BYS LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WASTERS
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Garrett Coast, a young man of New Fork City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, atthough he distines Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thusster Coast fails to convince her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named flundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarred 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. Durdas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Ratherine Thuster and field. Coast purchases a yacht and while salling sees a man thrown from a distant bout. 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 fesserted buildings. He discovers a man feeld. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thuster, 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 under the name of Black has bought the island. He is rescued by Apoleyard, who gets him to the Echo in radety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been marieding the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast same Man's been marieding 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 Matherine Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enliers the room.

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.)

Hinckstock inughed harshly. "No, he won't mind," he repited, ironic. "Power's gone already. We had a little falling out and be took one of my rowboats-the only rowboat and left, without so much's by-yourleave; rowed across to the Vineyard. I guess. in the fog. too-the poor Serve him right if he got carried out to sea and was never heard of again-the hound!"

And still Katherine's expression evinced no indication that she under-

"You don't seem to like Power much," Coast suggested useasily.
"No, I didn't like the dog," he said. measuring a drink with the same uncanny accuracy, his prominent and sightless eyes seeming to watch the liquor mount in the glass. "He was a surly devil with a devil's temper. One of my servants-Chinese are the only kind we keep in a place like this -tried to prevent him from taking the boat, and Power turned on him and nearly brained the poor fellow with a rock. We missed him and after a long search found him insensible down on the beach. He's been out of his head ever since-delirious. You may hear him during the night. Hope he won't keep you awake."

He set down an empty glass. "It takes a deal to keep me awake when my mind's set on sleep," Coast evaded. "I'm sorry about Power's misbehaving, though."

Well, profit by his example, and don't mix in matters that don't concern you-here, at any rate," said Blackstock insolently, "Kate!"

"Coming." The woman reappeared. "I couldn't find your cane," she said, as she crossed to the man. A gleam of white, a slip of white paper be tween the fingers of her left hand caught Const's attention. He sought her eyes and found them meaningful.

With a word of grudging acknowledgment Blackstock took his hat and stick "Come along, Handyside. We won't need a light; light hasn't any tocaning to the blind. You knew my sight was gone, didn't you?"

"One would hardly suspect it." Coast took up his sou'wester and followed the man to the door. The rustle of the woman's gown told him that she was near behind him.

"Oh, I find my way about; I know this cheesebox of an island like the palm of my hand. It's no worse than navigating your own room in the

Coast turned the knob and opened the door; Blackstock bent his head to the roaring ber-soled shoes. wind and shouldered out against its

A hand touched Coast's; the slip of paper passed into his palm. For a single instant he looked into the eyes | the fact, he had tasted nothing since of the woman he loved-looked and mid-day, and was now excessively hunread their message of pleading and gry. The meal, plain but well-cooked, despair. Then with a sadly negative shake of his head he followed her hushand out into the wind-whipped darkness, pulling the door to behind him.

Their shoulders touched as they trudged off. The unavoidable contact turned Coast sick with hatred and outhing. Yet be held himself strongly in hand, crumpling fiercely that tiny clip of paper in his palm with a strange sense of confidence, as it were a guerdon of eventual success. She had not denounced him.

would save her, he would save her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Look bere, Handyside . . Voorhis give you any message for

Blackstock stood with his back to the stone in the farmhouse kitchen; hands in pockets, his heavy shoulders lifted, he swayed all but imperceptibly on the halls of his feet. In the dull saffron illumination of two common kerosene lamps, he loomed hugely in the room, overshedowing and dwarfing the two mute, placid Chinese who pattered about, preparing a meal-baving been routed out of bed for that

Coast, tilting back in a kitchen chair on the far side of the table from Blackstock, considered quickly and lied deliberately and whole-heartedly, with full knowledge of the conse-quences of a misstep. Sooner or later the unmasking was bound to come. whether he will it or no. He was not eager for it yet, but prepared against

was on the knees of the gods. The

"There wasn't time," he said. "I just in time to catch the midnight train.

"And Voorhis sent no word?" Blackstock demanded incredulously. "He said you'd be advised by wire

"No more than that?" "Only I'd find this job after my own heart, to do as I was told and mind my own business and see nothing except what you shoved under my nose; it would be worth my while, and he knew he could depend on me. I guess be did, too. I guess he knows what kind of a man you need, Mr. Black, and Mr. Voorhis isn't the sort to pick an operator out of the grab-bag for a special purpose. Isn't that so?"

