#### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, 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. 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 Miss Leslle. 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 roosting 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 cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh vater spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a imple covered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle

#### CHAPTER IX.-Continued.

Blake picked a path along the edge of the rill, where the moist vegetation, though scorched, had refused to burn. After the first abrupt ledge, up which Blake had to drag his companions, the ascent was easy. But as they climbed around an outjutting corner of the steep right wall of the cleft Blake muttered a curse of disappointment. He could now see that the cleft did not run to the top of the cliff, but through it, like a tiny box canyon. The sides rose sheer and smooth as walls. Midway, at the highest point of the cleft, the baobab towered high above the ridge crest, its gigantic trunk filling a third of the breadth of the little gorge. Unfortunately stood close to the left wall.

"Here's luck for you!" growled Blake. "Why couldn't the blamed old tree have grown on the other side? We might have found a way to climb it. Guess we'll have to smoke out another leopard. We're no nearer terday."

"By Jove, look here!" exclaimed Winthrope. "This is our chance for antelope! Here by the spring are bamboos-real bamboos-and only half the thicket burned."

"What of them?" demanded Blake. agree that they would make knives?"

Jenny?" "Isn't that a hole in the big tree?" "Looks like it. These baobabs are

"Perhaps that is where the leopard had his den," added Winthrope.

"Shouldn't wonder. We'll go and

"But, Mr. Blake," protested the girl, "may there not be other leopards?" "Might have been; but I'll bet they lit out with the other. Look how the tree is scorched. Must have been

stacks of dry brush around the hole, 'nough to smoke out a fireman. We'll look and see if they left any soup bones lying around. First, though, here's your drink. Miss Jenny."

As he spoke, Blake kicked aside some smouldering branches and led the way to the crevice whence the spring trickled from the rock into a shallow stone basin. When all had drunk their fill of the clear cool water along. This is hardly arctic weather, Blake took up his club and walked and our abattoir don't include a coldstraight across to the baobab. Less than 30 steps brought him to the narrow opening in the trunk of the huge tree. At first he could make out nothing in the dimly lit interior; but the fetid, catty odor was enough to convince him that he had found the leopards' den.

He caught the vague outlines of a long body, crouched five or six yards away, on the far side of the hollow. He sprang back, his club brandished to strike. But the expected attack did not follow. Blake glanced about as sight of their terror seemed to spur the fact that he realized the futility of The ragged strips, spitted on bamboo them. May be snakes here." of the situation—the grim need to sun-rays. stand and face the danger.

"Get behind the bamboos!" he called, and as they hurriedly obeyed, he caught up a stone and flung it in at the crouching beast.

He heard the missile strike with a soft thud that told him he had not missed his mark, and he swung up his club in both hands. Given half a chance he would smash the skull of the female as he had crushed her revolting sight. She found it still blinded mate. One moment after an- more difficult to withstand the odor of if you give them half a chance. Take other passed, and he stood poised for the fresh blood. Winthrope was pale, a stick each of you, and pound the the shock, tense and scowling. Not and nauseated. The sight of his dis- bushes." so much as a snarl came from within. tress caused the girl to forget her own The truth flashed upon him.

"Smothered!" he yeiled. The other saw him dart in through expectant look with a half-smile. the hole. A moment later two limp grayish bodies were flung out into the she exclaimed. men immediately after Blake reanpeared, dragging the body of the moth- you've got grit all right, if you are a

er feopard. Winthrope, and he ran forward to the gully?"

lock at the bodies. Miss Leslie followed, hardly less runs along like this, and then slopes

"Are they all dead, Mr. Blake?" she as high as these walls." inquired.

· Wiped out-whole family. The old "Confound the luck. It isn't that cat stayed by her kittens, and all jump-off; but how in-how are we changes in one's organism which are Collier's. smothered together-lucky for us! Get going to get up on the cliff? There's little short of miraculous. I have no busy with those bamboos, Win. I'm an everlasting lot of omelettes in doubt that St. Francis of Assist regoing to have these skins, and the those birds' nests. If only that bloom- ceived the stigmata of the crucifixion sooner we get the cub meat hung up in'-how's that, Win, me b'y?-that on his hands and feet as historically and curing, the better for us."

