

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 rea-sor being that both are in love with Kath-erine 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 wreat the weapon from him, thus the police dis-cover them Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sen tence. Dundas names Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fiel. Coast pur-chases a vacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He res-cues the fellow who is named Appleyard They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to ex-plore the place and comes upon some dead. Upon going further and approach ing a house he sees Katherine Thaxter where the fellow who is named Appleyard they arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to ex-plore the place and comes upon some dead. Upon going further and approach ing a house he sees Katherine Thaxter where the fact and some Chiname of Black, has bought the Island her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coast set blackstock and some Chiname purging a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him on has been watching the crowd on the bland, suspecting they are criminals. 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 smug-gling business. Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise.

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.)

Blackstock spoke abruptly the instant Coast succeeded in forcing the door to-abruptly and harshly, but with a certain jerky intonation that betrayed jangled nerves: an involuntary confession most welcome to its hearer; this was, after all, with all its viciousness, a human beingno such nerveless monster of blood and fron as Appleyard had pictured in his narrative of the hour of the assassination, or even as Coast had e to figure the man in his long

Coast removed his sou'wester and lefthand side of the channel-forget came forward a pace, so that the light the name of the island it makes of was strong upon his face. "Yes, from." ma'am," he said, "I'm the new opera-Coast hesitated in assumed perplex-

He could not keep his eyes from

Meanwhile he heard himself talking,

"But how the devil'd you get here,

tor. "How d'you do?" He contrived ity, in acual trepidation more acute to keep his tone coolly respectful and than he cared to acknowledge even impersonal, but his eyes were piead to himself. ing with her, and he hung upon the "Pasque, you mean?"

issue of her response as a condemned man lives in the hope of a reprieve. She knew him now; his action in unrelaxed; Katherine was recovering discovering his features had but from her shock and . . . hastened slightly the confirmation of would she do when she had had time her most dread premonition. And of a to take second thought? Would her sudden her face was a mask of chaik primal impulse shield him, to further set with eyes that blazed with cold his deception, prevail? Or would some fires of terror. Coast saw her sway, mad concept of duty force her to exbut though he feared she was about pose him and bring ruin down upon

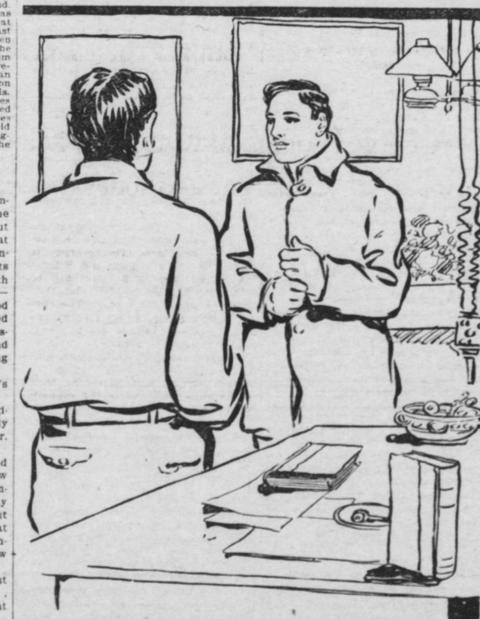
to faint, dared not move to her asthem both? sistance. Indeed, there was no need; she was fashioned of sterner stuff: her. Not a detail of her attitude esthough every atom of her being shud- | caped him, not a convulsive movement dered, she remained mistress of herof her hand (in whose rosy hollow tay self. An instant's delay would have his life and hers) . . . She stood been damning; she knew that . . unmoving by the table, one hand and her answer fell pat as he ceased touching it for support. to speak

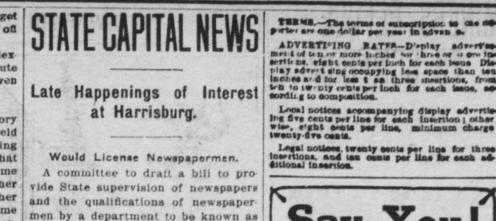
"Good evening," she said so admiraresponding glibly to Blackstock's bly that there was even a hint of lantesty catechism. guid indifference in her voice. "You have surprised us, Mr. Handyside." then?"

