pepper. For each pint of potatoes have two tablespoonfuls of butter melted in a hot frying pan; spread the potatoes evenly and shake them over the fire until brown. Add a half cup of thin cream and let stand without stirring until the cream is absorbed. Roll like omelet and serve on a hot platter, garnish with sprigs of parsley. A soup that is very delicious and nourishing is made from potatoes.

Cream of Potato Soup.—Pare and cook until tender four medium-sized potatoes, mash and add to the following ingredients: To a quart of milk add a slice of onion, a stalk of celery and a sprig of parsley, or only the onion may be used as a flavor. When scalding hot remove the onion and add two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour that have been cooked together; strain and add the potato. Serve very hot. For extra occasions a beaten egg added just before serving adds much to the quality of the soup.

Potatoes Baked With Cheese.—Put a layer of cold cooked potatoes in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with a generous layer of grated cheese; add more potatoes and a cupful of white sauce made with two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour cooked until smooth, then add a cup of milk. Cook in a hot oven until the cheese is melted.

PRAY you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to their.

SOME COMMON DISHES. The common vegetables are so often served in the same old ways until we grow tired of the monotony. Let us try:

Cabbage Baked With Cheese.—Chop the cabbage and cook it in boiling salted water for half an hour or until tender; put it in layers in a baking dish, alternating with a white sauce and grated cheese, and bake just long enough to melt the cheese.

Turnip and White Sauce.—Wash and slice the turnips into half-inch slices, pare and cut the slices into cubes; cook in boiling salted water until tender. Make a cup of seasoned white sauce and when the turnips are done pour off the water, turn into a vegetable dish and pour the sauce over them.

Cottage Pie.—Chop cold meat to half fill a baking dish. Over the top of the meat spread mashed potato, that has been warmed with a little hot milk. Mix with gravy, season to taste and put into a hot oven to brown and keep throughout.

Sour Milk Gingerbread.—Take a half a cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of shortening, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoon of soda, and two cups of flour.

Cream the shortening, add the sugar, molasses, salt and ginger. Dissolve the soda in the milk, which is now added, and lastly the flour. Beat well and bake in a flat loaf thirty to forty minutes.

Carrots in Lemon Butter.—Cut the carrots in long, slender strips and lay in cold water to crisp. Cook in boiling water until tender enough to pierce with a fork. Drain, and to each pint allow a tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of sugar, and a dust of cayenne. Simmer until the butter is absorbed, then add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Boil up and serve at once.

The Candy Habit. Had Dr. Hopewell-Smith his way he would absolutely prohibit the eating of sweets between meals. He went so far in his address before the British Medical association as to say they should be rigidly tabooed by the young.

Admitting that sweets had their use, he emphasized the need of moderation. The abuse of sweets, like that of alcohol, tea, etc., was very widespread. They should be rigidly tabooed by the young and parents should not allow their children to eat any and every kind of confectionery. Sweet factories should be under rigid state control and all confectioners' shops and their wares should be subject to examination by government inspectors. Only absolutely pure sweets should be sold and those under the most hygienic conditions possible.

The average woman isn't satisfied unless her husband quits loving her long enough to make love to her occasionally.

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MOTHER'S OATS Fireless Cooker

How to get the cooker free— This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and you have a big start. Then in every package of Mother's Oats you will find a coupon. Save the coupons and get the cooker free in a hurry. Only one advertisement will be accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.

Let us tell you our plan of distributing these cookers, Mr. Grocer. You will be interested. Send a postal to "Mother's Oats" Chicago

Buy a package of Mother's Oats TODAY, and send a postal for complete premium book.

"MOTHER'S OATS," CHICAGO

Address Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are the result of the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada. This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values should double in two years' time. Grain growing mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emption at \$3.00 per acre with certain areas, schools and churches in every settlement. Climate, soil the richest; wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Year's Wheat," for information, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent, W. V. BENNETT, Room 4 Star Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Please write to the agent nearest you

Mr. Eel—What is your hurry, Mr. Rock? Mr. Rock—I just heard some one up above say "Get the hook."

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS "My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulder and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone. "During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

Was in Real Trouble. A passenger who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash, seeing a fellow-traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search, and, thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir! she! I am looking for my teeth!"

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? Victim—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came.—Puck.

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