

SERIAL STORY

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 invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason 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 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. 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 bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tui. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They fire at him, but 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 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 smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Power!" Blackstock laughed harshly. "No, he won't mind," he replied, ironic. "Power's gone already. We had a little falling out and he took one of my rowboats—the only rowboat—and left, without so much as by-your-leave; rowed across to the Vineyard, I guess. In the fog, too—the poor fool. Serve him right if he got carried out to sea and was never heard of again—the hound!"

And still Katherine's expression evinced no indication that she understood.

"You don't seem to like Power much," Coast suggested uneasily.

"No, I didn't like the dog," he said, measuring a drink with the same uncanny accuracy, his prominent and sightless eyes seeming to watch the liquor mount in the glass. "He was a surly devil with a devil's temper. One of my servants—Chinese are the only kind we keep in a place like this—tried to prevent him from taking the boat, and Power turned on him and nearly brained the poor fellow with a rock. We missed him and after a long search found him insensible down on the beach. He's been out of his head ever since—delirious. You may hear him during the night. Hope he won't keep you awake."

He set down an empty glass.

"It takes a deal to keep me awake when my mind's set on sleep," Coast evaded. "I'm sorry about Power's misbehaving, though."

"Well, profit by his example, and don't mix in matters that don't concern you—here, at any rate," said Blackstock insolently. "Kate!"

"Coming." The woman reappeared. "I couldn't find your cane," she said, as she crossed to the man. A gleam of white, a slip of white paper between the fingers of her left hand caught Coast's attention. He sought her eyes and found them meaningful.

With a word of grudging acknowledgment Blackstock took his hat and stick. "Come along, Handyside. We won't need a light; light hasn't any meaning to the blind. You knew my sight was gone, didn't you?"

"One would hardly suspect it," Coast took up his sou'wester and followed the man to the door. The rustle of the woman's gown told him that she was near behind him.

"Oh, I find my way about; I know this cheesebox of an island like the palm of my hand. It's no worse than navigating your own room in the dark."

"Allow me . . ." Coast turned the knob and opened the door; Blackstock bent his head to the roaring wind and shouldered out against its force.

A hand touched Coast's; the slip of paper passed into his palm. For a single instant he looked into the eyes of the woman he loved—looked and read their message of pleading and despair. Then with a sadly negative shake of his head he followed her husband out into the wind-whipped darkness, pulling the door to behind him.

Their shoulders touched as they trudged off. The unavoidable contact turned Coast sick with hatred and loathing. Yet he held himself strongly in hand, crumpling fiercely that tiny slip of paper in his palm with a strange sense of confidence, as it were a guard of eventual success.

She had not denounced him. He would save her, he would save her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Look here, Handyside . . . Voorhis give you any message for me?"

Blackstock stood with his back to the stove in the farmhouse kitchen; hands in pockets, his heavy shoulders lifted, as if he were all but imperceptibly on the balls of his feet. In the dull saffron illumination of two common kerosene lamps, he loomed hugely in the room, overshadowing and dwarfing the two mute, placid Chinese who patterned about, preparing a meal—having been routed out of bed for that purpose.

Coast, tilting back in a kitchen chair on the far side of the table from Blackstock, considered quickly and lied deliberately and wholeheartedly, with full knowledge of the consequences of a misstep. Sooner or later the unmasking was bound to come, whether he will it or no. He was not eager for it yet, but prepared against it at any time.

Sooner or later that word would fall from his lips—or from Katherine's—or some outward happening would precipitate the inevitable—revealing him, an impostor. The hour like the outcome was on the knees of the gods. The sense of fatality was strong upon his soul.

"There wasn't time," he said. "I was off-duty and they rounded me up just in time to catch the midnight train."

"And Voorhis sent no word?" Blackstock demanded incredulously.

"He said you'd be advised by wireless."

"No more than that?"

"Only I'd find this job after my own heart, to do as I was told and mind my own business and see nothing except what you shoved under my nose; it would be worth my while, and he

precisely what was one to understand from that message? That Katherine had awakened to the truth regarding the killing of Van Tui—or merely that she mistrusted Blackstock's temper, should he by any chance be led to suspect Coast's true identity? That she knew the truth about Power? Or that through some subtle process of feminine intuition she had divined that Blackstock was not wholly hoodwinked by the attempted impersonation of Handy-

side, and would, were his doubts confirmed, seek to punish her as well as the impostor for keeping silence?

She had not had time to write more.

The spill burned down until its tiny flame flickered blue and expired within a fraction of an inch of his fingertips. He pinched out the spark, and dropped the unconsumed fragment

back into his pocket in a ridiculous extravagance of precaution. As he did so he became conscious of a shadow bulking large in a corner of his field of vision, and he looked up suddenly, startled to discover Blackstock almost at his elbow. With such catlike lightness and silence the fellow moved!

Coast pushed back his chair from the table, as if to arise, but Blackstock dropped a hand compellingly upon his shoulder and held it there.

"No," he said; "don't get up; you're tired. I'm off—just stopped to say good night. Guess you'll find your room comfortable—if Chang doesn't keep you awake with his jabbering."

"I say, Mr. Black," Coast could not refrain from asking, "how the dickens do you manage to get about with such sureness?" The inquiry was natural; his curiosity was piqued; the thing was not natural. He tried to bring himself back into character. "I don't mean to be fresh, but you're a wonder."

A curious smile dawned on the face lowering over him—a smile of the features only; nothing remarkable, perhaps, since the eyes were dead.

"Habit," said Blackstock; "habit and training assisted by a strong feeling for direction. I guess I'm something like the guy in that book by the man who wrote Tribby—d'you remember?"

