Enigmatical Calamity. Men have ten abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had -being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity.—Demetrius Phal-

Skillful Driving. First Irishman (in London tube)-"Sure an' 'tis a mighty strange way of traveling." Second Irishman-"Bedad, it is a wonder we don't sthrike and burst some wather pipe."-Punch.

Breaking in Shoes. Frederick the Great had tender feet and used to have an old double who broke i nnew boots for him. Hot weather is a mad time to break them in. Every one should keep old shoes on trees for wet and hot emergencies.

False Pretense.

Mrs. Hyup-"I was so disappointed in Dr. Pullem!" Mrs. Hyer-"In what respect?" "Mrs. Hyup-"I understood he was a great bridge expert, but he was only a dentist."-Puck.

Applied Learning.

See the man! Oh, yes, the man is swearing rapidly.

Now he is putting his thumb in his That is why he has stopped swear-

ing; not because his thumb has stopped hurting. How did he do so?

Do you not see the book on the floor? It is entitled "Every Man His Own Carpenter."

Yes, the man was holding it in his left hand and reading the instructions for driving nails while he tried to follow them with his right hand.

Now he has removed his thumb from his mouth and is saying some more things. Ha, ha! We should not laugh so heartily had

we not smashed our own thumb once or twice. We learn from this that in the onward march of time we often learn

that from our misfortunes of today we glean our joys of tomorrow. Is not that helpful?

Let uswatch the man. Maybe he will attempt some more hammering ergetic attempt to climb. The posture and we will be helped even more.

Brownies.

A small boy's ideas of brownies: of course they are not."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of perfect finish, equal to that when the duck stood out bravely against the goods were new.

Succinctly Put.

"He dances beautifully," said the side-steps."-Washington Star.

A Practical Youngster.

"Why do you think your baby is for us to repeat to the neighbors."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the



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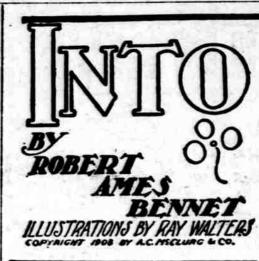


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## SYNOPSIS.

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 to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which The story opens with the shipwreck of his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal 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 wearlness. 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 water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake re-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 cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trie secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

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 enwas far from dignified, but the girl's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she found herself slowly mounting.

When, flushed and breathless, she "They live in very hot countries, gained a foothold among the branches. They eat with their fingers and wash she looked down at the ground, and their teeth with sand and water. Some permitted herself a merry little giggle are like savages, hunt for their prey such as she had not indulged in since and they worship ideals. Some boys leaving boarding-school. She had and girls who have never seen these actually climbed a tree! She would brownies think they are fairies, but show Mr. Blake that she was not so helpless as he fancied.

> 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 upon her. She felt herself going, and the risk, might I-er-expect some the level of the cliff, she peered sought to kneel to ease the fall. through the foliage, and saw the signal-flag far over near the end of the blue sky, all the more conspicuous for shape!" the flocks of frightened seafowl which wheeled above and around it.

Surprised that she did not see the summer girl, "but he hadn't been here men, Miss Leslie started to draw hera week before he was engaged to be self up over the cliff edge. She married. "Ah!" replied Miss Cay- heard Winthrope's voice a few yards enne; "he two-steps better than he 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 desuch a clever child?" "Because," an- scend or to climb on up, when Winswered the sensible woman, "he just thrope's peevish whine was cut short laughs and plays and has a good time | by a loud and angry retort from Blake. instead of thinking up smart sayings | 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 closemouthed over it."

There was an irritable, rasping caught up his weapons and stalked off murmur from Winthrope, 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 thing should happen to him-" ive it to you straight, you'd better cut that out. Call me a brute or a savage, derstand, I'm none of your English kinds."

Again Winthrope spoke, this time n 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 you 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. Rememme 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 speak. He had dropped into a bitter sneer.

