

Good Morning

Why Suffer With Headaches

Others have been completely relieved by wearing our headache glasses—so may you.

Geo. W. Reneker, O. D., M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Falls City, Neb.

Give Me Your Order for

Coal and Wood.
Home Grown Potatoes at 75c per bushel.
Red Seal Flour.
Buckwheat and Graham Flour.
Wisconsin Rye Flour.
Rock Salt, Barrel Salt. Sack Salt—any size.
Oil Meal.
Tankage.
Cider Vinegar at 25c per gallon
Gasoline at 20c per gallon.
Coal Oil at 15c per gallon.
I pay cash for Poultry and Eggs
Highest Market Price paid for Hides and Furs.
Don't forget me when in need of Coal and Wood.

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Best Work . . . Most Reasonable Prices

Burlington Route

West Bound
No. 13—Denver Exp. 1:50 a. m.
No. 15—Denver Exp. (Local) . . . 1:43 p. m.
No. 43—Portland Exp. 10:17 p. m.
No. 41—Portland Exp. 2:29 p. m.
No. 121—Lincoln Loc. via Nebraska City 5:00 a. m.

East Bound
No. 14—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 7:41 a. m.
No. 44—St. J., K. C. & St. L. (Local) 11:02 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:30 p. m.
No. 42—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 7:00 p. m.
No. 122—From Lincoln, via Nebraska City 8:45 p. m.
E. G. WHITFORD, Agent.

MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN

Passenger Trains

South Bound
Tr. 104—St. Louis Mail and Express 1:23 p. m.
Tr. 106—Kansas City Exp. . . . 3:41 a. m.
Tr. 132 x—K. C. local leaves . . . 7:30 a. m.
Tr. 138 x—Falls City arrives 9:00 p. m. x—Daily except Sunday

North Bound
Tr. 103—Nebraska Mail and Express 1:52 p. m.
Tr. 105—Omaha Express 2:23 a. m.
Tr. 137 x—Omaha local leaves 6:15 a. m.
Tr. 131 x—Falls City local arrives 8:45 p. m. x—Daily except Sunday

Local Frt. Trains Carrying Passengers

North Bound
Tr. 192x—To Atchison 11:10 a. m.

South Bound
Tr. 191x—To Auburn 1:23 p. m.
J. B. VARNER, Agent

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ATTORNEY
Practice in Various Courts.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—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.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, 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.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—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 Winthrop.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mark of the Beast.

MORNING found Winthrop more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the half-dried seaweed. To charge upon the thieves and put them to flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, with his broad back to Winthrop, when Miss Leslie appeared. The sudden cessation of Winthrop's complaints brought his companion around on the instant. The girl stood before him, clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" he exclaimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"I fear it will be warm. Do you think it becoming?" she asked, flushing, and turning as though to show the fit of the costume.

"Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

"Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"If it's put up. Seems a pity, though, to do that, when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little colony of our own?"

Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her face became white as the cloth.

"Well?" demanded Blake soberly, though his eyes were twinkling.

"You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly, and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he admitted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie murmured her thanks, and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrop to accompany him.

"You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he added. "You haven't been on the cliff yet, and you ought to celebrate the occasion."

"No, thank you," replied the girl. "I'm still unprepared to climb precipices, even though my costume is that of a savage."

"Savage? Great Scott! that leopard dress would win out against any set of Russian furs a-going, and I've heard they're considered all kinds of dog. Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there up."

"You will excuse me, please."

"Yes, you can go alone," interposed Winthrop. "I am indisposed this morning, and, what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly come to an end. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Leslie is a lady, and if she don't want to go, that settles it. But as for you,

you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrop cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake—Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered, "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and's no more to blame for doing the baby act than he'll be when he gets the delirium, and gabbles."

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrop.

