

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

## SYNOPSIS.

Gary, 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 London and Taylor. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Taylor dead. Coast struggles to wrest the woman from him, then the police come over them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but on the day of his execution, Douglas Blackstock, as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and while sailing sees a man whom he knows as Taylor. He recognizes the fellow as the man who shot Van Taylor. 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, had bought the island. He is a kind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that he has married more than once. She tells him Blackstock and some Chinamen were a party. They fire 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 indignantly, accompanied by a cloud of dirt, rubbish and small stones. At the bottom of a descent of some thirty feet he picked himself up, unharmed 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 cinematic glimpse of the Chinaman—like some huge, ungainly bird in its loose, flapping garments, descending the bank—and turned and ran headlong.

Presently, some distance ahead, the shadowy proportions of the beached outboard took shape through the mist. For some reason Coast halted it with a sob of hope: Heaven alone knows what manner of hope the sight of it held out to his dazed perceptions. 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 cut-throat.

Somewhat 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, inert, sprawling, with a sagging jaw, shut eyes and a ragged, bleeding wound in the middle of his forehead. A bit of drift-wood—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 accordingly. Lucky you chanced this way. Otherwise . . ."

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, basing 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.

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 do 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 realized 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, sententiously, 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 coddling your—hmm!—my brains for an excuse to go back and establish yourself on No Man's Land—personally grata to the inhabitants, temporarily at least. Aren't you?"

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

"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 told 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 toward.

By the time he had weighed in the light anchor and returned to the cockpit, the little engine was trodding 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 relieve me that I may do the same. Furthermore, I'd be glad of a drop of stog. We'll talk later."

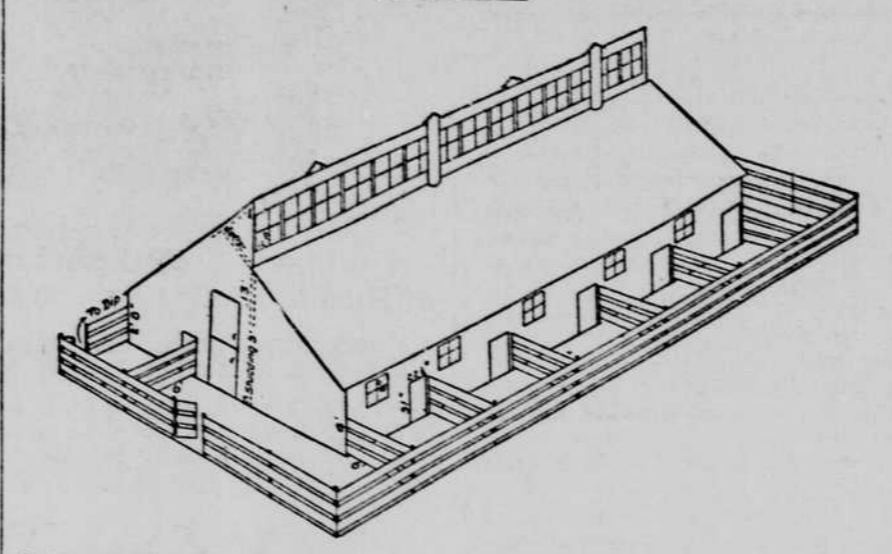
"Do you mind telling me where



Held His Breath Fearing He Was Discovered.

## MANY HOG HOUSES DEFICIENT IN SUNSHINE AND VENTILATION

No Building on Farm Pays for Itself so Quickly and Is Responsible to Great Extent for Small or Large Litters—Ingenious Method of Outside Pens Shown in Illustration.



A Well-Built and Well Arranged Hog House, Showing Arrangement of Outside Pens.

(By J. A. WARREN, Formerly Assistant Agriculturist, United States Department of Agriculture.)

On the average, the hog house is the poorest building on the farm and the least adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. Good barns may be seen on a large proportion of the farms, but are generally hard to find. It is economy to put up first the buildings that will help most to make money. A large portion of the farmers recognize this and build a good barn before putting up a good house, saying "the barn will help build the house but the house will never help building the barn." This principle seems to be lost sight of when it comes to the hog house, yet no other building on the farm pays for itself so quickly. Unpublished data collected by the writer show that good hog men average about seven pigs raised to the litter and many surpass this record. The same data indicate that the general average raised on the farm does not exceed four pigs to the litter. This wide difference is very largely due to the housing.

Many houses which cost enough to be good are thoroughly unfit for the purpose because the sun cannot shine into the pens. Nearly every large hog house is deficient in either sunshine or ventilation, or in both.

