

LEFT THEIR SEATS HASTILY

Fair School Teachers Blissfully Unaware of Contents of Box on Which They Rested.

"While in Paris this summer another girl and I went out to Versailles one afternoon," said a school teacher who had just returned from abroad.

"When we recovered from our fright we found we had been seated in the midst of a huge collection of snakes that had just arrived from their native jungles en route for the zoo near Versailles."

To Breaking One Neck, \$2.

The "line-up" man was a facetious soul. The woman for whom he was putting up a pulley clothes-line was exacting. She ordered it put in a certain place, which it was almost impossible for him to reach.

Why Not?

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DR. MCGREW CO. ROME MILLER OMAHA. The Doctor's Street Car. At Union Depot.

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MILLARD HOTEL. 12th and O. CO. The Grand Men's Council Building, 10th and O. JOHN E. PLOW CO., OMAHA.

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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.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Would it not be best for Mr. Winthrop to rest during the noon hours?" "Fraid not, Miss Jenny. We're not on either side of Jordan yet, and there's no rest for the weary this side."

"What odd expressions you use, Mr. Blake!" "Just giving you the reverse application of one of those songs they jolly us with in the mission churches."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—" "Me, too, Miss Jenny! So, as that's settled, we'll be moving. Chuck some live coals in the pot, and come on."

He started off, weapons in hand. Winthrop made a languid effort to take possession of the pot. But Miss Leslie pushed him aside, and wrapping all in the antelope skin, slung it upon her back.

"The brute!" exclaimed Winthrop. "To leave such a load for you, when he knew that I can do so little!"

The girl met his outburst with a brave attempt at a smile. "Please try to look at the bright side, Mr. Winthrop. Really, I believe he thinks it is best for us to exert ourselves."

"He has other opinions with which we of the cultured class would hardly agree, Miss Leslie. Consider his command that we shall go thirsty until he permits us to return to the cliffs. The man's impertinence is intolerable. I shall go to the river and drink when I choose."

"Oh, but the danger of malaria!" "Nonsense, Malaria, like yellow fever, comes only from the bite of certain species of mosquitoes. If we have the fever, it will be entirely his fault. We have been bitten repeatedly this morning, and all because he must compel us to come with him to this infected lowland."

"Still, I think we should do what Mr. Blake says." "My dear Miss Genevieve, for your sake I will endeavor not to break with the fellow. Only, you know, it is deemed hard to keep one's temper when one considers what a bounder—what an unmitigated cad—"

"Stop! I will not listen to another word!" exclaimed the girl, and she hurried after Blake, leaving Winthrop staring in astonishment.

"My word," he muttered; "can it be, after all I've done—and him, of all the low fellows—" He stood for several moments in deep thought. The look on his sallow face was far from pleasant.

CHAPTER XVII.

