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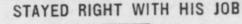
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One Thing, at Least, Hopeful Mother Might Say With Truth of Her Scapegrace Son.

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 scape grace son, who lately served a richly deserved sentence in the penitentiary at PittsLurg 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 yo'all 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

SERIA consolation of the sea. **A** STORY No Man's and ROMANCE A By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters (Copyright, 1910, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

SYNOPSIS.

24

Garrett Coast, a young man of New fork City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who nvites him to a card party. He accepts, lthough he dislikes Blackstock, the rea-on being that both are in love with Kath-Tork City, meets boughts blackbook in the second invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the rea-son 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 wrest 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 as the murderer and kills himself. Coast be-comes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fiel. Coast pur-chases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He res-cues the tellow 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

No Man's Land. Coast starts out to ex-plore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approach-ing 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 re-veals 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 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. 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 Kath-erine 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. Douglaswent frequently to the casino with friends. He spoke once or twice of winning, but-

back to realization of her position; think," she said, slowly-"I think I again her eyes sought counsel and see, far off but clear, Garrett, just glimmer of the light."

"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 out of the room. It was then he hurt me-as you saw. After that they quarreled more flercely than everthink partly on account of the way seemed to resent Douglas' roughness

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

She noticed and understood, and he might entertain about the identity her hand, her eyes beseeching, "Don't, now that I know. I couldn't bear She struggled a moment against a speak. come of me. What am I to do-?"

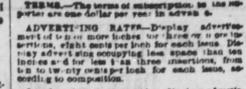
CHAPTER XVI. Taking a roundabout course eastward, which practically completed the circuit of the island, Coast tramped

back to a lonely breakfast in the farmhouse. During the remainder of the morning he saw nothing mo- 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 Doug'as caught my arm and put me 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 Douglas had treated me. Mr. Power the slow dull hours he heard the drum of the wireless spark, its whip-lash crackling from a distance resembling a smart fusiliade of pistol shots.

The sound filled him with apprehensions. It was quite possible that Blackstock would think to settle any doubts

turned back to him quickly, offering of his new aide by questioning Voorhis via wireless. In such event the Garrett," she said, brokenly; "don't tissue of falsehood upon which he had think about that It is over now- bolstered up his position on the island would almost certainly be exever to have him touch me again." posed. And then .

But however disturbing it might be rising tide of emotions, while he held to contemplate, the possibility of such her hand imprisoned in his own. a contretemps was not a stranger to There was despair in the face up. Coast's calculations; he was prepared turned to his that wrung his heart, to face it. Should the wind veer in so that he feared to trust himself to that quarter, he would simply have "But, oh, Garrett. Garrett!" to fight. Only . . . He would she cried forlornly. "What is to be- have given much to know positively. Some time after noon one of the He drew her to him. "Why," he coolies found him strolling aimlessly



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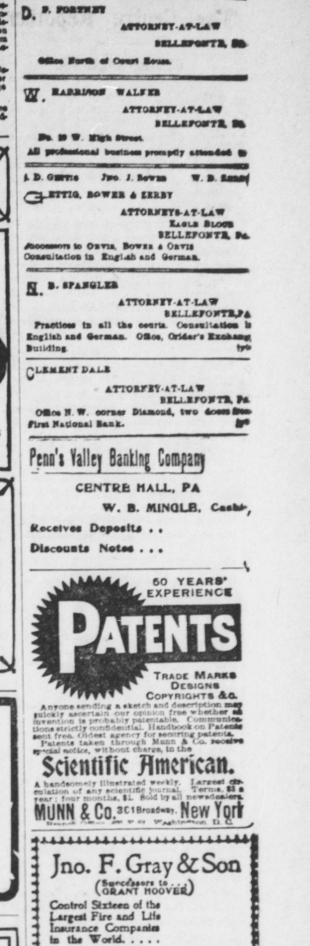
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pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose as if it had belonged to someone else.

'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 sone 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 quoits and base balls."

#### Fact and Fancy.

"Great Scott, Maria, that's a daring 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 nervous ness and irritation disappeared. I be gan 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 appear ance. 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. The are genuine, true, and full of human

"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 buconspiracy and the part Blackstock here, Katherine-to watch over and luncheon. lection of No Man's Land as a strategic base and distributing depot.

soning, himself momentarily unmindful of their greater and more intimate trouble. "Appleyard was right in every guess he made. . The lo-

the steamer has only to swing a few held her so, compassionate and piti- tion. can make a transshipment without de- soul. tection 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 and-mad, I am paying for it, paying back into the room. fishing trip. Other boats, small boats, heavily for it. It's all so dark and call by night and remove the goods plecemeal, landing them at this small

harbor or that-just as Appleyard figured it out. . . . And so we have again confidently: "The light is them."

there." "You have them?" the woman re-"I know . . . I know." peated, perplexed.

