SYNOPSIS

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Lealie, an American heiress Lord Wintrope, 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, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as proserver 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. Winthrope wasted 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. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope, They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosating high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on accounts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cilifs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie fared an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's ravern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie nude a dress from the leopard skin, Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope. Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever. Blake was polsoned by a fish. Jackalis attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned. After nearly dying. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyea. On a

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

When he came to the ant-hill, he found companions and honey altke He went on to the coccaunts. gone. There he came upon Winthrope stretched flat beside the skin of honey. Miss Leslie was seated a little way beyond, nervously bending a palm-leaf into shape for a hat.

"I say, Blake," drawled Winthrope, "you've been a deuced long time in coming. It was no end of a task to lug the honey-"

Blake brushed past without replying, and went on until he stood before the girl. As she glanced up at him, he held out the crimson blossom "Thought you might like posles," he

said, in a hesitating voice. Instead of taking the flower, she

drew back with a gesture of repul-'Oh, take it away!" she exclaimed.

Blake flung the rejected gift on the ground, and crushed it beneath his

"Catch me making a fool of myself again!" he growled.

"I-I did not mean it that wayreally I didn't, Mr. Blake. It was the thought of that awful snake."

But Blake, cut to the quick had turned away far too angry to heed what she said. He stopped short beside the Englishman; but only to sling the skin of honey upon his back. The load was by no means a light one. even for his strength. Yet he caught up the heavy pot as well, and made off across the plain at a pace which the others could not hope to equal.

As Winthrope rose and came forward to join Miss Leslie, he looked about closely for the bruised flower. It was nowhere in sight.

"Er-beg pardon, Miss Genevieve, but did not Blake drop the bloomer-blossom somewhere about here?" "Perhaps he did," replied Miss Les-He. She spoke with studied indifference.

"I-ah-saw the fellow exhibit his Impudence." Ye-es?"

"You know, I think it high time the bounder is taken down a peg."

"Ah, indeed! Then why do you not

"Miss Genevieve! you know that at present I am physically so much his

inferior-"How about mentally?"

Though the girl's eyes were veiled by their lashes, she saw Winthrope cast after Blake a look that seemed to her almost fiercely vindictive.

"Well?" she said, smiling, but watching him closely.

"Ah, indeed. However, this is now quite another matter. Has it not oc about this wild and perilous life was curred to you, my dear, that this entire so strange and unnatural to her that experience of ours since that beastly she found herself accepting the most storm is rather-er-compromising?"

You-you dare say such a thing! I'll go this instant and tell Mr. Blake!

Hegging your pardon, madam-but are you prepared to marry that barbarous clodhopper?"

"Marry? What do you mean, sir?" "Precisely that. It is a question of marriage, if you'll pardon me. And. you see, I flatter myself, that when it comes to the point, it will not be Blake, but myself-'

"Ah, indeed! And if I should pre-

fer neither of you?" "Begging your pardon-I fancy you will honor me with your hand, my dear. For one thing, you admit that I am a gentleman."

"Oh, indeed!" sible, how-er-embarrassing you



from him; then came the flood of crim

figures were a drove of huge cland.

son light, and he made out that the

His eyes flashed with eagerness. It

more was required than to pierce the

He put his fingers between his teeth

and sent out a piercing whistle. It

was a trick he had tried more than

once on deer and pronghorn antelope.

As he expected, the eland halted and

swing half around. Their ox-like sides

He rose and shot as they were

wheeling to fly. Before he could fit his

second arrow to the string the whole

herd were running off at a lumbering

gallop. He lowered his bow and walked

after the animals, smiling with grim

anticipation. He had seen his arrow

strike against the side of the young

So great was the abundance of meat

that Blake worked all the remainder

of the day and all night stringing the

flesh on the curing racks, and Miss

Leslie tried out pot after pot of fat

and tallow, until every spare vessel

was filled and she had to resort to a

hollow in the rock beside the spring.

Blake promised to make more pota

as soon as he could fetch the clay, but

he had first to dress the eland hide

Whatever their concern for the fu

bitter-the party, as a party, for the

extremely fortunate. They had a shel-

and from wild beasts; an abundance

of nutritious food, and, as material for

clothing, the bushbuck, hyena and

eland hides. To obtain more skins and

more meat Blake now knew would be

a simple matter so long as he had

case to moisten the tips of his ar

Even Winthrope's relapse proved far

less serious than might reasonably

have been expected. The fever soon

left him and within a few days he re

gained strength enough to care for

himself. Here, however, much to

Blake's perplexity and concern, his

progress seemed to stop, and all

Blake's urging could do no more than

cause him to move languidly from one

shady spot to another. He would re-

ceive Biake's orders with a smile and

a drawling "Ya-as, to be sure!"-and

Only in two ways did the invalid ex

hibit any signs of energy. He could

and did eat with a heartiness little short

insist upon seeking opportunities to

press his attentions upon Miss Leslie.

