

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

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

## SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to arrest the assassin from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast comes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and died. Coast pursues a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen hurrying a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast is anxious to fathom the mysteries of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a shield of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the air of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life nor her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard, who is willing to die, they discover a yacht but before they can reach it the yacht is disabled. Black appears and suddenly states that he is no longer blind. He is overpowered.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Almost beside himself, Coast retained sufficient presence of mind to recognize his golden chance. Dropping his club, he went to his knees, sure hands raised his pockets, possessing himself of the pistol which had been taken from him, or its counterpart. Dully, while thus employed, he was aware of a shout and a scream, oddly blended. The fear of Chang uppermost in his consciousness, he jumped to his feet, armed and alert, and whirled about.

But everything had taken place so swiftly and with so little warning, that the Chinaman, quick though he was to take the alarm and start at top speed for the scene of the struggle, was still many yards distant when Coast arose, without a scruple leaving Blackstock at the mercy of the dog.

He saw Chang coming and saw him stop and level a revolver. Simultaneously he heard a shot—but from another quarter and another weapon than the Chinaman's. The latter, gleaming in the half light, suddenly flew on of his hand and, one side, falling in shallow water, while Coast grabbed his right hand with his left and doubled like a jack-in-the-box, screaming with agony. In a matter of moments, Coast, seeking the source of this timely assistance, discovered Katherine standing with her revolver still uplifted, half-way between the Cold Lairs and the beached catboat.

He marvelled at her. In this moment of trial and terror, she retained her wits and courage in a manner calculated to command the homage of a veteran of many wars. The instant after Coast caught sight of her, she fired again, placing a bullet shrewdly at the very feet of the Chinaman.

"Get back!" she called clearly. "Back—or I'll shoot to kill!"

Chang not only leared, but in all his pain and blank amazement understood. Without a breath's delay he turned his back and, nursing his injured hand, trotted sullenly off, to eastward down the beach.

Coast woke the echoes with a shout. "Well done, Katherine! Look to him now—while I—"

He turned back to Blackstock and the dog, just then a confused and struggling mass in the shadow of the boat. So quickly had Chang been disposed of that Blackstock, for all his tremendous strength and activity, for all that he was pitted against nothing more powerful than a blind and aged if infuriated dog, was only just succeeding in fighting to his knees. Already Coast was closing in to his assistance, forgetful of his hatred and thinking only of adding his own to that unstarred coast-guard, though all ways with the thought that they had by the rarest turn of Chance won the whip-hand—when Blackstock rose with a lurch, wrenched the collie from his breast and with a sudden, swift and merciless movement swung the dog above his head and brought it down with tremendous force across the coaming of the boat. There was a single, terrible "yip," as the dog lay inert with a broken back.

Panting and shaken, both hands to his lacerated and bleeding throat, the man staggered a pace or two away, and fell suddenly against the bows of the boat, grasping its stem for support.

Stunned with the surprise of it, Coast turned away, aware that Katherine was calling him.

"Garrett! Garrett!" he heard her cry. "Come—quickly! . . . Don't you see—?"

She swung an arm seaward and to the west. Following this sign, he saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile off shore and sweeping swiftly in the wake of a dozen oars, a mackerel-fisher's seine-boat, crowded to the thwarts with men.

There was no sign of the vessel in the offing. Whether this long-boat could have dropped from defied his individuality despite the fact that it was supposed to have been "absorbed" into Greater New York. Up and down the street he went, meeting with small success. All around green lawns and thrifty flower beds testified to the local pride of the householders. One street in particular was a veritable feast of roses, every porch supporting hundreds of the rambler variety, and on this street the rowdy bees created a regular uproar.

minutes. "Take me away, take me quickly! There's not a minute . . . The catboat—?"

"Gone," he answered stupidly. "Gone by Chang—Blackstock's orders. We've no chance now—only Appleyard."

"Then, hurry! Don't you see that boat—?"

