

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who convinces him to go to sea. He accepts, although he doubts Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Theaster. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is worthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two more ladies and Van Tord. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Tord dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapons from him, then the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Douglas saves Blackstock as the murderer and himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Theaster and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Theaster. He explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has sought the island. He is blind, a useless operator and has a stammer. Coast informs her that her husband married Van Tord. Coast sees Blackstock, and some Chinamen hurrying away from him. Just as 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 mystery of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a use of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The other vessel was entering the mouth of the channel, at the moment that Coast put the helm over and brought the Echo's green starboard eye into view. A mile or so lay between them. Appleyard lifted the hatch and opened the throttle full, before setting out the port light.

A shower of spray swept over the Echo's counter as she bucked the tide. "That's the stuff," said the little man. "Now they're wondering what particular variety of darn fools we are. Hold her as she stands—steady."

Two throaty blasts from an automatic whistle floated down the wind. "What'd I tell you?" chuckled Appleyard. "She's slowed down already," he announced, although Coast was unable to discern any change in the speed of the nearing craft. "It hurts to do this." The little man jerked the whistle lever and uttered a single, prolonged, derisive blast. "Lord! they must be cussin' a blue streak!"

At this time the Echo had worked well up into the channel, the other vessel being about midway through. To a second signal, a solitary blast, Appleyard replied with two, in utter defiance of every rule and regulation for the prevention of collisions at sea. A husky shout of wrath answered this manifestation of landlubberly foolishness. Appleyard responded with three short blasts of the whistle, the same signifying what was obviously untrue—that he had reversed his engine and was running full-speed astern; for at the same moment, in obedience to his low-toned command—"Starboard, starboard, your helm!"—Coast again put the wheel over and the Echo swung smartly on her heel, showing her port light and making as if to cut across the other's bows at a moment when they were but a few lengths apart.

There was an instant of suspense as the boats drew swiftly together. Coast held his breath and prepared to jump should the threatened happen; it seemed certain that the sharp steps of the motor cruiser would crash into the Echo's side. Even Appleyard lost something of his customary aplomb and betrayed the strain upon his nerves.

"Sit tight—sit tight!" he whispered between his closed teeth. "Don't give an inch—they've got to—they don't dare—ah!"

The last was a sign of relief as the cruiser swung sharply in toward Pasque, shot forward a couple of lengths and brought up suddenly with a churning screw—hard and fast aground.

A moment later the Echo rounded gracefully to port within two yards of her stern; and simultaneously Appleyard, leaning far out over the combing, made an exceedingly cunning cast with a coil of line which Coast laid in against the possibility of a broken halyard. The flying loops settled accurately into the water, just above the foam kicked up by the cruiser's propeller, and in another instant its motor stopped with a strangled gasp.

Out of the cloud of profanity that smoked up from the cruiser's cockpit the first one being a spanner, then another. Back spilled heavily on one side the Echo. Now, as still they had drawn well out of range did Coast and Appleyard rise from the shelter of the combings.

"So far, splendid," commented Appleyard solemnly, staring astern. "I reckon that, between the furrow they ploughed in that shoal and several yards of good heepee rope gumming up the shaft and screw, they'll hide where they are a week. Till the storm blows over any way. It ought to take a good diver or a marine railway to free that shaft. Now, if you'll give me the wheel, we'll go about and get ready for business. That was child's play, alongside of what's to come. Get the sail up, please."

For a space thereafter Coast had his hands full; the Echo was swinging out of the channel, past the hollow, despondent clanging bell, and the wind had found her with a swoop of fury and a "fish bowl." By the time he had trimmed the main-sheet the catboat was sweeping onward at a rate little short of incredible.

Touching Coast's arm, Appleyard drew his attention to a tiny glint of light in the south, where No Man's Land beckoned them from afar, across a weary waste of broken waters.

CHAPTER XIII.

About midway between the eastern and western extremes of the north shore of No Man's Land, a little sandy spit juts out, forming, according to Appleyard, "what you might call a sort of cove, if you don't care what you say." To the west of it lies the only good anchorage near the island—one that can be termed such solely when the winds blow from the south.

