

# SERIAL STORY

## No Man's Land

### A ROMANCE

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1910, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

II 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 Tui. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tui 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 sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter 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.

#### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

His voice must have carried to the animal; he heard a whine, the quick padding of paws, and a huge Scotch collie bounded clumsily out of the mists, passed him within an arm's length, vanished and returned, whining and circling, nose to ground, as if confused and unable to locate him. He watched the animal, half-stupefied with wonder at its erratic actions; then unconsciously moved slightly. A pebble grated beneath his foot. The dog wheeled toward him instantly and paused at attention, a forepaw lifted, ears pricked forward, delicate nostrils expanding and contracting as he sniffed for the scent of man.

"Here, boy, here!" Coast called softly, and the next moment had the animal fawning upon him, alternately cringing at his feet and jumping up to muzzle his legs and hands, as if they were his own master's.

"Good boy! Steady now! So-o, so!" Puzzled by this demonstrative reception, Coast bent over the animal, trying to soothe it with voice and hand. It was plainly in a state of high excitement and evidently deeply grateful for his sympathetic toleration. He caught the finely modeled head between his palms, lifting up the muzzle. "Come, now," he said in a soothing tone, "let's have a look at you, old fellow. Good old boy—it's all right now—steady. . . . Why, the poor brute's blind!"

For as its eyes rolled up he saw that they were blank and lightless, the irides masked with a film of white.

"Cataract," he said, releasing the dog. "That's why he couldn't see me. . . . I wondered. . . . Hello, what now?"

Comforted and reassured, the dog had drawn away and resumed its mysterious circling, nosing the earth with anxious whinnings. Abruptly it paused, tense, lithe frame quivering, then made off at a rapid trot in the direction whence it had appeared. A moment later the heartrending howl walked out again.

Almost unwillingly Coast followed, nerving himself against the discovery he feared to make.

Half a dozen steps, and he almost fell over the dog. He recoiled with a cry of horrified consternation. "Appleyard! . . ."

But it was not Appleyard. On raw, naked earth in the middle of the rude village street, a man lay prone with one forearm crooked beneath his head, his other limbs repulsively sprawl. His head near which the collie squatted, lifting its mournful muzzle to the sky, was bare and thickly thatched with reddish hair.

The man had been murdered, foully slain by a means singular and unique outside the Orient. Deep buried in a crease round his throat Coast had seen a knotted loop of crimson silk whipcord—the bow-string of the East. Above it the face was a grinning mask of agony and fear, dark with congested blood; a face that, none the less—despite those frightfully shadowed, blurred and swollen features—had unquestionably once been comely in the youthful Irish way.

He rose and searched the ground for indications of a struggle. He found none. No confusion of footprints about the dead man showed on the damp earth. Apparently the victim had been taken from behind, without warning.

Irresolute, baffled, he lingered for another moment.

By his side the dog howled deep and long.

He turned, half-faint, and fled the place, bearing with him what he was not to forget for many a night: the picture of the blind dog mourning full-mouthed beside the crumpled, lifeless thing that had been its master, there in that nameless spot of death and desolation.

The horror of it crawled like delirium in his brain. "No Man's Land?" he muttered huskily. "Land of devils . . ."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"There's no sense in this—none whatever!" Coast spoke for the first time in twenty minutes or so. "Where in thunderation am I, anyhow?"

He stood in thought, pursing his underlip between a thumb and forefinger, wits alert to detect the clue to his bearings that was denied him, for all that the fog had thinned perceptibly within the last third of an hour. This much he knew and no more: that he was lost.

As from a great distance came the muffled mourning of the blind dog, Coast shivered. "I can't stand that," he said irritably, and plunged on in desperation.

Before him, presently, a wall started up out of the mist-bound earth, a low stone wall, grey where it was not green with lichen, and ran off inland, diverting the path to keep it company. Some distance farther on a second wall, counterpart of the other, intersected it at right angles. Here was a primitive stile. Coast climbed over and continued, following the thinly-marked, tortuous trail across a wide expanse of rolling, semi-sterile, treeless upland, thickly webbed with other footways.

Unexpectedly a rail fence sprang up across the path. Beyond it a company of indistinct blurs uncertainly shadowed forth what he took, and what the event proved, to be a farmhouse with outbuildings.