"Yes, but—"

"They're his men—the crew of that schooner—at least, I think so, I'm sure of it. Against them, what chance have we? Let's get away, hide some place until your boat—"

"Right!" He whipped in his wool-gathering faculties. "But—we'll take him with us." He made as if to move for Blackstock, holding that gentleman under cover of his pistol.

But she held him back. "No; he'd only delay us. We must find a place of safety—"

"Right again!" he assented, turning

with her and hastening toward the Cold Lairs. "But where—?"

She dragged heavily upon his arm for a moment, gasping and shaken with short, dry sobs. Then bravely she pulled herself up and released him.

"I don't know—some place—we must find some place—"

From behind them came a long-drawn, piercing hail:

"Black, O Black! Aho-o-oy!"

Blackstock lifted his head with an effort.

"Aho-oy!" he cried in a shaking voice, and: "Help!" in a feebleer.

And Coast, looking curiously over his shoulder as they totted up the incline, saw him paw feebly at the side of the boat, then collapse upon the sands beside it, as if fainting.

## CHAPTER XIX.

By the time they had passed through the Cold Lairs, Katherine's strength began to fail. The rapid pace at which they had made the ascent from the beach had told upon her more than Coast would have realized, but for insupportable evidences of distress she betrayed, her lagging footsteps and her labored breathing. Passing an arm round her waist, he held her up and gave her what support and help he could, but when they had gained the summit of the first ridge, a land, between the farm-house and deserted village, he had to pause and rest.

From that point of vantage, with the broad crescent of the beach spread out beneath their gaze, they watched the landing of the seine-boat.

Like some huge water insect of many legs, black body silhouetted against the silvered sea, it sped inshore, four long oars to a side dipping and lifting with the rhythmic beat of a perfect piece of machinery.

Then of a sudden with precise accord the oars were lifted and laid in; at slowly decreasing speed the long-boat slipped through the shoaling wa-

ters and nosed the sands. Four figures leaped overboard and grasping the thwarts hauled the bows high up on the beach. Others followed, some lingering to help drag the long-boat out of the tide's limits, some trotting to Blackstock's aid.

With difficulty, because of the momentarily fading light, Coast counted the company of the newcomers; they numbered, as nearly as he could estimate, ten. With Blackstock and Chang, that meant twelve to fourteen, if he were to include the two coolies in the farm-house.

He withheld a groan of dismay, and tightened his arm round the woman's waist, unconsciously consecrating his life to her defense. Blackstock should recapture her only when he, Coast, had fallen fighting.

Dimly through the gloaming he saw Blackstock lifted to his feet before the throng closed round him, a vague dark blur about the boat. From the east the tall, gaunt figure of Chang was moving with long and steady strides back to join them.

As yet there was no indication of pursuit.

None the less, Coast stirred uneasily and glanced in solicitude down at the pale oval of the face resting wearily against his shoulder.

"Feeling better?" he inquired gently. "Do you think you can walk, dear?"

She drew in a deep breath and

nodded assent. "I'm all right, now," she said, though still her respiration sounded harsh and uneven; "at least, I will be presently. . . . Are they coming?" she added with a start.

"No," he answered. "They're not worrying about us. We can't get far—not off the island. When we're wanted, they'll find us easily enough. I'm afraid. For the present, Blackstock's entertaining them with the story of his misadventure." He laughed shortly. "Come," he said; and they turned again inland, moving at a brisk walk toward the bungalow—with what purpose neither could have said.

"But that seine-boat?" he asked suddenly, a moment later. "Where under Heaven did she drop from? You spoke of the schooner. . . ."

"It's ashore," she told him. "I saw it all from the bungalow. . . . I saw it had been inside, looking for my trunk keys. I couldn't seem to find them at first. He was in the wireless room when I went in, but by the time I found the keys he had disappeared. I went to the door and stood looking out, wondering what had become of him and whether I dared risk a return to the beach—and you—while it was still so light; and suddenly the schooner shot out of the mist a little south of the point, over there in the west. She was running under power—I could just hear the engine throbbing—and I don't think they suspected how close they were to the island. At all events, the next instant she struck—stopped short as if she had run against a wall, quite a distance out; and in two minutes her stern was under water. I saw the crew putting out the long-boat and jumping into it; and then I ran down to the beach."

