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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 reamon being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast falls to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship, At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarret 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 sensecapon from him, thus the police disrower 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 becomes free, but Blackstock has married
Katherine Thuxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a
pan 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 expleme the place and comes upon some
deserted buildings. He discovers a man
dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter,
who explains that her husband, under the
name of Black has longht the island.
He is blind, a wireless operator and has
a station there. Coast informs her that
her hosband murdered Van Tayl. Coast
sees Blackstock and some Chinamen
burying a mun. They fire at him, but he
is rescued by Applevard, 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

CHAPTER XI .- (Continued.)

told sweat all the while. The racker afraid of getting caught-for he set- "It's got to be," he affirmed with conmy sending raised and sounded as tled on No Man's Land before Dun- viction. "What else could it be? loud as the Trump of Doom; I couldn't to save my neck understand how Black failed to hear it, even if he were at the other end of the island. and come back and exterminate me. So I beat it on the dead jump.

The farm-house was in my way, however, and I pulled up there to reconnoitre. There was a sound of voices out front, and I went in the back way-the premises being empty and snooped to the front windows and eavesdropped. To that instant I'd had never a thought that you might be mixed up in the mess; but I recognized your voice, and overheard just enough to open my eyes to the confpickity of the situation.

"I didn't linger long enough to hear much; my position being somewhat delicate-from more than one point of view: So I sneaked out by the rear again, and laid for you on the path to the beach. Then that shower came up and I lost touch with the path. By the time Fd re-found it and traced my way back to the farm-house, you were I set sail in pursuit, but by the ime I sighted the deserted village. you were invisible, and Blacksteck (by this time I knew his right name) was superintending the planting of Power. Seeing nothing of you I concluded-and hoped-you'd sloped for the boat, and dodged round after you. Those shots stopped me right by the boat on the beach; I saw you coming

"I've talked myself hoarse-for once in my life. Never dreamed I'd have such a taste of Heaven

Coast was about to speak when Appleyard stopped him with a lifted hand. "Look," he said, with a wide gesture, "and if you're superstitious at all-that is to say, human-hug comfort to your heart. For my part I'm going to take this for an omen. You may please yourself."

Overborne by the freshing easterly wind, which blew down the Sound as through a funnel, the fog was rolling back like a scroll. The little man laughed gently. "Haven't we won out to light and freedom, while back there"-he indicated the looming beadland astern that shut off No Man's Land from their vision-"still they walk is darkness, bound upon the wheel of their own naughtiness?"

"Wel-I," conceded Coast a little dublously. "But on the other hand here's this wind brewing. Doesn't it smell like an easter to you?"

Appleyard sniffed contemptuously "It do, it sure do," he admitted. "We'll have a bit of a blow by nightfall, certainly."

"And that means trouble, doesn't

Why?" to No Man's Land tonight. And the more wind, the tougher the job of

working tack . Appleyard grimaced his disgust.

"Who's afraid?" be demanded, truculeut. "A pessimist," he misquoted with a large if inconclusive air of philosophical contemplation, "is a fellow who has to live with optimists. Not only that, but you make me tired."

CHAPTER XII.

Within another hour (and the morning was still young) the Echo rode at anchor in Quick's Hole, on the edge of the navigable channel, near the Nashaweng shore, about midway of the passage between Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay; and within ten minutes of the time her anchor splashed over her bows, Mr. Appleyard, his plans formulated and communicated to Mr. Coast, was noisily asleep in the cabin-enjoying a rest which Coast, for all his own weariness of body and mind, could not begrudge

For six hours the younger man stood a lonely watch, companioned only by the melancholy voice of the bell buoy off the southern entrance. a sound, the most forlorn and dreary known to man which came fitfully to his earns in the occasional lulling of the wind.

As six bells sounded Appleyard bopped on deck, yawning and rubbing his eyes, but with a light in the latter, as soon as he permitted them to be seen, and a springiness in his ments which testified to the rereshing soundness of his slumbers. Howdy?" be chirruped.

starming turned up, eh?" "Not a thing," said Coast.

Good enough. Don't look for 'em till evening. When'd this lul! set in?" Coast informed him. "That's all Henry as he faced the astonished gath-

rather make a landing in the dark,

anyway. "What difference would that

make-? attention attracted. I s'pose you know there's a life saving station on Gay Head? Sure; and part of its job is to keep a list of everything that passes by, from a rowboat to a coastwise liner.

