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**Should Become Law.**  
The U. S. Senate has passed the bill of Senator Swanson, of Virginia, providing for an appropriation of \$250,000 for an immigrant station at Hampton Roads, Virginia.  
This bill should become a law. If we are to have a continuation of the influx of foreigners they should not all come in at one or two places. At present the great majority of them come in at New York and in almost negligible numbers, comparatively speaking at other ports.  
With the building of a quarter of a million dollar plant at Hampton Roads the congestion at Ellis Island should be materially relieved.

**Many Should Take This Trip.**  
It is to be hoped that a goodly number of members of the Chamber of Commerce will accompany the press association next week on the trip by water from Morehead City to New Bern.  
As Secretary Williams said in his communication in the Journal, this will be an excellent opportunity to bring New Bern favorably before the newspapers of the State. The scribes have it in their power to give New Bern a substantial boost and they will do it if the advantages of the city are properly placed before them and are accompanied by the sort of attention that visitors of distinction should receive.  
Give the glad hand to the editors. They deserve it and besides, it will pay.

**Here's Where You Can Help Us.**  
The new management of the Journal has had many promises of friendly aid and encouragement. We want to see some of those promises redeemed right away. Don't get scared. It will be easy, and what is better still it will be profitable. You can help us by paying attention to the advertisements in the Journal. Trade with our advertisers. They are live ones and they will give you your money's worth. Glance over the ads every day just as you do the news and you will find that you have been entertained and also profited, that is if you take advantage of the many opportunities to save money that are offered. Do it now.

**Better Lighting Needed.**  
Attention is called in the local columns to the poor light given by the arc lamps at the intersections of streets. The assurance of Superintendent McBennett is also given that after a bit these lights will burn brighter. We hope so. Even then there will be room for improvement. New Bern is sorely in need of better lights and more of them. It is one of the prettiest cities in the State and one of the darkest. The business streets by all means should be better lighted. At present the gloom on those streets is oppressive.  
Were they better lighted the people would promenade them more at night and as a result, thanks to the splendidly decorated windows and their stimulating effect on trade, better business would result for the merchants while at the same time the pleasure of the public as found in evening strolls along well lighted streets and by brilliantly decorated windows would be greatly increased. Turn on the

**Honor is Deserved.**  
Governor Wilson has appointed his campaign committee and as was expected, this State was recognized by the selection by Governor Wilson of Josephus Daniels as one of the members of the committee, which will have charge of the details of the campaign. The honor was one worthily bestowed. Mr. Daniels has been for years one of the most conspicuous and enthusiastic of North Carolina Democrats and is deserving of reward. If his committee succeeds in getting Mr. Wilson elected there is hardly any doubt that he will be still further rewarded, and he will deserve that too.

The fondness of boys for firearms is perhaps natural, but it leads at times to distressing results, an instance of which was the accidental killing of an Asheville boy this week as with a loaded rifle in his hand he jumped out of a wagon. Firearms are used too promiscuously even by adults, and there certainly ought to be greater restrictions thrown around their use by minors.

They have found out that Wilson once characterized the United States Senate as a mass meeting of more or less idle persons. But inasmuch as he escaped with a whole hide, politically speaking, after it was found out that he once consigned Bryan to the bow-wows, it is unlikely that the above quoted remark about the Senate will do him any injury.