The illustration shows a house built by one of the most prominent Duroc breeders after careful study. It is a most serviceable structure and one of the best the writer has ever seen. It is one of the few hog houses that the owners are willing to duplicate them. This house has been copied by a number of farmers in the vicinity, some of whom, however, have made the mistake of building a longer house and not making provision for outside pens for the extra inside pens.

The walls are sheathed, papered, and sided. The roof is shingled. The outside floors on the east, west, and south are 6 feet wide. This house is

## EXPLORING DEAD SEA

Scientists Sounding Waters of Oldest Known Lake.

Motives of Expedition Said to Be Purely Scientific—No Elements of Commercialism Entering Into Ultimate Object.

Jerusalem.—An expedition, the purpose of which is thoroughly to explore the Dead sea and its environs under the leadership of Dr. Bruhl of the University of Berlin, has just arrived from Europe and continued to the scene of its future operations.

The motives of the expedition, so it is emphatically averred by Dr. Bruhl, are purely scientific, with absolutely no elements of commercialism entering into its ultimate object. The work of exploration will consist in the major part of sounding the depth of various sections of the lake as well as analyzing the complex composition of its waters, studying its shores, investigating the nature of the different minerals that are said to abound in that region, exploring, as far as is possible, the channels of the many rivers and hot water streams, apart from the Jordan, which flow into the sea, from both the eastern and western mountain ranges that hem its shores, examining and classifying the varieties of fish that exist in large numbers only in the extreme southeastern section of the lake, which consists mainly of shallows and marshes.

It must be remembered in this connection that it has always been firmly maintained by those who visited the Dead sea and wrote treatises about it long ago that no fish of any kind can make their habitat in any part of it, and this long established belief was disproved only recently by a pleasure party of Americans, long resident in the country, who visited the southern end of the lake and discovered fish.

So it remains for the members of the German expedition to arrive at the causes, which undoubtedly must



Scene in Jerusalem.

be due to varying conditions of chemical composition of the water that make it possible for fish to live in certain sections of the lake and not in others; and, in short, to find out everything about this strange body of water from scientific standpoints that is worth knowing.

What ultimate political or commercial motives, if any, underlie the surface of the enterprise time only can show.

This is by no means the first attempt made to explore the Dead sea region. Lieut. W. F. Lynch of the American navy, as early as the year 1848 spent considerable time in research and exploration of that region at the expense of the American government and at great risk to his person.

Despite the hardships, Lieutenant Lynch was fairly successful in taking measurements as well as soundings of different parts of the lake. According to the lieutenant's narrative, the lake measures some 45 miles from north to south and from 6 to 12 miles east and west. Its total surface area was therefore computed to be 250 square miles. Its greatest depth was 1,300 feet at its northern end, and its shallowest part being at its southern extremity, varies from 5 to 15 feet only.

The lake's depression below the sea level is 1,312 feet and a tropical climate makes its temperature almost unbearable during certain seasons of the year.

Crying Baby Is "Exhibit A." Buffalo, N. Y.—A crying baby was offered in evidence, and after much argument between opposing counsel was marked for identification as "Exhibit A" in a case brought up in the city court here. The action is for \$1,000 damages, and the baby is produced as the principal evidence for the plaintiff.

"I desire to offer this infant in evidence," was the announcement of one of the attorneys as a woman came behind the rail bearing a bundle in her arms. The attorney for the defense promptly objected.

"Nobody ever heard of such a proceeding," he said. "I contend that it is perfectly proper to have the child marked for identification," contended the plaintiff's lawyer.

The argument continued for several minutes, the baby holding his own in the noise-making. Finally the court settled the dispute by directing the stenographer to mark the exhibit.

## CRY OF "BACK TO THE LAND"

Experts Studying Out Problem of Why So Many City Bred Men Make Failure at Farming.

(By PROF. J. W. SPILLMAN.)

A special study of the equipment, management and income of a large number of small fruit and truck farms, many of them run by people who have recently come from the city, is being made by the office of farm management of the United States department of agriculture.

This study has given us somewhat a new point of view. In general these small farmers are not successful. This fact has led us to study the question more closely, and as a result a scheme for the management of a 40-acre farm is outlined which seems to be practicable.

The diagram shows a convenient scheme for subdividing forty acres to fit it for the cropping-system outlined. It will be observed that the forty acres are divided into eight five-acre tracts. One of these is set aside for what may be called the "homestead." These five acres are at the center on one side, and it is supposed that a public road passes this side of the tract.