"Of course; but-look here, Appleyard." Coast paused, doubt tinting His first glance was comprehensive,

"Sir, to you?"

"There's one thing been troubling very alert. me. It seems to me we're taking a lot for granted. Of course, to begin ly, what warrant have you for believ- tling the speed to half, climbed out ing he's mixed up with this smuggling and dropped the hatch.

Appleyard rubbed his nose reflec-"I haven't got any sure 'nough good put her about when I give the word." excuse, I admit. I just know it's so.

"What's Blockstock sticking out "Suppose," he said abruptly, "this "You can bet I shut off and skinned there for? Not because he likes it, isn't the right boat?" out of there in a jiffy; I'd been in a you can bet; not solely because he's

waves and the softly modulated tolling of the distant buoy, presently dozed off; nor did he wake until Ap pleyard shook his shoulder several hours later.

He started up in some perturbation -with that singular flutter of the heart that men sometimes waken to face a crucial hour.

"Well-?" he asked, half dazed. "Time," returned Appleyard coolly. 'They're just about to stand in round Lone Rock. Come on deck."

His small head and narrow shoulders were momentarily silhouetted against a violet-shaded square of sky that filled the companion opening. then disappeared. Coast, realizing "Not much; only the fewer boats from the twilight within and without touching at No Man's Land, the less that the hour was late, followed with expedition.

"What's o'clock?" he asked as he stepped on deck. "About seven. Take the wheel."

Appleyard dropped lightly into the engine-pit as Coast obediently moved to the stern and grasped the spokes. summing up the situation in a single cast; he was now fully awake and

With a muffled cough the motor began to throb and drum. The Echo with, I was only too keen to believe gathered way. Coast swung her gentthe worst of B'ackstock. But, serious- ly to starboard as Appleyard, throt-"Right," the little man approved.

'Now hold her steady for Pasque, not "Wel-1," he drawled, grinning, too far up channel, and stand ready to "Ave ave," said Coast intelligently, He pondered a while as the boat forged sturdily up against the seas.

Appleyard grunted unpleasantly.



"Doesn't It Smell Like an Easter to You?"

das come through with his confes- |. sion; not because he would be safer you want to know," he added, bustling in some corner of the world across about busily.

"I told you his wife said-" She said precisely what he told

her. Naturally. Probably believes it. Rot!! . . . The real reason is the turn his hand to anything to earn a dishonest dollar. And this job's ideal "Because I, for one, am going back for his purposes," Appleyard wound up triumphantly.

"But," Coast argued, "she has

"Hot do you know?"

"At least, her aunt had, and it was to go to her."

But did it? I'll lay you a handsome wager that either she never got it or it wasn't much anyway and Blackstock managed to run through it with the customary facility of scoundrels of his class. Don't talk to me: I tell you, I know a

lot of things for certain that I don't know for sure; and this is one of em. . . And now if you'll just kindly quit finding fault with my unimpeachable management of this affair, and duck below and pound ear for a couple of hours, or un. . ! call you, you'll be in much better he advised as the Echo drew under shape for what's before you this the shadow of Pasque. "So-o: that's

Coast, soothed by the swash of

. You'd make a shine gambler, if

Coast subsided, although he continued to eye the oncoming boat with unmitigated mistrust.

Appleyard, having cast off all but one of the stops securing the gaff to reason why he dropped his remit- the boom, first lighted and set out the tances to Dundas; because he's broke. starboard lamp, which was of course and down, and desperate-ready to invisible to the approaching boat. then lighted and placed the other be-

neath the seat. "I got an eye-full of her with the glasses as she came across the bay," he said, pausing beside Coast and balancing himself lightly against the motion of the boat. "She's a stepper all right; a cabin cruiser about thirtyfour over all with a good, stiff engine in her-twenty-five H.-P., I'd guess. She moves when she moves?"

"That argues a crew of twn?" Coast surmised.

"Just about-aside from our friend the passenger, Mr. Handyside-who's in such a sweat to get on his job that he has to risk the passage in the teeth of an easter," said the little man. "You can bet your boots no one else would run the chance-nor

he, unless it was on urgent business. Now go about and stand across again, a bit further up the channel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was a Hit Orator Jumbled

V-ledictorian Got Badly Mixed Up the Result Pleased His Audience Immensely.