"Spring leopard, young and tender! What more could you ask? Get a "There are other trees beyond it,"





those birds' nests than we were yes. One Moment After Another Passed, and He Stood Poised for the Shock.

"Can I do anything, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Hunt a shady spot." "But I really mean it."

"Well, if that's straight, you might go on along the gully, and see if "Bows-arrows-and did you not there's any place to get to the top. limb." You could pick up sticks on the way fumigate this tree hole before we adopt it for a residence."

"Will it be long before you finish

with your-with the bodies?" "Well, now, look here, Miss Jenny; it's going to be a mess, and I wouldn't the gully, out of sight, if it was to be the only time. But it's not, and you have got to get used to it, sooner or later. So we'll start now."

"I suppose, if I must, Mr. Blake-Really, I wish to help." "Good. That's something like!

Think you can learn to cook?" "See what I did this morning." Blake took the cord of cocoanut fl. smell." ber which she held out to him, and

tested its strength. "Well, I'll be blessed!" he said. "This is something like. If you don't look out, you'll make quite a campmate, Miss Jenny. But now, trot storage plant. The sooner these

lambs are dressed, the better." CHAPTER X.



flight, and so rose to the requirements | rods, were already searing in the flerce Miss Leslie would have slipped into the hollow of the baobab with her armful of fagots and brush; but Blake waved a bloody knife above the body

> the girl to come nearer. "Hold on a minute, please," he said. What did you find out?"

Miss Leslie drew a few steps nearer, and forced herself to look at the panions. "Go on, go on! Don't squeal loathing. She drew a deep breath, But neither ventured into the thicker and succeeded in countering Blake's clumps. When they returned, with "How well are you getting along!"

"Didn't think you could stand it But lady," Blake said admiringly. "Say, "it's all right; they're dead!" cried you'll make it yet! Now, how about

> "There is no place to climb up. It down. But there is a cliff at the end.

"Twenty feet," muttered Blake. and climb up the trunk."

remarked Miss Leslie.

bloomin', blawsted baobab was on described. I have no doubt, because "Leopard meat again!" rejoined t'other side. The wood's almost soft its possibility has been put to the

"Then maybe we can shin up-" "I fear the branches that overhang the cliff are too slender to bear any

"And it's too infernally high to climb up to this overhanging baobab

"I say," ventured Winthrope, "if we "Umph-we'll see. What is it, Miss back, if any are left. We'll have to had an ax, now, we might cut up one of the trees, and make a ladder." "Oh, yes; and if we had a ladder,

we might climb up the cliff!" "But, Mr. Blake, is there not some way to cut down one of the trees? The tree itself would be a ladder if it mind hauling the carcasses clear down fell in such a way as to lean against

> "There's only the penknife," answered Blake. "So I guess we'll have to scratch eggs off our menu card Spring leopard for ours! Now, if you really want to help, you might scrape the soup bones out of your boudoir. and fetch a lot more brush. It'll take a big fire to rid the hole of that cat

"Will not the tree burn?" "No: these hollow baobabs have

burn through." "Yet it would burn in time?"

"Yes; but we're not going to-" "Then why not burn through the trunk of one of those small trees, in-

stead of chopping it down?" "By-heck, Miss Jenny, you've got an American headpiece! Come on. Sooner we get the thing started, the

Neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie was reluctant to leave the vicinity of the carcasses. They followed close after Blake, around the monstrous bole of the baobab. A little beyond it stood a group of slender trees, whose trunks averaged eight inches at the base. Blake stopped at the second one, which grew nearest to the seaward side of the cleft.

"Here's our ladder, ne said. "Get some firewood. Pound the bushes, ihough, before you go poking into

"Snakes?-oh!" cried Miss Leslie. and she stood shuddering at the danger she had already incurred.

