

SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><text>

CHAPTER XXIV .-- Continued.

The lion stilled his roars and crouched as if to spring, snarling and grinning with rage and uncertainty. His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the mid-day sun, blinked incessant ly, though he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of at titude.

In his blind animal rage Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the llon half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls. Blake let the club slip from beneath other way, and he won't come back his arm and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His off. Jump up now and we'll do a jig outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all



"The Man | Love!"

She faltered and lay shuddering. Fear- | shake hands on it like two real comful that she was about to swoon again rades-Blake slapped her hand between his She struck frantically at his out

palms with stinging force. "You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the in a hurry with that fire to head him

on the strength of it." She attempted a smile, and a trace

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea monster. "Siren!" shouted Blake, whirling

about. The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as though he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff and begin to wave and shout like a madman. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men gathering about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff. But Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's somewhere in the world." come now. You needn't--" "Your affinity?" said hi

"Let me by! I'm going to meet them. I want to-" But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom!" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one-anything can possibly come between us! Let it earth." be a part of our life here-here, where I've learned how brave and true a real man can be!"

"And then have him prove himself found the woman of your dreams." sneak!" he cried. "No; I won't, till I've seen your father. Ten to one he'll not hear of it-he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girlie, and I'm a poor man. can't give them to you-'

She laid a hand on his mouth and smiled up at him in tender mockery. "Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving

my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife?"

"No, Jenny!" he protested, trying to draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends things may look different. hink of your sochty friends! Wall till you see me with other men-gentlemen! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary-"Hush!" she cried, and she again



Merchant-What? You were robbed of everything on the way? Messenger-Yes, but don't worry. They gave me a receipt.

The Vacant Chair.

What sad memories linger around the old vacant chair. Sitting in the middle of the floor, with a plaintive look about its frayed and seemingly weary back, it brings back a tumultuous riot of sad recollections that time can never efface. Volumes of bitter anguish come to me when I arrive home in time to catch the milkman swiping the loose furniture around the place, and take off my shoes to avoid publicity, and strike my best toe against the rocker of the old vacant chair. Then, forgetting for the moment my unclad feet, I kick the chair on the other rocker. That is when

the sadness and suffering that lingers around the old chair comes out with an extra edition and great chunks of gloom settle over me like a herd of illnatured files,-Oregon Journal.

He Didn't Find Her.

"When I was a young man," re-marked Mr. Bilkins, crossing his legs in a leisurely fashion and puffing an after-dinner cigar, "I used to dream of a woman who was waiting for me

"Your affinity?" said his guest.

"Exactly, I used to think of her as fulfilling all my ideals of perfect womanhood. She was a delight, a creature with whom existence would be a poem, a sweet song, an ecstasy of bliss and home a paradise on

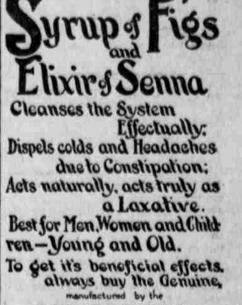
"And I am sure," said the diplomatic guest, having Mrs. Bilkins in mind-"I am sure," said he, "that you

"Eh-hum-hum!" coughed Mr. Bil-Jenny! I've got you to think of. Wait kins. "Here comes Mrs. Bilkins. Suppose we change the subject."

Fishing Extraordinary. Representative Flood of Virginia tells a good story in which one of the characters was Gen. Reuben Lindsay Walker of the confederate army. On one occasion the general was waiting for his breakfast, and his faithful negro servant had gone to catch some fish for the feast. When the servant was away an unusually long time the general called to him impatiently:

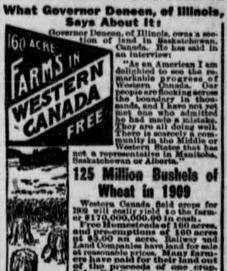
"Why don't you come here with that fish, Sam?"

Sam in the meantime had caught a flounder, which is white on one side, with a whiteness that looks like ra fish meat. "All right, Massa Reuben!" called out Sam. "I'se comin' des ez soon ez I kotch de uvver ha'f o' dis here fish." -Washington Times.





WESTERN CANAD/



W. V. BENNETT on 4 Bee Bidg. Omaha (Use address nearest you.)





SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE GENUINE must bear signature : Areut Good

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I be-gan taking Cascarets for constipation. In

the course of a week I noticed the piles

George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

ning up the cleft.

could of color showed in her cheeks. With

stretched hand. "Keep away-I hate you!" she cried. Before he could speak she was run-CHAPTER XXV.

