

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine. Blackstock, in a momentary fit of jealousy, kills Coast. Coast starts out to avenge his death, but as he begins his search, he discovers that Blackstock is a murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine. Coast then purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man through a distant boat. He recognizes the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the island and gains entrance to some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine. He explains that her husband, under the name of Blackstock, has bought the island. He is a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband named Van Turl, Coast now Blackstock and some Chinamen having a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the island safely, 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 then goes to the wireless station of No Man's Land, and is admitted to see Katherine. Appleyard believes that Blackstock and his gang are in charge of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the air of Blackstock's quarters and discovers the room and passes his note which tells Coast that neither his life nor his own are safe.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

His hand remained on Coast's shoulder, obnoxious but imperative. "And then," he continued after a slight pause, "my fingers remember anything they've ever felt. Let me run my hands over a man's face once, and I'll pick him out of a dozen any time afterwards. Like this."

Before Coast could object Blackstock had brought both hands into play upon his face; lightly, softly and gently the ten blunt, hard tips of his stubby fingers moved over Coast's features, tapping, pressing, gliding on.

It was all but insufferable; Coast was conscious that the blood burned in his face like fire, that his heart was pounding—so loud, it seemed, that the other must be aware of it. Revolted, he almost choked at this familiarity of contact which he must needs endure from the man of all men he had the greatest cause to hate, loathe and despise. He dug his nails into his palms in an effort to enforce submission. Blackstock's face was within two feet of his own; a satiric smile (he fancied) rested upon those crudely modeled, animal features; he realized suddenly that it was the face of a Satyr, simply, naively sensual, as soulless as its lightless eyes. And a vicious breath offended his nostrils; his own breath he held, clenching his teeth.

"Now I know you."

He could think of nothing to say but: "Oh!" It was with difficulty that he succeeded in enunciating that.

The hands moved on, down over his shoulders, and felt of his arms.

"Hard!" commented on Blackstock. "You've got strength, haven't you? Not as great as mine, though; you'd hardly realize how immensely strong I am. See now!" His hands moved swiftly back to Coast's throat and girdled it with a collar of iron. "Do you realize I could easily squeeze your breath out of your body. I could!"

Coast's face explored the face above him. Its smile was gone. Something ran cold along his spine, and of a sudden he was without emotion, quite calm and collected.

"But you won't, you know," he said easily; "that is, you wouldn't if you knew my right hand in my pocket was pointing a pistol directly at your heart."

"Would you?"

Perhaps the fact that he had merely stated the truth was responsible for his coolness. He noted the instinctive movement of the blind eyes, as if they sought to see if it was true; and he thought: *It hit is strong.*

Raising his left hand, he grasped Blackstock's right by the wrist and removed it with a certain firmness. The other hand released him an instant later, and the man stood back with a short laugh.

"But you wouldn't have fired?"

"Not any sooner than you'd have tried to strangle me."

"Of course I'd no such idea—"

"Of course not; but you shouldn't have suggested it. You made me nervous."

For a moment it was as if the mask had been dropped, as if they openly acknowledged one another as implacable enemies. And again Coast remarked that Blackstock quivered as he had when surprised, an hour before; a ripple of tensed muscles, hardly to be detected, seemed to shake him from head to foot—and was gone in a twinkling, while the hard smile reappeared on the Satyr's features.

"Do you really tote a gun, Handy-side?"

"Always," Coast rejoined briefly. "Why—up here—"

"You never can tell what's going to happen."

"Perhaps you're right," Blackstock conceded the point graciously. "I don't mind, but you really ought not to take a joke so seriously. However, I'm full of sleep and you must be." "John—hat, cane."

One of the servants brought them instantly. "Go-night, Handsy-side."

Blackstock hesitated an instant, then got his bearings and found the back door with unerring accuracy. On the stoop he paused long enough to say: "We'll get together after breakfast and talk business;" and the blackness received him.

Myself, Coast walked, staring at the spot where he had last seen the man, until one of the Chinamen mildly suggested that his room was ready. He followed the fellow stupidly, preoccupied, his mind ranging far in futile speculation as to the riddle of Blackstock's conduct. Long after he was left alone in the room that had



Every Nerve on the Qui Vive.

cottage with the three Chinese that they might quietly make away with him while he slept.

With this in mind he took a more detailed inventory of his surroundings; and found them hopelessly exposed.

Unquestionably he would have been safer in the open; but the storm was now at the top of its fury. Sheets of water were sliding the house as if cast from some gigantic bucket.

