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 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 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 water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle 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 trio 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. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and ling a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever, Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve.

She was far too preoccupied, however, to consider what this might mean. Her first thought was of a fire. She ran to her rude stone fireplace and raked over the ashes. They were still warm, but there was not a live ember among them. Yet she realized that Winthrope must have hot food when he awakened, and Blake had carried with him the magnifying glass. For a little she stood hesitating. But the defeat of the jackals had given her

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

courage and resolution such as she had never before known. She returned into the cave, and chose the sharpest of her stakes. Having made certain that Winthrope was still asleep, she set off boldly down the cleft. At the first turn she came upon Blake's thorn barricade. It stretched across the narrowest part of the cleft in an impenetrable wall, 12 feet high.

Only in the center was a gap, which

could have been filled by Blake in less than two hours' work. The girl's eyes brightened. She herself could gather the thorn-brush and fill the gap before night. They no longer need fear the jackals or even the larger beasts of prey. None the less, they must have

Spurred on by the thought, she was about to spring through the barricade when she heard the tread of feet on the path beyond. She crouched down, and peered through the tangle of brush in the edge of the gap. Less than ten paces away Blake was plodding heavily up the trail. She stepped out before him.

"You-you! Are you alive?" she gasped.

"Live? You bet your boots!" came back the grim response. "You bet I'm alive-though I had to go Jonah one better to do it. The whale heaved him up; I heaved up the whale-and it took about a barrel of sea-water to do

"Sea-water?"

"Sure . . . I tumbled over twice on the way. But I made the beach. Lord! how I pumped in the briny deep! Guess I won't go into detailsbut if you think you know anything about seasickness- Whew! Lucky for yours truly, the tide was just starting out, and the wind off shore. I'd fallen in the water, and the Jonah business laid me out cold. Didn't know anything until the tide came up again and soused me."

"I am very glad you're not dead. But how you must have suffered! You are still white, and your face is all creased."

Blake attempted a careless laugh. "Don't worry about me. I'm here. O. K., all that's left,-a little wobbly on my pins, but hungry as a shark. But say, what's up with you? You're sweating like a- Good thing, though. It'll stave off your spell of fever a while. How'd you happen to be coming down here so early?"

"I was starting to find you."

"Not you-that is, I thought you were dead. I was going to make certain, and to-to get the burningglass."

"Um-m. I see. Let the fire go out,

"Do not blame me, Mr. Blake! I was so ill and worn out, and I've paid for it twice over, really I have. Didn't those awful beasts attack you?"

"Beasts? How's that?" he demanded. "Oh, but you must have heard them! The horrid things tried to kill us!" she cried, and she poured out a half incoherent account of all that had happened since he left.

Blake listened intently, his jaw thrust out, his eyes glowing upon her fore seen in any man's eyes. But al first comment had nothing to do with

her conduct. "How's that?-sorry Win got rousted out of his nice little snooze- hike, soon as Win can wobble. Which "American." The American woman is, scent at an unexpected moment would Why, don't you know, we'd been all reminds me, I've got a little hike on perhaps even a little more undevel- result in the loss of as many heads as alone in our glory by to-night if it hand now. I'm going to close up that oped, to our thinking, than is the might be in its way, and a failure to hadn't been for those brutes. He was in the stupor, and that would have been the end of him if the beasts heard of such a thing before, but I al down the cleft. ways thought it was a fake. Here you

are sweating, too." "I feel much better than yesterday. large fur bag upon his back. Miss yesterday. Perhaps it is with regard the metal curtain could not be raised I did not tell you, but I have felt ill for Leslie was pouring a bowl of broth to the woman as it is with respect to One of the big counterweights had nearly a week."

By Jiminy, you've got grit, little wom- more of that in ours!"





"I Don't Believe Win Was Built for the Tropics.

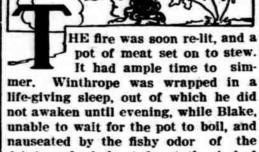
an! There's two kinds of scaredness. If anybody asks you, just refer them | tent on her pouring. to Tommy Blake."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake. But should we not hasten back now to prepare something for Mr. Winthrope?"

"Ditto for yours truly. I'm like that sepulchre you read about-white outside, and within nothing but bare bones and emptiness."