"No chance? It's no nerve, 70u mean. You could brain me, easy a club when I'm asleep. Trouble is. you're like most other under dogschers on receipt of 15 cm. in stamps, a 13-inch, hard I'm slated to stay boss of this colony ple, trass edged rule. JOHN G. WOODWARD

one. Understand? You mind your tleman, you know-" own business, and don't go to interfering with me any more! . . . Now, if you've stared enough at the the courage—even when he is asleep." lady's skirt-"

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 While we-we haven't the courage of ground. She had never ventured such a leap even in childhood. She struck an English gentleman. Are you going 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 towhere the sick are treated and cured | fear, she stopped to gather all to preservation | FREE Symptom Blank, Examination | gether in the edge of her skirt before | manhood—"

"My dear-At the baobab she turned and gazed



"Now, Don't Get Mad. Worst Thing in the World for Malaria,"

At the thought, she clambered on caught a glimpse of Blake's palm-leaf been drowned!" 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

She was roused from the swoon by Blake's resonant shout: "Hey. Miss Starch necessary, with the result of headland. The big piece of white Jenny! where are you? We've got your laundry on the pole in fine

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 Winthrope, "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 nale eyes flashed as he sprang across to where his bow and arrows and his club leaned against the baobab. "I'll have no beasts nosing around my doorvard! Must be that skulking lion | the fever." I heard last night. I'll show him!" He

down the cleft. "By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope: "the man really must be mad. Call him back. Miss Genevieve. If any- weapons from him. "If only there might!" gasped the

"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 mean? Be calm, pray, be calm!" "Calm!-when I heard what said? Yes; I heard every word! In the top of the tree-'

"In the tree? Heavens! Miss-er -Miss Genevieve!" stammered Win- right of the pool." ber what I said to you when you called thrope, his face paling. "Did youdid you hear all?"

"Everything-everything he said! What shall I do? I am so frightened! What shall I do?" "Everything he said?" echoed Win thrope.

"You spoke too low for me to hear:

but I'm sure you faced him like a gentleman-I must believe it of you-" Winthrope drew in a deep breath. "Ah, yes; I did, Miss Genevieve-I assure you. The beast! Yet you see the enough, any night-just walk up with plight am in. It is a nasty muddle -indeed it is! But what can I do? He

is strong as a gorilla. Really, there is 'fraid that if you licked your boss, only one way-no doubt you heard there'd be no soup bones. So I guess him taunt me over it. I assure you I should not be afraid-but it would be -grand Poo Bah and Mikado, all in so horrid-so cold-blooded. As a gen-"No; it is not that!" broke in the girl. "He is right. Neither of us has

instinct to kill-" "Yes; but think of him. If he is

beast, he is at least a brave one. of addresses on the history of this rabbits. I thought you called yourself to stand by, and not lift a finger?" "Really, now, Miss Genevieve, to murder a man—'

"Self-defense is not a crime-self-

had time to draw a second breath, she | sure I shall go mad! If only I had "Ah, yes, to be sure. But really

now, what you ask is a good deal for a man to risk. The fellow might wake up and murder me! Should I take manifestation of your gratitude, Miss Genevieve?"

"Of course! of course! I should alwavs-"

of your hand." for my esteem? I thought you a gen-

"To be sure-to be sure! Who says am not? But all is fair in love and war, you know. Your choice is quite free. I take it, you will not consider his-er-proposals. But if you do not wish my aid, you have another way of escape—that is—at least other women have done it."

The girl gazed at him, her eyes dilating with horror as she realized his meaning.

"No, no; not that!" she gasped. " want to live-I've a right to live! Why, I'm only just 22-I-

coming back. Be calm! There will be time until I get over this vile malaria. It may be that he himself will have

baobab, as Blake swung himself up, frowning and sullen, and flung his

"Bah!" he grumbled, "I told you that brute was a sneak. I've chased clean down to the pool and into the open, and not a smell of him. Must have hiked off into the tall grass the

minute he heard me." "If only he had gone off for good! murmured Miss Leslie. "Maybe he has; though you never

can count on a sneak. Even you might be able to shoo him off next time: but, like as not, he'd come along when we were all out calling, and clean out our commissary. Guess I'll set to and run up a barricade down there where the guily is narrowest. There're shoals of dead thorn-brush to the

be so vexed when they find your hedge in the way," remarked Winthrope. "My! how smart we're getting!" re torted Blake. "Don't worry, though. We'll stow the stuff in Miss Jenny's

"I-ah-refer to the-the-bestowal "My hand? I- Would you bargain tleman!'