The trouble with the valedictorian was that he had started orations on three different subjects and abandoned two, after committing them to

This may account for the fact that the trouble ensued early in the engagement

The youth made a good getaway and was covering the ground stead-"Nothing ily when he suddenly switched. Beyond the Alps lies Italy,"

cried as he took careful aim with his index finger at the gallery. "Such were the inspired words of Patrick right; & to with their plans; they'd ering, and pointed to the throbbing lid applause.

of the steaming kettle. If he had turned aside at the crucial moment, if Hannibal had not braved the minions of the English king the power and helpfulness of harnessed steam might have been left for the discoverers of a future age. But such is the inexorable decree of fate. Hannibal swept down upon the plains of sunny Italy, the seeds of American independence were deeply rooted, and the steam engine was given to an amazed world. If James Hannibal-I should say Patrick Watt-I mean Lib. erty Henry-had besitated-or looked back-the course of empire would have remained unchecked and history would have been rewritten!"

Then he sat down amid tremendous



DETWEEN one and two hundred thousand people every year visit Valley Forge.

Everything possible has been done to attract them. On the hills where Washington's army suffered and bled there are now beautifully kept macadam roads and bridle paths that meander through the trees.

By train, auto, bicycle, motorcycle and afoot the crowds comebut always in the spring, summer or autumn.

When snow falls fresh marvels of beauty are revealed. But few, save the fox hunters, ever see them.

In many places the views do not differ greatly from those of that memorable winter, 1777-78, when Washington and his men fought against cold and starvation. An army of ragamuffins, many of the troops even without shoes, poorly and insufficiently nourished, it was almost a miracle that any of those patriots survived.

Washington, Is Claim Made

One Story of the Origin of the Name information that the estate in question blood is the very best agency in the by Which Father of His Country Was Known

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States was not Washington. His baptismal name born February 22 in the fields or inhabit the ruined towns. year 1732. The old colony of Virginia was his birthplace but the true name of his male ancestors was not there, where active hostilities ever Washington. This may seem a sweeping statement in the light of generally syngtons, were stationed. This recaccepted history, but careful research ord of the great family is absolutely has established beyond doubt that the authentic in every detail, having been ancient founder of the family from proved by minute research and perwhich came the Father of our Country was named William de Hertburn. The key to this apparent paradox lies in the fact that, in common with many heraldic investigation. noblemen and monarchs of Europe. the first president possessed an estate

name and a real, or family name, the

latter being known as the patronymic, or paternal name. French, not English, origin, and were in accordance with that of his land numbered among the powerful knights followed. The proprietors became of the northern portion of France. When the duke of Normandy conceived the ambition of becoming king Finally the heraldic shields and of England he called to his aid the French prefix of "De" was dropped, Catholics of France, and among those and the modern spelling of Was-hwho responded to his appeal was an i-n-g-t-o-n prevailed. ancestor of George Washington. The The Washingtons were very promduke gathered his soldiers about him | inent in the military as well as the and announced that by right and civic phases of English life. In the promise he deserved and intended to days of Henry the VIII., when that be the new king of England. His spir- monarch was in conflict with the pope ited address had the desired effect of Rome, Lawrence Washington sided and the knights and their vassals with the king, and the latter conthronged to the standard until there fiscated the monasteries, convents was soon gathered under the leadership of William, duke of Normany, the greatest army France had ever mustered, ready for the field and tury the Washington family ruled suthirsting for the glories of conquest. Among the many banners thrown to then appears to have taken place, for the breeze appeared the shield of the in 1620, the year the Pilgrims set multi-great-grandfather of our own George Washington. His name was were practically driven from the Sul-William de Hertburn. The 60,000 followers of the duke set sail in 3,000 vessels of war for the English coast and landed without opposition, because of the English King Harold's conflict with the Norwegians in another part of his invaded domains. On October 14 1066, the rival armies met. and on the field of Hastings took place one of the most terrific battles in the history of England. William of Normandy was the victor, and King Harold, with tens of thousands of ington to be the military leader of the his English, was among the slain. The victorious French marched to London, and on Christmas day they pro claimed their dashing leader "William I, conqueror and king of England." King William, like all his French

knights, loved the French ideas of government, church and home, and infused into the old English national and domestic life all the customs of his native land. Even the English language, which William never could learn, was gradually set aside, and among the loyal French knights who assisted the conqueror in enforcing his reforms was the distant kin of George

our first president was numbered among the intimates of the king, and was one of the leaders of the French In apportioning the estates of the

Saxons to his followers the conqueror True Patronymic Not bestowed on William de Hertburn the extensive estate known as Wessyngton, and entitled him to heraldic denomination of his choice. Historic records show him as one of the favorite knights of the king.

