

THAT FROZE HIM.



"I suppose," he said, ingratiatingly, "you often get spoken to by men?" "Yes," she replied, "and by monks. But to-night there don't seem to be any men about!"

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08."

Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Laymen Combat White Plague. According to recent figures published by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, nearly 50 per cent. of those enlisted in the active campaign against consumption are laymen, and the percentage of laymen has tripled in the last four years.

Encouraging. "Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?" "Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water-color painting."

PEREY DAVIS' PAINKILLER. For a sudden chill or cold (instead of whiskey) use Painkiller. For colic, diarrhea, and summer complaint this medicine never fails. 25c, 50c or \$1.00 bottles.

Life has one great purpose, the growth of character.—Wesley.

It's the judgment of many smokers that Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

Only a putty life is afraid of being worn out.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, featuring a circular logo and text: "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE. PRICE 375 'Guaranteed'."

SICK HEADACHE

Advertisement for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, stating "Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nervousness, Drowsiness, Bitter Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE."

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR BALM, stating "Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse Substitutes."

Advertisement for THOMPSON'S EYE WATER, stating "If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water."

Advertisement for NEBRASKA DIRECTORY, stating "TAFI'S DENTAL ROOMS 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices."

Advertisement for TYPEWRITERS, stating "ALL MAKES. We do not buy second-hand typewriters. We do not buy typewriters that are not in perfect condition. We do not buy typewriters that are not in perfect condition. We do not buy typewriters that are not in perfect condition."

Advertisement for DAIN HAY TOOLS, stating "Dain Hay Tools are the Best. Insist on having them. Ask your local dealer, or JOHN DEERE OMAHA."

Advertisement for M. SPIESBERGER & SON CO. Wholesale Millinery, stating "The Best in the West. OMAHA, NEB."

Advertisement for CAREY'S ROOFING, stating "The Roof with the Top. All Nail Heads Protected. CAREY'S ROOFING. Hall and Fire Resisting. Ask your dealer or SUNDERLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO. Omaha, Nebraska."

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, shunned 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 wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten-mile hike for higher land. Threat attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. "You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake. "To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrop. "I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?" "I put it in one of the pockets." "It'll do to tie up your hair." Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair. Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside the thorns pierced her delicate skin until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrop, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face. Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.



"It's Only a Beast That's Killed Something Down Below."

with one hand reached down with the other to swing the girl up beside him on the branch. "All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs we'll soon hoist his luddish."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and flight. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength. The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch and Winthrop was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down a black shadow swept over the jungle. "Hello! Sunset!" called Blake. "Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrop. Blake drew in a full breath, and began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrop weighed 30 or 40 pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that?" "What?" "Lion, I guess—Not that yelping. Listen!" The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle awakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

upon them in the darkness of the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches. The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past through the air within a yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrop, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh. "It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mud-flats. Arranging the reeds as best they could they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was mostly likely to attack. Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Though Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrop moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow. At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change her position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrop's shoulder and she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI. Man and Gentleman.

NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrop, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome. Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growl directly beneath them. "Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that kills something down below us." All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrop. "We'll soon be able to see the brute." "And he us," rejoined Blake. In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here!" muttered Blake—"fever-fog!" "Beastly shame!" echoed Winthrop. "I'm sure the creature has gone off." This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before Blake was the first to recover. "Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones." "You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts." "If it wasn't for that fog I'd go down and get our share of the game." "Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise!" "I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already." "Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrop. "Huh? Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes." "Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad!" protested Miss Leslie. "Sorry, Miss Jenny; but coconut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone what are we going to do for the next meal?" "Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrop. "There seems to be no end of game about." "Bows—and arrows without points! Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway." "We could practice." "Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones." "Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie. "Now you're talking—and it's Pike Peak or bust for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrop, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble—"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though." "But if you remember how it is done we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie. "That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?" "They're all left," said Winthrop, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts." "There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes." He threw down his club and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened he twisted the upper part around his leg and was about to slide to the ground when he remembered Miss Leslie. "Think you can make it alone?" he asked. The girl held up her hands, sore and swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned, and turned to Winthrop. "Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?" Winthrop wriggled his foot about and felt the injured ankle. "I fancy it is much better," he answered. "There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now." "That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast and find a way to get over the river." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring backache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. N. E. Graves, Villisca, Iowa, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years. The secretions were disordered, there were pains in my back and swellings of the ankles. Often I had smothering spells. I had to be helped about. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me five years ago and I have been well since. They saved my life."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

KNOWN SOMETHING OF IT.



Williams (shaking his fountain pen)—You have no idea how easily these pens run! His Neighbor (applying a blotter to his trousers)—Oh, I have an inkling.

No Need of Interference. The two neighbors who were passing the little cottage heard sounds as of a terrific conflict inside and stopped to listen. Presently they heard a loud thump, as if somebody had fallen to the floor. "Grogan is beating his wife again!" they said. Bursting the door open, they rushed into the house. "What's the trouble here?" they demanded. "Ther' ain't no trouble, gentlemen," calmly answered Mrs. Grogan, who had her husband down and was sitting on his head. "Gwan!"

Spoken from Experience. It was the grammar class and the teacher had asked for words ending with "ous." "Can any one," she said, "give me a word like 'dangerous,' meaning full of danger, 'hazardous,' full of hazard?" There was silence for a moment. Then a boy in the back row put up his hand. "Well, Bobby, what is your word?" "Please, Miss," came the reply, "pious, full of pie!"

Fully Realized. He frowned in perplexity on hearing she was out again. "I wonder, Jimmy, if your sister realizes," he said bitterly, "that I have treated her for three taxi rides and four open-air concerts this month?" "You bet she realizes it," said the small boy, grinning. "That's why she's keepin' her engagement to Joe Johnson a secret."

Saving Her Blushes. "I have here," said the young inventor, "a device that will be a boon to the typists." "What is it?" asked the manufacturer of typewriters. "It's an extra key. Whenever the operator can't spell a word she presses this key and it makes a blur!"

Proved. Mr. Snapp—Life is full of contradictions. Mrs. Snapp—And I say it isn't.—Boston Transcript.

HOME TESTING A Sure and Easy Test on Coffee.

To decide the all important question of coffee, whether or not it is really the hidden cause of physical ills and approaching fixed diseases, one should make a test of ten days by leaving off coffee entirely and using well-made Postum. If relief follows you may know to a certainty that coffee has been your vicious enemy. Of course you can take it back to your heart again, if you like to keep sick.

A lady says: "I had suffered with stomach trouble, nervousness and terrible sick headaches ever since I was a little child, for my people were always great coffee drinkers and let us children have all we wanted. I got so I thought I could not live without coffee, but I would not acknowledge that it caused my suffering. "Then I read so many articles about Postum that I decided to give it a fair trial. I had not used it two weeks in place of coffee until I began to feel like a different person. The headache and nervousness disappeared and whereas I used to be sick two or three days out of a week while drinking coffee I am now well and strong and sturdy seven days a week, thanks to Postum."

"I had been using Postum three months and had never been sick a day when I thought I would experiment and see if it really was coffee that caused the trouble, so I began to drink coffee again and inside of a week I had a sick spell. I was so ill I was soon convinced that coffee was the cause of all my misery at. I went back to Postum with the result that I was soon well and strong again and determined to stick to Postum and leave coffee alone in the future." Read the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.