He was careful to avoid all offensive

remarks; yet the veriest commonplace

from his lips was now an offense to

the girl. While he needed her as

nurse she had endured his talk as part

then absolutely ignore the matter.

rows.

he was careful not to let her see.

presented a mark hard to miss.

bull at which he had aimed.



currences-above all, to-day's-noised | could see large forms moving away for you!"

abroad to the vulgar crowd, or even among your friends-"

"What do you mean? What do you want?" cried the girl, staring at him with a deepening fear in her bewildered eyes. "Believe me, my dear, it grieves me

to so perturb you; but-er-love must have its way, you know."

"You forget. There is Mr. Blake." "Ah, to be sure! But really now, you would not ask, or even permit him to murder me; and one is not legally bound, you know, to observe promises-a pledge of silence, for example -when extorted under duress, under violence, you knew."

Miss Leslie looked the Englishman up and down, her brown eyes sparkling with quick-returning anger. He met her scorn with a smile of smug complacency.

"Cad!" she cried, and turning her back upon him, she set out across the plain after Blake.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Eavesdropper Caught.

VU/2 VEN had it not been for her doubts of Blake, the girl's modesty would have caused her to think twice before repeating to him the Englishman's insulting proposal. While she yet hesitated and delayed. Winthrope came down with a second attack of fever. Blake, who until ther had held himself sullenly apart from him as well as from Miss Leslie, at once softened to a gentler, or, at least, to a more considerate mood. Though his speech and bearing continued morose, he took upon himself all the duties of night nurse, besides working and foraging several hours each day.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, she found herself tending the invalid through the daytime almost as though nothing had happened. But everything unconventional relations as a regular consequence of the situation. She was feverishly eager for anything that might cocupy her mind; for she felt that to brood over the future might mean madness. The mere thought of the possibilities was far too terrifying to be calmly dwelt upon. Though slight, there had been some little comfort in the belief that she could rely on Winthrope. But now she was left alone with her doubt and dread. Even of that shown by Blake, and he would if she had nothing to fear from Blake. there were all the savage dangers of the coast, and behind those, far worse, the fever.

A little before dawn he dipped two of his new arrow-heads in the sticky contents of the cigarette case, fitted them carefully to their shafts and stole of her duty. But now she felt that she "One moment, please! I am trying away down the cleft. Dawn found him to intimate to you, as delicately as pos- crouched low in the grass where the overflow from the pool ran out into man was, as she supposed, enjoying would find it to have these little oc- the plain along its little channel. He a noonday slesta down towards the

who had been up on the cliff for eggs. "Hello!" he saug out, as he swung down the tree, one hand gripping the clay pot in which he had gathered the "What you doing out in the oggs. sun? Get into the shade." She stepped into the shade and waited until he had climbed down the

pile of stones which he had built for stops at the foot of the tree.

"Mr. Blake," she began, "could not do this work-gather the eggs?" "You could, if I'd let you, Miss Jenny. But it strikes me you've got quite enough to do. Tell you the truth, I'd like to make Win take it in Puck. hand again. But all my cussing won't budge him an inch, and, you know,

when it comes to the rub, I couldn't

wallop a fellow who can hardly

stand up." "Is he really so weak?" she mur-

"Well, you know how- Say, you don't mean that you think he's shamming?" "I did not say that I thought so, Mr.

Blake. I do not care to talk about him. What I wish is that you will let me attend to this work." "Couldn't think of it, Miss Jenny! You're already doing your share."

"Mr. Blake-if you must know-I wish to have a place where I can go and be apart-alone." Blake scowled. "Alone with that

dude! He'd soon find enough strength to climb up with you on the cliff."

"I-ah-Mr. Blake, would be be apt to follow me, if I told you distinctly I should rather be alone?"

"Would be? Well, I should rather guess not!" cried Blake, making no attempt to conceal his delight. "I'll give him a hint that'll make his hair curl. From now on, nobody climbs up this tree but you, without first asking your permission."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake! You are very kind.

"Kind to let you do more work! But say, I'll help out all I can on the other work. You know, Miss Jenny-a rough fellow like me don't know how to say it, but he can think it just the same-I'd do anything in the world

As he spoke, he held out his rough, powerful hand. She shrank back a little and caught her breath in sudden fright. But when she met his was a long shot; but he knew that no steady gaze, her fear left her as quickly as it had come. She impulsively skin on any part of his quarry's body. thrust out her hand and he seized it is a grip that brought the tears to her

"Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny!" he murmured, utterly unconscious that he was hurting her, "you know now that I'm your friend, Miss Jenny!

"Yes, Mr. Blake," she answered blushing and drawing her hand free. "I selieve you are a friend-I believe I can trust you."

"You can, by-Jiminy! But say," be continued, blundering with dense stupidity, "do you really mean that? Can you forgive me for being so confounded meddlesome the other day after the snake-

stant she was facing him, as on that ventful day, scarlet with shame and inger. "How dare you speak of it?" she

He stopped short, for upon the in

cried. "You're-you're not a gentlemant

Before he could reply she turned and left him, walking rapidly and with her head held high. Blake stared after her in bewilderment.

and prepare a new stock of thread and "Well, what in-what in thunder cord from parts of the animal which have I done now?" he exclaimed. "La dies are certainly mighty funny! To go off at a touch-and just when I ture-and even Blake's was keen and thought we were going to be chums! But then, of course, I've the whole time being might have been considered thing to learn about nice girls-like ter secure alike from the weather

"I-ah-must certainly agree with you there, Blake," drawled Winthrope, from beside the nearest bush. Blake turned upon him with savage

"You dirty sneak!-you gentle-You've been eavesdropping!" man! The Englishman's yellow face paled to a sallow mottled gray. He had

enough poison left in the cigarette seen the same look in Blake's eyes twice before, and this time Blake was far more angry.