"It's a practical certainty the "I must go," she said in a steady ed. She added: "Very well. I'll by schooner left New Bedford night be- voice, "before he wakes. He was up ready." fors last; we saw her go, unless Ap- late last night and I'm afraid drank pleyard is greatly mistaken. . . And hasn't there been an unusual fly."

amount of wireless signaling going on the past day or so? "That is so. The day of the fog can they?" either Douglas or Mr. Power was

constantly in the operating room. 1 remember now that as the fog con- careful for a little while. Can' you in the ground, a wood fire being made tinued Douglas seemed to grow more bear up, do you think?" and more irritable

"Because it was keeping the vessels | lornly. from finding one another. Since then there has been the storm to blow the Echo by night." schooner off shore. Most probably she

as if suddenly sobered and brought up to him with her wistful smile. "I chairs, tables or beds."



#### Coast Approached the Bungalow From the North.

reau, his theory as to the smuggling said, tenderly. "that is why I am | along the beach and called him to

played therein, together with the se- take care of you, to see that no harm Late in the afternoon he found himcomes to you. That is why I insisted self dawdling in the neighborhood on returning before Appleyard went of the bungalow, drawn thither irre-"The thing's plain as a map," he farther in his plans. I should have sistibly, the dictates of prudence and wound up in a glow of triumphant rea- gone mad with the thought of you discretion to the contrary of no avail here, alone, defenseless, last night. to hold him back. The suspense had . . If you will only trust me. become rather more than flesh could endure. He felt that he would pres-His arm closed round her and for a ently do something desperate if he did

hopeless, Garrett-I see no light.

a great deal. I left him sleeping heav-

"The servants can't see you return

to the bungalow from this direction,

"No. . .

cation of the island is ideal for the moment she was very close to him. not learn how it was with her, how purpose, just far enough north off the her head upon his bosom, her slender her day was going. A thousand fears main-traveled lane to be convenient; body racked and torn with sobs. He for her were driving him to distrao-

points off her normal course to find ful, striving as best he might to Coast approached the bungalow from herself in lonely waters, where she soothe her-the while joy sang in his the north-the direction opposite the end in which the wireless station was

"Only trust me," he murmured- installed. As he rounded the corner, "trust me a little, Katherine; and all with purpose to go directly to Blackshall yet be well. . . . It is not the stock, he passed out of observation end, my dear, but just a beginning. from the farm-house and simultane-Have faith a little ously caught sight of Katherine Gradually her transports stilled. "I through one of the living-room windo trust you, Garrett." Tears gemmed dows.

her eyes like stars. "I do and shall Moving silently to the main enbut, oh, be kind to me, for if trance, he waited there where she I have been foolish and headstrong could not but see him when she turned

From beyond her came the rumble of her husband's voice. He was speaking quickly and with force, but Coast "Yet there is light," he said; and could not hear what he said.

The woman waited, moveless, until his voice dropped. Then she said quietly, in an ordinary tone: "Is that She drew away and dried her eyes. all?" To which apparently he assent-

> A graduate of the University of Pean's Office at Palace Livery Stable, Belle-(TO BE CONTINUED.) fonte, Pa. Both 'phones

> > Fand3.

ROALSBURG TAVERN

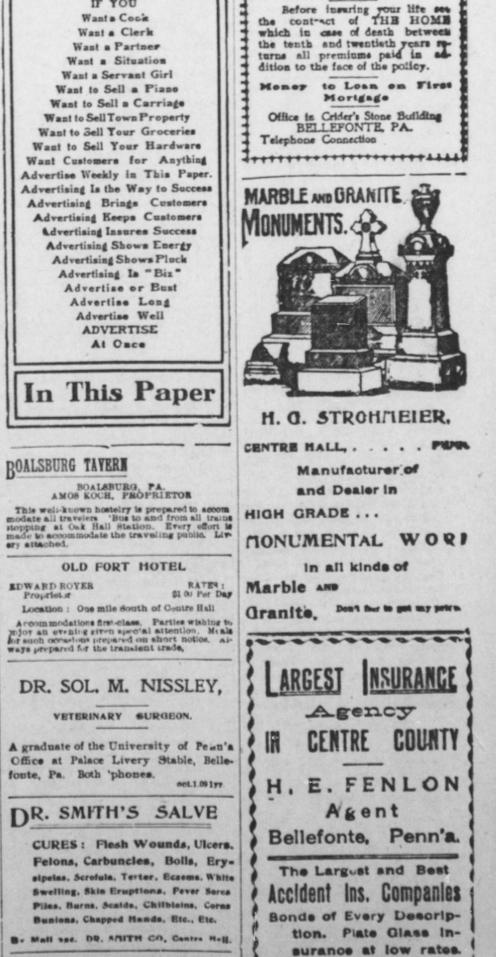
RDWARD ROYER

Proprietat

Cook Without Pans.

A missionary in an account of life in the South Pacific says: "The problem of cooking without pots or pans is already proved. The natives of the "I'll make a detour. We must be South Pacific cook their food in a hole at the bottom and covered with stones. "A little while--?" She smiled for- On these the food is placed, wrapped in leaves, and the whole covered with "Appleyard will be back with the earth. The result is delicious. When cooked the food is served on leaves, "I will try, Garrett, and I don't think thus doing away with the necessity of will try to make a landing tonight." I'll fail. I're got something to cling crockery. I lived in the South Sea The woman moved a little away, to." She hesitated an instant, looking Islands without crockery, cutlery,

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