CHAPTER XV.

With Bow and Club.



dried seafowl, hunted out the jerked leopard meat, and having devoured enough to satisfy a native, fell asleep under a bush.

The sun was half down the sky when he sat up and looked around, wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. Miss Leslie was quietly placing an armful of sticks on the fuel heap beside the baobab.

"Hello, Miss Jenny! Hard at it, I see," he called cheerfully.

"Hush!" she cautioned. "Mr. Winthrope is still asleep."

"Good thing for him. He'il need all of that he can get."

"Then you think-"

"Well, between you and me, I don't believe Win was built for the tropics. This fever of his, coming on so soon, wouldn't have hit nine men in ten half so hard. He's bound to have another spell in a month or two, and-"

"But cannot we possibly get away from here before then? Is there no way? Surely, you are so resource-

"Nothing doing, Miss Jenny! Give me tools, and I'd engage to turn out a seagoing boat. But as it is, the only thing I could do would be to fire-burn a log. That would take two or three months, and in the end we'd have a lop-sided canoe that'd live about half a second in one of these tropic squalls."

"Do not the natives sail in canoes?" "Maybe they do-and they make fire by rubbing sticks. We don't."

"But what can we do?" "Take our medicine, and wait for a ship to show up."

"But we have no medicine." "Have no- Say, Miss Jenny, you really ought to have stayed home from boarding-school and England long enough to learn your own language. I meant, we've got to take what's coming to us, without laying down or grouching. Both are the worst things

out for malaria." "You mean that we must resign ourwith a look which she had never be selves to this intolerable situation— very complex ethnographic condition. that we must calmly sit here and wait | We think, now and then, that we can | fectually separated from the stage in until the fever-"

"No; I'll take care we don't sit around very much. We'll go on the us say for the moment that there is an its benefits are to be realized. A debarricade before dark. Me for a quiet | American man. We admire or tremble | move it at all might also cause trouble night!"

Without waiting for a reply, he took ity; but this very mien and quality of the seventy-first performance of "Le hadn't stirred him up so lively. I've his weapons, and swung briskly away her do not seem permanent, fixed; and Roi" at the Varieties. The house was

sunset, with what appeared to be a the imperious creature we crowned time to begin the performance, but from the stew-pot, and did not notice the past. It takes the tone of dis- been loosened and crashed to the "Fraid to tell, eh?-and you were him until he sang out to her: "Hey, tance, space, to bring out the glory stage. Repairs could not be made and so scared over the beasts- Scared! Miss Jenny, spill over that stuff! No and the distinction-to orb her.-Co the audience filed out, receiving the

"It's for Mr. Winthrope. He has You've got the Stonewall Jackson kind. just awakened," she replied, still in-

Heave it over. He's going to have beef

"Oh! what's that on your back?

"Sure! Bushbuck, I guess they call him. Sneaked up when he was drinking, and stuck an arrow into his side. He jumped off a little way, and turned to see what'd bit him. I hauled off and put the second arrow right through

."You surely are becoming a splendid

"Yes: Jim dandy! I could do it again about once in 10,000 shots. All the same. I've raked in this peacherino. Trot out your grill and we'll have

"You spoke of beef juice."

"I've a dozen steaks ready to broil Slap 'em on the fire, and I'll squeeze out enough juice with my fist to do

He made good his assertion, using several of the steaks, which, having process, were eaten with great relish

The dressing was completed by torchlight. Blake then rolled the sleeper into a comfortable position, took the torch from Miss Leslie, and left the cave, pausing at the entrance to mutter a gruff good-night. The girl murmured a response, but watched him anxiously as he passed out. A step beyond the entrance he paused and turned again. In the red glare of the torch, his face took on an expression that filled her with fright. Shrouded by the gloom of the hollow. she drew back to her bed, and without turning her eyes away from him, groped for one of her bamboo stakes. But before she could arm herself, she saw Blake stoop over and grasp with his free hand the mass of interwoven bamboos. He straightened him-

"And you'd kill him with that slop!

You've killed an antelope!

his eye, into his brain. Neatest thing you ever saw."

something fit to eat."