Encouraged, Coast climbed the fence and addressed himself to the farmhouse, coming inevitably first to its main entrance, the kitchen door; which stood hospitably wide, revealing an interior unenanted but warm with recent use.

Coast did not enter, but moved

tending emotions, resembling the flashes of heat and cold of an ague fit, alternately confounded and stung him to the point of madness. For the first time in days he had forced home to him all that he had sought to banish from his life; his memories, of his gnawing passion for the woman, of the black crime that had severed their lives. Seeing before him the one being in the world dear to him beyond expression, the one being irrevocably lost to him, he divined anew with bitter clarity the bridgeless gulf that yawned between them.

It was inevitable that the woman should in time become sensitive to his proximity. Though wholly unaware of his approach, though thoroughly assured that she was alone, a feeling of uneasiness affected her. She resisted it subconsciously and strove to continue the line of thought which had engaged her; but without effect. Then she turned her head, and threw a flickering glance toward the house; the shadow of his figure lay upon the boundary of her vision. She swung quickly to face him, suppressing a cry. Their eyes focussed to one another, his burning, her successively a-swim with astonishment, incredulity and consternation. For a long moment, during which neither moved or spoke, while she grew pale and yet more pale and he flushed darkly, their questing glances crossed and recrossed like swords at play.

From Katherine's eyes a woman's soul gazed forth, experienced, mature, inured to sadness, gently brave: where had been the eager, questioning, apprehensive, daring spirit of a girl. He who had suffered and lived could see that she in no less degree had lived and suffered since that evening when last he had seen her beneath the street lights, bending forward from the seat of her town-car to bid him farewell. Life is not kind: Life had not been kind to her. If he had endured, she likewise had endured, in another way, perhaps, but



The Man Had Been Murdered.

round toward the front of the house, his footsteps noiseless on the sod.

By the corner he stopped as though he had run against an invisible barrier.

Ten feet distant a woman stood in the gateway of a fence of palings. Half turned away from him and more, so that only the rounded curves of cheek and chin were visible, she seemed absorbed in pensive meditation. One hand held the gate ajar, the other touched her cheek with slender fingers. She was dressed plainly to the verge of severity: a well-tailored tweed skirt ending a trifle above ankles protected by high tan boots; a blouse of heavy white linen with a deep sailor collar edged with blue—sleeves rolled well above the elbow, revealing arms browned, graceful and round; for her head no covering other than its own heavy coils of bronze shot with gold.

Coast was conscious of a tightening in his throat producing a feeling of suffocation, of a throbbing in his temples like the throbbing of a muffled drum. In a trice he had forgotten everything that had passed up to that moment; even the haunting thought of the murdered man dropped out of his consciousness; he was unable to entertain the faintest shadow of a thought that did not center about this woman, not a line of whose gracious pose, not a tress of whose matchless hair, not a tint of whose wonderful coloring but was more intimate to his memory than his own features.

She was—she had been—Katherine Thaxter.

#### CHAPTER IX.

His first translatable impulse was to turn and make good his escape before she became aware of him. But, as if the shock of recognition had palsied his will, he remained motionless. Con-

in no less measure. She, too, had seen the splendid tapestry of her illusions rent to tatters by Life's implacable hand.

For this one man alone was answerable—Blackstock.

Of a sudden, on the echo of that name in his brain, Coast's hatred of the man, the animosity that had hardened to inexorable enmity in the crucible of his passion, recurred with tenfold strength and nearly overmastered him. It is only the rule, their own deeds have wrought that men can view complacently.

He stepped forward a single pace, with an unconscious gesture as one who tears from his throat that which hinders free respiration. "Where," he demanded without preface or apology, in a voice so thick and hoarse he hardly knew it for his own—"Where is he?"

He saw her recoil from his advance, but whether from fear or repugnance he could not guess. When she replied it was with evident difficulty.

"He?"

Impatient, he waved aside what seemed a palpable quibble; she must know very well what he meant. "What are you doing here, in this place, alone? Why did he leave you here?" He moved nearer, his voice rising to vehemence. "Why are you here, Katherine?"

She drew back again, passing through the gateway, so that the fence stood between them. He comprehended dully that she did this through fear of him.

"I might ask as much of you."

"Of me?" Her quietly interjected remark threw him momentarily off his line of thought.