"You sneak!-you sham gent!" re peated the American, his voice sinkng ominously. Winthrope dropped in an abject

heap, as though Blake had struck him with his club. "No, no!" he protested, shrilly, "I

am a real-I am-I'm a not-"That's it-you're a not! That's rue!" broke in Blake, with sudden grim humor. "You're a nothing. A fellow can't even wipe his shoes on nothing!

The change to sarcasm came as an immense relief to Winthrope.

"Ah, I say now, Blake," he drawled, pulling together his assurance the instant the dangerous light left Blake's eyes, "I say, now, do you think it fair to pick on a man who is so much your er-who is ill and weak?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Uncie William-Yes, Willie, I have had my nose to the grindstone all my could no longer do so. Taking advantage of a time when the English-

Willie-Is that what made it so red, uncle?-Stray Stories.

HAD A BETTER SUGGESTION

Peruna Secrets You Should Know

Golden Scal, the root of the above

plant, is a very useful medicine. Many

people gather it in our rich woodlands

during the summer. Few people know

how valuable it is in dyspepsia, catarrh.

Many thousand pounds of this root are

used each year in the famous catarrh

remedy, Peruna, This fact explains why

Wipe it off your otherwise

good looking face-put on that

good health smile that CAS-

CARETS will give you-as

Constipation-or a torpid liver.

It's so easy-do it-you'll see.

CASCARETS Do a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Diggert seller in the workt. Million boxes a month.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

result from the cure of

everybody uses Peruna for catarrh.

Sickly Smile

and as a general tonto.

And, Coupled with the Unchaining of the Dog, It Was Carried Unanimously.

"Well!" demanded the stern-faced woman as she leaned over the redhandled broom, "what do you want?" "Lady," said the wayfarer, with the long beard and matted hair, "I'm an actor by profession and in hard luck."

"Woll, what have I to do with that?" "Why-er-I was thinking if you could spare me a quarter to get a shave and a hair cut I could get a job in the role of Virginius."

"Oh, that's a poor excuse," she said, with a curl of her thin lip. "Go up to the town without a shave and a bair cut and get a job in the role of Rip Van Winkle.

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog.

Case of Loneliness.

Knicker-Why does he keep so many servants, do you know? Bocker-He got one girl because it was so lonely for his wife, and another because it was so lonely for the cook, and the third because it was lonely for cook and the waitress .-

In Confidence.

"Do your cows give much milk? queried the fair summer boarder. "Do they?" echoed the old farmer Say, jist atween yew an' me, they give so all-fired much that we diloot

with it."-Chicago Daily News. Home is the place a married man stays while they are cleaning house at

th' well water we sell tew th' campers

his club. Ever hear of a man getting rich by following the advice given in books on

the subject? Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces in
fammation, allays pain, cures wind colls. Mea sottle. A homely truth is better than a

handsome lie. Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

Great men do not drop out of the

sky in evening dress.

DEFIANCE STARCH—In Pickage

"DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 44-1909.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician-an experienced and skilled specialist in

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers ere not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be the cour life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

The Wizard of Horticulture

Hon. Luther Burbank says: "Delicious is a gem-the finest apple in all the world. It is the best in quality of any apple I have so far tested."

And Mr. Burbank knows.

Delicious is but one of the hundreds of good things in Stark Trees-the good things you should know about before you plant this fall or next spring.

Let us tell you about them by writing to-day for our complete, illustrated pricelist-catalogue which describes our complete line of fruit trees, ornamentals, etc.

Wanted

A Bright, Capable Man in each county of this state to sell Stark Trees on commission. No previous experience necessary. The work is pleasant, clean work, highly profitable; and the positions are permanent to the right men.

Many of our salesmen are earning \$50 to \$80 per mouth and expenses; some are making more. You can do as well or better if you're a hustler and trying to succeed.

No investment called for; we furnish complete order-getting outfit freeand the most liberal contract

For complete information address the Sales Manager of

Stark Bros., N. & O. Co., Louisiana, Mo.

Smokeless Oil Heater

The automatically-locking Smokeless Device is an exclusive feature of the Perfection Oil Hearer. This

Automatic Smokeless Device

the wick to rise to a point where it CAN smoke, yet perm ; flame that sheds a steady, glowing heat without a while

No one heater in the world compares with the



PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Devices

Turn the wick high or low-no smoke, no smell. Burns for 9 hours with one filling.

The locking device on the inside of the draught tube holds the wick below the smoke zone-always responds, and automatically, insuring perfect combustion and utmost heat without the slightest trace of smoke. Oil Indicator. Damper top, Cool handle, Finished in Nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)