

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve labels, an American betress, Lord Wis-thrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tosseed upon an uninhab-ited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughuess, because a hero an preserver of the helpiess pair. The fills imman was suing for the hand of Miss Lealle. Blake statted to swin back to the ship to recover what was left. Hake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his is match on a clip retie, for which was accred by Elake. Their first mea-was a dead fish. The first states the here, blake states to swin back the here to higher land. Thirst sta-tecked them. Blake was compelled to arry Miss Lealle on account of weath-mers, He taunted Winthrope. They on the they descended to the open again they descended to the open again.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

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Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow hight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northernbred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seafowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them All the same she'll have TAW !



"You Beastly Cad!"

his club nearer and stretched himself | you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered out for a nap. stare, he suddenly flushed crimson,

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CHAPTER VIII. The Club Age.



her. She went not more than half an hour ago.

"So that's if. Well, while I eat you go and call her-and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now.'

Winthropo hurried away, clenching his fists and almost wceping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dezen steps before Miss Leslic appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the lonse stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he wan.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the cocoanuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might cat the meat and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock. she had taken off his coat and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her daluty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had manused to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mork in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred case and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" respended Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy.

Genial and sincere ns was his tone. the familiarity jarred on her sensitive She colored as she turned from ear. him "Is there anything new, Mr. Win-

Trusting to your honor and remaining yours respeckable, Mrs. ----, middle thropo?" she asked. uge. "I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve, Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

Rare Combinations. "Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got

"The time, the place and the girl How seldom we see them together!"





W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 32-1909.

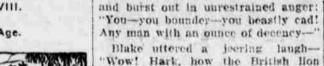


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I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seafowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the harsh clamor of the seafowl. summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a springlimestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadlest side, and began to strip. in quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rainwater and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved trope stepped before him. they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying to bend his paim-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also answer: "Well, you remember, this out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with you want to serve as lady's valet?" his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a

8 11415 P the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstreiched, be-

gan to scorch one of his legs. He and did not stop until he reached the stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like Winthrope with a menacing look. For sand beach. There he halted to make a sailor, he was wide awake the moa careful examination, not only of the ment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half, a steely light in Blake's eyes that he leafless branches.

and terns, boobles and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds-those swart, scarlet-throated plrates of the air-hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life when he glanced inland and saw, less in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard

darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress. "Looks like the siesta is the allround style in this God-forsaken hole." he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought-no; must be the dry season- Whee, these things are

hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few

yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"'Sleep, Where's Miss Leslle?" "She's around the point." Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed!

But I fawney she won't be for long." He would have passed on, but Win "Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I-ah-think it would be bet-

ter if I went." "Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an morning, telling us to dry our clothes." "Yes: I remember." said Blake. "So Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

glishman, now purple with rage Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. like a building's, and he bent towards It's hotter than yesterday."

a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was could not withstand. Winthrope's de-Over the water thousands of gulls fiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

r-ro-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslic just because she's an helress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here-president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" mur mured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake, "That hasn't anything to do with the question-it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?" "I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you be lieve, Mr. Blake, that brute strength-"You bet! Now shut up. Where're

the cocoanuts?" Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry.

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm. "Lucky for you!" retorted Blake.

time? Her clothes must have dried adorers. hours ago." "They did. We had luncheon togeth-

er just this side of the point." "Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't

go for her?"

"I-I-there was a shaded pool ww surface. He glanced around, drew sir? I protest-I do not understand dip in the sait water would refreab souls .- Exchange.

verything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so.

"Permit me," said Winthrope. Itlake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolld: but his glance took in every lit the look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed

to him that the Englishman was somewhat overassiduous in his attentions. "All ready, Blake," remarked Win thrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarctie case and the huife?"

"All safe, sir-or-all safe, Blake." "Then you two follow me slow nough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!'

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny, There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should be climb?" "Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with sea-

birds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring." "Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's. Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself In her eyes in some magnificent way -to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe. This instinct remains with men un-

til they die, just as girls from the cradic or inspired by love seek beauty But where's Miss Leslie all this to appear lovely in the eyes of their

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak. Namping drives such men into the

deptas. Every look of derision, snub. "I-ah-valet ?- What do you mean, around the point, and she thought a insuit, sinks the iron deeper into their

"And another rare combination is the man, the scheme and the coin."

Widow to Widowers.

London police court missionary, re-

"Dear Sir: Reading of you some times in newspapers, I take the liberty

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speckable man wishen to get married

again. I have bean a widow for years

now and am all alone in the world.

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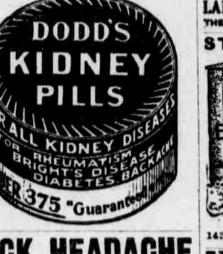
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