"Hush!" cautioned Winthrope. "He's

"He will not have the fever," replied the girl, in a hopeless tone, and she leaned back listlessly against the

"Ah, yes: I fancy the vultures will

and nodded. "That's no lie, old man, You're entitled to a hospital check all right. Miss Jenny, we'll appoint you chief nurse. Make him comfortable as

thing in the world for malaria."

boudoir, and I guess the birdies'll be

polite enough to keep out."

gin that barricade." CHAPTER XIV.

Y nightfall Winthrope was tossing and groaning on the bed of leaves which Miss Leslie had heaped beneath his canopy Though not delirious, his high temperature, coupled with the pains which racked every nerve and bone in his body, rendered him light-headed. He would catch himself up in the midst of some rambling nonsense to inquire anxiously whether he had said anything silly or strange. On being reassured upon this, he would relax again. and, as likely as not, break into a babyish wail over his aches and pains. | thing. Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some are a whole lot "gentlemen who let their wives select like typhus."

"Typhus? What is that?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sort of rapid fire, double action typhoid. Not that I think Win's got it only malaria. What gets me is that we've only been here these few days, and yet it looks like he's got the continuous, no-chill kind."

"Then you think he will be very ill?" "Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. We've had good water, and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. It'll do him no good, and you a lot of harm. Take things easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is up."

"Ill while he is helpless and unable- Oh, no; that cannot be! I ly satisfactory if proper attention was must not give way to the fever given to starching, the first essential

until-" lively yet, and that's a good sign. I you will be pleasantly surprised at the knew Win was in for it when he be- improved appearance of your work. gan to grouch and loaf and do the baby act. I haven't much use for dudes in general, and English dudes in particular; but I'll admit that, while Win's soft enough in spots, he's

not all mush and milk." "Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"You're welcome. I couldn't say ess, seeing that Win can't speak for himself. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse, and work at the barricade same time. You're not going to do any nightnursing. I can gather the thorn-brush in the afternoons, and pile it up at night."

In the morning Miss Leslie found that Blake had built a substantial canopy over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure.

"It's best for him to be out in the air." he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But whenever it rains, we'll have to tote him inside." "Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?"

murmured the girl. "He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And say, roust me out at noon. I've had my breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long!"

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her look of dismay. CTO BE CONTINUED.)

Introspection Not for All. Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Leszczynski.



## Says Oxen Laid Out London

Crooked Streets.

Lord Avebury has suggested an ex-"My dear Miss Genevieve, this beast planation of the crooked streets which have puzzled so many visitors to London. Presiding at the first of a series city, he said it was remarkable how the London of to-day bore traces of its ancient history.

Between London and Westminster there were formerly open fields divided into long strips of an acre each. preservation. If you have a spark of These strips, he said, had a tendency 186,500 cords in the imports of pulp to curvature owing to the way in wood. Since 1900 the amount of wood which the oxen walked while plowing consumed each year for pulp has in-"For Heaven's sake, if you can't do the ground. An instance of that was creased, in round numbers, from back along the cliff edge. Before she anything, at least keep still! Oh, I'm seen in the curious way in which 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 cords.

Swayed as They Plowed, Hence the Longacre curved. Several of the strips abutted at right angles on Hyde park, and the fact that they did not end in one line suggested a reason for the singular irregularity of the line of houses forming Park lane. The dip in Piccadilly, added Lord Avebury. was the site of the old stream, part of which formed the Serpentine.

Wood Consumption Increasing.

During 1907 there was a consumption of wood in pulp making greater by 301,484 cords than in any previous year. There was also an increase of

MME. MELBA'S FIRST ENCORE

Her Concert Was a Big Success, But Little Playmate Saw Her Garter.