Into the poor shelter of this courtesy harbor, under the pilotage of Appleyard (who asserted that he found his way half by guess work and half by sense of smell) the Echo (tough her way and as her anchor bit into the bottom and her cable tautened brought up staggering, like a spent runner at the close of a long race.

Only seamanship of a sort not inapplicable to be called superb (but not less so than the courage exhibited by both men) eked out by Appleyard's intimate acquaintance with the waters thereabouts, could have brought the Echo to this anchorage.

Coast took ashore with him a new sense of respect and admiration for his companion. What emotions, if any, Appleyard entertained, remained inscrutable.

Driving the boat through a quarter-



The Echo Took Her Chance Alone.

ing run of surf, they made an uncomfortable though not dangerous landing on the west side of the sand spit, drew the dory far up and set off, side by side, wet and weary, for the Cold Lairs—as they had christened, by common consent, the abandoned fishing village.

They stumbled up to and through its empty street, a little wondering, a little apprehensive, more than a little alert and inclined to seek the touch of each other's shoulders. They were, in the good old phrase, taking their lives in their hands in this phase of their adventure; and the sense of this clutched at their hearts with fingers of ice. That they would be recognized (save Coast by Katherine) as the men who had been on the island in the fog seemed little likely; so far as they knew neither had been seen but by the Chinaman whom Appleyard had stunned; and it was improbable that he had caught clear sight of either. There remained, however, a hundred masked dangers growing out of Blackstock's certain distrust and misgivings, with a far-fetched possibility that the men stranded on the shoals off Pasque would find some means of escape and communicate with Blackstock by wireless from the mainland. It was not more than an improbable possibility, but none the less it held its need of danger, and they might not forget it, though Appleyard had argued and contrived plausibly against mischance.

Coast's unspeakable relief he found Blackstock alone. Apparently the man had been sitting by the table, his feet on a near-by stool; but when Coast discovered him he was standing in that dogged, forceful pose of strength and preparedness which seemed somehow peculiarly his: with his feet well apart, his heavy body inclining forward from his hips, his broad shoulders a trifle lifted, his round and heavy head thrusting forward on its thick, strong neck.

Man of Fallen Fortunes

He Was Stirred to New Ambition by the Act of a Cigar Salesman.

"Cigars of the brand I used to smoke," said the man of fallen fortunes, "are, like those of many others, made in various shapes and sizes, to be sold at various prices, and of my favorite brand there was one particular size and shape that especially pleased my fancy and that I always smoked. Stogies I usually smoke now, but occasionally, when I feel that I can spare the money, I go in and buy a few of those fine cigars."

"For one of those occasional fond smokes I went in this morning and, looking down into the case, I named my brand and reaching into the case the salesman brought out a box. But these were not of my size and shape; I indicated the ones I wanted, and the salesman brought out that box-cigars at six for a dollar, of which I now took three. I noted casually the

If the crew of the grounded vessel (he explained) chose to land on Pasque, they would better their condition not at all—merely exchange a comfortable cabin for the questionable freedom of a little two-by-four island cut off from Naushon and its habitations by the deep, swift currents that scour Robinson's Hole. In another direction, it would profit them as little to seek the cheerless shelter of the life-saving station on Nashawena; it would require more than man-power to free the cruiser from the sticky clutches of the shoal, and their chances of obtaining a tow before the storm abated were positively nil.

"You can tie to this," Appleyard had summed up; "they'll stay put till morning. And then a while. That'll give me time to tend to their cases properlike. Even should I fall down there, we've got at the worst reckoning a clear eighteen hours. And if that's not long enough for us to frame up a suitable last act for this thrilling drayham of crime and hoodlum hearts, we ain't fit even to dope out a scenario for a moving-picture film; and I for one will make up my mind to shake the leg, and try to make a dent in the two-a-day."

From which pronouncement Coast drew what comfort he could.

