

SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><text> her de

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! Ift may be, some hot broth-"

"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrope, there's no use lying You're going out mighty about it. soon. See if you can't die like a man

"Die! Gawd, but I can't die-I can't - Ow! it burns!' die He flung up a hand, and sought to

tear at his wounds. "Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching

the hand in an iron grip. Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cower the wretched man into a state of abject submission.

"S'elp me, I'll confess!-I'll confess !!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I 'ad to take 'ern hout of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a cunning smile stole over his distorted cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they never "as a hinkling! Mr. Cecil Winthrope, "his new please, an' a 'int of a title as a minimize. an' a 'int of a title-wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'oaxer! Wot a lark! wot a Park!

His voice shrilled out in quavering appeal: "Don't-don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End-out of that hell-and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings-out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet-his grace's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you—"

Blake's deep voice, firm but strange By husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."

"Enough—and last night— My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!-God ha' mercy-

time there was no rally. Blake thrust himself between Miss



"I Wish He Hadn't Rushed Off So Suddenly."

we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. 'Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows

"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect—" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them. Blake frowned and hesitated; them She glanced down at burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's not blabbing to tell that much-I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."

"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wreckage and Salvage.



LL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to Again came the gasping rattle; this feel any concern over the mere damage and destruction of things. It was relief to find someth



sional boggy hole, the water had drained away

At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge, and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm, and a slight breeze tempered the sun-rays.

He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day; but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river, and swam across, reckless of the croco-diles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reck-less of the sharks as he had been of the ugly crocodiles in the river.

For all this, he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had had stitched up the last slit in the torn flag.

She looked up at him, with a brave attempt at a smile. "I am afraid I'm not much of

needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"

"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reas-sured her. "Give it me, now. I've got to get it up, and hurry back for a nap, No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp—and to-night I'll have to go on watch. The barri-cade is down." "Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I

take a turn on watch?"

Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep to-day, and work rebuilding the barricade to-night. Toward morning I might build up the fire, and take a nap.

He caught up the flag and its new staff, and swung away through the

He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected, and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboos over a ledge at the cliff foot, behind the baobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which like Win-thrope's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work, he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the "Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined-

'not till it's dried out." She glanced at his fact, and replied.

without a moment's hesitancy: "Very well. I will do what you think best." "That's good," he said, and went at

once to lie down for his much needed eleep. He awoke just soon enough before

run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready minus a pint of first-class sparklers! burning, was piled up against the Will you mind its setting in the cave baobab: while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered toafter things are fixed up?" "No; not as it is." gether in heaps. Blake le oked his ad He nodded soberly. "All right, miration for her industry. But then Now I'll go for the new flag- his forehead wrinkled.

DOCTOR'S BEST FORMULA

For Remarkably Quick Action on Colds and Coughs.

This prescription will frequently cure the worst cold in a day's time and it is a sure cure for any cough that can be cured. "Two ounces Glycerine; half ounce Concentrated Pine; Put these into half a pint of good whiskey and use in doses of teaspoonful to a table-spoonful every four hours. Shake bot-tle well each time." Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house The Concentrated Pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce vials each enclosed in an air tight case; But be sure it is labeled 'Concentrated." This formula cured hundreds here last winter.

THE NEW COIFFURE.



isn't it?" "Exactly. You can even take it off."

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax



were scanty, fre-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.

Latest Coffee Roaster.

The latest coffee roaster has a sta-tionary inner cylinder and a rotating outer one of perforated steel, with space between for the coffee beans, and blades to insure thorough mixing and even roasting. Heat is applied to the inner cylinder by electric current. For sampling the roasting, a small cup is so arranged that on pressing **a** knob three or four beans are thrown out without stopping the cylinder.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Catarrh Cure: F.J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo. O.
We, the undersimed, have known F. J. Cheney
We and the strand the stran

Spoiled the Story. Tattered Terry — I'm a newspaper man, but I can't get a job. Lady of the House—Indeed! Why

not? Tattered Terry-You see, I saved a train from a terrible accident once. and all de editors have been sore on me ever since!—Puck.

When Coloring Rags for Carpets or rugs, always use Dyola Dyes be-cause the one package will color any material. Satisfaction guaranteed. Once try Dyola and you will never go back to the old fashioned dyes. 10c per package at your dealer's. Write Dyola, Burlington, Vt., for free book of directions and color card directions and color card.