"She's the one," he said abstractedly—the schooner Appleyard was after, beyond doubt. You heard them hail Blackstock by name—by the name they know him under."

The woman said "Yes," indifferently, leaning more heavily upon him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Raw Material Too Plenty

That Was Why Honey Man Couldn't Sell Much in Town Full of Flowers.

The man "who kept a bee" was amply provided with honey. His right hand held a can of the liquid variety, his left held honey in the comb. He had come in from further out on Long Island and was trying to dispose of his product in one of the large towns that still retains its individuality despite the fact that it was supposed to have been "absorbed" into Greater New York. Up and down the street he went, meeting with small success. All around green lawns and thrifty flower beds testified to the local pride of the householders. One street in particular was a veritable feast of roses, every porch supporting hundreds of the rambler variety, and on this street the rowdy bees created a regular uproar.

"Garrett! Her voice was quavering now with consternation and the reaction from the excitement that had buoyed her up through the last few

minutes. "Take me away, take me quickly! There's not a minute . . . The catboat—?"

"Gone," he answered stupidly. "Gone by Chang—Blackstock's orders. We've no chance now—only Appleyard."

"Then, hurry! Don't you see that boat—?"

"Yes, but—"

"They're his men—the crew of that schooner—at least, I think so, I'm sure of it. Against them, what chance have we? Let's get away, hide some place until your boat—"

"Right!" He whipped in his wool-gathering faculties. "But—we'll take him with us." He made as if to move for Blackstock, holding that gentleman under cover of his pistol.

But she held him back. "No; he'd only delay us. We must find a place of safety—"

"Right again!" he assented, turning

with her and hastening toward the Cold Lairs. "But where—?"

She dragged heavily upon his arm for a moment, gasping and shaken with short, dry sobs. Then bravely she pulled herself up and released him.

"I don't know—some place—we must find some place—"

From behind them came a long-drawn, piercing hail:

"Black, O Black! Aho-o-oy!"

Blackstock lifted his head with an effort.

"Aho-oy!" he cried in a shaking voice, and: "Help!" in a feebleer.

And Coast, looking curiously over his shoulder as they totted up the incline, saw him paw feebly at the side of the boat, then collapse upon the sands beside it, as if fainting.

By the time they had passed through the Cold Lairs, Katherine's strength began to fail. The rapid pace at which they had made the ascent from the beach had told upon her more than Coast would have realized, but for insupportable evidences of distress she betrayed, her lagging footsteps and her labored breathing. Passing an arm round her waist, he held her up and gave her what support and help he could, but when they had gained the summit of the first ridge, a land, between the farm-house and deserted village, he had to pause and rest.

From that point of vantage, with the broad crescent of the beach spread out beneath their gaze, they watched the landing of the seine-boat.

Like some huge water insect of many legs, black body silhouetted against the silvered sea, it sped inshore, four long oars to a side dipping and lifting with the rhythmic beat of a perfect piece of machinery.

Then of a sudden with precise accord the oars were lifted and laid in; at slowly decreasing speed the long-boat slipped through the shoaling wa-

ters and nosed the sands. Four figures leaped overboard and grasping the thwarts hauled the bows high up on the beach. Others followed, some lingering to help drag the long-boat out of the tide's limits, some trotting to Blackstock's aid.

With difficulty, because of the momentarily fading light, Coast counted the company of the newcomers; they numbered, as nearly as he could estimate, ten. With Blackstock and Chang, that meant twelve to fourteen, if he were to include the two coolies in the farm-house.

He withheld a groan of dismay, and tightened his arm round the woman's waist, unconsciously consecrating his life to her defense. Blackstock should recapture her only when he, Coast, had fallen fighting.

Dimly through the gloaming he saw Blackstock lifted to his feet before the throng closed round him, a vague dark blur about the boat. From the east the tall, gaunt figure of Chang was moving with long and steady strides back to join them.

