one, which grew nearest to the sea

"Here's our ladder," he said. "Get

em. May be snakes here."
'Snakes?—oh!" cried Miss Leslle,

some firewood. Pound the bushes, though, before you go poking into

and she stood shuddering at the dan ger she had already incurred.

The fire had burnt itself out on a bare ledge of rock between them and

the baobab, and the clumps of dry brush left standing in this end of the

cleft were very suggestive of snakes, now that Blake had called attention

to the possibility of their presence. He laughed at his hesitating com

panions. "Go on, go on! Don't squeal till you're bit. Most snakes hike out,

if you give them half a chance. Take

a stick each of you, and pound the

But neither ventured into the thicker clumps. When they returned, with

large armfuls of sticks and twigs.

they found that Blake had used his

glass to light a handful of dry bark, out in the sun, and was nursing it in-

to a small fire at the base of the tree,

"Now, Miss Jenny," he directed,
"you're to keep this going—not too big

a fire-understand? Same time you

can keep on fetching brush to fumigate your cat hole. It needs it, all right."

"Will not that be rather too much for Miss Leslie?" asked Winthrope.

brains on the skins,-Indian tan, you

before a lady?" protested Winthrope. "Beg your pardon, Miss Leslie! you

see, I'm not much used to ladies' com-

pany. 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

more besides."

got that old tabby to peel, and a lot

Miss Leslie's first impulse was to

protest against being left alone, when

at any moment some awful venom-

ous 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 mo-

ment'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

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 disagree

able 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 half-contemptuous pity, she caught up a

forked stick, and forced herself to enter the tree-cave. The stench met her

like a blow. It nauseated and all but overpowered her. She stood for several moments in the center of the cav-

ity, sick and faint. Had it been even

the previous day, she would have run

Presently she grew a little more accustomed to the stench, and began

to rake over the soft, dry mold of

the den floor with her forked stick.

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

away from the entrance. Miss Lez-lie looked at the result of her labor

with a satisfied glance, followed by a sigh of relief. Between the heat and

her unwonted exercise, she was great-

ly fatigued. She stepped around to a

With a start she remembered the

When she reached it there were

only a few dying embers left. She

gathered dead leaves and shreds of

fibrous inner bark, and knelt beside

the dull coals to blow them into life.

She could not bear the thought of hav-

ing to confess her carelessness to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

proved 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 en-

joyable and exentful as that of the

man .- Nearing and Watson in "Eco

Help us to remember that greater

out into the open air.

shadier spot to rest.

Blake.

nomics."

fumigation of the leopard den.

"Well, if she'd rather come and rub

'How can you mention such things

on the side next the cliff.

Thus urged, both started to work.

bushes."

ward side of the cleft.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Lesile, 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 Lesile. 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 Lesile 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 occoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Lesile 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 Lesile faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake revovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus lasuring fire. He started a jungle fire

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 it stood close to the left wall.

"Here's luck for you!" growled take. "Why couldn't the blamed old tree have grown on the other side? We might have found a way to climb tt. Guess we'll have to smoke out another leopard. We're no nearer those birds' nests than we were yes-

"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.

"Bows—arrows—and did you not agree that they would make knives?" "Umph-we'll see. What is it, Miss

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

"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 It 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 Blake took up his club and walked straight 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 Really, I wish to help. 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 Blake glanced about as though considering the advisability of Winthrope and Miss Leslie were staring at him, white-faced. The sight of their terror seemed to spur him to dare-devil bravado; though his actions may rather have been due to the fact that he realized the futility of flight, and so rose to the requirements of the situation-the grim need to 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 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 blinded mate. One moment after another passed, and he stood poised for the shock, tense and scowling. so much as a snarl came from within. The truth flashed upon him.

'Smothered!" he The other saw him dart in through the hole. A moment later two limp grayish bodies were flung out into the Immediately after Blake reap peared, dragging the body of the moth-

"It's all right; they're dead!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to look at the bodies.





One Moment After Another Passed, and He Stood Poised for the Shock.

curious.

"Are they all dead, Mr. Blake?" she inquired.

"Wiped out-whole family. The old cat stayed by her kittens, and all smothered together—lucky for us! Get busy with those bamboos, Win. going to have these skins, and the sooner we get the cub meat hung up and curing, the better for us."
"Leopard meat again!" rejoined

Winthrope.

"Spring leopard, young and tender! What more could you ask? Get a move on you."

"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 there's any place to get to the top. You could pick up sticks on the way back, if any are left. We'll have to fumigate this tree hole before we

adopt it for a residence."

"Will it be long before you finish

ith your—with the bodies?"
"Well, now, look here, Miss Jenny; with it's going to be a mess, and I wouldn't mind hauling the carcasses clear down 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."

"Good. That's something like! Think you can learn to cook?'

"See what I did this morning."

Blake took the cord of cocoanut fiber 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 camp-mate, Miss Jenny. But now, trot along. This is hardly arctic weather. and our abattoir don't include a coldstorage plant. The sooner these lambs are dressed, the $\mathbf{b}\mathrm{etter."}$

CHAPTER X.

Problems in Woodcraft.

T WAS no pleasant sight that met Miss Leslie's gaze upon her return. The neatest of butchering can hardly be termed aesthetic; and Blake and Winthrope lacked both skill and tools. Between the penknife and an improvised blade of bamboo, they had flayed the two cubs and haggled off the flesh. The ragged strips, spitted on bamboo rods, were already searing in the fierce

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 of the mother leopard, and beckoned the girl to come nearer.

"Hold on a minute, please," he said.