Win for to-night." lost less than half their juices in the

by Miss Leslie and himself. Winthrope, after drinking the stimulating beef juice and a quantity of hot water, turned over and fell asleep again while Blake was dressing his

wounds. None of these was serious of itself; but Blake knew the danger of infection in the tropics, and carefully washed out the gashes before applying the tallow salve which Miss Leslie had tried out from the antelope fat.

meat on the drying racks, built a smudge fire beneath, and stretched the antelope skin on a frame. This done, he took his club and a small piece of bloody meat, and walked stealthily down the cleft to the barricade. Quiet as was his approach, it was met by a warning yelp on the farther side of the thorny wall, and he could hear the

up and over, until it stood on end

across the cave entrance. The girl

stole around and peered out at him. He

had spread open the antelope skin, and

was beginning to slice the meat for

drying. Though his forehead was fur-

rowed, his expression was by no

means sinister. Relieved at the

thought that the light must have de-

ceived her, she returned to her bed

and was soon sleeping as soundly as

Blake strung the greater part of the

Winthrope.

scurry of fleeing animals. He kept on until the parricade loomed up before him in the starlight. From cliff to cliff the wall now stretched across the gorge without hole or gap. But Blake grasped the trunk of a young date-palm which projected from the barricade near the bottom, and pushed it out. The displacement of the spiky fronds disclosed the low passage which he had made in the center of the barricade. He placed the piece of meat on one side, two or three feet from the hole, and squatted down across from it, with his club balanced on his shoulder.

Half an hour passed-an hour; and still he waited, silent and motionless sounded on the outer side of the thorn through the wall, sniffing for the bait. Blake waited with the immobility of an Eskimo. The delay was brief.

With a boldness for which Blake had not been prepared, the beast leaped through and seized the meat. in Quaker Oats not found in other Even in the dim light, Blake could foods, and for economy it is at the see that he had lured an animal larger head of the list. Besides the regular than any jackal. But this only served size packages Quaker Oats is packed to lend greater force to his blow. As in large size family packages, with he struck, he leaped to his feet. The and without china. brute fell as though struck by lightning and lay still.

Blake prodded the inert form warily: in time to meet the descending club, and the blow had crushed in its skull. Chuckling at the success of his ruse, he drew the palm back into the opening, and swung his prize over his shoulder. When he came to the fire, a glance showed him that he had killed a full-grown spotted hyena.

In the morning, when Miss Leslie appeared, there were two hides stretched on bamboo frames, and the air was dark with vultures streaming down into the cleft near the barricade. Blake was sleeping the sleep of the just, and did not waken until she had built the fire and begun to broil the steaks which he had saved.

Again they had a feast of the fresh antelope meat. But with repletion came more of fastidiousness, and Blake agreed with Miss Leslie when she remarked that salt would have added to the flavor. He set off presently, and spent half a day on the talus of the headland, gathering salt from the rock crannies.

For the next three days he left the cleft only to gather eggs. The greater part of his time was spent in tanning the hyena and antelope skins. river at Lanchowfu, in the province of Meantime Miss Leslie continued to Kansu, is nearing completion. All manurse Winthrope and to gather fire terials had to be conveyed nearly wood. Under Blake's directions, she 1,000 miles in Chinese carts. also purified the salt by dissolving it in a pot of water, and allowing the dirt to settle, when the clarified solution was poured off and evaporated over the fire in one of the earthenware pans.

At first Winthrope had been too make it worse. weak to sit up. But treated to a liberal diet of antelope broth, raw eggs. hot water, and cocoanut milk, he gained strength faster than Blake had expected. On the fourth day Blake set him to work on the final rubbing of the new skins; on the fifth, he ordered him to go for eggs.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, Win thrope started off without a word of protest. All his peevish irritability time except quit work. had gone with the fever, and the girl was gratified to see the quiet manner in which he set about a task which seemed an imposition upon his half-regained strength. But the very motive which, seemingly, prevented him from protesting, impelled her to speak for



Thoughts on the American Woman. We Americans are not yet quite able to distinguish a type, either of man or woman, that has developed out of our see certain qualities or characteristics | case of accident by fire, must be prop so grouped in an individual as to make erly constructed, says Le Temps, if before women of a certain air or qual- This latter feature was experienced at the woman we class as "American" to- well filled, 8,000 francs having been He returned a few minutes before day may be altogether different from taken in at the box office when it was lumbia (S. C.) State.