Of these five acres, half an acre is utilized for the house and yard and the barn and barn lot. This space is ample for what we have in view. One-half acre is devoted to garden, one and a half acres to orchard and the remaining two acres to a paddock, into which to turn the stock for exercise.

By judicious management these two acres can also be made to furnish some pasture and some soiling crops. The other seven five-acre tracts are

## NEED FOR MORE SHEEP ON FARM

Animals Must Have Abundant Shelter From Rain and Snow—Require but Little Grain.

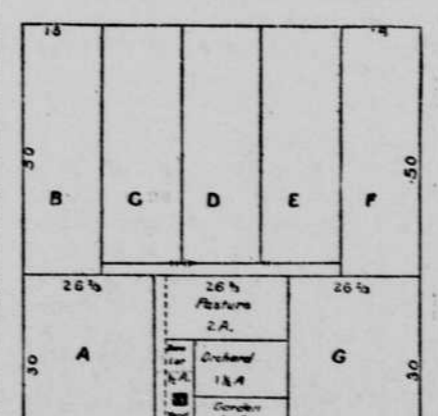
We would invite no one to turn aside from successful cattle raising or dairying to venture upon what may be to him an untried experiment in sheep raising. But on many a dairy farm, and especially on farms with insufficient live stock, there may be room for a small bunch of sheep; and the study and care of these may develop such results as point the way to the keeping of larger numbers.

They must have abundant shelter from rain and snow, but it need not be in a warm barn, says the Farm and Dairy. Wet, whether from above or under foot, is to be scrupulously guarded against by the sheep-owner. Exposure in a cold rain is bad for a horse or steer; it is doubly bad for sheep.

to be devoted to a seven year rotation. When this rotation is in full swing, the crops on the farm for a given year are as follows: Field A, potatoes; field B, three acres of cabbage and two acres of onions; field C, corn; field D, cow-peas, field E, corn; field F, clover; field G, clover.

The next year each of these crops would move to another field as follows: The potatoes would go to field G, which was in clover the year before. The cabbage and onions next year would go to field A. The corn on field C would go the next year to field B. Cow-peas in field D would go the next year to field C. The corn in field E would go to D, while E would be sown in clover and F in clover.

The next year each crop would move to another field in the same



Forty-Acre Farm Subdivided Into Eight Five-Acre Tracts. This Shows a Convenient Method of Subdivision Which Gives Access to All the Fields Without Wasting Much Land in Roads. Length of Lines Given in Rods.

manner, so that each year potatoes are sown after second-year clover, cabbage and onions are planted after potatoes, etc.

The sheep shed should be on a high, well-drained site—indeed, sheep should be allowed to run over no low, wet land, no matter how attractive the herbage thereon may be.

Except that the ram should have a little grain now and then, to maintain his virility, and the ewes a little at lambing-time, the flock will require only pasturage for the greater part of the year, with clover hay or like roughage for winter feeding.

The farmer with only himself and a child or two to carry the burden of caring for animals, will often find the keeping of sheep more advantageous than the keeping of cattle.

Lessons From Experience. The poultry raiser who notes his flock carefully, taking into account what they are doing and capable of doing, ought to know more how to feed and what to feed than anyone advising at long range.

Purity of Honey. The candying of honey is one of the best proofs of its purity, for adulterated honey will not granulate.

Always Makes Good



You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry. Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.



OF COURSE. Mr. Stockton Bonds—Noah was a wonderful financier. Mr. Dustin Stax—How so? Mr. Stockton Bonds—He floated a stock company when everybody else was forced into involuntary liquidation.

If a Woman Had Done It. Trust the suffragettes to make capital out of the merest indiscretion of mere man! The following is an example, taken from one of their publications, the Newsletter, for January: "A lovely little press item floating up from Chatham Courthouse, Va., made the editor laugh and laugh. It said that a juror sneaked out of the jury room while the rest of the jurors were asleep, and went and milked his cow. He laid out to get back before the others waked up, but somebody saw him and told on him, and the trial had to begin all over. If a woman juror should do that out in Washington or Idaho, wouldn't it be a proof of the incapacity of the sex for the duties of citizenship?"

Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar.—Prof. James.

Time is a wound healer, but it's no good as a wrinkle remover.

GRAND TO LIVE And the Last Laugh Is Always the Best

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman, "now I laugh to know there is."

"Since childhood I drank coffee freely as did the other members of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl; and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down till last winter, at the age of 38, I seemed to be on the verge of consumption."

"My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting. 'The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.'"

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change."

I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. "The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong. "I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about I answer 'Postum, and nothing else in the world.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.