"You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing— Do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrop. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impertinence? In England, now, such 'That'll do,' broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrop turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrop, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surface of the hide. Fetching the penknives and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrop to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

The one difficulty was to reach the lower branches. She could hardly touch them with her finger-tips. But her barbaric costume must have inspired her. She listened for a moment, and hearing no sound to indicate the return of the men, clasped the upper side of the trunk with her hands and knees, and made an energetic attempt to climb. The posture was far from dignified, but the girl's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she found herself slowly mounting.

When, flushed and breathless, she gained a foothold among the branches, she looked down at the ground, and permitted herself a merry little giggle such as she had not indulged in since leaving boarding-school. She had actually climbed a tree! She would show Mr. Blake that she was not so helpless as he fancied.

At the thought, she clambered on up, finding that the branches made convenient steps. She did not look back, and the screen of treetops beneath saved her from any sense of giddiness. As her head came above the level of the cliff, she peered through the foliage, and saw the signal-flag far over near the end of the headland. The big piece of white duck stood out bravely against the blue sky, all the more conspicuous for the flocks of frightened seaweal which wheeled above and around it.

Surprised that she did not see the men, Miss Leslie started to draw herself up over the cliff edge. She heard Winthrop's voice a few yards away to her left. A sudden realization

that the Englishman might consider her exploit ill-bred caused her to sink back out of sight.

She was hesitating whether to descend or to climb on up, when Winthrop's peevish whine was cut short by a loud and angry retort from Blake. Every word came to the girl's ears with the force of a blow.

"You do, do you? Well, I'd like to know where in hell you come in. She's not your sister, nor your mother, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been damned close-mouthed over it."

There was an irritable, rasping murmur from Winthrop, and again came Blake's loud retort. "Look here, young man, don't you forget you called me a cad once before. I can stand a good deal from a sick man; but I'll give it to you straight, you'd better cut that out. Call me a brute or a savage if that'll let off your steam; but, understand, I'm none of your English kinds."

Again Winthrop spoke, this time in a fretful whine.

Blake replied with less anger: "That's so; and I'm going to show you that I'm the real thing when it comes to being a sport. Give up my word, I'll make no move till you're through the fever and on your legs again. What I'll do then depends on my own sweet will, and don't you forget it. I'm not after her fortune. It's the lady herself that takes my fancy. Remember what I said to you when you called me a cad the other time. You had your turn aboard ship. Now I can do as I please; and that's what I'm going to do, if I have to kick you over the cliff end first, to shut off your pesky interference."

The girl crouched back into the withered foliage, dazed with terror. Again she heard Blake sneer. He had dropped into a bitter snarl.

"No chance? It's no nerve, you mean. You could brain me, easy enough, any night—just walk up with a club when I'm asleep. Trouble is, you're like most other under dogs—'frail that if you licked your boss, there'd be no soup bones. So I guess I'm slated to stay boss of this colony—grand Poo Bah and Mikado, all in one. Understand? You mind your own business, and don't go to interfering with me any more!"

Now, if you've stared enough at the lady's stilt—"

The threat of discovery stung the girl to instant action. With almost frantic haste, she scrambled down to the lower branches, and sprang to the leap even in childhood. She struck lightly but without proper balance, and pitched over sideways. Her hands chanced to alight upon the remnants of leopard skin. Great as was her fear, she stopped to gather all together in the edge of her skirt before darting up the cleft.

At the baobab she turned and gazed back along the cliff edge. Before she had time to draw a second breath, she caught a glimpse of Blake's palm-leaf hat, near the crown of the ladder tree.

"O-o-h!—he didn't see me!" she murmured. Her frantic strength vanished, and a deathly sickness came upon her. She felt herself going, and sought to kneel to ease the fall.

She was roused from the swoon by Blake's resonant shout: "Hey, Miss Jenny! where are you? We've got your laundry on the pole in fine shape!"

The girl's flaccid limbs grew tense, and her body quivered with a shudder of dread and loathing. Yet she set her little white teeth, and forced herself to rise and go out to face the men. Both met her look with a blank stare of consternation.

