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DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR THE FREE BOOK

STAYED RIGHT WITH HIS JOB

One Thing, at Least, Hopeful Mother Might Say With Truth of Her Scapegrace Son.

Aunt Julia, Mrs. B—'s colored washerwoman, is a thrifty, respectable and self-respecting representative of her race, but is unfortunate in having an utterly worthless scapegrace son, who lately served a richly deserved sentence in the penitentiary at Pittsburg. Notwithstanding his disgrace, Aunt Julia is exceedingly proud of him and misses no occasion of chanting his praises. Some time ago, on her weekly mission at the B—'s, she observed:

"Ah s'pose you'd didn't know ah'm gwine to hab my boy home for Christmas?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, ma'am; he done wrote yister day he comin' home Tuesday."

"You must be very glad, Aunt Julia. How long has he been away?"

"Eighteen months. Ah tell you, honey, he jest stuck right to it."—Harper's Magazine.

Marie Tempest's Nose.

At the Lenten musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria a young matron related a bon-mot of Marie Tempest's.

"Miss Tempest's nose is frightfully pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose as if it had belonged to someone else."

"When the Creator," she said, "was looking for a nose for me he took, you see, the first one that turned up."

Markswomanship.

"I am afraid those militant suffragettes are going to give us serious trouble," said one London policeman. "They mean business."

"Why do you think so?" inquired the other.

"A lot of them have quit giving parades and making speeches and are practicing with quills and base balls."

Fact and Fancy.

"Great Scott, Maria, that's a darning dress!"

"It's a fancy costume."

"Well, if I were you, I would stick a little closer to fact."—Judge.

He who lends money without security borrows trouble.

COFFEE HURTS

One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffer from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse."

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?"

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken to Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change."

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum." "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 interest.

SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land

A ROMANCE
By Louis Joseph Vance
Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1919, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

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 Tuyl. There is a quarrel, 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 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 explores 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 Tuyl. 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 heart of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life or her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear. Coast and Katherine confer.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"I'm afraid so. After he had consulted specialists in Berlin we spent some time at Monte Carlo and later at Ostend and Trouville. Douglas—went frequently to the casino with friends. He spoke once or twice of winning, but—"

"But never of losing."

She shook her head. "But what has all this to do—?"

"Don't you see, Katherine? . . . The man pretended to be well to do; in fact he had nothing. He married you for your money, and what you were to inherit. Disappointed in the latter, he took the former and gambled it away. That's why you're here, why he's making this desperate attempt to recoup. Appleyard guessed it down to the last detail!"

Bewilderment clouded her eyes. "But, Garrett, I'm afraid I don't understand. What desperate attempt to recoup? Who is this Mr. Appleyard, and why should he concern himself with my affairs?"

"I'll tell you." In few phrases Coast sketched succinctly Appleyard, his connection with the secret service bureau, his theory as to the smuggling conspiracy and the part Blackstock played therein, together with the selection of No Man's Land as a strategic base and distributing depot.

"The thing's plain as a map," he wound up in a glow of triumphant reasoning, himself momentarily unmindful of their greater and more intimate trouble. "Appleyard was right in every guess he made. . . . The location of the island is ideal for the purpose, just far enough north off the main-traveled lane to be convenient; the steamer has only to swing a few points off her normal course to find herself in lonely waters, where she can make a transshipment without detection or noticeable loss of time. The wireless station is essential, enabling Blackstock to pick up the steamer on her approach and pass on the news to the schooner, which sets out, meets the steamer, takes off its consignment of dutiable goods, returns to No Man's Land under cover of darkness, the better to dodge the lookout on Gay Head, and leaves before morning to continue her innocent fishing trip. Other boats, small boats, call by night and remove the goods piecemeal, landing them at this small harbor or that—just as Appleyard figured it out. . . . And so we have them."

"You have them?" the woman repeated, perplexed.

"It's a practical certainty the schooner left New Bedford night before last; we saw her go, unless Appleyard is greatly mistaken. . . . And hasn't there been an unusual amount of wireless signaling going on the past day or so?"

"That is so. The day of the fog either Douglas or Mr. Power was constantly in the operating room. I remember now that as the fog continued Douglas seemed to grow more and more irritable. . . ."

"Because it was keeping the vessels from finding one another. Since then there has been the storm to blow the schooner off shore. Most probably she will try to make a landing tonight."

The woman moved a little away, as if suddenly sobered and brought

back to realization of her position; again her eyes sought counsel and consolation of the sea.

"And since then—he has been busy?" Coast pursued, heedless.

"Yes—and more irritable. That night he had been drinking more than usual; I attributed his bad temper to that. Almost all that evening he spent with Mr. Power in the wireless room, the door closed. . . . It was stupid of me, but I attached no especial importance to it. Now and then their voices sounded excited, but it wasn't anything unusual for them to quarrel, especially when Douglas was—drinking. I interrupted once, and Douglas caught my arm and put me out of the room. It was then he hurt me—as you saw. After that they quarreled more fiercely than ever—I think partly on account of the way Douglas had treated me. Mr. Power seemed to resent Douglas' roughness toward me. . . ."

"It wasn't an uncommon occurrence, then?" The rage smoldering in Coast's heart thickened his utterance.

She noticed and understood, and turned back to him quickly, offering her hand, her eyes beseeching. "Don't, Garrett," she said, brokenly; "don't think about that. It is over now—now that I know. I couldn't bear ever to have him touch me again." She struggled a moment against a rising tide of emotions, while he held her hand imprisoned in his own. There was despair in the face upturned to his that wrung his heart, so that he feared to trust himself to speak. "But, oh, Garrett, Garrett!" she cried forlornly. "What is to become of me. What am I to do—?"

He drew her to him. "Why," he

think," she said, slowly—"I think I see, far off but clear, Garrett, just a glimmer of the light."

CHAPTER XVI.

Taking a roundabout course eastward, which practically completed the circuit of the island, Coast tramped back to a lonely breakfast in the farmhouse.

During the remainder of the morning he saw nothing more of Katherine. Without giving the matter really definite thought he had assumed that Blackstock would send for him when he was wanted. Nothing of the sort happened, although he could not doubt that Blackstock was up and about; about mid-morning both coolies went to the bungalow to set it to rights, and intermittently throughout the slow dull hours he heard the drum of the wireless spark, its whip-lash crackling from a distance resembling a smart fusillade of pistol shots.

The sound filled him with apprehensions. It was quite possible that Blackstock would think to settle any doubts he might entertain about the identity of his new aide by questioning Voorhis via wireless. In such event the tissue of falsehood upon which he had bolstered up his position on the island would almost certainly be exposed. And then . . . ?

But however disturbing it might be to contemplate, the possibility of such a contretemps was not a stranger to Coast's calculations; he was prepared to face it. Should the wind veer in that quarter, he would simply have to fight. Only . . . He would have given much to know positively. . . . Some time after noon one of the coolies found him strolling aimlessly

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