"If I know Voorhis, it is." Blackstock rocked back and forth on his feet, pursing his full, loose-lipped mouth. "I can tell more about you in a fraction of an inch of his fingerin the morning." he said; "we'll have tips. He pinched out the spark, and a talk and come to an understanding." "Why not now?"

and as if he were aware of that fact suddenly, startled to discover Black-

stolidly incurious as to himself, to all appearances; from the upper floor came reiterations of the high-pitched and querulous accents of the wounded man-a sound to which he had become accustomed since Blackstock had left him. He felt, consequently, fairly safe.

Producing the scrap of paper, he

stealthily smoothed it out across his knee. It bore a single sentence hurriedly and lightly in pencil:

"Neither your life nor mine is safe if you persist."

Very thoughtfully he twisted the pasense of fatality was strong upon his per into a little spill, lighted it over the chimney of one of the lamps, applied the flame to the tobacco in his was off-duty and they rounded me up pipe, then held it while it burned.

> Precisely what was one to understand from that message? That Katherine had awakened to the truth regarding the killing of Van Tuyl-or merely that she mistrusted Blackstock's temper, should he by any chance be led to suspect Coast's true identity? That she knew the truth about Power? Or that through some subtle process of feminine intuition she had divined that Blackstock was not wholly hoodwinked by the attempted impersonification of Handyside, and would, were his doubts confirmed, seek to punish her as well as the impostor for keeping silence? She had not had time to write more.

The spill burned down until its tiny flame flickered blue and expired withdropped the unconsumed fragment back into his pocket in a ridiculous "Morning will do," said Blackstock extravagance of precaution. As he did so he became conscious of a For some minutes Blackstock did shadow bulking large in a corner of not speak. Const glanced up at him, his field of vision, and he looked up



"Leady Vely Soon."

had seemed profound abstraction. "How about Mr. Handyside's sup-

per, John?" he asked. "Leady vely soon," replied one of the Chinese meekly.

"Hurry it up, then; he's tired. . . Guess I'll step upstairs and have a look at Chang," said Blackstock. "That's the fellow Power knocked out, you know," he added superfluously as he left the room, moving lightly with quick steps noiseless in his rub-

Left alone, Coast fell to the food which one of the Chinamen presently set before him. Although up to that time excitement had numbed him to proved a great relief from the some what monotonous diet of bacon and eggs to which he had been restricted since the previous morning. He took his time over it, however, and toward the conclusion began to wonder what Blackstock found to keep him so long

The dishes were removed and the Chinamen set about washing up, chattering to one another in low, expressionless tones. Still Blackstock did not come down. Coast lighted his pipe. His thoughts reverting to Katherine, in natural course swung back to the slip of paper reposing at the bottom of his pocket.

He looked cautiously round; the servants were intent upon their work,

the man shook himself out of what | stock almost at his elbow. With such catlike lightness and silence the fellow moved!

Coast pushed back his chair from the table, as if to arise, but Blackstock dropped a hand compellingly upon his shoulder and held it there.

"No," he said; "don't get up; you're tired. I'm off-just stopped to say good night. Guess you'll find your room comfortable-if Chang doesn't keep you awake with his jabbering."

"I say, Mr. Black," Coast could not refrain from asking, "how the dickens do you manage to get about with such day. sureness?" The inquiry was natural; his curiosity was piqued; the thing was not natural. He tried to bring himself back into character. "I don't mean to be fresh, but you're a won-

A curious smile dawned on the face

lowering over him-a smile of the features only; nothing remarkable, perhaps, since the eyes were dead. 'Habit," said Blackstock; "habit and training assisted by a strong feeling for direction. I guess I'm something ike the guy in that book by the man who wrote Trilby-d'you remember? -the fellow that could feel the north turn to it blindfolded? Sort of human compass. . . . Well, that's me. Tell me where I am, and so long as I know the ground, I'll find my way. For instance, I'm going back to the bungalow now-alone. For that matter, I came practically alone; my wife tells me the night's black as a

stack of cats." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is an education? It is the right development, in the right direction, all the time, of the whole being. for the purpose of giving one as much life as possible for himself, and to

it at any time. . . Sooner or inter that word would fall from his content with a one-sided development. They are willing to be musicians and nothing but musicians. They are willing to be newspaper men and nothing but newspaper men. They are Benjamin Franklin.

willing to be lawyers and nothing but lawyers; teachers and nothing but ministers. And so their range of thinking, of conversation, and of action is limited. True education takes into account a whole being, with many different possibilities-a life which has in it the elements of surprise and an eagerness to know everything which can be known about a very great world in order to sympathize with and enter into the thought so far as possible, of all sorts and conditions of men.-Rev. Charles M. Sheidon in the Christian Herald.

