## NO MAN'S LAND A DOMANCE BYS LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WASTERS

Garrett Cast a young man of New You're not—not angry with me?"

"Angr?? With you!"

She was twisting her hands together the hands together the heart to cast fails to convince her the heart for the heart to cast fails to convince her the heart to cast fails to convince her the heart to cast fails to convince her the heart for the heart to cast fails to convince her the heart for the heart for the heart to cast the heart for the heart to cast the heart for the heart to cast the heart for the heart of the heart to cast the heart to cast the heart to cast the heart for the heart to cast the heart for the heart to cast the heart to cast the heart to cast the heart to cast the heart for the heart to cast the heart

#### CHAPTER IX -- (Continued.)

dare-! Yet there were two things in of his thoughts. his attitude to calm her: an impersonni note, puzzling, and a simple dig- orless. "I would ask you to suspend nity that left little footbold for re-

As for Coast, momentarily while she did not reply, the issue hung in have killed Van Tuyl. Dundas we ex- rible than its fellow, she could no the balance, whether he should speak or no: whether enlighten her forthwith or leave her (were she happy in her marriage) in her fool's Paradise. He felt himself a prey to discordant impulses, pride and generosity counselling him, each with a double

"I bold your happiness above all else," he resumed as the pause lengthned-"far above my own, Katherine. That is why I ask you: are you happy."

"I have no regrets," she told him steadily. "That doesn't answer me."

Her eyes wavered beneath his searching giance. She turned away and stared off into the vacancy of the

"How is one to tell?" she said pres-"lan't happiness difficult to A thing of comparative val-. I am content, that much ! anow. I have discovered something in life higher than the gratification of self; I have learned that to serve means more than to be served. I married the man I loved; he needs me now, could hardly do without me. I am a help to him in his work; he would probably be unable to continue it without my assistance. . c. . 1 have my cares, as he has his, as you have yours. Who has | not? But a year is a long time; I have learned much since . . . " She took a deep breath. "Yes," she concluded evenly: "I think I may say I am bap-

But she kept her face averted. "And this?" he asked, stepping to her side and lightly touching her bare forearm with his finger.

Just below her left elbow four marks, like bluish stripes set close together, stood out like weals upon her delicate skin, where the flesh had been bruised by the cruel pressure of a man's strong fingers.

At his touch she recoiled with a half-stifled cry, her face blazing. "Dont'-don't-!" she gasped, trying with faitering fingers to pull down the sleeve. But realizing that it was too fate, that he had already seen, she recovered, sullenly leaving the sleeve

"I'm sorry," said Coast soberly; "! may not expect you to forget. Only dence. that is his mark, Katherine."

Well," she flashed defiantly, "and what if it is? is bc. or am I, answerable to you? Can he not touch me But his undeviating and pene-

trating gaze disconcerted her; her anger rang unconvincing even to herished izmely. "One of the servants him. "It must have hurt," said Coast, try-

trace of bravado. He bowed.

suggest, none of my affair. I merely kindled and his face blazed, and his happened to notice, and it startled me. heart ached-with his love for her, Will you be good enough to tell me the longing that he must never voice.
the way to the beach?"

But she did not see.

Silently the woman indicated a path leading away from the gate.

had she been more dear to him than or circumstance. Whether she suffered him or as now sedulously discountenanced him, his queen could do

"There's nothing I can serve you in. "Nothing-only go away."
"Then good-by." He shrugged

slightly, fifted his cap and put himself outside the dooryard. But. Garrett-

"Garrett." she begged, breathless with the anxiety roused by an unsus-

pected latent fear, "promise me some-He looked down into her sweet face, ous Frenchwoman still a mistress of

plaintive with appeal. "Name it," said "If by any chance you should meet of America, during which in the course

"I'll be careful," he assured her. Don't worry; I shant let him know

who I am. If possible, I'll keep out of Her eyes were eloquent of inex-pressible relief. "Thank you," she fal- "Can you," a reporter for the New

tered, keenly alive to the trite inadequacy of the words. "And, Garrett,

afraid I shall never learn to forgive. Why, Garrett, why did you permit

that man Warburton to do it?" He heard her out in pitiful patience. She held her answer, quivering too deeply moved for anger or resentwith indignation. That he should ment to have any place in the conflict

"As to that," he said, his tone col- cide?"

dreamed that man could be so low, so vile!" she said; and he wished himself beneath the foot she stamped. "I hate you!" she told him; and beneath his breath he whispered over and over: "I love you, I love you!"