Danger within seemed very much preferable to misery without. More than that, if Blackstock had planned an attempt upon his life during the night, Coast might as well know it; for he was armed and unafraid, and he who knows what to fear is doubly armed.

Having wedged a chair beneath the knob of each door, he placed the lamp upon the table, turning it low that its scanty store of oil might last the night, and sat down on the bed, the pillow at his back, Appleyard's pistol ready at his side.

Insensibly as the dead hours lagged marked by no disturbance foreign to the storm, his weariness bore heavily upon him. His thoughts blurred into a chaotic jumble of incoherencies. He nodded, drowsed with chin on breast, roused with a start when some unusually violent squall swooped over the island, drowsed again, and in the end slipped over upon his side and slept the sleep of the exhausted, profound and dreamless.

CHAPTER XV.

Coast awakened with a gasp, jumping to his feet as if to the peremptory summons of a subconscious alarm-clock. Such, in fact, was more or less the case; he who sleeps upon the thought of danger is apt to waken

Gilbert Had Good Memory

He Never Forgot That at Harrow One of His Lines Was Considered Improper.

This Gilbert story reaches me from an old Harrovian, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. In 1872 the people of the town got up theatricals to raise funds for a hospital. Doctor Butler, the head master, said he would not allow the school to go unless the pieces were first submitted to him. One was Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." In it is a passage in which the heroine, to the heroine: "Meet me at nine o'clock tonight outside the garden gate." Doctor Butler vetoed this and substituted: "Meet me at three o'clock this afternoon." This seemed to him more decorous. About five years ago Gilbert was invited to the Harrow speeches. In reply to the toast of his health he said: "I am very much interested in visiting Harrow, for as far as I know it is the only

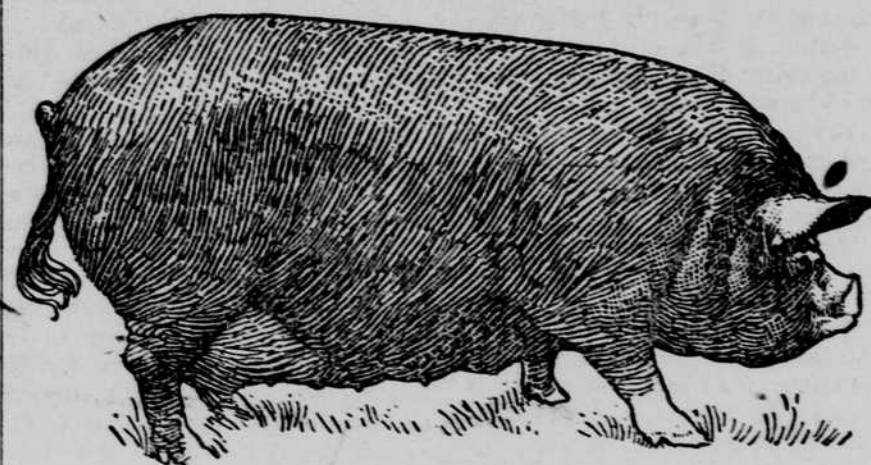
place in the world where a line of mine has ever been condemned as improper." Great consternation prevailed—all the greater because no one excepted the speaker and one other person, who was just leaving Harrow in 1872, knew what he meant. It was not Gilbert's way to forget these things.

Why Willie Was Late.
"Why, Willie, what kept you so late? You had to stay after school? I'm afraid you have been naughty."
"No, ma'am, I ain't never naughty. Bobby Jones was licked for being naughty, an' I stayed after school to hear him yell."

Easy Thing to Do.
People who are extravagant on themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others.

TWO INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN FATTENING MARKET HOGS

North Dakota and Wisconsin Stations Make Tests With Barley as Feed for Swine and Produce Some Quite Valuable and Interesting Results—Corn Is Not the Only Thing.



First Prize Sow at the Royal Show, England.

With corn plentiful and cheap, farmers in the corn belt will not be easily interested in any other kind of feed for fattening hogs and cattle, but as the price of corn at this time today and with the probability that it will steadily advance in the future, it is only the part of wisdom and good management for farmers to study the value of other grain for feeding at less cost.

In many countries where corn cannot be raised the finest pork and beef are produced from barley, other grain and roots. In Denmark, for instance, where the finest bacon in the world is made, farmers feed their hogs entirely on barley.

Frequently in this country the price of barley becomes very low when the malting demand is oversupplied and it is then that the shrewd farmer can supplant corn with this grain and sell his corn to better advantage than by feeding it.