**No Man's Land**  
A ROMANCE  
By Louis Joseph Vance  
Illustrations by Ray Walters

**CHAPTER XV.**  
Coast awakened with a gasp, jumping to his feet as if to the peremptory summons of a subconscious alarm-clock. Such, in fact, was more or less the case; he who sleeps upon the thought of danger is apt to awaken with that thought predominant.  
A moment, some every-thing had been densely dark, with that narcotic blackness which characterizes the slumbers of the overworked and overwrought. Now in a twinkling he found himself intensely conscious, in the middle of the floor, pistol in hand, every nerve on the qui vive, every muscle tense.  
Gradually he realized that his nerves must have tricked him, that the trigger of his suspended faculties must have been pulled by some common but unexpected noise. The room was bright with garish daylight; at the doors the chairs were in place, as he had left them; there was not a sound to be heard in the house.  
Very stealthily he opened the hall door and looked out. From the silence within doors, there was no one else within. He went out and back to the kitchen, finding it empty. After some momentary hesitation he returned to his room, found a towel and took it with him out into the open.  
He went quickly down through the Cold Lairs to the beach. The Echo was gone, but this did not surprise him; it had been Appleyard's purpose to leave anchor and get away as soon as the gale showed signs of slackening. Inside the sheltering spit a sturdy little catboat was dancing crazily at its mooring, but it was evidently deserted, and Coast rightly guessed that the vessel belonged to Blackstock, that its tender was the boat which Power had been accused of stealing—principally, no doubt, to satisfy the suspicions of Katherine; some means of accounting for the man's disappearance had necessarily to be invented. The boat was, of course, nowhere to be seen; doubtless Blackstock had caused it to be carried up.  
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...and scattered in one of the abandoned dwellings, or in some room beneath the stairs to the street and south.  
It was in the shelter of the westerly bluff that Coast stripped and took to the water. Here, as all round the island, the beach shivered wildly, the surf breaking close toshore.  
Scrubbing his flesh aglow, he dressed quickly, darning with the exhilaration of his recent contest, every trace of fatigue and drowsiness washed clean away. A sense of life and well-being ran like quicksilver through his veins; he could have sung aloud or whistled but for the sobering thought, never far beneath the surface of his consciousness, of his responsibility. With Katherine to guard and care for with Blackstock to watch and guard against and circumvent, there could be little room for cheerfulness in his humor.  
Instead of returning the way he had come, an impulse moved him to scale the bluff, which at this point presented not too steep an incline.  
As he continued along the sole, approaching the heel of what has been likened to a crude sketch of a child's shoe, Coast remarked the crumbling stone walls of what had apparently once been a rude summer house and observatory set atop the highest hill-lock to seaward. But he had drawn quite near to it before he described a beam of skirt whipping round a corner of a half-fallen wall. He quickened his steps and took her suddenly unawares as she stood, half-sheltered from the breeze and wholly invisible from the body of the island, her back to the weather-beaten and lichened stones, her gaze leveled to seaward in somber reverie.  
It was as if she had been expecting him; she seemed not at all surprised. But there was no light of welcome in her look, nor any trace of welcome in her greeting as he stopped before her, hat in hand and heart in his throat, with something in his bearing that called to mind a child convicted of transgression and pleading for suspension of judgment.  
"I came out here to think," she said, "at least to try to think. But I hoped that if you saw me you would follow."  
"I'm glad," he said, "though I didn't know you were here. It's hardly likely we'll have so good a chance to talk again."  
"Yes," she admitted simply. There was a little catch in her voice and he fancied her lips quivered like the lips of a tired child as she looked away from him, seeking again the sight of the sea as if she drew from some solace, some sorely needed strength against her trials. "We must talk, of course. I have been trying all night to think..." but everything seems so...  
She left the sentence incomplete, raising her hands to press them against her temples and then dropping them with a gesture of utter weariness.  
"Oh," she cried, "why did you come back? You promised, you went away, and I—I was sorry for you and prayed you might find happiness, Garrett. You promised, and—you came back—came back like a ghost to haunt me with memories and regrets." Her voice rose to a pitch of wildness.  
"Sometimes, last night, I thought that surely you must be a ghost—that you had been executed, killed and buried, and were come back to be his punishment and mine, and mine!"  
"His punishment—his?" she echoed.  
"Then, Katherine, then you do believe—"  
"Ah, how do I know? What do I believe—what can I believe? I don't know. I can't think right; it's all so—so terrible." Her tone fell to a low pitch of fatigue, dejection and bewilderment. She leaned heavily against the wall, watching the sullen, interminable succession of the surges.  
"You sowed doubt in my mind and fear in my heart when you bade me weigh what I once knew of the good in you against what I have learned of him. I tried—so hard—to do so justly and still believe you the guilty one."  
You swept the ground from under me with arguments, your attitude, your explanations, and though they were your unsupported words... I never knew you to lie to me. Once, and I couldn't, can't believe you would bring me a lie to torture me, just for revenge. You made me think, and at times I feared I should go mad, and then again I was afraid I wouldn't. She turned suddenly to him and grasping his arms, lifting frantic, piteous eyes to his. "Oh, Garrett, Garrett!" she pleaded, half hysterically, "tell me you lied, tell me it isn't true, tell me it was you—!"  
He shook his head sorrowfully, and with a short dry sob released him and fell back against the wall, shaken and trembling.  
"It," he said, slowly, "if I thought it would make you happy, if I believed that any good of any sort could come of it to you, Katherine, if I could even think it safe, I would lie—I'd lie with a clear conscience and tell you it was I who killed Van Tux, I've taken time to think it over, and I've tried to think straight, to think the way that would be best for you, and... Well, I've come back."  
"But why?" she repeated abruptly.  
"Why? What good can you do? Can you lift this weight from my heart, can you right the wrong to yourself, by being here? Can you bring Van Tux back to life or make my—the man I married less than a murderer—?"  
"I came to protect you; you were alone and friendless."  
"He would not harm me," she said in an unsteady voice.  
"Do you believe that? Do you expect me to believe it when I have seen the marks of his brutality upon your arm?"  
"He didn't mean it, Garrett. He was his temper and—sometimes he is furious and doesn't realize his strength—but he would never harm me, it's true—and I know it, it's true—and that is why you were here, isn't it?"  
"Beaten about the head," she said, "that was the first time you ever hit me, and that was the last time you ever hit me." She looked at him with a steady gaze.  
"Beaten about the head," she said, "that was the first time you ever hit me, and that was the last time you ever hit me."