As a further demonstration of the was under the command of the bishop exposed to the attack of the Scots of northern England. On this border there was constant warfare, and the king naturally selected the bravest and most warlike of his adherents to hold lands in the disputed district. For nine years this country between president of the United Durham and York was laid waste, and for ten years it was practically a desert, no man having the courage to was George, and he was attempt cultivation of the blasted

One hundred thousand people died in this debatable strip of land, and reigned, the De Hertburns, or Wessonal visits to the locality where its members were lords of the soil-a task which embraced fifteen years of

Later the estate known as Wessyngton was spelled and entered officially as Wessington, the proprietors assuming the same name. Then it was recorded as Washington, and a The first Washingtons were of natural change of the owner's name known as William, John, Lawrence, Robert and Nicholas De Washington.

and churches of the Roman Catholic church, giving to this Washington the Sulgrave estate, where for over a cenpreme. A decline in their fortunes sail for America, the Washingtons grave estate to take up residence at Brighton with minor manors and holdings. The loss of hundreds of acres of rich meadows and harvest fields was in a measure counteracted by the marriage of a Sir William Washington to a sister of George Villiars. Duke of Buckingham. This union brought about new alliances and affiliations which made Washingtons possible in America, and ultimately led to the rearing of George Washcolonies and eventually our first chief executive

Good Mr. Wallapus stood at the window Sunday afternoon idly watching the bad little boys playing base ball on a vacant lot. "The Sabbath breaking little wretches," he said "They ought to be arrested, every one of them. There should be a rigid ordinance against this desecration of the that Dr. Blair be reminded of the Sabbath." Then he rang for the chauffeur. "Jim," he said, "get out the car and we'll take a little spin. It's a beautiful day and I'm tired of staying Washington. This early ancestor of in the house." This fable teaches.

Fable Worth Pondering Over.

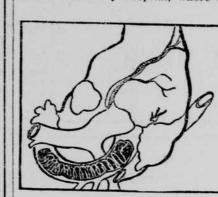
HEART REPAIRED WITH WIRE

How Six Feet of Golden Thread Coiled in a Man's Aorta Made It Strong Again.

Philadelphia.-With the walls of his heart reinforced by a coil of wire through which electricity passes, just as it follows an electric-light wire, John Braden rests at the University hespital, and expects to resume his usual routine in life in a few weks.

The heart is the pump which keeps all the machinery of the human body in motion. It has valves just as all Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. other pumps have, and when an engineer finds a valve leaking in a pump under his care he stops the engine and introduces a new valve if the defective one is beyond repair. The main valve in the heart of John Braden leaked. All through the day he was disturbed by its unnatural noise, and at night it kept him awake.

Finally the pressure became so very severe and the peril to his life so im- in a few days. mediately grave that he was removed to the University hospital, where Dr.



Coil of Gold Wire Inserted in Heart's Aorta.

Charles H. Frazier essayed the delicate task of tightening up the valve been published concerning John of his heart and reinforcing the entire | Bright. He was always ready for sal-

Examination disclosed the fact that

been electrically insulated. Through this needle Dr. Frazier pushed and arranged in evenly distributed coils more than six feet of solid gold wire. This thread of wire was guided | no change.' by the surgeon through the pulsing blood vessel by the sense of touch alone, and it was built up in the dissatisfied, and said: aorta, at the point of its weakest dilation, just as a weakened building wall would be strengthened at its most perilous point. Thus the heart was coil of strong but fine wire, caught ye Pay-nobody!" and held in place by the surgeon's trained fingers. Then the problem of

preventing hemorhage arose. Coagulation of the blood was the great, the vital end sought. It was decided to employ electricity to obtain this purpose. Coagulation takes place at both ends of the galvanic currentthat at the positive pole being small, importance of the De Hertburns, or tive being larger, softer and of yel-"Wessyngtons," history furnished the lowish color. It happens that the icting of electricity. and when, as in this case, both poles are inside the sac and near to each other, a mild current of electricity will cause vigorous electrolysis. In applying the current to Braden a rheostat was used to control the flow and to prevent shock when it should be cut off.