Leisure Never for the Lazy. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lasy man never .-

SHUSTER HONORED BY PERSIAN CONSUL GENERAL



DESPITE the fact that the Persian government expelled him at the demand of Russia, Morgan Shuster, late treasurer general of the shah's country, was received officially by the Persian consul general at New York on his arrival. Our photograph shows Mr. Shuster and his wife and children seated with the consul general.

WILL RAZE MARKET city an annual loss of over \$2,000, and the controller has condemned the building, and largely because it has

Noted New York Structure to Be Demolished.

Building Known as Fulton Trading Post Which Linked Modern Gotham to Peter Stuyvesant's Days Fails to Pay.

New York.-Tottering under its weight of ninety years and showing the ugly scars of a recent fire, Fulton market, the historic, the picturesque, the malodorous, is about to fall. The ruthless hand of progress, personified in a wrecking crew, working under orders of the municipal authorities, will began to assume its present wholesale begin tearing down the old yellow building in the block bounded by Ful- thrifty housewives gone to the slip ton, South, Beekman and Front streets across from the market proper, where some time during the coming spring the fishing smacks come in, to pur-

Thrice condemned is the old structure, with memories woven around it that link the present New York, with colored shawls, New York women its rustle and bustle, its subway and have ceased to go marketing with a will of William P. Morgan, a wealthy cloud touching structures of stone basket on one arm, or, without one, real estate dealer, his daughters resant. For it was that stubborn old Dutchman, who, Sept. 12, 1656, as governor of New Amsterdam, decreed that "Saturday shall be the market day, and the market shall be held at the strand, at or around the house of Hans Kierstede, where, after him, every one shall be permitted to enter that has anything to buy or sell."

In 1675 the market moved to the Custom House Bridge Market house. farther up the East river and near to Maiden Lane. It became generally known as the Fly market, from the Dutch "V'Lie," for valley, which name stuck to Fulton market long after its erection.

Perhaps the housewife of today with turn for economics would like to know what the quaint Dutch vrous paid for their household supplies in those early times, when bears roamed over Manhattan island not far north of the present city hall, and lambs bleated in the meadows around Wall street. Well, pork was 3 pence a pound; beef, 2 pence; butter, 6 pence; beer, 2 pence a mug. Lodging was 2 pence a night, meals 6 pence and board by the week 5 shillings. But then it must be remembered that labor brought only 2 shillings 6 pence a

For over a century the market remained, cleaned out occasionally by vagrants designated by the courts for the purpose. But the agitation that brought about the abandonment and razing of the old Fly market began in the early part of the last century. much after the fashion of the agitation that started against its successor. Fulton market.

The department of health condemned it as insanitary. Finally, on Jan. 22, 1821, the market was torn down.

The merchants scattered to other parts of the city, some going to Spring Street market and others to Center Street market and a part of them to Old Slip market, until the new market

witness the durbar ceremonies, but as we neared India we found that no

amount of money could obtain accom

ing the market committee recommended that the stands in the new market. go. which were to be occupied almost exclusively by butchers, be auctioned off at a minimum rental of \$100 a year. The butchers organized and decided to boycott the market, thus hoping to keep it idle until their demands for a lower rental were granted. But the city authorities determined upon ignoring the butchers and on Dec. 18, 1821, James Bleeker began to auction off the stalls.

Though established as a market for the express purpose of "supplying the common people with the necessaries of life at reasonable prices," old Fulton market long before the civil war characteristics. Not in decades have chase fish cheaply as is still done at old "T" wharf in Boston. And with the going out of fashion of the variwith the progress in rapid transit tak- ried all their lives to participate in the a liar!"—Puck. ing its one time customers out to the suburbs, has been responsible in no small measure for the gradual departure of Fulton market from its original standards. Because its maintenance costs the

building, and largely because it has been declared insanitary by the health department, the borough president condemns it. So Fulton market must

ATTENDS FEAST BY PHONE dealers everywhere, but the truth of

Man III in Kansas City Hears Speech Accompanying Gift of Loving Cup at Leavenworth, Kan.