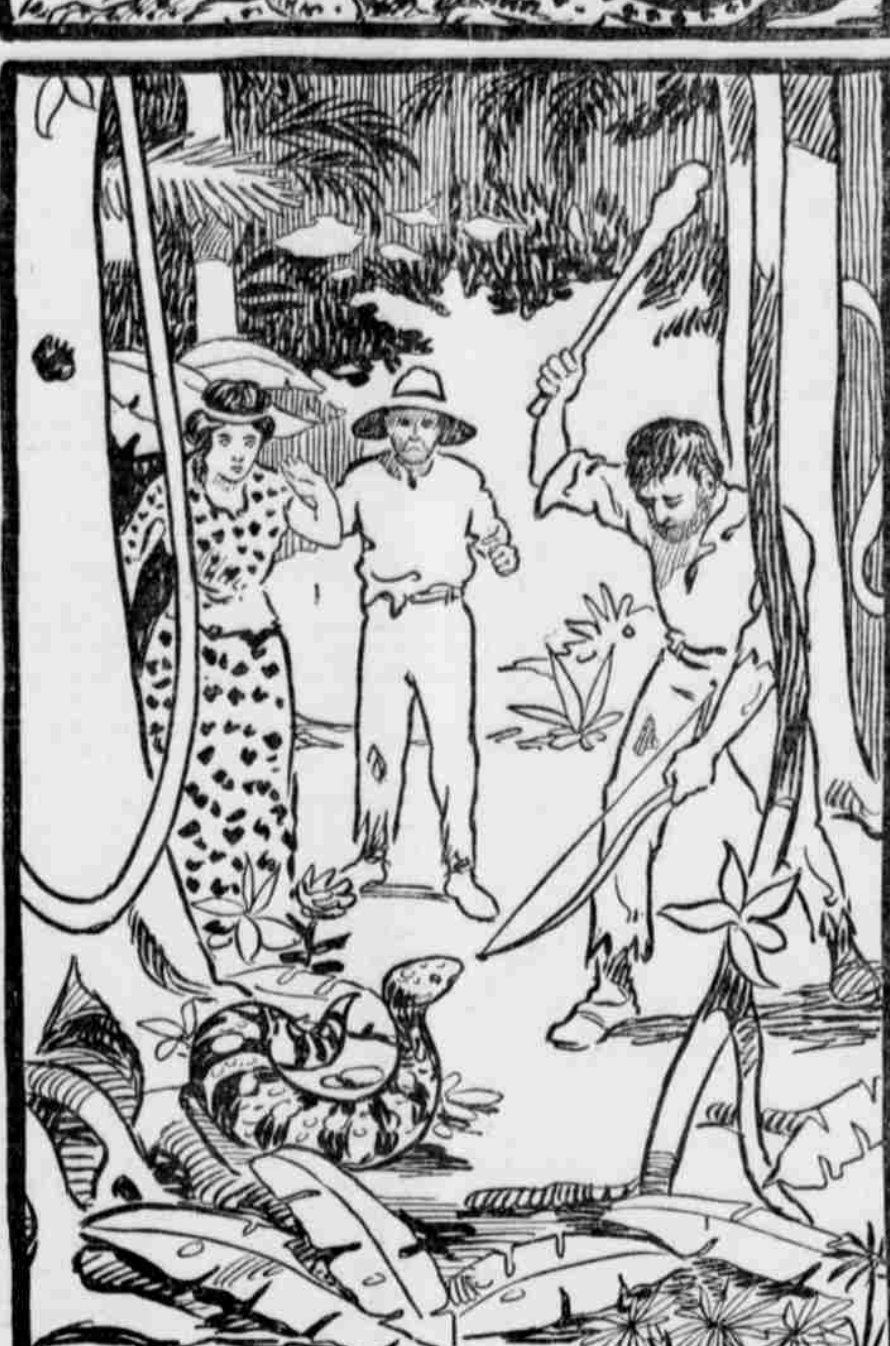
The Serpent Strikes.

WHEN Winthrop came up with the others, they were gathered green leaves to throw on the fire which was blazing close beside the ant-hill.

"Get a move on you!" called Blake. "You're slow. Grab a bunch of leaves, and get into the smoke, if you don't want to be stung."

Winthrop neither gathered any leaves nor hurried himself, until he was visited by a highly irritated bee. Then he obeyed with alacrity. Blake was far too intent on other matters to heed the Englishman. Leaping in and out of the thick of the smoke, he pounded the ant-hill with his club, until he had broken a gaping hole into the cavity. The smoke, pouring into the hive, made short work of the bees that had not already been suffocated.

Although the antelope skin was drawn into the shape of a sack, both it and the pot were filled to overflowing with honey, and there were still



"Told You So! See Him Wriggle!"

more combs left than the three could eat. Blake caught Winthrop smiling with satisfaction as he licked his fingers.

"What's the matter with my expedition now, old man?" he demanded. "I—ah—must admit, Blake, we have had a most enjoyable change of food."

"If you are sure it will agree with you," remarked Miss Leslie. "But I am sure of that, Miss Genevieve. I could digest anything to-day. I'm fairly ravenous."

"All the more reason to be careful," rejoined Blake. "I guess, though, what we've had'll do no harm. We'll let it settle a bit, here in the shade, and then hit the home trail."

"Could we not first go to the river, Mr. Blake? My hands are dreadfully sticky." "Win will take you. It's only a little way to the bank here and there's not much underbrush."

"If you think it's quite safe—" remarked Winthrop. "It's safe enough. Go on. You'll see the river in half a minute. Only thing, you'd better watch out for alligators."

"I believe that—or—properly speaking, these are crocodiles." "You are not say! Heap of difference it will make if one gets you."

Miss Leslie caught Winthrop's eye. He turned on his heel, and led the way for her through the first thicket. Beyond this they came to a little glade which ran through to the river. When they reached the bank, they stepped cautiously down the muddy slope, and bathed their hands in the clear water. As Miss Leslie rose, Winthrop bent over and began to drink.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed; "please don't! In your weak condition, I'm so afraid—" "Do not alarm yourself. I am perfectly well, and I am quite as competent to judge what is good for me as your—ah—countryman."

"Mr. Winthrop, I am thinking only of your own good." Winthrop took another deep draught, rinsed his fingers fastidiously, and arose.