Farmers in the northwest where barley is grown to a large extent are becoming more interested in this grain and the experiment stations up there have done some excellent work in proving its value as compared with corn.

An experiment began by the North Dakota station four years ago to show the value of barley as compared with corn for fattening hogs, has produced some very valuable and interesting results.

A dozen eight-month-old pigs were divided into two lots of six each. The animals in each lot were uniform in size, thrift and general condition. The average weight of each lot was at the beginning of the experiment, practically identical, 127 pounds.

Those in lot one were fed a ration composed of four parts ground barley, and one part of shorts by weight. The pigs in lot two were given four parts of ground corn and one part of shorts.

The pigs were fed for a period of 83 days, the grain being soaked in water and fed in the form of a thick slop.

The feeding value of a pound of corn proved to be 18 per cent greater than a pound of barley, but much of the barley was inferior in quality and

if it would have been good, sound grain, might have made a better showing. The difference in price of about seven cents per bushel between barley and corn must also be taken into consideration.

The Wisconsin station, which has a fine reputation for careful feeding investigations, some years ago made a test between corn and barley and reported that the value of corn was only eight per cent greater than that of barley. The barley was figured at 48 cents a bushel, corn at 55 cents and shorts at \$14 per ton. The hogs in this test sold at \$6.20 per hundred, the barley fed hogs netting a profit of \$1.00 per hundred pounds and the corn fed hogs netted \$1.89.

In this test the price of barley at 48 cents was too high as that was the regular price for best grade malting barley while the average price of common barley was 37 cents per bushel. Taking these figures it would have been cheaper to feed barley and sell corn.

Investigations that these two stations have made shows that barley makes more lean meat than corn. Of course corn is the greatest fattener in the world when fed to hogs, but a better grade of bacon can be produced by feeding barley than corn.

When hogs are fed for weight alone there is no doubt that corn has the slightest advantage, but where bacon is produced for the best special markets barley will turn out the best product. The result of the two experiments show:

That it required 18 per cent more barley by weight than corn to produce the same gain in feeding pigs when both grains were fed in the proportion of four parts of grain to one of shorts by weight.

That it is profitable to feed barley to hogs if pork is selling at an average price.

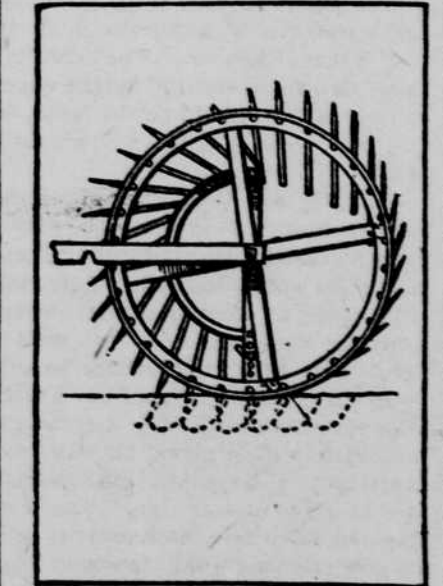
That the carcasses of the pigs fed barley and shorts showed a greater distribution of lean and firmer flesh than the carcasses of pigs fed corn and shorts.

That pigs fed on corn and shorts will dress a higher per cent than pigs fed on barley and shorts.

NEW PLOW IS QUITE UNIQUE

Digs Up Earth as Wheel on Which They Are Attached Is Revolved—Work Done Efficiently.

Something novel in the plow line has been invented by a Louisiana man. Instead of a fixed blade that spades up the earth, this apparatus has a wheel in which are pivoted steel rods. Inside this wheel is a



New Kind of Plow.

semi-circular part set close enough to the rim of the wheel to throw the rods into such position that when they reach the ground, they will be aimed of the revolution, they will be raised

LANDS USUALLY NEEDING LIME

When Soil Is Sour It Will Turn Blue Litmus Paper Placed in Contact With It Red.

(By DR. W. P. BROOKS, Massachusetts.)
Those soils on which, when seeded, timothy and clovers fail, and where sorrel comes in largely together with red top, usually need liming. It should be pointed out, however, that the presence of sorrel is not a proof that lime is needed. This weed will flourish even in soils which have been heavily limed; but on such soils the grasses and clovers are likely to crowd it out, while on soils which are in need of lime, they are unable to do so.

When soil is sour it will turn blue litmus paper placed in contact with it red. To carry out the test, make about a tablespoonful of the soil into a thin mud with pure water and after it has stood for a short time lay a

piece of blue litmus paper on it and cover with the mud. Be careful not to handle the papers with the fingers. After about ten minutes remove the paper, washing it if necessary to show the color. If it has turned red, the soil is sour and needs an application of lime. Practically all druggists keep litmus paper.