Leavenworth, Kan.-S. N. Spotts, who is ill at Kansas City, Mo., heard over the long-distance telephone speeches given here at the banquet of the Southwest District of Associated Advertising clubs. Mr. Spotts is president of the district. The telephone company connected an instrument at Mr. Spotts' bedside with three receivers on the speakers' table in the banquet room. The ad. men were to have presented to him a silver loving cup. He heard the presentation speech over the telephone.

Must Remain Single. Wilkesbarre, Pa .- According to the

Misunderstood.

"Does she come of an old family?" "I don't think so. Her mother admits to being only thirty-five."

Few Cottages In England

Serious Problem for British-Couples Wait Years.

London.-The Chelmsford laborer who was forced into a workhouse because there is no cottage procurable is no isolated victim of the dearth of rural houses. It is quite a common thing in the country for marriages to be postponed for years solely owing to want of houses.

Close to Dunmow is a notorious marriageless district, and in spite of a number of would-be village benedicts. In a number of Huntingdonshire villages engagements of ten and fifteen years' duration are common. The couples either wait indefinitely till a cottage is available or migrate to the towns or emigrate. An observant motorist through the eastern midlands could soon reckon up a hundred vanished homesteads still traceable by and moles

Only wealthy landlords can afford ford, in Cambridgeshire; the duke of and Huntington: the university colal commissioners have built many good cottages for moderate rents; and years of savin' up." have done it in spite of financial loss. Some smaller land owners have done their best to erect cheap cottages.

The only solution of the great nawas built at the foot of Fulton street. tional question is the cheap cottage. and, throwing open the muffler, go This was finished toward the end of A member of a leading firm of buildthe year and the aldermen compris- ers said to a representative of this miles an hour.

cover an answer in the shape of a

Lack of Homes for Rising Generation Journal that If cottages were standardized they could easily build £120 acttages by means of concrete slabs. but absolute standardization would be necessary. Comfortable cottages have recently been built in some of the new intensive gardens for £80. With these French gardeners are delighted, but the English workmen will not accept a home of wood and corrugated

GETS TIPS: HAS AN AUTC

Minneapolis Negro Hotel Waiter Gives Illuminating Testimony

Minneapolis, Minn.—Benefits of the ipping system-with reference to the receiver-came to light in the municipal court here, with the testimony of George Smith, a negro waiter at a hotel, that another man, being tried on either ruins or rectangular founda- the charge of vagrancy, was an extions covered by the work of worms pert mechanician and had operated his automobile for him.

"Yes, sir," said Smith, "I own a sixto build cottages; the duke of Bed passenger, \$1,800 car, and I haven't been anything but a waiter for the I shall be offended, after all."-Judge. Buccleugh, in parts of Northampton last 23 years. My salary is only \$23 a month and now and then I am tipped leges, and, best of all, the ecclesiastic a dime or two, so the money for that machine came only after years and

Smith declares that there is only one ambition left in life for him, and that is to take his wife, Julia, in the car to his old home near Norfolk, Va., Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria "down the pike" at the rate of 50

a red flannel band about the throat and, although it gives one the appear ance of suffering, each member of this set glories in wearing one.

Susie, the chimpanzee with a col-Susie, the chimpanzee with a college education, who has traveled all over the continent, was troubled with tonsilitis a few days ago. She was

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis. unable to swallow her food, and in an effort to relieve her pain Fred Engleholme, the keeper, ripped up a portion of his red flannel shirt and after saturating it with a healing oil

Susie immediately became an object of great interest to the other inmates of the "Primate House." she strutted around the other monkeys set up a chattering and screeching that brought both Engleholme and his assistant, "Dick" Spicer running to ascertain the trouble. Even Baldy, who is the most mild mannered "chimp" in the park and who is the recognized leader of the monkey fam ily, pounded the bars of his cage and showed plainly that he was troubled. To restore peace to the once happy family the keepers ripped the rest of HIS MODESTY OF HIGH ORDER

Tinker, of Course, Loved His Neighbor as Himself, but That Wasn't Too Much.

Lord Tankerville, who is sending his son to an American school, said

the other day in New York: "There are too many Englishmenand English boys as well-who develop, in the presence of a lord, a painful and unnatural modesty. Their modest; reminds me of a village tin-

"This tinker had a rather crusty disposition, and his pastor said to him

"My man, you should love your neighbor as yourself.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the tinker. "But the pastor had in mind a nasty black eye that the tinker had given the bricklayer next door, and so he

went on: 'Do you, though, do you honestly, love your neighbor as yourself?"