Theater Curtain Stuck.

The modern iron theater curtain which is really a metallic wall by which a theater auditorium may be efprice of tickels back at the door.

CHEAP LANDS OFFERED BY THE STATE OF COLORADO.

Land for 50c an acre is offered by the State of Colorado in the Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colorado, under the Carey Land Act. The perpetual water right to irrigate the land is sold under State authority for \$35, under annual assessments extending over ten years.

This is pronounced one of the most fertile Valleys in Colorado and crops of all grains, grass, roots and hardier varieties of fruit are now being raised

The land now under cultivation un-

der this canal system pays an average profit of \$20.00 per acre. Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific are building into the district and spending large amounts of money

in developing the country. The Routt County Colonization Company, 1734 Welton Street, Denver, Colorado, is sole agent for the sale of the land and water. There will be no drawing for this land: those desiring to select may make application and salect in the order in which they apply.

VERY ENCOURAGING



Old Lady-Is there any danger? Boatman-Well, mum, it don't matter much—the boat's insured.

Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of as a statue. At last stealthy footsteps Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakwall, and an animal began to creep fast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality improved appearance of your work.

A Work of Supererogation. Henry dislikes being bathed and then knelt and passed his hands over argues with his mother over every it. The beast had whirled about just square inch of his four-year-old anat-

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"-Judge's Library.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

es mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure. manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Weary Walker-What! Don't look like a sailor? Why, I've been follow-

ing the sea for 30 years. Farmer Haycrop-Well, you keep following it for 30 years more and per-

haps you'll catch up with it.-Life. The 800-foot bridge over the Yellow

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH!

Rectainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balsam will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

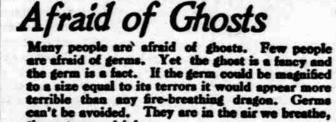
The man who is not trying to make the world better is casting his vote to

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them. Gossip has a thousand tongues-and

they all work overtime. Mrs. Windlow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the guras, reduced fammation, allays pain, cures wind coile. 25ca bo

Some men never do anything or Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Many a true word has been spoken regardless of grammar.



the water we drink. The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish it-self and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek,

a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleaners the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no elcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine or ENOWN COMPOSITION and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.





Would Find Use for It. After a day and a night spent in answering telephone calls from people who wanted the latest news from Peary and Dr. Cook, the secretary of one of the arctic clubs had retired for a well-earned rest, when the persistent 'phone bell rang again. A voice at the other end said:

"Do you want the ambulance sent right over?" "What ambulance?" roared the irate

secretary. "Why, the one you sent for." "I sent for no ambulance."

"You lie!" The secretary gasped, then he screamed into the 'phone: "Send it as soon as possible, and

back in it!"

you come over, too, and I'll send you

Sheer white goods, in fact, 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 equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the

Repartee in the Bright Family. "The newspapers are making a great stir about men's disinclination

to marry," remarked Mrs. Bright. "The Bible says there are no marriages in heaven," commented Mr. B. "And what has that to do with us?" Bright laughed.

"Perhaps they are figuring on having a little heaven on earth." Beginning Hostilities.

Mr. Perkly-Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did! Mrs. Perkly-If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook

No matter how long your neck may be or how sore your throat, Hamlins Wizard Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It drives out all soreness and inflammation.

When a woman has occasion to loaf,

the calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining. PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER as been used in many families for 5 generations t is relied upon for colds, neuralgia, sciatica trains, burns, or bruises. 25c, 36c, 56c a bottle.

The dog in the manger is the one that does the most growling.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c-Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Many a man's honesty has saved

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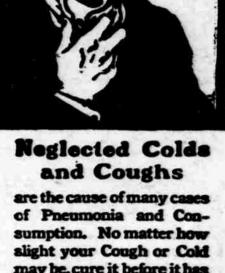
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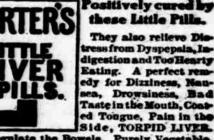


may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

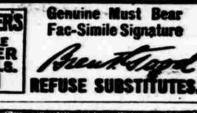
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