The fire had burnt itself out on a bare ledge of rock between them and cleft were very suggestive of snakes. now that Blake had called attention marks. to the possibility of their presence. He laughed at his hesitating comtill you're bit. Most snakes hike out,

Thus urged, both started to work.

hey found that Blake had used his glass to light a handful of dry bark. out in the sun, and was nursing it into a small fire at the base of the tree. on the side next the cliff.

"Now, Miss Jenny," he 'directed. you're to keep this going-not too big fire-understand? Same time you can keep on fetching brush to fumigate your cat hole. It needs it, all

"Will not that be rather too much for Miss Leslie?" asked Winthrope. "Well, if she'd rather come and rub brains on the skins,-Indian tan, you know,-or-

"How can you mention such things before a lady?" protested Winthrope. "Beg your pardon, Miss Leslie! you see, I'm not much used to ladies' company. Anyway, you've got to see and hear about these things. And now I'll have to get the strings for Win's bamboo bows. Come on. Win. We've got that old tabby to peel, and a lot more besides."

Miss Leslie's first impulse was to protest against being left alone, when at any moment some awful venomous serpent might come darting at her out of the brush or the crevices in the rocks. But her half-parted lips drew firmly together, and after a moment's hesitancy, she forced herself to the task which had been assigned her. The fire, once started, required little attention. She could give most of her time to gathering brush for the fumigation of the leopard den.

She had collected quite a heap of fuel at the entrance of the hollow, when she remembered that the place would first have to be cleared of its accumulation of bones. A glance at her companions showed that they were in the midst of tasks even more revolting. It was certainly disagreeable to do such things; yet, as Mr. Blake had said, others had to do them. It was now her time to learn. She could see him smile at her hesitation.

Stung by the thought of his halfcontemptuous pity, she caught up a forked stick, and forced herself to enoverpowered her. She stood for several moments in the center of the cavity, sick and faint. Had it been even the previous day, she would have run out into the open air.

Presently she grew a little more accustomed to the stench, and began right in the Little Snake river canal to rake over the soft, dry mold of system, being thirty-five dollars per the den floor with her forked stick acre. Bones!-who had ever dreamed of such a mess of bones?- big bones and little bones and skulls; old bones. dry and almost buried; moldy bones; bones still half-covered with bits of flesh and gristle-the remnants of the leopard family's last meal.

At last all were scraped out and flung in a heap, three or four yards to the Routt County Colonization Co., away from the entrance. Miss Loslie looked at the result of her labor The land is sold in tracts of 40, 80, with a satisfied glance, followed by a 120 and 160 acres. sigh of relief. Between the heat and her unwonted exercise, she was greatly fatigued. She stepped around to a shadier spot to rest.

With a start she remembered the

When she reached it there were green bark on the inside as well as only a few dying embers left. She out. Funny thing, that! We'd have gathered dead leaves and shreds of to keep a fire going a long time to fibrous inner bark, and knelt beside the dull coals to blow them into life. She could not bear the thought of having to confess her carelessness to Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drudgery in the Kitchen. The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor saving devices of all kinds will finally obviate the necessity of doing these things each day in each home through the land. Co-operation, which we are slowly learning to greet as a friend, will overcome the drudgery and make the life of a woman as enjoyable and eventful as that of the man .- Nearing and Watson in "Economics."

Their Marks.

"The seal or signet ring," said use. In the Middle Ages, when nothe baobab, and the clumps of dry body but the priests could write, men of the mother leopard, and beckoned brush left standing in this end of the stamped documents with their signet rings, as the illiterate now make their

"The signet rings of noblemen bore the owner's crest or arms. The rings of merchants bore intricate monograms, trademark or the like. There are certain old continental firms that preserve in cabinets the seal rings worn by their founders-rings whose seals are inscribed with the trade-

Help us to remember that greater large armfuls of sticks and twigs, than any church or creed is kindness.

## Acted Upon By Suggestion

That Thought May Produce Blister on Hand, Is Medical Fact.