"I ask nothing," he said, when she had to stop, as much for lack of words as breath, "more than that you think it over. You've told me what you think of me-and I daresay you're somewhat justfied. But think it over; you owe me and you owe yourself that. Weigh the worst you knew of me before Van Tuyl was shot against what you have learned of Blackstock

Her face was ghastly. "You bought that confession," she asserted between set teeth He smiled painfully. "I presume I

might have anticipated that. . . . "You daren't deny you bought it!" "From a man contemplating sui-

That silenced her. Her poor, disjudgment if you hadn't already pro- traught wits would frame no retort to nounced it. But I leave you this to his inexorable logic. Pulled this way consider: one of two men only could and that by doubts, each more ter-



She Kept Her Face Averted.

cept by mutual consent; Blackstock | more than sway and stare at him with admits and I admit be didn't do it. didn't mean to touch you. I didn't neither of whom could have been con-There remain Blackstock and myself, thick-had forgotten what-what I victed on the other's unsupported evi-

"You are cowardly to say this to me, when he's not here!"

But he had a level and emotionless look with which to meet the impassioned scorn she showed him.

"Perhaps; but don't forget I asked "It was an accident," she tin- only the opportunty to say as much to Has it ever occurred to angered him-they are Chinese and you that Dundas, not your husband, stupid-and in his blindness he mis sent me to Sing Sing-that, had Duntook me for the man and caught my das been in my pay, Blackstock would now be occupying the cell I occupied?"

He had himself well in hand. Otherwise she must have seen how deeply am I to know what is true, what She was silent, facing him with a moved he was. Simply to watch her and not give way was almost more "I beg your pardon; it was, as you than he could endure. His eyes

But she did not see. She was answering him; her words came in a torrent, stumbling over Still he lingered, letting his eyes one another: her voice vibrant with drink their fill of her; and knew, in unutterable contempt sounded in his length, despairing, he yielded to her a swift flash of certitude, that never hearing like the hymning of angels. "Oh," she cried in loathing-"insufferin this moment of renunciation, that able!" And the desire to catch ner never would his heart's allegiance in his arms and stop her hips with waver from her, whatever her mood kisses was like a pain. "I never

eyes blank in a face like parchment. His heart bled for her in her mis-If he could he would have unsaid all that he had said, to ease her suffering "I feel like a dog" he told

her contritely: "to have told you this . I meant not to, but . . I couldn't help it. Think and . .

and judge between us, Katherine." "It is a lie!" she wailed. "You have lied to me-everything you have said was lies-all lies. I don't believe you. But you have poisoned my

life for me! . . . Truth or lies: what am I to believe? . . I am the most wretched of women, and you have made me so. Why couldn't you leave me in peace? Why must you have come to make me suffer so? How false? . . Oh, you are monstrous! You are cruel, cruel! If only you would go and let me forget! . .

Go. go. and let me be!" In his remorse, reluctant to leave her so, he tried to comfort her with broken protestations that even he knew were rank with insincerity; nor would he willingly have gone before she grew more composed. But at unending importunity, and bowing his head, went his way in a daze of misery as black and dense as the releutless, sullen fog.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Work Bernhardt's Recipe

Ravages of Old Father Time Held Back by Constant Activity and Regular Habits.

