

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Lerlie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an American nercess, Lord win-thrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhab-ited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk-en stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, here up of big roughness became a here en stupor. 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. 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. at-tacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weari-ness. He taunted Winthrope. They en-tered the jungle. tcred the jungle.

CHAPTER V .-- Continued. "You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets." "It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside the thorns pierced her delicate skin until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree. "By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope,



over and pressed down on his ankles; the girl feared he would roll from the



A colored man was tried the other day before a Charlestown court for stealing some clothes from a young white man. A pretty clear case was made out against the colored man and he confessed. "I reckon I ain't got nothin' to say,

white folks," he said with humility. 'ceptin' hit's jes laik it is."

"Well, since you admit your guilt,' said the judge, "I will try to make it their sheltering hollow. As before light for you. But first we will have to get an estimate of the value of the "Bet you're right," he said. "The clothing. Mr. Plaintiff, what do you big one has gone off, and a pack o

Blake was the first to recover.

and get our share of the game."

bad!" protested Miss Leslie.

going to do for the next meal?"

be no end of game about."

"We could practice."

cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

flints we're after now."

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but cocoanul

"Sure-six weeks' training on ail

pudding. I can do better with a hand

"I've heard that natives have no

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen

em do it. Never could make a go of

scrap over the bones."

the nasty beasts."

a fearful noise!"

us already."

thrope.

shoes."

anyway."

ful of stones."

trouble-"

it myself, though."

Where's my club?"

I suppose. Well, here goes."

remembered Miss Leslie.

and felt the injured ankle.

ing, and there is no pain now."

a way to get over the river."

He threw down his club and dropped

frowned, and turned to Winthrope.

face," he grunted. "How's your

Winthrope wriggled his foot about

"I fancy it is much better," he an-

"That's lucky; though it will tune

swered. "There seems to be no swell

up later. Take a slide, now. We've

got to hustle our breakfast and find

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Which Carry at Sea.

Examinations by naval experts in

wireless telephony as to the sound

which will carry the greatest distance

at sea develops that a siren under 72

"Um! you got it, too, and in the

beasts."

isked.

thorns.

ankle?"

these African coyotes are having

"You mean jackals. It sounds like

"If it wasn't for that fog I'd go down

Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with

value these articles at?" "The dress suit cost me \$80, your honor," replied the young man, "the overcoat \$75 and the silk hat \$10."

"Mr. Jedge," broke in the accused, "I'd lak ter say des one word befo' you goes any fudder."

"Would it not be very dangerous "All right; go ahead."

"I submit dat I tuk dem clo'es, boss man; but at no sich prices as dem!"

Laundry work at home would be rope: but that's not the proposition You don't find me fooling around it much more satisfactory if the right that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost Starch were used. In order to get the right where we are till the sun doei desired stiffness, it is usually necesfor it. We've got enough malaria it sary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is "Will it be long, Blake?" asked Win hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the "Huh? Getting hungry this quick! appearance, but also affects the wear-Wait till you've tramped around a ing quality of the goods. This trouweek, with nothing to eat but your ble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied "Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be sc much more thinly because of its great-

## New England English.

palms don't blow over every day, and Complaint was made to a local man when those nuts are gone what are we by one of his employes that boys wbo were swimming in a pond were caus-"Could we not make bows?" sug ing quite a nuisance. The owner of gested Winthrope. "There seems to the property gave the man the privilege of putting up a sign, as he had "Bows-and arrows without points! asked permission to do it. The no-Neither of us could hit a barn door tice reads as follows:

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"Now you're talking-and it's Pike sticks?" said Winthrope, recalling his tulip.-Henry Ward Beecher.



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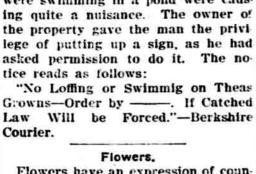
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"a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, 20 feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

branch.

Listen!'

"What?"

hair bristled as his imagination pic-

tured one of the great cats creeping

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper. one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's most gone, and twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie.'