It is not generally known that hand or an ulcer on the foot, as well as many other actual physical young woman he would place a small ago?"-Stray Stories.

fly plaster upon her which would produce a blister in a few hours. He actually only put a postage stamp upon the skin, without her knowledge, thought may produce a blister on the and covered it over so securely with bandages that she could not interfere with it. The blister appeared as suggested.-Frederick Peterson, M. D., in

> Not the Kind They'd Keep. "Is your climate rather changeable?" asked the tourist.

"No, it isn't," answered the old setas punk. We could drive in pegs, proof within the past few years, and ther who always contradicts. "If it by a friend of mine whom I will name. was, don't you suppose we'd have Prof. Krafft Ebing of Vienna told a changed it for semething else years The Sunshine Ginger Wafer These are called Yum Yums-they are made at the

"Sunshine Bakeries" too-with the other "Sunshines." Baked in white tile top floor ovens-amid pure air and sunshine. They are the best ginger snaps you ever tasted.

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"The gingery ginger snap"

Dainty wafers with just enough snaps until you taste the "Sunspice to be appetizing.

We employ infinite skill and costly material to create them. You miss the best in ginger

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packed in thrice sealed cartons -amply protected from dust and moisture.

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Try a package - judge all "Sunshines" by them.

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NOT QUITE SO FOOLISH.



Her Father-Have you and Ned quarreled? His Daughter-I should say not. My

birthday is next month. Fifty cents per acre is the price at face is no good. which the State of Colorado is selling ter the tree-cave. The stench met her land in the Little Snake River valley, like a blow. It nauseated and all but Routt County, Colorado, which is

open for entry under the Carey Land Purchasers of land must also contract for a water right, to be paid for in ten annual assessments, the total cost including a perpetual water

This is pronounced one of the most fertile valleys in Colorado, and record crops of all grains, grasses and roots are now being raised there. Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific

are building into the district. Persons desiring full information about the land and water should write 1734 Welton St., Denver, Colorado.

Those desiring land will have to act quickly, as the applications being received indicate that the desirable land will be quickly disposed of. The canal plans, water supply, etc., are all investigated and approved by the State Engineer.

Wedding Fee In Installments, Some of the 'squires in rustic New Jersey seem to be pretty hard pushed for cash. To get the cash they do not hesitate to use most unusual methods. One of these J. P.'s advertised the other day that he was ready and willing to marry couples at any time, day or night, for a consideration of \$5 and that he was willing to accept \$1 in cash down and the rest in weekly installments of \$1 until the fee of \$5 was paid up. The very night after the first appearance of this advertisement the J. P. referred to was called upon to "make good" his bluff. Shortly after midnight a couple which had come in an automobile awakened him from his sleep and asked to be married under the installment plan offered in the advertisement. And the J. P. was game and made good.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying jeweler. "once had a very practical thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

A Poser. The wife addressed her husband plaintively-John William! You are taking salmon again, and you know that you must never take anything which does not agree with you.

John William smiled sadly-I wish never had, my dear; but where would you have have been?-Stray

heir Appropriate Place. "What is this institution?" "One where all the next-to-nature'sheart faddists ought to go." "Why so?"

"Because it is a home for the feeble-

minded, where all the inmates lead

the real simple life."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

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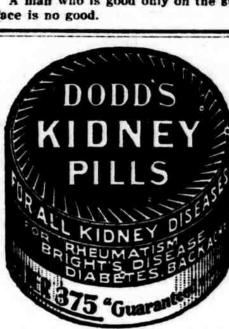
Miss Orange-Do you know Poe's Mr. Black-Why, no; what's the matter with him?-Harvaid Lampier

Trifle Too Esthetic. "There's no use o' talkin'," said Farmer Corntossel, as he sat down on the horse trough. "I can't git along with some o' these here summer guests." "What's the trouble?" "I have jes' been lectured by that good lookin' young woman with glasses fur sp'ilin' the color scheme of the garden by puttin' paris green on the veg-

WHY TAKE ANY CHANCES with some untried medicine diarrhea, cramps, dys-entery, when for 70 years Painkiller (Perry Davis') has been relieving millions of cases.

We feel sorry for the poor man whose wife talks in her sleep, too. Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar

for its rich, mellow quality. A man who is good only on the sur





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