It was Carlyle who, in his dogmatic fashion, declared that the only true happiness of a man was that of "clear, been fitted and appointed." There is, perhaps, little in common between the grim old Scotchman and Mme. Sarah Bernhadt, and yet we find the vivaciher art at sixty-seven, and just about to sail for her native land after a tour Douglas-I'm not sure where he of 35 weeks she has given 285 performances, 90 of them at one-night stands, netting for herself a round quarter of a million dollars and for the theatrical managers probably double as much, giving voice to much

York Sun asked her in English, "leave behind you a recipe for youth and beauty?" The question was interpreted and madame smiled and gave her hand a deprecatory toss, the grace of which was inimitable. "He is gallant, this young man," she said. "There is He stopped. She moved down to decided activity in the sphere for which no secret. But, yes, work! Always 1 by nature and circumstances he has work. One grows old slowly who works, for there is the satisfaction of accomplishment. I could not be idle. I would be miserable. Always I must be doing something. Plenty of sleep, a sparing diet and not too much fresh air, so!" Later madame voiced her sentiments even more expressively. "Health," she said, "comes from the good God, but I work like the devil."

> More Than She Knows. "The last time I saw your husband he was trying to stop smoking. Has

"I don't know. You, of course, know

Colorado Citizens Would Provide LAW'S INJUSTICE MADE PLAIN Mansion for President.

Drawings Have Been Finished for a Veritable Palace of Picturesque Design for Occupancy by the

Chief Executive. Denver, Colo.-The citizens of Colorado have started a campaign to provide for the president of the United States a summer home in this state. The plans, which have already been completed, call for a veritable palace of most original and picturesque design, the like of which does not exist in this country. It will take rank On the other hand, it was maintained with any of the existing palaces of European monarchs. The idea originated with John Brisben Walker, and a committee of prominent Colorado men is now in charge of the movement. The proposed home is on the Mount Falcon, 15 miles from Denver, in the

front range of the Rockies. It is planned to make the gift a token from the people of Colorado, and contributions are now coming in from all over the state. The fund was started by subscriptions from leading bankers and business men in Denver. Ground has already been broken and it is believed that the building will be constructed in time for the next summer

During his recent visit to Denver, President Taft was apprised of the glass." summer home plan, and expressed the opinion that no locality could offer finer natural attractions for such a

The proposed house will be unique in many ways and exceedingly attractive. The plans call for a noble and massive structure of gray granite. contrasting with the natural setting for the building. The house will provide ample room for the president's attendants and assistants. Automobiles would bring the summer home with forty minutes of Denver.

The view that the site of the building commands is its strongest feature, and it is this that was strongly urged in making a choice of sites. Among



all the wonderful and beautiful scenic spots within a short distance of Denver, Mount Falcon, perhaps, stands pre-eminent. From the north terrace of the mountain, upon which the drawing-room and library will open. the steep mountain side, wooded with pines, drops down 2,000 feet into the rushing waters of Bear creek; to the south, 75 miles away, is Pike's peak Denver lies 14 miles away to the northeast. When a passing cloud covers the city with its shadow, the plains seem barren of houses. Ther suddenly the sunlight pierces through and a great city stands revealed.

### MAN CAPTURES SKUNKS ALIVE

Michigan Youth Has Trapping Beaten to Frazzle-Makes Pets of Prizes.

Grant, Mich.-Much interest is manifest in this vicinity over the work of Amiel Sodestrom, a young man liv-ing six miles west of this place, who has discovered new work for his ferret, which he uses in capturing skunks instead of rabbits.

Amiel discovered that his ferret had no fear of an encounter with any skunk on entering the underground home of the latter. Soon after learn ing of this power of the ferret, the young man contrived a plan to capture the skunk in a manner more convenient than digging or trapping. As the ferret enters the home of the skunk a large bag is placed over the hole and soon the skunk is quietly reposing on the inside of the bag.

One peculiar feature of the whole affair is the fact that the young hunter, upon arival at home, seldom experiences any inconvenience in fondl ing the prize after it is in capitivity one day and often can pick it up in

### PLACES MONEY IN SHOE BOX

Woman Mistakes Receptacle in a New York Hotel for Safety Deposit Vault.

New York.-Mistaking a small wooden box built into the wall of her room t the Waldorf-Astoria for a safe-deposit box, a woman of Georgetown, S. C. who arrived in New York, deposited \$900 in cash and jewelry valued at \$6,000 in the box that night, and re tired with the satisfaction that her valuables would be secure. When she awoke next morning the gems and

money were missing. Soon afterward William Peterson, a hotel valet, turned up with the \$900 and the missing jewelry.