As yet there was no indication of pursuit.

None the less, Coast stirred uneasily and glanced in solicitude down at the pale oval of the face resting wearily against his shoulder.

"Feeling better?" he inquired gently. "Do you think you can walk, dear?"

She drew in a deep breath and

nodded assent. "I'm all right, now," she said, though still her respiration sounded harsh and uneven; "at least, I will be presently. . . . Are they coming?" she added with a start.

"No," he answered. "They're not worrying about us. We can't get far—not off the island. When we're wanted, they'll find us easily enough. I'm afraid. For the present, Blackstock's entertaining them with the story of his misadventure." He laughed shortly. "Come," he said; and they turned again inland, moving at a brisk walk toward the bungalow—with what purpose neither could have said.

"But that seine-boat?" he asked suddenly, a moment later. "Where under Heaven did she drop from? You spoke of the schooner. . . ."

"It's ashore," she told him. "I saw it all from the bungalow. . . . I saw it had been inside, looking for my trunk keys. I couldn't seem to find them at first. He was in the wireless room when I went in, but by the time I found the keys he had disappeared. I went to the door and stood looking out, wondering what had become of him and whether I dared risk a return to the beach—and you—while it was still so light; and suddenly the schooner shot out of the mist a little south of the point, over there in the west. She was running under power—I could just hear the engine throbbing—and I don't think they suspected how close they were to the island. At all events, the next instant she struck—stopped short as if she had run against a wall, quite a distance out; and in two minutes her stern was under water. I saw the crew putting out the long-boat and jumping into it; and then I ran down to the beach."

"She's the one," he said abstractedly—the schooner Appleyard was after, beyond doubt. You heard them hail Blackstock by name—by the name they know him under."

The woman said "Yes," indifferently, leaning more heavily upon him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time they had passed through the Cold Lairs, Katherine's strength began to fail. The rapid pace at which they had made the ascent from the beach had told upon her more than Coast would have realized, but for insupportable evidences of distress she betrayed, her lagging footsteps and her labored breathing. Passing an arm round her waist, he held her up and gave her what support and help he could, but when they had gained the summit of the first ridge, a land, between the farm-house and deserted village, he had to pause and rest.

From that point of vantage, with the broad crescent of the beach spread out beneath their gaze, they watched the landing of the seine-boat.

Like some huge water insect of many legs, black body silhouetted against the silvered sea, it sped inshore, four long oars to a side dipping and lifting with the rhythmic beat of a perfect piece of machinery.

Then of a sudden with precise accord the oars were lifted and laid in; at slowly decreasing speed the long-boat slipped through the shoaling wa-

ters and nosed the sands. Four figures leaped overboard and grasping the thwarts hauled the bows high up on the beach. Others followed, some lingering to help drag the long-boat out of the tide's limits, some trotting to Blackstock's aid.

With difficulty, because of the momentarily fading light, Coast counted the company of the newcomers; they numbered, as nearly as he could estimate, ten. With Blackstock and Chang, that meant twelve to fourteen, if he were to include the two coolies in the farm-house.

He withheld a groan of dismay, and tightened his arm round the woman's waist, unconsciously consecrating his life to her defense. Blackstock should recapture her only when he, Coast, had fallen fighting.

Dimly through the gloaming he saw Blackstock lifted to his feet before the throng closed round him, a vague dark blur about the boat. From the east the tall, gaunt figure of Chang was moving with long and steady strides back to join them.

As yet there was no indication of pursuit.

None the less, Coast stirred uneasily and glanced in solicitude down at the pale oval of the face resting wearily against his shoulder.

"Feeling better?" he inquired gently. "Do you think you can walk, dear?"

She drew in a deep breath and

nodded assent. "I'm all right, now," she said, though still her respiration sounded harsh and uneven; "at least, I will be presently. . . . Are they coming?" she added with a start.

"No," he answered. "They're not worrying about us. We can't get far—not off the island. When we're wanted, they'll find us easily enough. I'm afraid. For the present, Blackstock's entertaining them with the story of his misadventure." He laughed shortly. "Come," he said; and they turned again inland, moving at a brisk walk toward the bungalow—with what purpose neither could have said.