The banglow occupied what was apparently the brow of the island's highest ridge, something like a quarter of a mile to the south of the farm-house and near the southern shore. As they drew nearer Appleyard slowed down to a cautious walk. At a fair distance from the lighted window both paused, as if seeking some final word; then, without speech (it would have been necessary to shriek to make oneself heard in that exposed spot) Coast caught the little man's hand and gave it a long, friendly pressure. He turned and moved a few paces toward the house. When he looked back Appleyard had melted into the darkness.

He passed a window so misted with moisture that he could have seen little within had he wished or stopped

quality, but deep down in our hearts we feel that there is a difference. Stock gambling is a man's game. We don't want women breaking in."

WOMAN A BAD LOSER

Wall Street Brokers Draw the Sex Line.

New York Consolidated Exchange Firm Likely to Be Disciplined by Board for Its Violation—Unwritten Rule Exists.

New York.—A Wall street brokerage firm has got itself into trouble and may be suspended by the Consolidated stock exchange because it recently opened a women's department, fitted up with a few rocking chairs, had a woman in a white sweater stationed at the ticker to read the quotations and allowed women speculators to come down and bring their young ones with them if they cared to—which they did, in some cases. This is a punishable offense in the street. Not the children, but their mothers are the ones objected to. There are no cries of Place aux dames! in the stock market zone.

The establishment with the nursery attachment to its women's department is on New street, just a block away from the exchange of which the firm is a member. It had really only just begun to build, up the new branch of its business when the exchange heard of it and signaled the call to arms of the board of governors. This had the effect of clearing the women's room of all children and of all but two women, while the person in the white sweater who had been fingering many yards of ticker tape was supplanted by a man.

You may search the rule book of the Consolidated from cover to cover for an article or a by-law forbidding women to come down and trade in stocks like the men, and to bring their youngsters along with them, as now and then a proud father has done on a half-holiday, but you will not find what you are looking for. The rule exists, none the less. It simply isn't printed. The nearest thing to it in print is a rule prohibiting "acts detrimental to the exchange" on the part of its members, which, as one of the board of governors pointed out, might be made to cover any number of things. Among them is the catering to feminine speculators, he said. The fact that a sort of kindergarten annex went with the women's department had nothing to do with the case.

Wall street half expects to see the proprietors of the New street rocking chair trading club and day nursery punished in some way—by suspension from the exchange, possibly. It is pretty certain that the club and the nursery will go out of existence. It will have to go. Women who want to dabble in stocks are as unwelcome as a crook below the "dead line."

All this in spite of the fact that only a few weeks ago Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst told Wall street any number of stories about women who had gone into business and made a success of it. "It's the experience of hundreds of stock brokers that the woman who comes down here to speculate is a bad loser," said one officer of the Consolidated recently. "Say what you please about this being the day of

THOUGHT FIRST OF PETS

Children of Wilmington Man Save Cat, Guinea Pig and Doll When Firemen Arrive.

Wilmington, Del.—Seeing firemen rushing into the home at 825 Market street and believing the house was on fire, the two little daughters of Victor H. Bacon, a cafe proprietor, forgot all about their own comfort and thought only about their pets.

One of the girls gathered up a cat in one arm and a guinea pig in the other and the second child snatched up her doll. They did not stop to get a hat or coat, but were making for the door without regard for near-zero weather when their mother stopped them.

Some one passing in Market street had seen exhaust steam coming from a pipe on the roof, and, thinking it was smoke, summoned several fire companies. Mrs. Bacon, who was alone with her children at the time, knew nothing about the affair until the firemen came into the house, dragging lines of hose after them.

CANNIBAL KING NOW SHIP'S COOK



THE Portuguese cruiser Republica, sent on a visit to this country because of our recognition of the new republic, attracted crowds of sight-seers at New York, and one of the chief sights was the ship's cook. This man, who in the photograph is holding the knife, was a cannibal king in Uganda, Africa, and was captured by the Portuguese a year or so ago.

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Iowa Town Moved Two Miles

Community Is Betrayed by Coup of Thrifty Councilman—Stampedes Residents to New City.