Blake stifled an oath and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again it was looped around and fastened in a bowbeasts of prey. line knot

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard and thrope, Blake conceded that the roars we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said. of his lion might be nothing worse

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, i guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a 50-foot prospect hole-big fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over 120."

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child. and he was lying flat. How could he left her above the level of the branch?

with all her strength. hollow. At last her limbs became so The loose end of the creeper had cramped that she was compelled to scratch around for a flint good and fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch and Winthrope change her position. She leaned plenty before we waste time that was already slipping into the loop. back upon her elbow, determined to way.' Blake ordered him to take it off and rise again and maintain her watch send up the club. As the creeper was the moment she was rested. But Leslie. again flung down a black shadow sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the junswept over the jungle. "Hello! Sunset!" called Blake gle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was ly-"Look sharp, there!" ing upon Winthrope's shoulder and she clearly, and there is not a sign of the "All ready," responded Winthrope. Blake drew in a full breath, and be was fast asleep. As Blake had asserted, the mosgan to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed

quitoes had either been blown away 30 or 40 pounds more than Miss Lesby the cyclone or did not fly to such lie. But as the Englishman came a height. None came to trouble the within reach of the descending loop exhausted sleepers. he grasped it and did what he could

to ease Blake's efforts. A few mo mer's found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him.

Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the

"You may do, after all," he said. 'At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that?" "Lion, I guess- Not that yelping.

The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night. and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nadirectly beneath them. ture of their surroundings. With the "Lie still," he whispered. "We're gathering night the jungle wakened

> something down below us.' All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim. "The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soon be able to see

"And he us," rejoined Blake. than the snorting of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope pres-

ently reasserted his belief in the dense white fog. climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or tered Blake-"fevor-fog!" not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's

start back and crouch down again in Familien Zeitung, Vienna.



Signature of Chalff, Thitchird "But if you remember how it is In Use For Over 30 Years. done we have at least some chance-' The Kind You Have Always Bought. "Give you ten to one odds! No: we'll

Spectacular Oil Fire. The most spectacular fire ever with nessed in the oil industry was at one "The mist is going," observed Miss of the Des Bocas wells in Mexico. About 60,000 barrels of oil were "That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights "They've all left," said Winthrope of 800 to 1,400 feet. peering down. "I can see the ground

#### A Series of Breakages. "Banks had his engagement bro-

"There are the bones-what's left of ken." them," added Blake. "It's a small deer "Did he take it hard?"

"Yes; after it was broken off, he

was all broken up, and then he broke

the loose end of the creeper after it down." As the line straightened he twisted the A Rare Good Thing. "Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and upper part around his leg and was about to slide to the ground when he can truly say I would not have been with-out it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.-Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c Ask to-day

"Think you can make it alone?" he

The girl held up her hands, sore and 25c. Ask to-day. swollen from the lacerations of the Innovation. Blake looked at them

Stella-Did she have an unusual redding?

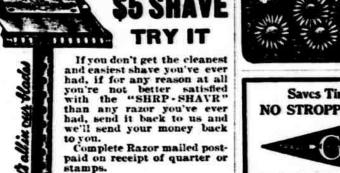
Bella-Yes; the church was decorated with common tropical plants instead of the rare.

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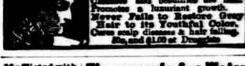
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CHAPTER VI.

Man and Gentleman. 

IGHT had almost passed, and

all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar

followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome. Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls

all right. It's only a beast that killed into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird

cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of After some contention with Win-

the brute." In this both were mistaken. During

the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a

"So they have that here!" mut-"Beastly shame!" echoed Winthrope. 'I'm sure the creature has gone off."

pounds of steam pressure will emit

heard a distance of 15 miles. dependent. It is not the fault of the

a considerable distance is the whis tling buoy installed by the lighthouse board, which has frequently been Our children are growing more in-

parents nor of the children; we are not careless, and they are not un-This assertion was met by an out- grateful. The conditions of life are burst of snarls and yells that made all responsible for the modern "youth."-