"What did you find out?" Miss Leslie drew a few steps near- base. Blake stopped at the second than any church or ereed is kindness

Miss Leslie followed, hardly less | er, and forced herself to look at the revolting sight. She found it still more difficult to withstand the odor of the fresh blood. Winthrope was pale and nauseated. The sight of his distress caused the girl to forget her own loathing. She drew a deep breath, and succeeded in countering Blake's expectant look with a half-smile

'How well are you getting along! she exclaimed.

"Didn't think you could stand it. But you've got grit all right, if you are a lady," Blake said admiringly. "Say, you'll make it yet! Now, how about the gully?"

"There is no place to climb up. It runs along like this, and then slopes But there is a cliff at the end,

as high as these walls."
"Twenty feet," muttered Blake.
"Confound the luck. It isn't that jump-off; but how in—how are we going to get up on the cliff? There's an everlasting lot of omelettes in those birds' nests. If only that bloomin'—how's that, Win, me b'y?—that bloomin', blawsted baobab was on to ther side. The wood's almost soft as punk. We could drive in pegs, and climb up the trunk."

"There are other trees beyond it,"

remarked Miss Leslie

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

weight."

"And it's too infernally high to dry and almost buried; moldy bones; climb up to this overhanging baobab limb.'

"I say," ventured Winthrope, "if we 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 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 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 smell.

"Will not the tree burn?" "No; these hollow baobabs have green bark on the inside as well as out. Funny thing, that! We'd have to keep a fire going a long time to 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, instead of chopping it down?"
"By—heck, Miss Jenny, you've got
an American headpiece! Come on.

ooner 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

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make it an ideal food for families who want to get the greatest good from what they eat.

Laborers, factory or farm hands, fed plentifully on Quaker Oats will work better and with less fatigue than if fed on almost any other kind of food. All of these facts were proved and very interesting information about human foods were gathered by Professor Fisher of Yale University in 1908. In addition to the regular package Quaker Oats is packed in large sized family packages either with or without china dishes.

Labor Unions Fight Tuberculosis. Ten fraternal and benefit organizations, with a membership of nearly 4,000,000, and three international labor unions with a membership of over 100,000 have joined the ranks of fighters against consumption within the last year, according to a state-ment of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tubercu-losis. The fraternal orders and unions now in the fight against tuberculosis are the Modern Woodmen of America, Brotherhood of American Yeomen, Order of Eagles, Improved Order of Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum, Workmen's Circle, Knights of Columbus, Royal League, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and Foresters of America, the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North Amer-ica, the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' union, the inter-national Boot and Shoe Workers' union, and the International Typo-

That Got Him. A theatrical manager delighted in taking a rise out of conceited or vain

members of his company. "I see you are getting on fairly well," he remarked.

"Fairly? I am getting on very well," replied the hero of the play, promptly. "I played Hamlet for the first time last night. You can see by the paglowing criticisms how well I got on.'

"I have not read them," replied the

other, quietly, "but I was there."
"Oh, you were. Well, you noticed how swimmingly everything went off? Of course, I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave, but I think the audience appreciated even that."

"I know they did." said the manager, with a slight smile; "but they were frightfully sorry when you climbed out of it again!"

He Forgot Something.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she queried, looking off into space.
"Great heavens, girl!" said he abashed, "what more can I say! Haven't I told you that I worship the

very ground you walk on? Haven't I offered you every iota of my worldly possessions? Haven't I said that you would never want for anything, that your relatives could come and stay as long as they wished, that I would work my fingers bare for you, and that I would devote my entire existence to you?"

"Oh, yes, you said all that," she replied, wearily, "but—"
"But what?" he asked, tremulously

"You—you didn't say right out and out 'I love you,' and that's what I wanted to hear most of all."

Hated to Take the Money. Frank I. Cobb, the chief editorial

writer of the New York World, was on a vacation in the Maine woods once when Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the World, wanted to communicate with him. Mr. Pulitzer sent Cobb a cipher message.

Presently a country operator drove in to the Cobb camp and handed Cobb the message, which read something

"Simplicity—aggrandizement — grif-Bones!—who had ever dreamed of such a mess of bones?—big bones and little bones and skulls; old bones "There's a dollar to collect for delivered by the such a mess of bones."

"There's a dollar to collect for delivered by the such a mess of bones."

ering that message," said the operator, "but I hate to take it. Somebody along the line got it all balled up, and they ain't no sense to it.'

THE DIFFERENCE Coffee Usually Means Sickness, But Postum Always Means Health.

Those who have never tried the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the

One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely, but found hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum.

Drudgery in the Kitchen.

The path of progress is clear. There it and have used it for several years.

I improved immediately after I left The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigesis why these things should be done by men. The development of im were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I

changed from coffee to Postum.

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee, for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum, and are always well."
"There's a reason" and it is proved

by trial. Look in pkgs for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. REAL NEED.



"I say, old chap, will you lend a friend a dollar."

"Is he really in need of it?" "Rather. He wants to pay me with

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation



of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, quent of passage

and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

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

A Terrible Disease.
"Do you own an automobile?" in-

quired the unobservant party. The other shook his head sadly.

"No," he sighed, "I have been a sufferer all my life from chronic pedestrianism."

Rough on Rats fools the rats and mice, but never fools the buyer. The secret is, you (not the maker) do the mixing. Take a hint, do your own mixing; pay for poison only, then you get results. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. 15c, 25c, 75c.

Loveliness does more than destroy ugliness; it destroys matter. A mere touch of it in a room, in a street, even on a door-knocker, is a spiritual force.

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Another Operation Avoided.

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