"Yes, of you," she replied quietly, quick to see and take advantage of his distraction. "How did you get here? And why?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

Reading.—After a deadlock lasting two weeks, the Borough Council of West Reading was organized by the election of John H. Wise, president.

Chester.—John G. Boone, an old-time fisherman and duck hunter, who was watchman at the First National Bank for twenty years, died, aged seventy-three years.

Tamaqua.—At a special election held here the question of a \$500 bond issue to be used for public improvements and re-issue of old bonds at a lower rate of interest, carried by a majority of 229.

Reading.—The Temple furnace of the Temple Iron Company, five miles above Reading, was started up Wednesday after a three years' idleness. It produces 1,000 tons of pig iron a week.

Allentown.—At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Allentown Hospital the report of the president, former Judge Edward Harvey, showed that 1495 patients had been treated in 1911.

Scranton.—An air fan burst at the Johnson colliery and a paddle struck Philip Sweetzer, fifteen years old, an oiler, standing 100 feet away and crushed his skull. The boy died a few hours afterwards.

Allentown.—By the use of \$400 worth of antitoxin, Joseph Broad, of Lehigh, has been cured at the Allentown Hospital of lockjaw, which was the result of a wound sustained when he was shot in the arm by a hunting companion.

Harrisburg.—Paul Houser, a three-year-old boy, who fell into a tub of scalding water at his home in Middle town three weeks ago, died at the Harrisburg Hospital. The child was terribly scalded. The case attracted much attention among medical men.

Norristown.—John W. Clark, taking advantage of the new school code which permits a taxpayer to appeal from a report of the auditors of the finances of a school district, has made such appeal against the auditors of Lower Providence Township.

Carlisle.—In an effort to enforce the Sunday closing laws, enacted in 1794, Rev. H. B. Stock, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, gave information against two tobacconists, before a magistrate, charging the men with the infraction of the blue laws. Both merchants gave bail.

Scranton.—Mine workings under the home of Mrs. Frank Sonesky, of Dickson City, settled, breaking gas pipes in the house. Mrs. Sonesky, taking an afternoon nap, was forgotten in the excitement. When found she was unconscious and was carried dying from the house.

Allentown.—Justice A. D. Kachline, of Egypt, decided that Mrs. John Kulp, the six months' bride, who was accused by her husband with trying to kill him and his family by putting poison and ground glass in two grape pies, that she had baked, must answer the charge at Court.

Lancaster.—Simon Reese, seventy years old, died at his home in this city. Less than an hour later his daughter, Mrs. Letitia Mowery, forty-two years old, died at her home at New Providence. There will be a double funeral.

Shenandoah.—Commissioner of Labor Neill, of Washington, notified all anthracite coal operators that according to the prices of coal at tidewater points that all anthracite mineworkers wages for the month of January would be 7 per cent. above the basis.

Chester.—The home of William Bell, a member of the Chester police force, was entered by burglars during the absence of the family. After a search of the house the thief entered the restaurant in the front part of the building and made an unsuccessful attempt to pry open the cash register.

Scranton.—Fulfilling the wish of her dying mother that death should not interfere with her plans, Miss Nellie Hall was married to Andrew Brown, of St. Benedict, at the tier of her parent. Rev. Mr. Cure officiated. The ceremony over, the funeral was held and bride and groom accompanied the mourners to the cemetery.

Scranton.—In a presentation to the Court the Grand Jury indicted John Henry Jones and David Jones, members of the November Grand Jury, for misbehavior and contempt of Court. The indicted men were accused of violating their oath of secrecy and conveying to Louis Huntington, charged with murder, how the witnesses testified against him, and how the indictment was returned instead of an ignored bill.

Harrisburg.—Harry Good, seventy-two years old, a resident of Eastern Dauphin County, is the oldest prisoner sentenced in this county's court in years. Wednesday he was sent to jail for two months for forging a check.

South Bethlehem.—After a several days' conference General Manager J. F. Maguire, of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and the General Committee of Conductors have come to an agreement regarding the question of wages, rules and conditions of operation during the coming year.