"My dear Miss Genevieve," he observed, "a woman looks at these matters in such a different light from a man. But you should know that there are some things a gentleman cannot tolerate."

"You were welcome to all the water in the flask. Surely with that you could have waited, if only to please me." "Ah, if you put it that way, I must beg pardon. Anything to please you, I'm sure! Pray forgive me, and forget the incident. It is now past."

"I hope so!" she murmured; but her heart sank as she glanced at his sallow face, and she recalled his languid, feeble movements.

Piqued by her look, Winthrop started back through the glade. Miss Leslie was turning to follow, when she caught sight of a gorgeous crimson blossom under the nearest tree. It was the first flower she had seen since being shipwrecked. She uttered a lit-



tle cry of delight, and ran to pluck the blossom. Winthrop, glancing about at her exclamation, saw her stoop over the flower—and in the same instant he saw a huge, vivid coil, all black and green and yellow, flash up out of the bedded leaves and strike against the girl. She staggered back, screaming with horror, yet seemed unable to run.

Winthrop swung up his stick, and dashed across the glade toward her. "What is it—a snake?" he cried. The girl did not seem to hear him. She had ceased screaming, and stood rigid with fright, glaring down at the ground before her. In a moment Winthrop was near enough to make out the brilliant glistening body, now extended full length in the grass. It was nearly five feet long and thick as his thigh. Another step, and he saw the hideous triangular head, lifted a few inches over the thick neck. The cold eyes were fixed upon the girl in a malignant, deadly stare.

"Snake! snake!" he yelled, and thrust his cane at the reptile's tail. Again came a flashing leap of the beautiful orate coil, and the stick was struck from Winthrop's hand. He danced backward, wild with excitement.

"Snake!—HI, Blake! monster!—Run, Miss Leslie! I'll hold him—I'll get another stick!" He darted aside to catch up a branch, and then ran in and struck boldly at the adder, which reared hissing to meet him. But the blow fell short, and the rotten wood shattered on the ground. Again Winthrop ran aside for a stick. There was none near, and as he paused to glance about, Blake came sprinting down the glade.

"Where?" he shouted. "There—! Look out! You'll be on him!" Blake stopped short, barely beyond striking distance of the hissing reptile. "Wow!" he yelled. "Puff adder! I'll fix him."

He leaped back, and thrust his bow at the snake. The challenge was met by a vicious lunge. Even where he stood Winthrop heard the thud of the reptile's head upon the ground. "Now, once more, tootsie!" mocked Blake, swinging up his club. Again the adder struck at the bow tip, more viciously than before. With the flash of the stroke, Blake's right foot thrust forward, and his club came down with all the drive of his slinky arm behind it. The blow fell across the thickest part of the adder's outstretched body.

"Told you so! See him wiggle!" shouted Blake. "Broke his back, first lick—What's the matter, Miss Jenny? He can't do anything now." Miss Leslie did not answer. She stood rigid, her face ashy-gray, her dilated eyes fixed upon the writhing, hissing adder.

"I think the snake struck her!" gasped Winthrop, suddenly overcome with horror. "God!" cried Blake. He dropped his club, and rushed to the girl. In a mo-

ment he had knelt before and flung up her leopard-skin skirt. Her stockings ripped to shreds in his frantic grasp. There, a little below her right knee, was a tiny, red wound. Blake put his lips to it, and sucked with fierce energy.

Then the girl found her voice. "Go away—go away! How dare you!" she cried, as her face flushed scarlet. Blake turned, apart, and burst out with a loud demand of Winthrop: "Quick! the little knife—I'll have to slash it! Ten times worse than a rattlesnake—Lord! you're slow—I'll use mine!"

"Let go of me—let go! What do you mean, sir?" cried the girl, struggling to free herself. "Hold still, you little fool!" he shouted. "It's death—sure death, if I don't get the poison from that bite!" "I'm not bitten—Let go, I say! It struck in the fold of my skirt."

"For God's sake, Jenny, don't lie! It's certain death! I saw the mark—" "That was a thorn. I drew it out an hour ago." Blake looked up into her hazel eyes. They were blazing with indignant scorn. He freed her, and rose with clumsy slowness. Again he glanced at her quivering, scarlet face, only to look away with a sheepish expression.

"I guess you think I'm just a damned meddlesome idiot," he mumbled. She did not answer. He stood for a little, rubbing a finger across his sun-blistered lips. Suddenly he stopped and looked at the finger. It was streaked with blood.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Didn't stop to think of that! It's just as well for me, Miss Jenny, that wasn't an adder bite. A little poison on my sore lip would have done for me. Tea to one, we'd both have turned up our toes at the same time. Of course, though, that'd be nothing to you."