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"What do you mean? ... Oh, I don't know. I was afraid..."  
"And I was afraid," he said gravely, "and still am. That's why I couldn't stay away. The only man you could turn to in case of need was gone."  
"Mr. Power?" She flashed him a startled look.  
"How did you know that yesterday? And how did you find another man to take his place—his name, and everything? So that you dared come here in his stead..."  
"I found it out before I left the island yesterday morning," he said slowly, wondering how much he dared tell her.  
It seemed needlessly cruel to shock her with the story of the murder on the island at that time; some hours must surely elapse before Appleyard could return; indeed, Coast did not expect him till the evening. And until then matters must stand as they were; nothing must be allowed to happen to rouse Blackstock's suspicions. But if she knew that Power had been assassinated—could existing conditions continue to obtain? Would she be able to continue to bear herself toward Blackstock as she had theretofore?  
He decided to keep her in the dark as long as possible. He continued: "There were two of us ashore, you know—my companion as well as myself. It seems he stumbled upon the hangulow in the fog and accidentally overlooked a part of Power's final quest—with Blackstock. Then he was—was—gone. I'm afraid that no one ever visits the island except your weekly boat from New Bedford."  
"No one..." That is, sometimes, fishermen."  
"For what purpose?"  
"I don't know; there was once quite a settlement of them down there, you know; and I understand they still use some of the buildings to store dried fish in. I'm afraid that never interested me much."  
"You never watched them—?"  
"No; generally they come to anchor after nightfall and are gone before daylight the next morning. Sometimes he has gone down to the beach to talk to them, but as a rule Mr. Power went with him."  
"Their visits are fairly regular?"  
"I think so; the schooner comes about once a month, I should say. But—"  
"And between whiles smaller boats call?"  
"Now and then, yes."  
"Do you recall when the schooner was here last?"  
"About a month ago, I think. But, Garrett—"  
"Just a minute, and then I'll explain what I'm driving at. Now wasn't it a fact that Blackstock and Power were talking with the fishermen to talk to them, but as a rule Mr. Power went with him?"  
He nodded thoughtfully. "I never mentioned the two, but it was Mr. Power

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