

STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly." "Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shivering for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not." "Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?" "I've left the baby out in the yard!"

—The Circle.

PLAIN TALK.



"I think she's double-faced!" "Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawn ing, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but she rebuked him in words that became historic!

"Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

Sheer white goods. In fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Another Step Needed.

"I like my house all right," said Buschman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that."

"What is it?" asked the architect. "Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Crime.

She—I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if, six months hence I feel as I do now, I will be yours.

Ardent Wooer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides the courts have decided that dealing in futures, without the actual delivery of the goods, is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

A Domestic Combustible.

Doctor—Did you give your husband the powder I left, Mrs. Mulligan? Mrs. Mulligan—Indeed, O, did, sor. An' he's been blowin' me up ivir since."

Nebraska Directory

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INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, abandoned on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thrust attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing! He rose, spluttering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?

He thought of his companions. "Good God!" he groaned, "they're goners, anyway!"

He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in—Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."

The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. "His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up he sank down almost flat and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrop and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.

"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her—poor girl!"

He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forelag a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers until several yards from the path he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"

"What's that?" he croaked.

He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blak!—Blak!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthrop calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle and stared towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

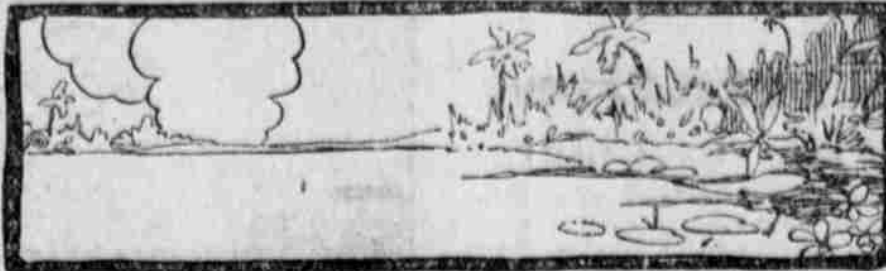
Another call from Winthrop directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrop was wailing to him.

"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!" Three of the palms had been overturned by the hurricane, and when Blake came up he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrop held out one already opened. He snatched it from him and placed the hole to his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that coconut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening Winthrop had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.

Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em?"

"I couldn't help it," explained Winthrop. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not 20 feet from where we lay."

"Lucky for you—and for me, too. I guess," said Blake. "We were all



Blake Pushed Out from Among the Close Thickets.

three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.

"Oh, say, Miss Jenny!" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding house now. Why not be folksy? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthrop. Thanks! By the way, what's your front name? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril?"

"Cecll," corrected Winthrop, in a low tone.

"Cecll—Lord Cecll, eh?—or is it only the Honorable Cecll?"

"My dear sir, I have intimated before that, for reasons of—or—state—" "Oh, yes; you're traveling incog., in the secret service. Sort of detective—"

"Detective!" echoed Winthrop, in a peculiar tone.

Blake grinned. "Well, it is rather a nasty business for your honorable lordship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly my name is Cecll Winthrop!"

"O-h-h! how lovely!—See-sill! See-seal!—Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are cokers for nicknames. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrop.

"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."

"You can't just say! And what are we going to eat?"

"Here are the cocoanuts."

"Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthrop caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake he laid it on the bare ground and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrop needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrop's urging, she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She fell asleep while Winthrop was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail when Winthrop hobbled around and

sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"

"And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Hippo?"

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed and're tracking me down by this time."

"But hippopotami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."

"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators, and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."

"They will not come out on this dry land."

"Suppose they won't—there're no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"

"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."

"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us, they're night-birds mostly—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."

"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for to-night. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"

"With a penknife! Guess we'll roost in a tree."

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—"

"How about lions?"

"They cannot; I'm sure of that."

"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

CHAPTER V.

The Re-Ascent of Man.

AFTERNOON was far advanced and Winthrop was beginning to feel anxious when at last Blake pushed out from among the close thickets. As he approached he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrop; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."

Blake showed that he was flattered. "Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the



same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."

"How's that?" "Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."

"Time, then, to rouse her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.

"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrop. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."

As Winthrop caught up a nut the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her dainty preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her dragged, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sundown; so, if you please, if you're ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?"

"Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"

"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrop's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though."

"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrop.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club he stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. As he rose with his burden Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dew here are like those in Central America they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrop and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrop and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on unless you want to come out on the other side in full evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking, but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path through the thickets?" inquired Winthrop.

"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrop took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrop drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrop, please! It scratches my neck."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crocodiles Along the Nile. At the sound of the shot the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam, exactly as a heavy wave had broken.

It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of those saurians had been disturbed at a single shot.—Strand Magazine.

Wretched Pay for Labor. At a hearing last summer in London on the "sweating" question, evidence was brought forward showing that 56 women who sewed hooks and eyes on cards earned at an average a little over 75 cents a week. Another woman was instanced who worked from nine one morning until the next morning and earned 15 cents in that time. It would seem better to die.

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NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

Why, Mrs. Jones, what are you doing out in all this rain?" "Oh, I just ran out to buy an umbrella!"

Decollete. Wu Ting Fang, at a dance in Washington, criticised the modern ballroom belle.

"Like the ancient Briton, who dressed in blue wool," he said, "the belle's idea of a magnificent toilet seems to be plenty of paint and very little clothing."

Anneke Jans-Bogardus Heirs, having positive proof as such, address with stamp, 365 Lennox Bldg., Cleveland, O.

It is right to look our life accounts bravely in the face now and then, and settle them honestly.—Bronte.

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