In Double Salvation.

that he knew he nerves drive home both arrows and still have time to swing his club before the beast was upon him.

A puff of wind struck against his back and swept on the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and, whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran he drew the burning glass from his fob and flipped it open ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire ate its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst through that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultance in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering if she was dead. His brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the tepid water in her face when she moaned and her eyellds began to flutter. He flung down the flask and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom!" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right." he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke? Is that why it seems so- I can hardly breathe-'

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right see her blushing face. now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so when I saw that dreadful thing leap-" awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and

an idea that action would further her recovery he drew her to a sitting position, stepped quickly behind, and, with his hands beneath her elbows, lifted her upright. But she was still too weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm-I'm just a little dizzy," she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way-Tom, I-I think you are the bravest man-'

"Yes, yes-but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club he walked back past the girl with his eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

Inside the barricade Blake was waiting to close the opening. She crept through and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

'Tom, look at me," she said. "Once was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest-the noblest man-'

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."

"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are-

"I'm a blackguard-do you hear?" "No blackguard is brave. The way

you faced that terrible beast-" "Yes, blackguard-to've gone and shown to you that I-to've let you say a single word-Can't you see? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman-but to go and let you know, before we'd got back among people!"

"But-but, Tom, why not, if we-" "No!" he retorted, harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran-"

"No, you shall not- You shall not go off and leave me, and-and risk your life! I can't bear to think of it! Stay with me, Tom-dear! Even if a

ship never came-" He turned resolutely, so as not to

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said

4 HEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning, the girl slowly drew open her door and came out of the cave Blake was nowhere in sight, She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft she gathered up a hamper of

food and fled to the tree-ladder. As she drew herself up on the cliff she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward beyond it there was a much larger volume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the

headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him. She paused, her cheeks aflame. But

the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not he had descended at the north end of the cleft and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a here! sigh she started on toward the signal

staff. She was close upon the border of the bird colony when Blake sat up and

she found herself staring into his blinking eyes. "Hello!" he mumbled, drowsily. He

sprang up wide awake, and flushing with the guilty conscicusness of what he had done. "Look at the sun-way up! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse-

"Don't!" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes; yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by 'pretty late.' You've been up all night."

"No, I haven't. Not all night-" "To be sure! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake! Now sit down and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to

way. You see-"Tom!" she protested

placed her hand on his mouth. "You sha'n't say such cruel things about Tom -my Tom-the man I trust-that I-" Her arms slipped about his neck and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't!" he begged, hoarsely. "Tain't fair I-I can't stand it!" "The man I love!" she whispered. He crushed her to him in his great

arms "My little girl!-dear little girl!"

he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair. She snuggled her face closer against

his shoulder and replied in a very small voice: "I-I suppose you know that ship captains can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet!" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father-" "Please listen!" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing. "What is it?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed. The muffied voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake-really I will! I-I hope we can manage to struggle along-

somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three-three million: but-" "What!" he demanded, and he held

her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I'd-'

"You'd never have given me a chance to-to propose to you, you dear old silly!" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled flower. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You-kept it!'

"Because - because, even then, then, down in the bottom of my heart. I had begun to realize-to know what you were like-and of course that meant- Tom, tell me! Do you think I'm utterly shameless? Do you blame me for being the one to-to-'

"Blame you!" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkle in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

THE END.

Trying.

will try all the Christian graces of the get to the river and set to work. I'll average man, it is to crawl into a union suit on a chilly morning only to discover that the washerwoman has turned it wrong side out.

His Retort.

Newzance-Do you know, young man, that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?

began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new Karmley-Really! And possibly you are aware that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business .-- Pearson's Weekly.

Indorsing Shackleton's Claim.

Grimm-I'm inclined to have coniderable confidence in Explorer Shackleton.

Primm-Why?

Grimm-He may be a little too posttive in assorting that he didn't discover the south pole, but I'm ready to give him the benefit of the doubt .--**Cleveland** Plain Dealer.

Financial.

Stella-Isn't Mabel going to marry the duke?

Bella-No, he rejected the budget.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every dring store and in practically every home. by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

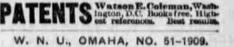
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. children testhing, softens the guras, reduces in-mation, allays pain, cures wind collo. 25c a bottle. It's one thing to run into debt and

another to crawl out.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.





The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R.V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N.Y.

If there is anything on earth that

get some jerked beef and eat it on the