"'Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir,' said the tinker; and he added, 'but I'm a modest man, ye see, and, to tell the truth, I ain't a bit stuck on myself, sir.'

"WHY SHOULD I USE **CUTICURA SOAP?"**

"There is nothing the matter with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Soap was only for skin troubles." True, it. is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair live and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. L. Boston, for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

"The greatest curiosity I ever came across in the course of a long experience," said the first broker, "is a man who comes into our office every day, watches the ticker like a hawk for five hours, and pays cash for everything he buys."

"I can beat that by a mile," replied the second broker. "A man came into our place awhile ago and started to trade actively in Reading and Union on a five-point margin. He had \$5,000 when he began. In six months he had \$50,000. Then do you know what he did? He put his money into first mortgage bonds-and quit.'

The first broker looked almost dazed. "I hate to do it," he murand steel, to the days of Peter Stuy- for that matter, and this decadence. Ruth and Tacie, must remain unmarmured, "but I've just got to. You're

The Biblical Injunction.

A Washington clergyman made d call of consolation upon a woman who had suffered a sad hereavement "I hope," said the pastor, "that in your bitter trial you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, sir." was the confident though fearful reply.

"That's grand, sister," was the sympathetic observation of the minister. 'May I ask what passage of the Good Book helped you most?" "Grin and bear it."

Counterfeiter Gets Stiff Sentence.

William Fink, a Brooklyn, N. Y., dealer in drugs, was sentenced by the New York Court of Special Sessions, to imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor, for four months. The charge was counterfeiting the trade-mark for Carter's Little Liver Pills, in violation of the penal

the Liver Phis, in Violation law.

The Carter Medicine Company detected the counterfelt before any quantity of the spurious goods had been placed upon the market. In sentencing Fink, Judge Deuel laid special stress upon the injury done to the public when a remedy so well known as Carter's Little Liver Pills is counterfeited and put on the market. He imfelted and put on the market. feited and put on the market. He imposed the sentence not only as the proper punishment of Fink himself, but in order to deter others from the commission of like frauds in the future.

No Chance About It.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened." apologized the abject young man, after the stolen kiss.

"Happened!" she exclaims. "Happened! That is worse than the kiss! If you didn't have it in mind when you asked me to stroll away back here in this quiet corner of the conservatory

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

Bears the Signature of Cart Hitchers.
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Unrealized Idyl of a King. King Arthur had just invented the cound table

"Can you invent a bureau that a man's wife will let him have two drawers of?" we asked.

Stop the Pain.

A Cruel Thrust. He-Old age has no terrors for me. She-It neden't have if it's true

that brainy men live long. A Mean Disposition. "Is Puffkins all wrapped up in his

notor car?" "Not yet, but I have hopes."

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

Platonic friendship and perpetual motion are all right theoretically, but they refuse to work.

Why suffer under the curse of Dyspepsia when Garfield Tea can remove it?

Offering to bet that you are right is n poor kind of argument.

How Richmond Lawyer Practically What True Education Is Saw Durbar as King George's

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's Idea of the Right Development of the Human Mind.

share with others.

must be taken into account. Education means more than a one-sided development of one talent or ability. It means symmetrical and many-sided growth. The reason why there are not more interesting people in the

teachers; ministers and nothing but

special train reserved for Mr. and Guest. Mrs. Bryan. We were conveyed to the durbar in state and seats were as-New York.-Jonathan Bryan, a signed to us on the gold and purple Richmond lawyer, who is in New York carpet within 100 feet of the king and at the conclusion of a trip around the queen. We witnessed and heard the world which began last July, attended whole ceremony and then were conthe Delhi durbar practically as the ducted back to Calcutta in the same guest of King George, owing to the special train. No greater favors could magic influence of a letter from Preshave been shown to us than were won ident Taft which he carried. Mr. by President Taft's letter." Bryan told of the incident on his arrival here. He said: "Mrs. Bryan and I were anxious to

Taft Letter Aid in India

AIL. the idea when I thought of my letter from President Taft, which was in the nature of a general note of introduction and a part of the various credentials which I carried.

"I forwarded the Taft note to the secretary of the durbar and was amazed on reaching Calcutta to dis-

RED NECK BAND FOR MONKEY Started by Susie With Sore Throat,

New York.-No society circle was ever more exclusive than the one recently formed among the chimpanzee

wrapped it about her neck.