Des Moines, Ia.—Wheeling a town two miles overnight! This feat, accomplished by the residents of a thriving Iowa community, and the exciting events that preceded the municipal hegira were vividly related by a former resident of the town in question. The incident occurred in the early '90s, when the railroads practically made over the maps of many portions of the west.

"The one great handicap of Callopo—for that is, or was, the name of the town, was the fact that it possessed no railway connection. "But one day a man, glorying in a generous girth and a many hued waistcoat, arrived in Callopo. To the village president he signified his desire to meet the village board, and it was convened in session extraordinary that very evening in the school-house. To this staid and deliberative body the imposing stranger outlined his plan for a newer and a better Callopo. The Mississippi & Pacific Coast railway—that was not its name, but it will serve—he declared had decided to extend its projected line through Callopo on its way to the shore of the Pacific. As evidence of the good faith of the company the representative exhibited a map wherefore Callopo was indicated by a black dot, whose dimension were exceeded by none—no, not even Chicago. The stranger went on to point out the advantages that would accrue to the town by the fulfillment of the plans of the railroad company.

"The supposition, however, was not well founded, as he soon found. If the railroad wished to come to Cal-

Wedding Lasts Six Days

Syrian Groom Is Given a Bath and Shave by Men Guests at St. Paul Nuptials.

St. Paul, Minn.—Amid the glare of 400 candles and facing a gathering of 600 guests, Moses G. Toby, son of George Toby, a Syrian wholesale merchant, married Victoria Zinnle of Butte, Mont., at his father's residence in this city. The ceremony itself was the closing feature of an elaborate Syrian wedding that has been in progress for six days. Fellow countrymen and wives came from all parts of the United States to attend what they declare is the greatest Syrian wedding that has taken place in this country in twenty years. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Nicola E. Yanney, rector of St. George's Syrian Greek Orthodox church, Kearney, Neb., and was done in purely Syrian style. The pastor came here especially for the nuptials.

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Couldn't Use It. Agent (to sour-faced but rich old lady)—Madam, I am soliciting funds to start a benevolent enterprise for the poor blacks of Africa, and I thought—Sour-faced Lady—I can't give you money, sir; I have been swindled too often. All I can do is to lend my countenance to the scheme. Agent (sadly)—That would simply ruin it, ma'am.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.—Goethe.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN EXIST. WENT fails to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Some married men look upon home as a place to rest—and some others get anything but a rest while there.

LEWIS' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Made of extra quality tobacco.

Many a flowery speech has been nipped in the bud by a nonappreciative audience.

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

We often wonder what lawyers would do for a living if there actually was a fool killer.

FARMS FOR RENT OR SALE ON CROP Payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

He is a brave man who will face the parson with a short haired woman.

You Can Help Yourself

Back to health by assisting the stomach in its work of digestion and assimilation--by keeping the liver active and the bowels open. For this particular work there is nothing quite so good as

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

No Dust Shine Stays

Don't imagine for a moment that all brands of stove polish are alike. If your stoves become rusty and dull soon after they are polished it shows that you are not using

BLACK SILK STOVE POLISH

Liquid and Paste—One Quality

BLACK SILK STOVE POLISH

Liquid and Paste—One Quality

Black Silk makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish.

It is used on simple stoves by hardware dealers. Sold by them to those who want good things.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Don't accept substitutes. All dealers can get Black Silk from their jobbers.

"A Shine In Every Drop"

Keep your graters, registers, fenders and stove pipes bright and free from rusting by using

BLACK SILK AIR-DRYING ENAMEL. Brush free with each can of enamel oil.

Use **BLACK SILK METAL POLISH** for chrome, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily, and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works STERLING, ILLINOIS

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MAKES HEALTHY COWS.

This great cow medicine is the only doctor the herd needs for most of the ailments peculiar to cows. KOW KURE is not a food; it is a specific remedy for diseases of cows—the only one in the world for cows only. A positive cure and preventive for BARRERNESS, A BORTION, RED WATER, SCOURS, BUNCHES, LOST APETITE, MILK FEVER, GARGET AND BLOATING.

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