tality. Because of this fact there is a constant increase in the consumption of Quaker Outs; every time the strength making qualities of Quaker Oats have been tested by scientific investigation or by experiments in families it has been found to be a food without an

It builds the muscles and brain without taxing the digestive organs; it costs so little anyone can afford it, and it is so carefully prepared and packed that it is absolutely pure and clean. A Quaker Oats eating family is always a healthy family. 11 Quaker Oats is packed in regular size packages and also in large size family packages. The latter very convenient for those not near the store.

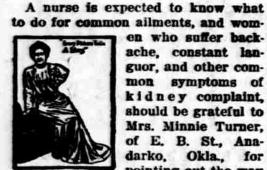
HER COMPLAINT.



"Only think, Mrs. Blivons! Every time I hear a scandal, and run posthaste over to share the latest news with that Mrs. Spitzenfest, I find she knows every detail already-the shameless thing!"

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.



en who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner. of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way

to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Strictly Neutral.

Among the humorous and human stories in Dr. T. L. Pennell's recent book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," is one of a British officer in the Kurram valley who interrogated an Afridi with regard to what was then considered a probable con-

"Now tell me," said the officer, "if there were to be war-which God forbid-between Russia and England, what part would you and your people take? Whom would you side with?" "Do you wish me to tell you what

would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was the naive reply. "I adjure you to tell me what is the

'white word.' " "Then," said the old graybeard, "we would just sit up here on our mountain tops watching you both fight, until we saw one or the other defeated. Then we would come down and loot the vanguished till the last mule! God is great! What a time that would be

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PRANE J. CREMEY makes cath that he is senior partner of the firm of P. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforeasid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNGRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Caratan that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S GREARE CURE.

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Sworn to believe me and subscribed in my press
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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Tubble, O.

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Her Opservation. "Love." remarked the romantic young man, "is said to brighten the

"I don't know about that," rejoined the practical maid, "but it has a tendency to disarrange one's hair."

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c. Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

scribing to his wife exactly how an ap the pieces of loose rock which She cut it exactly in half and served election is coming out and the busiest were strewn about beneath the explaining why it didn't.

The danger from slight cuts or wounds is always blood poisoning. The immediate application of Hamlins Wizard Oil makes blood poisoning impossible.

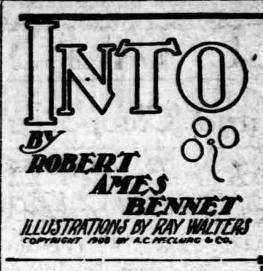
The great and good do not die even in this world, embalmed in books their

spirits walk abroad .- Smiles. The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, and the

last duty well done.

There are imitations, don't be fcoled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Good company and good discourses

"re the very sinews of virtue.-Izaak

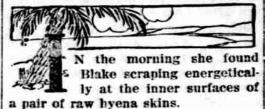


SYNOPSIS.

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, 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. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. 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. 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. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrope was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrope stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrope was badly hurt. He died the following morning. The storm tore down their distress ing. The storm tore down their distress flag, so a new one was swung from a The storm tore down their distress

CHAPTER XXII.

Understanding and Misunderstanding.



"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed. "Game? No; hyenas. I hated to

waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa-er-trousers."

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun. though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?" "Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked

"Tom-Mr. Blake!-you must not risk your life!"

off before-"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliff

for eggs?" "I do not wish any to-day, thank

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face. "Well," he muttered; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to bit last night; but if you think-"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose. "Oh. not that! I will come," she the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend coldly. with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top she his sudden anger, she was alarmed saw him running across towards an and drew back, watching him with out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had nurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones on a ledge down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the other, and, anly tact to conciliate him. fearful of what might be happening.

had rushed on ahead. At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges and soared away; only to wheel and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came The grandest time a man has is de back near her, and began to gather sent. The egg was already shelled.

the same, a few more will do no with a look of smiling insistence.

harm." "Then you are sure those awful refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude." birds have not-"

"Yes, I'm sure." He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the and young Mrs. Vandam-Jones' auto- noring a horde of middlemen who freopen cliff top was fresher than in the cotillon-with us sitting here like quently waste more than is destroyed he would like to be the first time he





without thought of consequences. "Was it not dangerous-great beasts But Blake knew the need of modera- knew about music." "There; that'll do." he said. "He may have been-all he was; but we've

no more than done our duty. Now,

we'll stroll out on the point." "I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it locks to me like the signal is tearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst | sifal!" of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the charp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seafowl and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry cast-

He concluded the lesson by descend ing a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a fooltake a moment's time. I did quite a hardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings answered, and hastened to prepare of the frigate birds and none of the other eggs equaled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied,

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff, "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over." Unable to conceive any cause for

sidelong glances. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?" She shrank farther away, and did

At her call to the noon meal Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile and exerted all her wom-

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard." "Rather eat beef," he mumbled. "But just to please me-when I've

cooked it your way?" He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as asone of the pieces to him with a bit of "I know I piled up enough," he ex- took the dish he raised his sullen plained, in response to her look. "All eyes to her face. She met his gaze

> "Come now," she said; "please don't "Well, if you feel that way about it!-not that I care for fancy dishes,"

he responded, gruffly. "It would be missing half the enand onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake-" "Beats a burlesque all hollow-Mrs. There will be closer relation between Sint-Regis-Waldoff's chop-socey tea the producer and the consumer igcleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned by ignorant help and insect foes com- falls in love, there would be more to the absence of shade. She would antelope, and you in that Kundry bined. Under the alliance with the good citizens in this country than have worked on under the burning sun | dress-"

fond of music! Have you been to know how funny it seems to sit here

"Where's that?"