"While making my rounds for the shoes at 2 a. m.," said he, "I found this money and jewelry in the box where the shoes are placed."

## PLAN SUMMER HOME PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Farmer's Grievance Was That Story Once Accepted Should Not Remain Good.

A story is being told at the expense of an old English farmer who was recently called upon to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite fox terrier dog. "'E's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age. "Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?" "Oh, weel, I couldn' tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 'e's nobbut a puppy." that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the magistrate inflicted the usual fine. Shortly afterward the farmer was met by a friend who wanted to know how he had fared at the police court. "Nobbut middlin'," was the reply. "Did they fine you?" "Yes," responded the victim; "an' 'ang me if I can understand it! Last year an' the year afore that I told the same tale about the same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' wi' the law sin' last year?"

His Exact Sort.

"What kind of a glass of fashion did Ophelia consider Hamlet?" "As long as she called him Lord Hamlet, I suppose she considered him a peer

Man and Meter Both Unique. A Kansas City man notified the gas company that his meter was running slow. Greater honesty hath no man

LEISURE PROVIDED FOR.



"'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' you know."

"Yes; but my fiancee is rich enough, so I'll have the leisure all right."

Swallowing Glory. The litle daughter of a well-known denly exclaiming:

"I'm full of glory!" "What on earth do you mean. child?" the father hastened to ask. "Why," exclaimed the youngster, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I've swallowed it."

Most of life's so-called tragedies are merely comedies.

The fellow who shoots off his mouth doesn't always hit the mark.

Eager to See. "I have a poem here entitled 'Alone with Nature,' " said the sallow young

man with the long hair and the frayed trousers. "It is a personal impres-"Is it?" replied the editor of the

Chicago Record-Herald, as he hastily glanced at the opening lines. "Have you ever been alone with nature?" "I have, and, oh, it is glorious-glo-

"Here's a dime. Get on a trolley car and ride as far as you can. Go back to nature and spend another hour or two alone with her. You say you plucked the hazel blossoms by the stream. If you are able to find any place where you can do that let me know. I want to watch you while you do it."

Walking for Nerves.

The nerves suffer from want of pure oxygen. They run like a network all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be dry and colorless. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves.

If one has means or leisure, there Baltimore clergyman recently startled are plenty of other more enjoyable exthe family while at breakfast by sud- ercises. But few forms are so beneficial as the regular daily jaunt of four or five miles for obtaining a good complexion.

Too Much Reclining.

"How as it that Gamps failed in his bed-manufacturing business?" "He got too much in sympathy with the business." "How could he do that?" "He lay down on the job."

It is the common lot of man not to get an uncommon lot.

## A Hold-Up

An Oppressive Trust.

Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition in the history of human commerce."

There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine

The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through which this combine, to further cinch them, has been made effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the

same old price. But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purposes, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise

The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil buys little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American con-sumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?-Seattle Post-Intelligencer-Nov. 19, 1911.

- tax americans

Standard statistics of the coffee trade show a falling off in sales during the last two years of over two hundred million pounds. Authenticated reports from the pounds. Authenticated reports from the Postum factories in this city show a tremendous increase in the sale of Postum in a like period of time.

in a like period of time.

While the sales of Postum invariably show marked increase year over year, the extraordinary demand for that well-known breakfast beverage during 1911 is very likely due to a public awakening to the oppression of the coffee trust.

Such an awakening naturally disposes the multitude who suffer from the ill effects of coffee drinking to be more receptive to knowledge of harm which so often comes as a result of the use of often comes as a result of the use of the drug-beverage, coffee.—Battle Creek Evening News—Dec. 19, 1911.

# POSTUM

is a pure food-drink made of the field grains, with a pleasing flavour not unlike high grade Java.

### A Big Package About 11 lbs. Costs 25 cts. At Grocers

Economy to one's purse is not the main reason for using Postum.

It is absolutely free from any harmful substance. such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.

Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why-

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.