The most certain evidence of all as to whether lime will prove beneficial is afforded by a simple experiment which may be carried out as follows: Lay off two square rods in a part of the field to be tested which seems to be fairly representative and even in quality. To one of these apply twenty pounds of freshly slaked lime. After applying at once work it in deeply and thoroughly. A few days later apply to each plot liberal quantity of either manure or fertilizer, precisely the same amount to each. Plant table beets. If the soil is much in need of lime these will make a better growth upon the limed plot.

Ideas of the Largest Farmer.
When David Rankin, the world's largest farmer, was asked to tell the secret of his success (he began by borrowing \$5 and died worth \$5,000,000, all made in farming) he answered promptly: "Success in farming consists in making every minute, every cent and every seed count. A good workman is cheap at any price and a shiftless, careless man is dear if he works for nothing."

Not long before he died Mr. Rankin amplified his view. "To make a profit the farmer, just as any other manufacturer, must reduce the cost of production," he said.

"We farmers must not only keep eternally at reducing the cost of production, but plan a way to get the most out of our product. Use your head as well as your hands, for it is the little savings that make up the profits at the end of the year. It takes sharpening of wits all the time."

Boys and girls who desire to organize an agricultural club can obtain free a bulletin giving them much valuable information by writing to the secretary of agriculture at Washington.

English Milk Supply.
Switzerland supplies great quantities of condensed milk to England.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:
"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ills."

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it."

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so we returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy. Instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia."

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Well-Being," in pkgs. "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.

Small Encouragement.
Kate—They say a woman is as old as she looks.
Maud—Never mind, dear; we all know you are only twenty-six.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily an angel because she is a high flyer.

HARD TO DROP
But Many Drop it.

Fitting.
"Isn't this jewel story great?"
"It's a gem!"

Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective.

NOTE THE NAME

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in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER CHEAPER PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS; THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING, NOTE THE FULL NAME OF THE COMPANY

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PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

JEW SCORED ON ARISTOCRAT

Ill-Bred Remark Brought Discomfiture on Duke of Westminster and His Companion.

A friend of mine who is in Calro just now told me a good story in a recent letter of an old Jew of that city who scored off the young duke of Westminster and his inseparable companion, Lord Ricksavage, when they were there a few weeks ago. They were buying some jewelry in the bazaar there, and the duke remarked audibly to his friend:

"The fool doesn't speak English of course." But the fool understood well enough.

"Do you spik Italian?" he asked them, to which they replied in the negative.

"Do you spik Griek?"

"No."

"Do you spik Turk?"

"No."

"Do you spik Russian?"

"No."

"Me one time fool," said the old man after a short but eloquent pause; "you five times fool!" And the duke and his friend retired discomfited.—Exchange.

Not That Kind.
"It would save a lot of trouble," said a newspaper man the other day to Representative Slayden of Texas, after the Democratic caucus on the Henry resolution to investigate the "money trust" "if you would allow us to attend the caucus."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Slayden, with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought it would make a lot of trouble."

"Well, can't you give me an interview on it, now that the fight is over?"

"No," answered Mr. Slayden, "it would be against my principles. I never kiss and tell!"

Sad Excuse.
They were twitting a friend who had stuttered, upon the fact that he had never been married.
"I kn-kn-know, boys, that I've never b-b-been married, but I was pre-pre-prettily near it once."

"How was that?" they inquired.
"Well, you see, I ask-ask-asked a girl to har-hav-have me, and she said that she'd rather be ex-ex-excused, and I was such a fo-fo-fool, I ex-ex-excused her."

Stop the Pain.
The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars, etc. and is sold by druggists. For free sample, write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

It's Nature.
"Does anybody ever win at a tea fight?"
"Of course not. It is a drawn battle."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAIN EXPELLER fails to cure any case of itching, Eczema, Bleeding or Prurient Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Some men try to avoid paying as they go because they don't expect to come back.

A woman seldom asks for it when anything else for her to do.

But it takes a woman to keep a secret she doesn't know.

When the Millennium comes Garfield Tea and Holy Churn will not be longer needed.

Usually a man is a poor judge of his own importance.

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I want every person who is bilious, constipated, has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To-day millions of free packages are being sent out. Write for yours.

Send 25 cents a package. For free packages address: Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of free passage of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilemiasis, Sick Headaches and Indigestion, as you know.

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