"In Germany. It is where his high time for me to be cabling a ship himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring-above all, the Par-

even if I have to cut short my engagement in this gee-lorious climenot but what, when it comes to leopard ladies-" He paused and surveyed her with frank admiration.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with-with a creature

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? a moment since bright and pleasant, I know I'm not much of a ladies' man: but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment -well, it's not just what you'd call

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood. I—"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way." For a full minute she sat, with down-bent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

angry, even if I did misunderstand "Do you wonder that I am not quite you. You misunderstood me!" She myself?" she asked. "You should recaught herself up with a half sob. His member that I have always had the silence gave her time to recover her utmost comforts of life and have been composure. She continued with excared for-- Don't you see how tercessive politeness: "Need I repeat rible it is for me? And then the death my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?" of-of-"

"I can't be sorry for that!" "But even you felt how terrible it was-and then- Oh, surely, you must see how-how embarrassing-"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing come back until some time after dark, of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly it was to change the subject: after a hasty supper he went back "Guess you saw me making my hut. down the cleft to build up the new I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when wall of the barricade with the great it rains."

had gathered during the afternoon. Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as

Farm Is to Be Like.

his land, and defy drought as well as

floods. He will become a scientific

forester, and every farm will produce

wood and lumber as well as wheat and

apples. A single acre will produce

what ten acres yield now. Women

will work out doors as heartily as

men; in fact, they will be the horti-

culturists and the truck gardeners.

school the farm will be valued not only there are now.

The future farme: will subirrigate

"Do you-I was not aware that you expected, he looked up at her, his lips

"Don't know a note. But give me short, for she had been describing her a chance to hear good music and I'm first social triumphs and his untimely there if I have to stand in the peanut- levity embarrassed her. gallery."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't Bayreuth?" and listen to you talking about those

operas are given as staged by Wagner to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera." "I'm sure papa will offer a big re ward."

"I'll most certainly take that in.

The blood leaped into her face. to anyone who-" money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

like that!" not been mistaken. His face, only took on its sullenest frown. started along the cleft. eggs now, are you?"

Silence.

he had intended the remark for a del-

icately worded assurance. But was

Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindli-

ness, capable of such tact? She

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But

"It's going to have a raised floor.

You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't

do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work

more pressing. First, there's the bar-

ricade. By the time that's done those

hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut

"No; I'll take a stagger at it my-

self first. I'd rather you'd go egging.

You need to run around more, to keep

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing

"We'll have to grin and bear it

After all, it's not so bad, if only we

can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that

you can take your time about it, and

high. We've little show of being

picked up by a chance boat on a coast

with reefs like this. But I figure that

if I was in your daddy's shoes it'd be

joyment to eat such a delicacy with-

Blake looked away without answer.

But she could see that his face was

beginning to clear. Greatly encour-

aged, she chatted away as though they

were seated at her father's dinner-

table and he was an elderly friend

from the business world whom it was

For a while Blake betrayed little in-

terest, confining himself to monosyl-

lables except when he commented on

the various dishes. When she least

parted in a broad smile. She stopped

"Don't get mad, Miss Jenny," he

things. It's like serving up ice cream

"Second 'the motion! I've a sort

"You? Oh, yes; to be sure. Papa

"You think I mean his dirty

Her confusion told him that he had

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly and

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr.

"Sufficient? It's enough to give a

fellow a chill! Come, now; don't go

off mad. You know I've a quick tem-

"You've-you've no right to look so

"No: once is enough! But, honest,

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he

When, a few minutes later, she re-

turned, he was gone. He did not

when she had withdrawn to her lean-

to for the night. His hands were

bleeding from thorn scratches; but

stack of fresh thorn-brush that he

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

for its poems and its education. As our schools become places for apply-

ing as well as acquiring knowledge.

school farm. The alliance between the

home and the school will become very

close. A valley full of farms is al-

ready the nearest to paradise that we

have, but the future will tenfold its

wealth and hundredfold its delights .-

But the Glamor Fades.

If every man could be as good as

IN THE GOLDEN FUTURE

Independent.

now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

per. Can't you make allowances?"

s generous, and he will be grateful

of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for

a reward myself."

She did not reply.

Blake? Is that sufficient?"

off like that."

her duty to entertain.

out some one to share it," she said.

keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think-?"

soon, and new shoes, too."

out the patterns."

is this constant heat."

in trim."

chose to consider that he was.

will not the rain flood you out?"

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is of

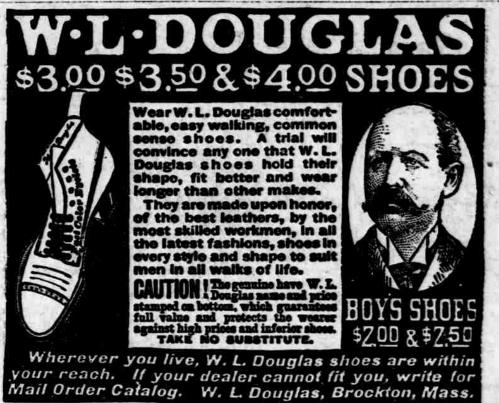
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