"But that seine-boat?" he asked suddenly, a moment later. "Where under Heaven did she drop from? You spoke of the schooner. . . ."

"It's ashore," she told him. "I saw it all from the bungalow. . . . I saw it had been inside, looking for my trunk keys. I couldn't seem to find them at first. He was in the wireless room when I went in, but by the time I found the keys he had disappeared. I went to the door and stood looking out, wondering what had become of him and whether I dared risk a return to the beach—and you—while it was still so light; and suddenly the schooner shot out of the mist a little south of the point, over there in the west. She was running under power—I could just hear the engine throbbing—and I don't think they suspected how close they were to the island. At all events, the next instant she struck—stopped short as if she had run against a wall, quite a distance out; and in two minutes her stern was under water. I saw the crew putting out the long-boat and jumping into it; and then I ran down to the beach."

"She's the one," he said abstractedly—the schooner Appleyard was after, beyond doubt. You heard them hail Blackstock by name—by the name they know him under."

The woman said "Yes," indifferently, leaning more heavily upon him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time they had passed through the Cold Lairs, Katherine's strength began to fail. The rapid pace at which they had made the ascent from the beach had told upon her more than Coast would have realized, but for insupportable evidences of distress she betrayed, her lagging footsteps and her labored breathing. Passing an arm round her waist, he held her up and gave her what support and help he could, but when they had gained the summit of the first ridge, a land, between the farm-house and deserted village, he had to pause and rest.

From that point of vantage, with the broad crescent of the beach spread out beneath their gaze, they watched the landing of the seine-boat.

Like some huge water insect of many legs, black body silhouetted against the silvered sea, it sped inshore, four long oars to a side dipping and lifting with the rhythmic beat of a perfect piece of machinery.

Then of a sudden with precise accord the oars were lifted and laid in; at slowly decreasing speed the long-boat slipped through the shoaling wa-

ters and nosed the sands. Four figures leaped overboard and grasping the thwarts hauled the bows high up on the beach. Others followed, some lingering to help drag the long-boat out of the tide's limits, some trotting to Blackstock's aid.

With difficulty, because of the momentarily fading light, Coast counted the company of the newcomers; they numbered, as nearly as he could estimate, ten. With Blackstock and Chang, that meant twelve to fourteen, if he were to include the two coolies in the farm-house.

He withheld a groan of dismay, and tightened his arm round the woman's waist, unconsciously consecrating his life to her defense. Blackstock should recapture her only when he, Coast, had fallen fighting.

Dimly through the gloaming he saw Blackstock lifted to his feet before the throng closed round him, a vague dark blur about the boat. From the east the tall, gaunt figure of Chang was moving with long and steady strides back to join them.

As yet there was no indication of pursuit.

None the less, Coast stirred uneasily and glanced in solicitude down at the pale oval of the face resting wearily against his shoulder.

"Feeling better?" he inquired gently. "Do you think you can walk, dear?"

She drew in a deep breath and

nodded assent. "I'm all right, now," she said, though still her respiration sounded harsh and uneven; "at least, I will be presently. . . . Are they coming?" she added with a start.

"No," he answered. "They're not worrying about us. We can't get far—not off the island. When we're wanted, they'll find us easily enough. I'm afraid. For the present, Blackstock's entertaining them with the story of his misadventure." He laughed shortly. "Come," he said; and they turned again inland, moving at a brisk walk toward the bungalow—with what purpose neither could have said.

"But that seine-boat?" he asked suddenly, a moment later. "Where under Heaven did she drop from? You spoke of the schooner. . . ."