Miss Leslie put her hands before her face and burst into hysterical weeping. Blake looked around, far more alarmed than when facing the adder. "Here, you blooming ludd!" he shouted; "take the lady away, and be quick about it. She'll go dotty if she sees any more snake stunts. Clear out with her, while I smash the wriggler."

Winthrop, who had been staring fixedly at the beautiful coloring and loathsome form of the writhing adder, started at Blake's harsh command as though struck. "I—er—to be sure," he stammered, and darting around to the hysterical girl, he took her arm and hurried her away up the glade.

They had gone several paces when Blake came running up behind them. Winthrop looked back with a glance of inquiry. Blake shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "Give me your cigarette case. I've thought of something—Hold on; take out the cigarettes. Smoke 'em, if you like."

Case in hand, Blake returned to the wounded adder, and picked up his club. A second smashing blow would have ended the matter at once; but Blake did not strike. Instead, he feinted with his club until he managed to pin down the venomous head. The club lay across the monster's neck, and he held it fast with the pressure of his foot.

When, half an hour later, he wiped his knife on a wisp of grass and stood up, the cigarette case contained over a tablespoonful of a crystalline liquid. He peered in at it, his heavy jaw thrust out, his eyes glowing with savage elation.

"Talk about your meat trusts and Winchesters!" he exulted; "here's a whole carload of beef in this little box—enough dope to morganize a herd of steers. Good God, though, that was a close shave for her!"

His face sobered, and he stood for several moments staring thoughtfully into space. Then his gaze chanced to fall upon the great crimson blossom which had so nearly lured the girl to her death.

"Hello!" he exclaimed; "that's an amaryllis. Wonder if she wasn't coming to pick it?" He snapped shut the lid of the cigarette case, thrust it carefully into his shirt pocket, and stepped forward to pluck the flower. "Makes a fellow feel like a kid; but maybe it'll make her feel less sore at me."

He stood gazing at the flower for several moments, his eyes aglow with a soft blue light. "Whew!" he sighed; "if only—But what's the use? She's way out of my class—a rough brute like me! All the same, it's up to me to take care of her. She can't keep me from being her friend—and she sure can't object to my picking flowers for her."

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

POOR BOY.



"Dear me! Why do you cry so bitterly?" "I'm cryin' 'cause I'm so wicked dat I'm goin' ter pay hookey, instead of goin' ter school, boo hoo!"

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, sent by circular, free.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Soft Answer.

At a dinner in Bar Harbor a Boston woman praised the wit of the late Edward Everett Hale.

"Walking on the outskirts of Boston one day," she said, "he and I inadvertently entered a field that had a 'No Trespassing' sign nailed to a tree.

"Soon a farmer appeared.

"Trespassers in this field are prosecuted," he said in a grim tone.

"Dr. Hale smiled blandly.

"But we are not trespassers, my good man," he said.

"What are you then?" asked the amazed farmer.

"We're Unitarians," said Dr. Hale."

Expensive Silence.

Little four-year-old Alice was lying on the floor whining and crying steadily one afternoon, until, her father's patience exhausted, he called out to her: "Oh, stop, Alice, and I'll give you a penny."

Alice stopped only long enough to answer: "I can't stop for less than a nickel! Boohoo! Boohoo!"

Tuberculosis Among Soldiers.

For 1,000 active troops in the armies of the great world powers, the following figures show the percentage of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis: United States, 4.7; Great Britain and colonies, 2.4; France, 5.3; Germany, 1.5; Austria, 1.0, and Russia, 2.7.

A French Scholar.

As William bent over her fair face he whispered: "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?"

She, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed, "Billet doux."—Tit-Bits.

A Ready Explanation.

"What is the reason you were so late in discovering the north pole?"

"Well," answered the explorer, "you see they have such long nights in the arctic regions that I overslept."

A BANKER'S NERVE

Broken by Coffee and Restored by Postum.

A banker needs perfect control of the nerves, and a clear, quick, accurate brain. A prominent banker of Chattanooga tells how he keeps himself in condition:

"Up to 17 years of age I was not allowed to drink coffee, but as soon as I got out in the world I began to use it and grew very fond of it. For some years I noticed no bad effects from its use, but in time it began to affect me unfavorably. My hands trembled, the muscles of my face twitched, my mental processes seemed slow and in other ways my system got out of order. These conditions grew so bad at last that I had to give up coffee altogether.

"My attention having been drawn to Postum, I began its use on leaving off the coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a delicious beverage; like it just as well as I did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing symptoms that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 92 years old. I owe all this to Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plgs. Grocers sell.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.