

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
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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 Tuij. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuij 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.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Cleaning my pipe. Go up and sleep; your time's not up yet."  
"What's o'clock?"  
Appleyard mumbled something incoherent as he stepped out on deck; and Coast turned over and slept again.

It seemed hours later when he found himself abruptly wide awake. In a tremor of panic anxiety bred of a fancy that a human voice had cried out in mortal terror, somewhere within his hearing. He started up, informed by that sixth sense we call intuition that conditions abroad the Echo had changed radically since the last time he had fallen asleep; and it seemed no more than a second from the moment his eyes opened until he found himself in the cockpit, gazing dazedly into the inscrutable heart of the fog.

At first, in his confusion, he could see nothing amiss. The Echo was riding on a quiet tide and an even keel, with scarcely any perceptible motion. The encompassing darkness was intense, unfathomable, profound; only the forward light showed a dim halo of yellow opalescence near the mast-head, and the faint glow from the cabin lamp quivered on slowly swirling convolutions of dense white vapor, like smoke. The port and starboard lights had been extinguished, as they should be when a vessel comes to anchor.

What, then had interrupted his slumbers?  
He turned with a question shaping in his lips.

Appleyard was nowhere visible. Coast required some minutes before he was convinced of the fact of the little man's disappearance. But the cabin proved as empty as the cockpit, and the tender was gone.

The cabin chronometer chimed the hour of four in the morning.

As the echoes died, as though they had evoked the genius of that place, a strange and dreadful cry rent the silence, sounding shrill across the waters, yet as if coming from a great distance.

## CHAPTER VII.

Some moments elapsed, Coast's every nerve and sense upon the rack. Though he heard it no more, still that cry rang in his head, and he could but wait, smitten dumb and motionless, feeling his chilled flesh crawl, enthralled by fearsome shapes conjured up by an imagination striving vainly to account for what had happened—wait (it seemed) interminably for what he hardly knew or guessed, unless it were for a repetition of some explanation of that inexplicable cry.

He received neither. His straining faculties detected none but familiar noises.

Inensibly he grew more calm. So silent was the world, seemingly so saturated with the spirit of brooding peace, that he was tempted to believe he had dreamed that first shriek, to which he had awakened, and that the second was but an echo of it in his brain; some hideous trick of nerves, a sort of waking hallucination, to be explained only on psychological grounds.

And yet?  
Appleyard? What of him? Was there any connection to be traced between his mysterious disappearance from the Echo and that weird, unearthly scream? Was there really land near, and had the little man found it only to become the victim of some frightful, nameless perils? Could that have been his voice, calling for help? . . . ? And in what dread extremity . . . ?

There was nothing he could do, no way to reach the man. The tender was gone, the shore invisible—and who should say how far distant? Otherwise he would not have hesitated to swing for it.

Presently it occurred to him to wonder where the Echo lay—off what land. Appleyard's responses to his inquiries, several hours back, returned to memory. The name, No Man's Land, intrigued. He interrupted his vigil to investigate such sources of information as he had at hand.

In the cabin again, with the lamp turned high, he dragged out a chart—number 112 of the admirable series published by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, delineating with wonderful accuracy the hydrography of Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, together with the topography of the littoral and islands.

With pencil it was easy to trace the Echo's course from New Bedford harbor through Quick's Hole; a little to the east of which, say of Robb's Hole, the fog had overtaken them. To the south and east of that point lay Martha's Vineyard, for all the world like a trussed fowl in profile. And there—yes, due south of Gay Head—was No Man's Land. Its contour much like that of an infant's shoe, the heel digging into the Atlantic. Comparison roughly with the scale demonstrated it to be a mile wide and five-eighths long by a mile wide—extreme measurements.

Coast stared at it with renewed interest, for the first time convinced of

the existence of a spot so oddly named. A number of black dots along its northern shore seemed to indicate buildings—but Appleyard had distinctly said "uninhabited."

Coast turned out the lamp and went back to the deck.  
There was nothing to be seen, nothing to do. . . .