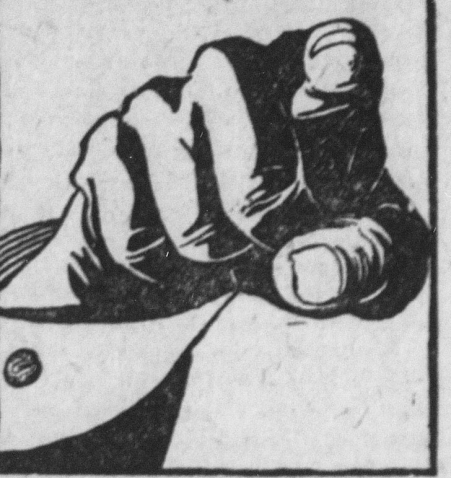
TERMS.—The terms of subscription to the paper are one dollar per year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display advertising is 10 cents per line for three or more lines, 15 cents per line for each line thereafter. Day advertising occupies less space than the night and for less than three insertions, from 10 to 20 cents per inch for each line, according to competition.

Legal notices accompanying display advertising five cents per line for each insertion; other wise, eight cents per line, minimum charge twenty-five cents.

Legal notices, twenty cents per line for three insertions, and ten cents per line for each additional insertion.

## Say, You!



### HOW about that printing job you're in need of?

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

Everybody who reads magazines buys newspapers, but everybody who reads newspapers doesn't buy magazines. Catch the Drift? Here's the medium to reach the people of this community.

## Advertise

- IF YOU
- Want a Cook
- Want a Clerk
- Want a Partner
- Want a Situation
- Want a Servant Girl
- Want to Sell a Piano
- Want to Sell a Carriage
- Want to Sell Town Property
- Want to Sell Your Groceries
- Want to Sell Your Hardware
- Want Customers for Anything
- Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
- Advertising Is the Way to Success
- Advertising Brings Customers
- Advertising Keeps Customers
- Advertising Insures Success
- Advertising Shows Energy
- Advertising Shows Puck
- Advertising Is "Biz"
- Advertise or Bust
- Advertise Long
- ADVERTISE WELL
- At Once

## In This Paper

BOALSBURG TAVERN  
BOALSBURG, PA.  
AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR

This well-known hotel is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all trains stopping at Oak Hill Station. Every effort is made to accommodate the traveling public. Library attached.

OLD FORT HOTEL  
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor

Location: One mile south of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,  
VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones. Oct. 19, 1911.

DR. SMITH'S SALVE

CURES: Flesh Wounds, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Tetter, Eczema, White Swelling, Skin Eruptions, Fever Sores, Piles, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Corns, Blisters, Chapped Hands, Etc., Etc.  
By Mail see DR. SMITH CO., Centre Hall, Pa.  
Centre Hall, Pa. 1 year, in advance.

## ATTORNEYS.

D. P. FORTNEY  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
No. 10 W. High Street.  
All professional business promptly attended to.

L. D. ORTIE, Jno. J. BOWEN, W. D. EASBY  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
EASBY BLDG.  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Accompany to ORTIE, BOWEN & ORTIE  
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Orider's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company  
CENTRE HALL, PA.  
W. B. MINOLE, Cashier.  
Receives Deposits . . .  
Discounts Notes . . .

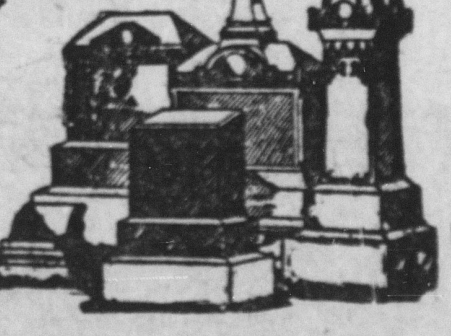
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son  
(Successors to . . .)  
GRANT HOOVER  
Control Sixteen of the  
Largest Fire and Life  
Insurance Companies  
in the World . . . .

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST . . . .

No Mutual  
No Assessment  
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.  
Money to Loan on First Mortgage  
Office in Crider's Stone Building  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Telephone Connection

## MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



H. G. STROHMEIER,  
CENTRE HALL, . . . . . PA.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HIGH GRADE . . . .

MONUMENTAL WORK

In all kinds of

Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

## LARGEST INSURANCE Agency

IN CENTRE COUNTY

H. E. FENLON

Agent

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies  
Bonds of Every Description.  
Insurance at low rates.