Thus by coagulation the reinforcement of the heart was accomplished over the gold wire framework and nature is building a new wall within the valve, stopping all leakage and giving John Braden a new lease of

CAT FOSTERS STRANGE BABES

Mother Pussy, Having Lost All but One of Her Babies, Adopts Three Squirrels.

Knoxville, Tenn.-A squirrel is about the last thing one would expect a cat to adopt. Yet a motherly, gray pussy, having lost all but one of her own babies, took charge of three gray squirrels in their stead, and brought them up as carefully and tenderly as she did her own remaining kitten.

They played about her, with one another and with the kitten as uncon-



A Happy Family.

cernedly as though they had never had any other mother. This happy little family was kept on exhibition in a show-window in

Lawrenceburg, Tenn., for a long time -indeed, until they were so well grown that they needed no further

PATIENT'S HEAD AS PAYMENT

Oklahoma Doctor Waited Twenty-Five Years and Now Wants Settlement According to Contract.

Middlesborro, Ky.-Representatives of Dr. Blair of Apache, Okla., were traveling through the mountains of eastern Kentucky recently to Whitesburg, where they will claim the head from the body of Smith Fouch, promised 25 years ago as payment for Dr. Blair's services in saving Fouch's life. Fouch was shot in the eye. Dr. Blair

performed a hazardous operation, and discovered, he says, that Fouch was able to perform normal functions with a bullet in a lobe of his brain. After Fouch's recovery he said he could not pay the doctor, but offered to will the doctor his head. The doctor accepted, and when Fouch died

two days ago he left a note asking hequest. Fouch's kinsmen say they will pernit decapitation of the body. Dr. Blair wants to prove Fouch lived 25 years with a builet in his brain.



Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right

Cure Con-SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature



BOATMAN HAD HIS OWN IDEAS

Absence of Expected "Tip" Brought Out Excellent Sample of Real Irish Wit.

A good story of Irish repartee has mon fishing, and on several occasions went to Ireland with Mr. George Peathe aorta was about to rupture. This body, the American philanthropist. would inevitably have resulted in One day Mr. Bright, noticing a policeman on the bank, inquired of him Dr. Frazier opened the aorta as what sum the boatmen were entitled near to the heart as possible and to ask for rowing up the Saannon on deftly inserted a hollow needle which a day's fishing. He said that from seven shillings and sixpence to ten

shillings was the usual payment. Mr. Bright said to Mr. Peabody, "Have you three half-crowns? I have

Mr. Peabody produced the money and gave it to the boatman. He was

"And is that all ye're giving me?" "That's all," replied Mr. Peabody. "Well, that bates all I ever heard." answered the boatman. "An' they bound round, on the inside, with a call ye Paybody. Faith, I should call

ABOVE MERE STORY TELLER.



Willie (aged seven)-Say, paw. what's a raconteur?

Father-A fellow who wears a dress suit when he tells stories.

But Mamma Didn't. Little Mabel was always tumbling down and getting hurt, but as soon as her mother kissed the bumped forehead Mabel would believe it cured and cease crying. One day she accompanied her mother to the Union depot, and while they were seated in the crowded waiting room an intoxicated man entered the door, tripped over a suitcase, and fell sprawling on the floor. The attention of every one was attracted to the incident, and in the

sudden silence following the fall Mabel called out: . "Don't cry, man. Mamma 'll kiss oo, and 'en oo 'll be all right."-Lippincott's Magazine.

"Why does that old maid use so much paint on her face?" "She's making up for lost time."-Brooklyn Life.

At the Bank. "Your husband has stopped payment on your alimony check."

"I know it; he no longer loves me." THE DOCTOR HABIT And How She Overcame It.

When well selected food has helped the honest physician place his patient in sturdy health and free from the "doctor habit," it is a source of satisfaction to all parties. A Chicago wom-

an says: "We have not had a doctor in the house during all the 5 years that we have been using Grape-Nuts food. Before we began, however, we had 'the doctor habit,' and scarcely a week went

by without a call on our physician. "When our youngest boy arrived, 5 years ago, I was very much run down and nervous, suffering from indigestion and almost continuous headaches. I was not able to attend to my ordinary domestic duties and was so nervous that I could scarcely control myself.

Under advice I took to Grape-Nuts. "I am now, and have been ever since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, able to do all my own work. The dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness and rheumatism which used to drive me fairly wild, have entirely disappeared.

"My husband finds that in the night work in which he is engaged, Grape-Nuts food supplies him the most wholesome, strengthening and satisfying lunch he ever took with him." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," 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