He fidgeted.  
Then out of the confusion of his temper, in which encephal stalked in singular companionship with perturbation, he chanced upon an odd end of thought, one of those stray bits of information, mostly culled from desultory reading, that clutter the back of every man's brain.

He happened to remember hearing, some time, some where, that fog rarely clings to the surface of moving water; that, by putting one's vision upon a plane almost horizontal with the water, it is ordinarily possible to see for some distance roundabout.  
"There may be something in it."  
No harm to try.

Forthwith he scrambled out upon the stern, from which, after some intricate maneuvering and by dint of considerable physical ingenuity, he managed to suspend himself, at peril of a ducking, with his head near the water.

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returned to the tender, pushed off and sculled out to the Echo.  
Then, having rubbed his flesh to a bluish with a coarse towel, he dressed, took the small boat back to the bench, drew it up and, now fully committed to an enterprise the folly of which he stubbornly refused to debate, set off to reconnoiter along the water's edge, feeling his way.

After a time the beach grew more sandy, and emboldened by the knowledge that he would have his foot-prints to guide him back, he left the water and struck inland—but only to find his progress in that direction checked by a steep wall of earth, a cliff-like bluff of height indeterminate. Its flanks were eaten and deeply seamed by rala.

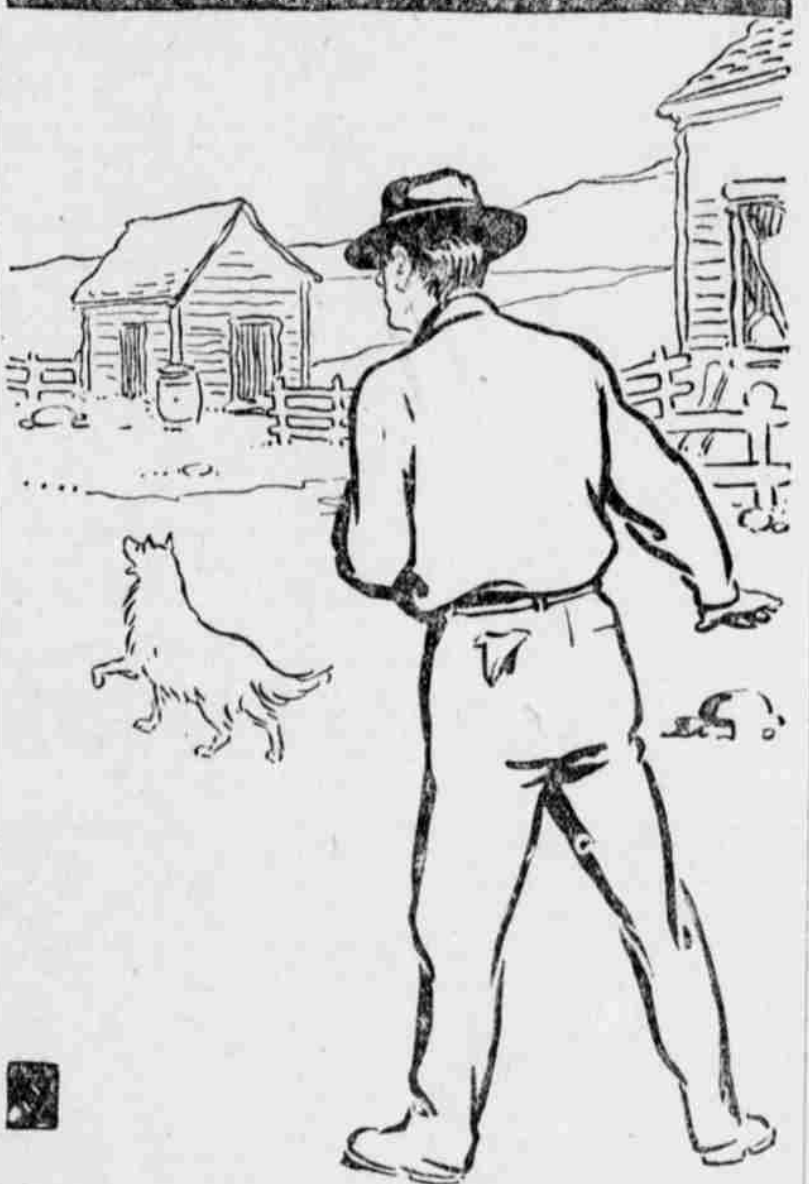
At random, with no design, he turned again to his left and proceeded as before, but now along the foot of the bluff, trudging heavily through damp, yielding sand.

Still no sign of Appleyard.  
He must have tramped, at a rude guess, several hundred yards before he discovered either a break in the bluff or any change in the general configuration of the shore. Ultimately, however, the one fell away inland and the other widened.

A moment later he came upon a small catboat careened above high tide mark, with a gaping wound in its starboard side, forward and below the water-line.

She lay stern to the water. Taking the point of her stem as his guide, Coast turned inland again, on a fine as straight as possible considering the slanting lay of the land and the impossibility of seeing anything beyond a radius of a few feet.

He had not gone far upon this tack before he stumbled upon a path of hard-packed earth, obviously made by human feet. Then he found him-



"Good God!" He cried aloud. "What—"

He was promptly justified in his pains; the theory proved itself—in that one instance at least; between the slowly undulant floor, glassy and colorless, and the ragged fringe of the mist curtain, he discovered a definite space.

Directly astern and, roughly, some forty feet away, a shelving stretch of pebbly beach, softly lapped by low-voiced ripples, shun in the view. The Echo's tender, drawn up beyond the water's edge, bisected it.

"Good," said Coast, abstracted, recovering from his constrained position.

Curiosity gripped him strongly, caution contending vainly; he knew quite well that he would never bide content until he had probed for the cause and source and solved the mystery of that wild cry in the night just gone.

Moreover, he felt in a measure responsible for Appleyard. Surely there must be some strange reason for his protracted absence.

Abandoning himself, deaf to the counsels of prudence, Coast rose and stripped off his clothing.

He let himself gently into the water (fearing to dive because he did not know its depth) and found it warm—warmer than the air. He struck out cautiously, using the slow, old-fashioned but silent breast stroke. In two minutes, however, he was wading up to the beach.

There was no sign of Appleyard; only the tender. Upon that store-strewn shore the feet of the run-away had left no track. Though Coast cussed about in a wide radius, he found no sign of the missing man. The pebbles scratched and bruised his unprotected feet, and he began to shiver with cold. He gave it up, presently.

## Tragedy of a Tomato Vine

Practical Person Makes Discovery After Neighbors Had Given Voice to Their Wonderment.

Now both the amateur agriculturist flourish and wax proud at his Luther Burbank achievements, says the Brooklyn Eagle. One such nursed a lone tomato plant from delicate and sickly infancy to robust maturity. With all a mother's tender care he ministered to that plant. He watered it, brushed the dust off it, patted with it, encouraging it to better things. Then one day a member of the family rushed into the house with glad tidings. There was a real tomato on the vine.  
What an assemblage there was about that plant! The block was de-

self mounting a rather steep grade, and in another moment was face to face with a plain weather-boarded wall of a wooden building.

There were no windows that he could discover on this side, and though he listened keenly he heard no sounds from within.

Other buildings presented themselves successively, as like as peas to one another and to the first he had encountered; all peopled exclusively by the seven howling devils of desolation and their attendant court of rats—or so he surmised from sundry sounds of scurrying and squeaks.

He gathered that he was threading a rude sort of street, fringed on one side—to seaward—with the abandoned dwellings of what had apparently been a small fishing community.

"No Man's Land indeed!" he commented. "Certainly lives up to the name, even if it's some place else. It begins to look as if I'd drawn a blank."

But Appleyard?  
He was moved vaguely to liken the place to the Cold Lairs of the Jungle Books. "Only infinitely sordid," he mused, at pause; "lacking the majesty and the horror. . . . Wonder had I better go back?"

As he hung in the wind, debating what to do, whether to press on or to be sensible, swayed this way and that by doubts and half-formed impulses, somewhere near, seemingly at his very elbow, suddenly a dog howled. Long drawn, lugubrious with a note of lamentation, the sound struck discordant upon his overtaken senses, shocking him (before he knew it) to outspoken protest.

"Good God!" he cried aloud. "What—?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TO EXHIBIT LACROSSE AND EDUCATE FANS



Reaching for a High One.

Con Jones, owner of the Vancouver (B. C.) lacrosse team, has a tremendous new scheme on for next year. Instead of playing his championship matches in British Columbia he intends to make what he calls a tour of "lacrosse education" throughout Canada and the United States and schedule his matches in such a way that the majority of them can be played in the United States, while he will have enough left to make a finish good for the benefit of the New Westminster and Vancouver people.

Every match will count toward the championship and, naturally, the possession of the Minto cup, but it will be played in some place outside of the province of British Columbia, excepting the last few.

## ANXIOUS FOR BIGGER SCORES

Football Men Want to Change Rules So Higher Counts Can Be Made Possible—Some Suggestions.

Football experts at the college club, their number including several of the official rule-makers, are pretty well agreed that some radical changes in the rules will be necessary before the next season. The chief clamor for reform is a demand for plays which will allow more scoring. Possibly this relief will be found by returning to a 5-yard gain for first down inside the 25-yard line, by increasing the number of downs allowed to gain 10 yards to four, or by allowing first down after a 7 instead of a 10-yard gain.

Games at Cambridge and Philadelphia show the inefficiency of the new rules. The Army-Navy game showed little football except kicking. Dalton's toe carried the day. Yale and Harvard dabbled with all the wrinkles of the new game, but had to resort to kicking. This constant punting becomes very monotonous to the spectator. It has entirely changed the complexion of American football. The punt was originally put into the game not as a feature play, but as a last resort when the ball could be carried no further by the players. Under the present rules the kick is the main thing and the game becomes a kicking contest between two men, with the chance of picking up a fumble the chief reliance for touchdowns scoring.

Touchdowns, it is pointed out, are more satisfactory than field goals; they are what the players and spectators would rather see. They represent more football skill, more team skill and more actual football ability. What is wanted of the rule-makers is this winter is a game which will not further increase the risk of injuries, but which will best some degree of finality in advancing the ball.

When football is perfected what will the experts find to do during the winter months in place of revising the rules?  
If Horace Fogel "buffed in" as Charley Doolin says, who is the real works behind the throne on the Phillies, anyway?

Some people have the happy faculty of seeing "sport" in everything. It isn't a bad thing for the appetite or the conscience, either.  
Ad Volvogast has the largest doctor bill known to the profession for some time. It cost Ad more than \$50,000 in lost purses to be cut up.

"Rafievitch, the giant wrestler, is here to challenge the world," says a report. The only thing against him is that he has been here before.  
Jimmy McAleer is to scout for the Boston Red Sox. Since Jimmy has always been a "good old scout" he ought to shine in his dual capacity.

Paddy Livingstone may fill the gap in the Cleveland Nap defense. If he chokes the break Connie Mack may have fumbled one in sending Paddy to Napliland.  
San Francisco is hopeful of having an American cup yacht race a feature of an international regatta as a part of the Panama-Pacific international exposition in 1915.

Football rules must be changed in order to give the patrons a game, the students a sport and to relieve the play of its monotonous sameness, thinks an eastern expert.

Hockey at Ann Arbor.  
The university of Michigan will be represented by hockey teams this winter. At a meeting the other night enough candidates for the several departmental teams turned out to insure the university authorities the sport has attained a firm footing.

Four, and possibly six, teams are expected to compete. It has not been announced whether games will be played this season with other university teams.

After American Trotters.  
A prominent Vienna horseman, R. Schlessinger, who comes to America every year in search of trotting stock, made two important purchases recently, the three-year-old stallion Jack Swift, 2:19 1/2, and the seven-year-old mare Mand Light, 2:07 1/2. Schlessinger also bought through Charles E. Dean the black mare Black Silk, 2:09 1/2, which Dean raced successfully in 1908. She will be used as a brood mare, but the other two will be raced.

Jack Donaldson Wins.  
Jack Donaldson of South Africa, according to reports received from Melbourne, won the world's championship in professional sprints from A. B. Postle of Australia at Melbourne. Postle won the \$3,000 sprint in 1:07 1/2, but Donaldson took the 100 and 110-yard dashes. The 100 was made in :09 3/4 and the latter in :10 1/4. All the races were run on grass.

To Raise Yale Field.  
Among the changes to be made in the football plant at Yale will be the raising of the grade of the field to improve the drainage. The center of the gridiron will be raised a foot above the edges, which will taper off imperceptibly. This is planned to make the playing field self-draining.

Shortstop Foster.  
which involved Moeller, Foster and Spencer of Rochester, and Groom and Lelivelt of Washington.

Winter Racing at Charleston.  
A \$3,000 Derby, a \$2,500 Washington birthday handicap, a \$2,000 St. Patrick's day handicap, and some 17 other stakes, worth \$1,000 to \$1,500, are offered by J. F. Pons, who is promoting the winter race meet at Charleston, S. C.

## BOXERS LACK ONE ESSENTIAL

Some Are Shy of Intelligence, While Others Are Deficient in Games in Ring.

"To my way of thinking a fighter who is deficient in the brain department is just as badly handicapped as the fellow who lacks heart," said Bug Slattery at a little session of athletic celebrities in Jimmy Dunn's gymnasium yesterday afternoon.  
"Who are you driving at now, Mr. Slattery?" asked Tommy McGinity, the clever lightweight boxer, who is Dunn's principal instructor at the gym.

"I have no particular pugilist in mind," replied the sport philosopher. "I am speaking in a general way. You know we have in the fighting game boys who are naturally timid and who could never learn to be game. Such fellows sometimes get to be topnotchers because they have everything else. They may have speed, skill and the punch and lack gameness and still get along all right. Such fellows, as a rule, are seldom called upon to stand a severe test as to gameness, for they are so clever, and so fast that other fighters can't hurt them."

"But usually such boxers are much better in a gymnasium than in a real ring contest. Steve O'Donnell, the Australian heavyweight, and Bob Armstrong, were good illustrations of this type. They were two of the fastest and most skillful fellows in the history of pugilism, but outside of a gymnasium they were absolutely no good. I have seen Bob Armstrong make Fitzsimmons look like a fool in gymnasium workouts, while in the real battle Fitz would lick him in a round."

"O'Donnell was the same way. He used to make them all look cheap at the training camps, but in the ring he could hardly ever get started. Peter Maher knocked him out twice in less than two or three minutes, for no other reason than that Steve's heart failed him before entering the ring. He was good enough to beat fellows like Maher with the greatest of ease. If O'Donnell had been a game man Peter Maher could never have placed a glove on him. I have known many of the same sort."

"Your dope is dead right on that score, Bug," said big Al Williams, Dunn's white hope, "for I have met men who boxed both O'Donnell and Armstrong."

## HOWARD WILL FIGHT CHANGE

Former Manager of the Louisville American Association Team Refuses to Be Exchanged.

Former Manager Del Howard of the Louisville team, is going to make a hard fight against any effort that Manager Jack Tigie of the Colonels may make toward disposal of his services. Tigie was in Louisville and announced that Howard would be sold. A close friend of the former leader says Howard had a restrictive contract, with a

Rudy Unholz, the Boer boxer, threatens to "break in" once more. Bat Nelson, it seems, has set a bad example.

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## FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip From Harrisburg.

Hospital Mixup.  
Judge Charles B. Witmer, of the United States District Court; State Senator William C. McConnell, former State Senator Fred A. Godecharles, of Northumberland county, three of the five newly appointed trustees of the hospital at Shamokin, and who resigned because the majority of the board proposed to go outside the county to appoint a superintendent, called on the Governor in an effort to straighten out matters. The interview is said to have been somewhat animated, and the three visitors appeared to be in anything but an amiable frame of mind when they emerged from the Executive Department. The Governor promptly announced that he had accepted the five resignations and would appoint their successors "in due time." The other two who resigned are Rev. Robert O'Boyle, Shamokin, and P. F. Brenner, Milton. The controversy grew out of the desire of a majority of the board to appoint Dr. George Reese, of Mahanoy City, a friend of Attorney General Bell, as superintendent of the hospital.

More Protests.  
The Governor was sent more protests by voters in Northumberland county against the appointment of trustees whereby a majority would reside outside the coal belt.

State Senator McConnell, Federal Judge Witmer and former State Senator Godecharles are leaving no stone unturned to convince the Governor he made a mistake in appointing the original board against the wishes of voters in the Trevorton, Shamokin and Mt. Carmel districts in particular. Even Senator Penrose has been appealed to to set matters straight. Up to this period Attorney General Bell, Philadelphia, is said to be insistent that the Board of Trustees for the local hospital shall vote his friend, Dr. George Reese, the office of chief surgeon, Mr. Bell is reported to have advised the Governor that Reese has the best recommendation as a doctor from Drs. John Deaver, Philadelphia, and J. C. Hiddle, of the Miner's Hospital, Fountain Springs.

Names Dred Commission.  
The Governor announced the appointment of the following to be members of the commission authorized by the Legislature to investigate systems of recording deeds: Joseph K. Fletcher, Deputy Recorder of Deeds, Philadelphia; Frank Caven, president Philadelphia Real Estate Brokers' Association; James E. Lennon, No. 1254 South Fifteenth street, Philadelphia; John C. Slack, Pittsburgh; George Hetzel, Recorder of Deeds' office, Pittsburgh. The appointment of Joseph K. Fletcher and Frank Caven was recommended by Recorder of Deeds Vane.

Would Oust Suburban Concerns.  
Quo warranto proceedings were instituted here by the Attorney General's department against the following corporations because they have not performed any of their charter obligations: Manufacturers' Electric Company, of Reading, Sharon Hill & Upper Darby Railway Company, Prospect Park Railway Company, Tinicum & Sharon Hill Railway Company. A suggestion for a quo warranto was also filed on behalf of the Consolidated Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Lansdowne. It is alleged that the company has unpaid losses of \$9,000. Dr. William H. West, of Harrisburg, is president. George H. Merritt, the secretary, resigned a week ago.

Adjust Express Rates.  
The Adams Express Company has notified the State Railroad Commission that it is willing to make changes in rates for shipments from Elizabethville and points in the Lykens Valley to Philadelphia. The Commission referred complaints to the company, which will readjust the prices. Similar action will be taken in regard to other complaints.

Will Enlarge Hatchery.  
Fish Commissioner Buller declared that there was not the slightest intention to abandon the Torresdale Fish Hatchery, but, on the contrary, that it was the idea to increase the efficiency and output. This fact came out in correspondence with the Interstate Anglers' Association, which organization has promised to assist the Commissioner in his plans.

Seeks Congressional Nomination.  
Levi Hummel Gordon, of Williamsport, filed a petition at the State Department as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in the Eleventh District.

To Censor Plays at Harrisburg.  
The Civic Club decided to appoint a Vigilance Committee to scrutinize all plays that are booked for presentation in this city and to notify the public as to their nature.

Two Death Warrants Issued.  
The Governor ordered death warrants to issue in the cases of William Schrader, Midway county, and Joe Polachina, Northumberland county, fixing the time of execution for January 25, 1912.

Altoona—Mrs. Anna Marie Harber, familiarly known as Grandmother Harber, mother of a numerous progeny, died at the home of her son, Albert, in Coalport, in her ninety-first year. She was a native of Germany, but has resided in this vicinity for twenty-two years. She was the mother of thirteen children, eight of whom preceded her to the grave. Besides the five children living she leaves eighty-two grandchildren and 175 great-grandchildren, a total of 253 descendants.

## Notes of Sportdom

Do those who favor changing the baseball code want revision downward?  
Citizens of Georgia are beginning to realize the greatness of Tyrus Raymond Cobb.

Walter Camp wants four downs instead of three. Isn't it hard enough "to stop them now?"  
Many football critics favor abolishing the forward pass. The hands are used too much anyway.

Walter Camp can't see a western man on his all-star selections. He failed to come west in 1911.  
Walter Camp says the new football rules which cut