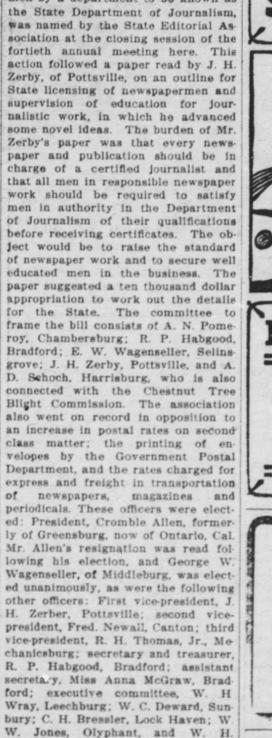
"Lord, yes!" Blackstock broke in. "Pure luck. We'd been stuck about 'It's hard to believe. D'you mean to half an hour when a fisherman-feltell me you made the run through this low named Wise, from Vineyard Hastorm?" ven-came along, trying to beat the

The blood flowed back into Coast's storm home. We hailed him and he heart. He flashed the woman a look | luffed up to us-he could do that with of thanks, but her gaze was blank as his boat, a light-draught Cape Cod it met his, and he knew that as yet cat; and I offered him a ten-spot to she existed and guided her actions au- bring me on. You see, I understood tomatically. The real awakening to it was an emergency case. He held the situation was yet to come-nor back a bit, but the sight of the money with her would it be long delayed. fetched him; and he earned it. I The crisis was not yet past. wouldn't take that trip again for a

"Well," he said, with a care'ess hundred dollars." half-laugh, "I'm here, you see. It is "Well, then . . . But what's bea blow, that's a fact. Had me come of him?".









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THE BEST IS THE

CHEAPEST . . .



"That's it." But though his story seemed to be credited, the tension held What

days of hopeless brooding. 'Who's that?" he cried. "Who's

there? What the devil-" He paused to control his agitation. But Coast withheld his reply an appreciable moment. Then, "Mr. Black, I believe?" he said quietly.

"Black!" The man started at sound of an unfamiliar voice, and Coast saw his great frame quiver-slightly, indeed, but perceptibly. "That's my name," he continued hoarsely. "But . . who are you? . . . What d'you mean by coming in here without knocking?" he added with a show of bluster.

"I knocked-several times," Coast lied steadily. "The wind, doubtless Sorry I startled you; thought you'd be expecting me.'

"Expecting you!" Blackstock moved impatiently. "But, damn it, who are

Coast's tone was a perfection of po- at all, I guess." lite surprise. "Surely," it seemed to ficial inflections, he was at pains to chance." speak crisply, as was not his habit; such being the only way he could fered up a fervent prayer of gratitude edly upon the table beside him, moved think of to disguise his voice. He for the fortuitous turn of the conver- it to and fro, found the edge of the was watching Blackstock closely, alert sation that had supplied him with the whisky tray, and grasped the neck of for a sign of recognition in the man's names of Mr. Handyside's traveling the decanter. "You've earned a expression. Somewhat to his surprise companions. "But I was told to hustle drink, Handyside?" he detected none. "I got orders to because Power was leaving you praccome here and relieve Power last tically without notice, so I insisted. night," he continued. "Came down Of course the fog heid us up all mornthis morning to New Bedford and-" The words froze upon his lips. A cident?"

door to his left had opened; Katherine servants, and in her astonishment pause, as one reminded of an overhad stopped. The figure of the man sight. "Finn-Hecksher-why aren't by the door could not but be strange they with you?" to her, masked as its every line and "Oh, they're all right," Coast par- she suggested in a toneless voice. contour was by clumsy and fitless ried, making time for Katherine, oliskins and the deep shadow cast by whose struggle to retain her poise the broad turned-down brim of a sou'- and comprehend just what it all meant pitiful defiance. The drama of her a deathless apprehension in her pose. degree that he had to force himself rending touch. There are tragedies a mute but infinitely pitiful question in to give heed to Blackstock. "You in women's life beside which death now in hand. her eyes. And his heart stood still, don't need to worry about them." for the crucial instant was imminent; in another minute, two at most, she intently. "What d'you mean by that?

"What you stopping for? I'm listen. dent I mentioned --" ing!"

the button on the chin-strap of his you leave them?" sou'wester. "The lady there . . . I didn't know . .

Blackstock turned his head impasaid. "my wife-"

The woman moved quickly into the room. "Yes," she said, still with her ness of some amateur asses-beg the servants

place-

"Lucky to Get 'ere at All, I Guess."

you? Can't you give yourself a name?" steamships." He began to unfasten | fear she'd drag and come up on the "Why, Handyside, of course." the oilskin coat. "Lucky to get here beach. Besides, he said his wife'd be fretting about him and he wanted

say, "you must've been looking for weather. I wonder you managed to sign of a let up." Distrusting deliberately arti- get Finn and Hecksher to take the "I see." Blackstock nodded slow-

"They didn't want to." Coast of up." He laid his hand as if abstract-

"How's that?" Blackstock sat down latter words. He splashed whisky into stood there, watching. listening. Ap heavily, still with his staring eyes a tumbler and diluted it with a little parently she had started to enter turned toward Coast, his face clouded water, finding the objects with an without any suspicion that her hus- with thoughtfulness. "Where are adroitness on a par with that which newspaper. band was not talking to one of the they, anyway?" he continued without had excited Appleyard's interest.