"It's ashore," she told him. "I saw it all from the bungalow. . . . I saw it had been inside, looking for my trunk keys. I couldn't seem to find them at first. He was in the wireless room when I went in, but by the time I found the keys he had disappeared. I went to the door and stood looking out, wondering what had become of him and whether I dared risk a return to the beach—and you—while it was still so light; and suddenly the schooner shot out of the mist a little south of the point, over there in the west. She was running under power—I could just hear the engine throbbing—and I don't think they suspected how close they were to the island. At all events, the next instant she struck—stopped short as if she had run against a wall, quite a distance out; and in two minutes her stern was under water. I saw the crew putting out the long-boat and jumping into it; and then I ran down to the beach."

"She's the one," he said abstractedly—the schooner Appleyard was after, beyond doubt. You heard them hail Blackstock by name—by the name they know him under."

The woman said "Yes," indifferently, leaning more heavily upon him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time they had passed through the Cold Lairs, Katherine's strength began to fail. The rapid pace at which they had made the ascent from the beach had told upon her more than Coast would have realized, but for insupportable evidences of distress she betrayed, her lagging footsteps and her labored breathing. Passing an arm round her waist, he held her up and gave her what support and help he could, but when they had gained the summit of the first ridge, a land, between the farm-house and deserted village, he had to pause and rest.

From that point of vantage, with the broad crescent of the beach spread out beneath their gaze, they watched the landing of the seine-boat.

Like some huge water insect of many legs, black body silhouetted against the silvered sea, it sped inshore, four long oars to a side dipping and lifting with the rhythmic beat of a perfect piece of machinery.

Then of a sudden with precise accord the oars were lifted and laid in; at slowly decreasing speed the long-boat slipped through the shoaling wa-

ters and nosed the sands. Four figures leaped overboard and grasping the thwarts hauled the bows high up on the beach. Others followed, some lingering to help drag the long-boat out of the tide's limits, some trotting to Blackstock's aid.

With difficulty, because of the momentarily fading light, Coast counted the company of the newcomers; they numbered, as nearly as he could estimate, ten. With Blackstock and Chang, that meant twelve to fourteen, if he were to include the two coolies in the farm-house.

He withheld a groan of dismay, and tightened his arm round the woman's waist, unconsciously consecrating his life to her defense. Blackstock should recapture her only when he, Coast, had fallen fighting.

Dimly through the gloaming he saw Blackstock lifted to his feet before the throng closed round him, a vague dark blur about the boat. From the east the tall, gaunt figure of Chang was moving with long and steady strides back to join them.

As yet there was no indication of pursuit.

None the less, Coast stirred uneasily and glanced in solicitude down at the pale oval of the face resting wearily against his shoulder.

"Feeling better?" he inquired gently. "Do you think you can walk, dear?"

She drew in a deep breath and

nodded assent. "I'm all right, now," she said, though still her respiration sounded harsh and uneven; "at least, I will be presently. . . . Are they coming?" she added with a start.

"No," he answered. "They're not worrying about us. We can't get far—not off the island. When we're wanted, they'll find us easily enough. I'm afraid. For the present, Blackstock's entertaining them with the story of his misadventure." He laughed shortly. "Come," he said; and they turned again inland, moving at a brisk walk toward the bungalow—with what purpose neither could have said.

"But that seine-boat?" he asked suddenly, a moment later. "Where under Heaven did she drop from? You spoke of the schooner. . . ."

"It's ashore," she told him. "I saw it all from the bungalow. . . . I saw it had been inside, looking for my trunk keys. I couldn't seem to find them at first. He was in the wireless room when I went in, but by the time I found the keys he had disappeared. I went to the door and stood looking out, wondering what had become of him and whether I dared risk a return to the beach—and you—while it was still so light; and suddenly the schooner shot out of the mist a little south of the point, over there in the west. She was running under power—I could just hear the engine throbbing—and I don't think they suspected how close they were to the island. At all events, the next instant she struck—stopped short as if she had run against a wall, quite a distance out; and in two minutes her stern was under water. I saw the crew putting out the long-boat and jumping into it; and then I ran down to the beach."

"She's the one," he said abstractedly—the schooner Appleyard was after, beyond doubt. You heard them hail Blackstock by name—by the name they know him under."

The woman said "Yes," indifferently, leaning more heavily upon him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIX.