

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 fails 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, but 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.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"A change has come over the spirit of our dream—yes!" Appleyard inquired. "Nothing like food on the human stomach to make the skies seem brighter. Not that it seems to affect this weather any; it's thick as curds. We ought to pick up that buoy before long—won't be happy till I get it."

"You're sure about this thing?" asked Coast, perhaps not quite coherently. The other seemed to understand him, none the less.

"Absolutely," he returned. "I know where we started from and what we're aiming for; this is a perfectly good compass, so long as you keep it from flirring with the coil; and I've made allowance for a leetle. You watch!"

Coast sat down. "Well," he said, with the air of one no longer to be denied.

"Well," said the little man reluctantly. "If you must know all . . . Coast received an amused glance. "I read the papers."

"What's that go to do—?"

"So, when you were kind enough to tell me your real name, after your gallant rescue yesterday morning, I knew at once just who and what you were."

"O!" said Coast, a thought blankly. "Just so. It never occurred to you that you were a public character, in a way? I noticed that. And your lack of self-consciousness interested me. Also the aroma of mystery you exhale, intrigued if I may coin the word, my romantic imagination."

Coast flushed. "The deuce it did!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Don't lose your temper—please. I know I sound impertinent, but I don't mean to be so. It's just my temperament makes me such a cut-up . . ."

When I waked up before you did yesterday, I thought it all out, and I set to myself, sez I: 'His biography ain't half-written yet, and unless I'm mistaken something grievous, Romance is a leetle of him by the hand, like a little child. If I can work it, I'm goin' to stick round and see what happens next.' You see, it's my business to go about nosing into other people's . . ."

"I see," said Coast curtly, with a feeling of contempt which he took no trouble to disguise.

"Yes," assented Appleyard serenely. "I make my living that way. Government pays me a handsome salary for doing it."

"What?" A light was beginning to dawn upon Coast.

The little man nodded gravely. "The U. S. Secret Service," he affirmed.

"Let us begin at the beginning, for clearer understanding," Appleyard continued. "I'm not here for my health—I'm on the job; and things have shaped round so that I want your help temporarily—while you certainly need mine. That's why I'm letting you in by the basement door and speaking in stage whispers. You get me? What I'm telling you is to be kept under your hat."

"Certainly, that's understood."

"Right you are. . . Now, the particular phase of lawless industry at present engaging my distinguished professional attention is—be allowed himself the dramatic pause—"smuggling. For some time the Treasury Department has been aware that a very considerable quantity of highly dutiable goods was finding its way into the country—mainly for the New York markets—without paying toll. A syndicate of Maiden Lane jewelers has been reaping most of the profit, although other goods have been coming through; but that's by the way. Now the Customs net is fine enough to secure us that no such heavy im-

portations could have been sneaked in through any regular port of entry. All we were certain of was that it was getting in duty free—though we couldn't prove even that. . . . So then, I was turned loose on the problem, and I've been puzzling over it for six months."

He was briefly silent, apparently in reminiscent mood. "Early in the game," he resumed, "I had cause to believe that most of the stuff was seeping in through New England. So I sat me down and tried to figure it out from the other side's point of view—supposing I wanted to turn the trick on my own account. See?"

"Clearly. Go on."

"Being a product of this neck of the woods made it some easier; I knew the coast pretty thoroughly. It struck me how all-fired easy it would be to establish a depot for the reception of goods on one of these little islands hereabouts—or even at some retired point on the mainland. Then one could ship the stuff over by any old unlikely tramp, transship it to a smaller vessel at some agreed point off the coast, and stow it away for distribution practically at one's own convenience. With such a central station, the stuff could be smuggled to the railroad through any number of small harbors—a truckful here, a truckful there, all disguised as passenger baggage; and these waters are so thick with small craft that their comings and goings attract practically no attention. . . . Plausible, feasible—yes?"

"Ingenious, certainly."

"To cut it short, I finally satisfied myself that the schooner employed for the trans-shipment was the fisherman that, as you saw, preferred my room to my company. I took a chance there, like a fool—lucky to get off

of the main-traveled routes; Snaggy. I knew that, once south of Devil's Bridge, the set of the tide would snake us out toward No Man's Land. So, when we ran aground and I went ashore, leaving you asleep, I wasn't surprised to recognize the place."

"You could—in that fog?"

"I've an excellent memory, and had visited the island a good many times on fishing trips when I was a boy in these parts. That abandoned fishing village made me sure of my ground. In the days when the bluefish ran in those waters there used to be quite a settlement there. . . . However, I'm fortunate in the possession of a sense of locality something above the average, and though it was pitch dark, at first, and thick as mud, I wasn't afraid of losing myself. So I struck out boldly, and by daylight had made a number of interesting discoveries. . . . Hello! . . . Good morning. Twenty-seven!"

The little man got up and bowed profoundly, as to a valued acquaintance, to a black can inconspicuously numbered "27," swimming past in a grey wash of seas to starboard.

"Some navigatin', that!" Appleyard observed complacently. Coast watched Appleyard shift the spokes until the Echo swung upon a course at a salient angle to that which she had been holding. "And now where?"

Appleyard looked up from the binacle. "Noth by east," he said absently; then, rousing: "Quick! Hole, and it please you. I venture to recommend the spot. It's quiet, retired, charmingly salubrious; quite a cozy corner for a day's loaf."

"Loaf!" exclaimed Coast in exasperation.

"Tut," said the little man in a tone of mild reproof; "and again tut. Eff-soons I will a tale unfold that'll shed



"We Ought Pick Up That Buoy Before Long—"

with a whole skin. But by the time I hit the water I felt pretty sure they had some sure-enough good reason for not wanting any strangers hanging round."

"I'd think you justified in assuming that much."

"The worst of it was, that mishap made me a marked man; I'd been a wee mite too indiscreet. For a while I thought I'd have to fade into the background and let one of my brother sleuths polish off the job. You can fancy how that would have galled. Fortunately you offered yourself—"

"I like that," Coast commented.

"Anyway, my magnificent imagination offered you to me," Appleyard pursued without loss of countenance. "I began to see how easy it would be to snoop along the coast as your crew—inconspicuous, unsuspected. You seemed to have only the vaguest idea of what you wanted to do, where you wanted to cruise. And I'd begin to suspect myself of failure of the parts of speech if I couldn't indelicately talk you into going where I wanted to—No Man's Land, Muskeget, Tucker-nuck, Chappaquiddick, or wherever."

"I'm ready to certify you're qualified to talk the hind legs off the domestic mule," Coast averred with enthusiasm.

"Don't worry; I'm a merciful man. . . . Rather cheap, that—what?"

"Extremely."

"Your fault; you fed it to me. I'm beginning to think you must be the only original, perfectly-pasteurised mascot. Since we met the very stars have seemed to battle in their course for me. Even the fog helped—shunting us off to No Man's Land."

"Yes—?"

"I had no particular notion of investigating that island first of all; but a number of circumstances made me suspect we were in its neighborhood. I had figured it out that the variation of the magnetised compass must have carried us sou'west, for one thing; and the absence of fog signals made me think we must have got well south

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The Advantage of Covered Milk Pail

A. C. Page, College of Agriculture, University of Missouri.

Good milk depends on cleanliness. From the time the milk is drawn till it is consumed, it is exposed to many possible chances of contamination. Some of these can not be easily removed. Tests of the air in dairy barns show that there is a constant shower of germ laden dust falling. If the pail has a large top, a large amount of dust will fall in during the



A Covered Milk Pail Helps to Keep the Milk Clean and Sweet. Type Used at University of Missouri.

Most of them the farmer can control.

One of the simplest things to do after getting the essential habit of sterilizing all utensils with hot water, is to use a milk pail with a small top. This is a very practical way to keep

FIRES HARMFUL IN WOODS

SPRING BURNING DOES THE MOST DAMAGE.

By J. A. Ferguson, Professor of Forestry, University of Missouri.

Forest fires are most likely to occur during the fall and spring, when the ground is covered with dry leaves and twigs. At such times every precaution should be taken to prevent their burning in the wood lot, for they do great damage to the trees. It is generally believed that greater damage is done to trees by the fall fires, when the ground is dry and the fire burns deep through the leaves, than by spring fires, when only the upper layer of leaves is dry and the fire burns lightly over the ground. But just the opposite is true. Spring fires do the most damage, because at this time the trees are becoming active. They are full of sap and the young buds are beginning to swell and the tender shoots to form.

In this condition the trees are more likely to be scorched than in the dormant fall condition. Trees are more seriously injured by scorching than by actual burning. Because trees do not show immediate damage from fires, many believe the surface fires do little damage in the wood lot. But a fire that is not hot enough to burn the bark of a tree is often hot enough to scorch the tender living layer of wood just beneath the bark, called the cambium layer. So long as trees are vigorous they will withstand the effects of fungi and other tree diseases. But when a tree becomes weakened in this way it becomes a prey to these diseases and the wood begins to rot and the tree to be attacked by insects.

Not only does a fire injure the larger trees, but it burns the seeds and kills the young trees. If these are destroyed year by year, there can be no future to the wood lot and when the old trees are removed it will all be gone.

The soil is also injured by the fires so that the trees cannot grow so well. Grass and weeds cover the ground thickly, and crooked, slow-growing, stag-headed trees are the result. The fire is an enemy to the wood lot. Fast and vigorous growth cannot be expected where they are allowed to burn.

DAIRY CALF BEST IN FALL

University of Missouri Dairy Gives Reasons Therefor.

Many dairy farmers hold to the idea that the calf should come in the spring to take advantage of the grass. The practice at the University of Missouri dairy is in favor of fall calves. The reasons are several.

The spring calf is just passing the weaning stage in hot weather, and he is in danger of digestive trouble. Flies pester him and prevent the best growth. At the time when he needs the best food, grass becomes dry and unpalatable. And if he is raised on skim milk, as all calves should be, it is difficult to keep the milk always in first-class condition.

Furthermore, the spring calf needs care at the same time that the corn and all the other crops need attention. Usually the crops get the attention and the calf is stunted instead.

If a calf is dropped in the fall he starts his life on dry food, with no flies, no soured milk and plenty of time for care. He is weaned along in the spring, when the grass is about ready to start, and he has the best possible opportunity to stretch out and make a vigorous growth during his second six months. The best dairy authorities are agreeing that the fall calf has the better chance in life.

Selfish.
He—They say pearls are a disease of the oyster.
She—Incurable, I hope.

CROPS TO GROW FOR SILO

CORN IS PRE-EMINENTLY THE GREAT SILO CROP.

C. H. Eckles, Professor of Dairying, University of Missouri.

The silo has been tried as a means of preserving nearly all the common crops grown on the farm. However, it cannot be said to be an unequalled success except with a few. Corn is pre-eminently the crop for the silo. The yield of total nutrients per acre of this crop is greater than is usually secured from any other. It has the further advantage of packing well to exclude the air and contains the proper amount of sugar to form the acid needed to preserve it without becoming too sour. The best results are obtained as a rule by using the variety of corn best adapted to the locality and grown in the same manner as is done when grown for grain.

Larger yields of silage per acre may be secured from some of the special varieties known as silage corn, but these produce a less amount of grain, and the total feed value obtained is no more than from other varieties grown for grain.

Cowpeas for Silage.

On account of the fact that corn silage lacks protein, it is a rather common practice to combine a certain amount of green cowpeas with the corn. The cowpeas, on account of their high protein, improve the silage as a ration in this respect. This combination has been found successful if too large a proportion of cowpeas is not used. If one-third cowpeas and two-thirds corn are put together in the silo the resulting silage is of excellent quality and somewhat better in feeding value than that of corn alone.

The plan of growing corn and cowpeas together has been recommended. This works well with the exception that it is found to be a difficult matter to harvest a crop on account of the vines tying the crop together. However, some Missouri farmers have followed this plan for several years and continue to use it. Others who follow the plan of mixing the cowpeas with the corn in the silo prefer to grow them separately. In filling, one load of peas is cut to two loads of corn. Cowpea silage alone is not of good quality. It undergoes a change more in the nature of rotting and does not make a palatable or a satisfactory feed. Both clover and alfalfa have been frequently tried, but neither is very satisfactory, on account of the poor quality of silage resulting.

Sorghum for Silage.
The silage crop next best to corn is undoubtedly sorghum. Almost as much feed per acre is obtained as with corn, and the quality of silage is good. Care should be taken that the sorghum is quite well matured before being put into the silo. The tendency is for an excessive amount of acid to be formed, due to the large amount of sugar present in the cane.

Kaffir Corn for Silage.

Numerous inquiries have been received in the last few years regarding the use of kaffir corn for silage. This crop is more closely related to the sorghum plant than to the corn plant, and when used for silage makes a quality of feed somewhat between the two. It can be recommended only in those sections of the country where kaffir corn can be grown to better advantage than an ordinary field corn.

In the case of range cattle the bulls are allowed to run at large with the herd. In the case of dairy cattle or any pure-bred stock this is a system which will bring certain trouble. The bull should be kept to himself. However, this does not mean that he should be neglected. His food should be abundant and well balanced, that he may always be vigorous and robust.

Knieker—April showers bring May flowers.
Bocker—And April chills bring May bills.

The Bible is Many Books.
There are few persons who understand the true origin and history of the Bible. As a matter of fact, the Bible is not one, but many books. The word is derived from the Greek *Biblia*, which means "books." In the same way we speak of the "Scriptures" or "writings," both in the plural.
In "The Scripture of Truth," a remarkably successful book by Sidney Collett, the author tells of the origin, history, symbols, alleged errors and contradictions in the Bible.

CUTICURA OINTMENT HEALED BAD SORE ON LIMB

"Some time ago I was coming up some steps when the board crushed under me like an egg shell, and my right limb went through to the knee, and scraped the flesh off the bone just inside and below the knee. I neglected it for a day or two, then it began to hurt me pretty badly. I put balsam fir on to draw out the poison, but when I had used it a week, it hurt so badly that I changed to ointment. That made it smart and burn so badly that I couldn't use it any more, and that was the fourth week after I was hurt.

"Then I began to use Cuticura Ointment for the sore. It stopped hurting immediately and began healing right away. It was a bad-looking sore before Cuticura Ointment healed it, and I suffered so I couldn't sleep from two days after I fell until I began using Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Soap is the best soap I ever saw. I have used all kinds of soap for washing my face, and always it would leave my face smarting. I had to keep a lotion to stop the smart, no matter how expensive a soap I used. I find at last Cuticura Soap a soap that will clean my face and leave no smarting, and I do not have to use any lotion or anything else to ease it. I believe Cuticura Soap is the best soap made." (Signed) Mrs. M. E. Fairchild, 805 Lafayette St., Wichita, Kan., May 8, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 1, Boston.

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An Athlonian man is so economical he won't go to a ball game unless he gets a pass to a doubleheader—Athlonian Globe.

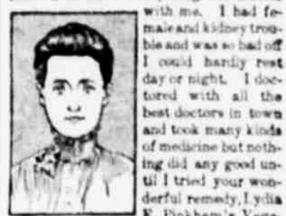
Discriminating persons should know that *Cuticura* is a thoroughly efficient remedy for the most troublesome and obstinate cases of itching skin.

Ask nothing but what is right, submit to nothing wrong.—Andrew Jackson.

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Husband Declared Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Would Restore Her Health, And It Did.

Ashland, Ky.—"Four years ago I seemed to have everything the matter with me. I had female and kidney trouble and was so bad off I could hardly rest day or night. I doctored with all the best doctors in town and took many kinds of medicine but nothing did any good until I tried your wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband said it would restore my health and it has!"—Mrs. MARY WYATT, Ashland, Ky.



There are probably hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read What Another Woman says:

Camden, N. J.—"I had female trouble and a serious displacement and was tired and discouraged and unable to do my work. My doctors told me I never could be cured without an operation, but thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am cured of that affliction and have recommended it to more than one of my friends with the best results."—Mrs. ELLA JOHNSTON, 324 Vine St.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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