—the fellow that could feel the north—turn to it blindfolded? Sort of human compass. Well, that's me. Tell me where I am, and so long as I know the ground, I'll find my way. For instance, I'm going back to the bungalow now—alone. For that matter, I came practically alone; my wife tells me the night's black as a stack of cats."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Thinker.

You can usually tell a thinker by the things that make him silent—Life.

pipe. His thoughts reverting to Katherine, in natural course swung back to the slip of paper reposing at the bottom of his pocket.

He looked cautiously round; the servants were intent upon their work, stolidly incurious as to himself, to all appearances; from the upper floor came reiterated accents of the wounded man—a sound to which he had become accustomed since Blackstock had left him. He felt, consequently, fairly safe.

Producing the scrap of paper, he stealthily smoothed it out across his knee. It bore a single sentence hurriedly and lightly in pencil:

"Neither your life nor mine is safe if you persist."

Very thoughtfully he twisted the paper into a little ball, lighted it over the chimney of one of the lamps, applied the flame to the tobacco in his pipe, then held it while it burned.

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FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip From Harrisburg.

Cutlar's Case Held Over.

The State Board of Pardons continued without hearing additional argument on the application for pardon for Alphonzo Cutlar, now serving a life sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary for the murder of Johanna Logue, his aunt. The case was heard a month ago and held under advisement. At the adjournment of the meeting Thursday it was announced that the case had been continued. It is said that members of the board desire to study the testimony. The board continued under advisement the cases of the three men who were sentenced to prison in Schuylkill county for ballot frauds. The men are Fred Zimmerman, sentenced to five years and four years' loss of citizenship; Michael M. Cuff, sentenced to four and one-half years and loss of franchise for four years, and John Burke, sentenced to two and one-half years and to loss of citizenship for four.

Officials Complain Of Fares.

Officials of the city of Altoona urged the State Railroad Commission to require the Altoona & Logan Valley Railway Co. to reduce its fares between Bellwood and Altoona, and establish a transfer system that will provide transfers from the Tyrone line to the Hallidaysburg branch. It was pointed out by the complainants that the fare from Bellwood to Altoona was greater than from Bellwood to Tyrone, and consequently the Bellwood trade sought Tyrone instead of Altoona. Among its expenditures referred to by the respondent was the payment of \$22,000 a year for paving and keeping streets in repair in Altoona. At the conclusion of the hearing both sides agreed to file briefs, after which the commission will determine the matter.

Frear Boomed To Take Wiley's Place.

Dr. William Frear, the expert chemist of State College, is being boomed for Chief Chemist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, to succeed Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. The doctor's boom is said to be in Washington, in the hands of several Central Pennsylvania Congressmen, and it is expected to have others back it up. Frear has served at State College for twenty years and has been the chief stand-by of the State Dairy and Food division in its work in this State's crusade for pure food. He has been employed by the National Department at various times and is a close friend of Wiley.

Fish Warden For Changes In Dam.

Fish Commissioner Buller announced that C. H. Holland, of Beach Haven, had been appointed fish warden in charge of the changes at McCall's Ferry dam and that studies would be made of plans to make changes so that shad could get up the Susquehanna. The commissioner will visit New England to inspect fishways in dams.

Two Charters Nullified.

The Dauphin County Court has made orders ousting from enjoyment of State-franchises the Business Men's Co-operative Banking Association, of Philadelphia, and the German Trust Company, of Pittsburgh. The concerns had never exercised the privileges conferred by charters.

Plan Home For Railroad Men.

Representatives of the Veterans' Associations of the Pennsylvania Railroad divisions in Pennsylvania met here to discuss the project for establishing a home for aged and disabled veterans. A committee will be planned to bring it to the attention of railroad men.

Want Early Work On Roads.

Commissioners and Supervisors of Lancaster and Pike counties asked Highway Commissioner Bigelow to start early construction on roads in their districts. The Pike people want the road built from Stroudsburg to Port Jarvis.

To Arrest Harrisburg Grocer.

Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust directed the arrest of a grocer here for the sale of adulterated olive oil. It is charged that the oil was adulterated with cottonseed oil. Two arrests for the sale of apples unfit for food were ordered made in Philadelphia at once.

Tells Normal Institute Date.

A. L. Martin, director of the State farmers' institutes, announced that the Farmers' Normal Institute, which is composed of all of the instructors, would be held in the court house at Towanday, Bradford county, May 21 to 24.

Rockwood A Candidate.

Burton L. Rockwood, State chairman of the Prohibitionists, filed petitions to be candidate for both National and State delegate of his party. He is not opposed.


Fined For Coal Tar Candy.

A fine of \$60 was imposed on John Julius, a candy merchant, for the sale of confectionery containing a coal tar preparation. The arrest was made by a State food agent and is the first of the kind here for a long time.

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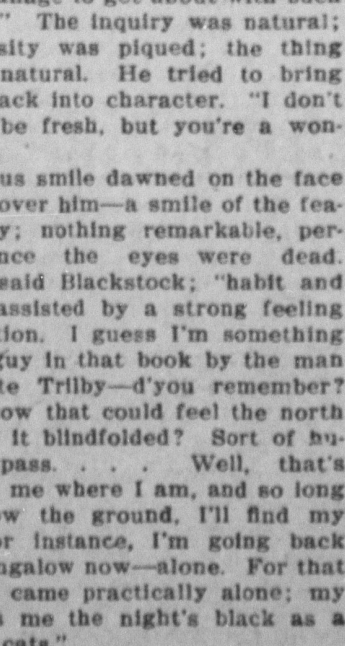
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