When six years of age Helen Mitchell (Melba) appeared at a school concert, organized by her aunts in Richmond, Melbourne, the suburb of her birth. At this entertainment she sang "Shells of the Ocean" with such effect that the audience asked for an encore, and the child on her reappearance, created a still greater impression by her singing of "Comin" Through the Rye," for which her grandmother had taught her the Scottish accent.

At the earliest opportunity she hur-"I must say, Blake, I do not see why ried to her favorite playmate, who you should wish to drag us away from lived in the same street, and breathlessly waited for reference to the en-"There's lots of things you don't tertainment of the evening before, but see, Win, my b'y-jokes, for instance. the little comrade was adamant and But what could you expect?-you're ignored the whole subject. After English. Now, don't get mad. Worst many attempts to introduce it, Nellie at length found herself unable to wait "One would fancy you could see longer, and exclaimed excitedly: "But that I am not angry. I've a splitting the concert, the concert! I sang last headache, and my back hurts. I am night and was encored." And she looked with eagerness in the face of Blake looked him over critically, her friend, who answered witheringly: 'Yes, and, Helen Mitchell, I saw your garter." Little Miss Mitchell had been particularly pleasedwith her neat attire, and the unexpected shaft comyou can, and give him hot broth whening in place of the looked-for comever he'll take it. You can do your pliment, in an instant blotted out the sewing on the side. Whenever you memory of the intoxicating encore, need help, call on me. I'm going to beand drew the little singer from the seventh heaven of her brief delight to lin.bo.—Detroit News-Tribune.

> 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 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.

His Size Was Known. "I want some collars and neckties for my husband!" she snapped.

"Yes, madam." The clerk offered her the latest "What size are these?" asked the

lady. "Why, twelve and a half, madam!" "How on earth did you guess that?" "Ah," replied the clerk, smiling,

their collars and ties always take that

size!"

Carnations Go to Sleep. Florists often suffer losses through habit carnations have of sometimes "going to sleep" and never opening again. A series of experiments made in the Hull botanical laboratory and described in the Botanical Gasette makes it seems probable that this "sleep" is caused by the effect of illuminating gas, to which, even in very small quantities, these flowers are

surprisingly sensitive. Sheer white goods, in ract, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equalbeing good Starch, which has sufficient "Don't worry. You'll likely stave it strength to stiffen, without thickening off for a couple of weeks or so. You're the goods. Try Defiance Starch and

Its Troubles. The family skeleton complained. "I wouldn't mind being exhibited once in awhile," said the skeleton, articulating with difficulty through its set teeth, "but they air me so frequently in the courtroom, where the air is always notoriously bad."

But who ever thinks of looking at such exhibitions from the family skeleton's point of view?

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The Kind You Have Always Bought The Old Man's Joke. "Mary," called her father, "has that oung man gone yet?" "No, pa," replied the maid. "But

he's going right now."

widows.

underneath the ice box before he goes, will you? I forgot it." Her Bathing Suit. "Papa, the stuff I want my new bathing suit made of costs ten dollars

"Then ask him to empty the pail

a yard." "Well, here's \$1.50-get what you want, my dear."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5e eigar. You pay 10c for eigars not so good. In India there are nearly 26,000,000

Doane Robinson, head of the department of history of the state of South Pakota, says of Sitting Bull and the Custer massacre: "The Indians tell me that Sitting Bull was a medicine chief; that he was the greatest influence among the Sioux at that time by reason of his constant agitation against the whites, and that he did not personally engage in the fight against Custer, but that he was back

on an elevation between the Little

Big Horn and the Big Horn making

medicine."—Indian School Journal.

Where Sitting Bull Was.

VOU'LL feel better for work, play or rest if you eat Quaker Oats least once





Uncertainty

SMALL PILL. SMALL BOSE. SMALL PRIG

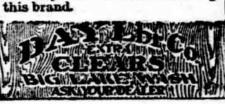


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