Blackstock leaned forward, scowling would know him. And then . . .? Didn't they bring you here?"

"What sort of an accident? Hang

"I beg pardon." Coast tugged at it, if they didn't bring you- Where'd stock rose. "You're to have Power's

"Safe enough--high and dry-aground in Quick's Hole."

fiently, moving his sightless eyes in come to run the Corsair aground? the direction of Katherine. "Oh," he why, he knows more about this quickly; and still she showed no coast---"

"Not his fault. It came about kindeyes to the stranger. "It is I, Doug- pardon, Mrs. Black; I'm quoting Mr. las. I didn't know--I fancied one of Finn-in a catboat. . . . They almost ran us down when we were "This is Mr. Hanéyside," Blackstock about midway through the Holetold her sharply, as if irritated by the didn't seem to know what they were solemn all the time, on the theory interruption; "he's to take Power's doing; and in trying to avoid a col. that isughter is both contagious and lision we plied up on a shoal on the infectious.

"That's true, or I'm no judge of to be ready to beat back the first ly. "You must be pretty well used

"Thank you," he said, "but I'm on the wagon."

Blackstock chuckled. "That's your ing; and then we had to have an ac- affair," he said. I'm not." There was a grain of combative bravado in the

> "Health," he said, tersely, and drank. The woman roused herself. "Perhaps Mr. Handyside will sit dowr "

> looked away, unable to endure their itself is trifling.

"No, thanks; I'm all wet." He wondered to hear his own voice so steady and in character with his impersona-"Well?" Blackstock roused him. "Only part way; you see, this acci- tion. "About done up, too. If you don't mind, I'd like to turn in." "I'll show you the way." Black-

> room.' Coast's glance was instant to the woman's face and found it inscrutable. "The devil you say! How'd Finn Did she or did she not suspect? "Power won't mind?" he asked

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

sign.

Infectious Laughter.

Some of our prominent scientists are so impressed with the germ peril that they go around looking pretty

ported that the Dauphin county prison was being conducted in a manner that was not in keeping with good business methods, and recommended wholesale changes, including the adoption of new rules to take the place of those which were drawn up in the fifties, when spinning wheels were in use in prisons, and which have not been changed since. The special committee was named at the request of the Dauphin prison inspectors, an the result of an expose of the prison food and management. When the board met two reports were submitted, both making essentially the same recommendations. The committee report, as adopted, recommended that the warden who gets a trifling salary and is allowed a per diem. which, it is said, enables him to make from six to eight thousand dollars a year, be put on a salary, and that the sale of "kitchen orders" inside the prison be abolished as tending to bring about "favoritism and petty graft." The inspectors are rapped for negligence and failure to adopt modern methods and for not posting rules. The committee also recommended that the board of official visitors and the prison inspectors reach an understanding and that the prison be run on an up-to-date basis in all respects. Both the report of the special committee, signed by S. J. Gill and C. T. King, and the minority report, made

Prison Rules Under Fire.

special investigating committee re

The State Board of Public Charities'

Binder, Pottstown.

by Colonel P. C. Boyle, found fault with the manner in which the prison conditions were exposed, contending that they should have been reported to the board instead of published in a

Completing Road Survey.

The survey of the southern road between Pittsburgh and Gettysburg will be completed by the end of this month Her eyes challenged Coast's. he and valuable data regarding this famous highway, which is destined to he made one of the best in Pennsylwester. Yet Coast thought to discern was engaging his attention to such a life had needed but this last heart- vania and to connect with the fine roads leading out of Gettysburg, is

Complete Joint Fish Plans.

State Fish Commissioner Buller announced that he had completed plans with the Ohio fishery authorities fonte, Pa. Both 'phones, whereby the two States would unite in the planting of pike, perch in Lake Erle this spring

Bayless Company Gets Charter. Among the charters issued was one to the Bayless Manufacturing Corporation, which receives the right to manufacture paper, wood pulp and other products at Austin, where the disaster occurred on September 30. when a large dam, owned by a similar corporation broke. The new corporation has capital stock of \$100,000 and the incorporators are Stanley Bayless. Austin; George C. Bayless, Binghamon, N. Y.; R. R. Lewis, A. C. Palnatler and J. H. Dexter, Coudersport.

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