"What is it, Miss Genevieve?" cried Winthrop. "You're white as chalk!"

"It's the fever!" growled Blake. "She's in the cold stage. Get a pot on. We'll—"

"No, no; it's not that! It's only— I've been frightened!"

"Frightened?"

"By a—a dreadful beast!"

"Beast!" repeated Blake, and his pale eyes flashed as he sprang across to where his bow and arrows and his club leaned against the baobab. "I've had no beast nosing around my doorway! Must be that skulking lion I heard last night. I'll show him!" He caught up his weapons and stalked off down the cleft.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrop. "The man really must be mad. Call him back, Miss Genevieve. If anything should happen to him—"

"If only there might!" gasped the girl.

"Why, what do you mean?"

She burst into a hysterical laugh. "Oh! oh! it's such a joke—such a joke! At least he's not a hyena—oh, no; a brave beast! Hear him shout! And he actually thinks it's a lion! But it isn't—It's himself! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Miss Genevieve, what do you mean? Be calm, pray, be calm!"

"Calm!—when I heard what he said? Yes; I heard every word! In the top of the tree—"

"In the tree? Heavens! Miss—er—Miss Genevieve!" stammered Winthrop, his face paling. "Did you— did you hear all?"

"Everything—everything he said! What shall I do? I am so frightened! What shall I do?"

"Everything he said?" echoed Winthrop.

"You spoke too low for me to hear; but I'm sure you faced him like a gentleman—I must believe it of you—"

Winthrop drew in a deep breath. "Ah, yes; I did, Miss Genevieve—I assure you. The beast! Yet you see the plight I am in. It is a nasty muddle—indeed it is! But what can I do? He is strong as a gorilla. Really, there is only one way—no doubt you heard him taunt me over it. I assure you I should not be afraid—but it would be so horrid—so cold-blooded. As a gentleman, you know—"

Continued next week.

Public Sale

Having sold my farm and decided to quit farming and move to town, I will sell at Public Sale, 3 1/4 miles northwest of Salem and 5 miles southeast of Dawson, the following described property, on

Tuesday, Feb. 16th

9 HORSES AND MULES 9

One span gray mares, 5 years old, wt. about 1600 each—both bred; one sorrel mare, 9 years old, wt. 1250; family mare, with foal—a fine driver; one brown horse, wt. 1250; one roan mare 10 years old, wt. 1075—family mare, works any place; one suckling colt, extra good; one horse colt, 2 years old; one mule colt, 1 year old; one suckling mule colt.

20 HEAD OF CATTLE 20

Five milch cows, all good, four of them just fresh; three yearling heifers, all bred; five good steer calves; three heifer calves; four little calves; two milch cows; three yearling steers; one yearling heifer and a steer calf.

IMPLEMENTS

One Deering binder, press drill, riding lister, single row corn drill, riding cultivator, double-row walking cultivator, Currier disc harrow, one 16-foot harrow, hay rake, mower, end-gate seeder, 16-in. riding plow, 14-in. walking plow, Harrison wagon, low wagon, with rack on carriage—good as new; top buggy, cistern pump, two sets work harness, set of double driving harness, set single harness, two sets heavy fly nets, saddle and bridle—good as new; two barrels with hog waterers, grindstone, iron kettle, lard press, DeLavel cream separator, 20-foot ladder, 150 bu. oats, 50 bu. spelts, single-row disc monitor, alfalfa hay in barn, etc.

TERMS OF SALE

All sums of \$10 and under, cash. On all sums over \$10 a credit of 8 months will be given without interest, if paid when due; if not, to draw 10 per cent interest from date. 3 per ct. off for cash.

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Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6
Reserve, Kansas
Thursday, Feb. 4

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They will not sag in Summer's heat nor break in the cold of Winter. They are made of the best material for fencing purposes. They will conform to the most uneven ground and can be erected over hills and through valleys as well as on level ground. They have MANY other points of merit.

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