Luck. "Does you believe it's lucky to see All in the Name. Phyllis (up from the country)-But,

Dick this is just like the last piece you brought me to see here.

Dick-My dear Phyllis, don't be ab-surd. This is "The Naughty Girl of Nice," and thet other was "The Grasse Widow." Surely you know that Nice and Grasse are two entirely different places .- Punch.

Rheumatism Cured In a Day.

recuratism Cured in a Day. Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c Druggists.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.--Emerson.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM Give will care not only a fresh cold, but one of those born coughs that usually hang on for months. It a trial and prove its worth. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Time cannot remove kindly acts from a grateful heart-Royston.

WHY suffer with eye troubles, quick re-lief by using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c, All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

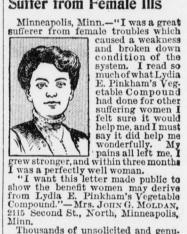
A man can always flatter his wife by being jealous.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to onre any case of Itching, Bind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 60c.

It might improve the pound cake to hit it with an ax.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills



Minn.

Minn. Thousands of unsolicited and genu-ine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those dis-tressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Shewill treatyour letterasstrictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of chargo. Don't besitate — write at once.



BROWN'S **BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

A convenient and effective remedy for Coughs and Hoarseness. Invaluable in Bronchial and Lung Troubles and to Singers and Speakers for clearing the voice.

some leaves.

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with

sticky mud. "There! Guess nobody's going to chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke

"That's no matter. Here!

staff.

the signal.

called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking

his way over the remnant of the bar

ricade, without a falter in his whis-tling. The deluge of rain had poured

"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't the squares near the edge had been tell you now. You'll have to wait till ripped open. Blake thurst in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea. "O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in He his rough palm. He drew it back and carefully thrust

it again into its pocket. "That's one," he said. "There's an that's one, he said. "There's an-other in every square of this innocent, harmless rag-dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's-or, more like, the duchess' jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and-"I cannot-I cannot touch it!" she cried

"Say, I didn't mean to- It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?" "Of course! It was only the-the thought that-"

thing all right."

Leslie and the crumpled figure

"Get back around the tree," he said marshly.

"What are you going to do?"

"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning-glass into her her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."

'You're not going to- You'll bury h1m!

Yes. Whatever he may have been, be's dead now, poor devil!" "I can't go," she half whispered,

"not until-until I've learned- Do you -can you tell me just what is paranoia?

Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.

'Near as I can say, it's softening of "The brain-up there." "Do you think that-" she hesitated

-"that he had it?" "Yes, I do. But if you'll go,

please."

"One thing more-I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and youyou quarreled with him?'

Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"

"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care to tell me what you meant-what you maid then?

Blake's flush deepened; but he raised his head, and faced her square-by as he answered: "No; I'm not going to repcat any dead man's talk: and as for what I said, this isn't the time or place to say anything in that Mine-now that we're alone. Under stand ?"

"I'm afraid I de not, Mr. Blake. Please explain

called for work. then.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft

by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislode

It. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the

torn flag. While she worked she sat shaded ledge, her bare feet toast ing in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smeared moccasins drying within

reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet

were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight

of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?--the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. staff's carried clean away." Old

"Mr. Blake-just a moment, please What have you done with-with it?" Blake jerked his thumb upward. "You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over-But, I say, look here."

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares bare the ledges in the channel of the by crossing lines of stitches. One of spring rill. But aside from an occa-

"You oughtn't to ve done so much," You might set out breakfast.' She nodded in turn, and when he he admonished.

came back from the bamboos with the "I'll show you I can tote fair!" she largest of the great canes on his rejoined. During the afternoon she shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and had recalled to mind that odd expres sion of a southern girl chum, and had turned to go again to her sewing. "Hold on," he said. "This won't do. been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.

You've got to eat your share." "I do not—I am not hungry." He stared at her open-eyed, and

laughed. "Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look

He forced upon her a bowl of hot out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!" broth, and she drank it because she

Thereupon, they fell to chatting like children out of school, each hap could not resist his rough kindness. He bolted the last of his meat, and py to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure up on the cliff top at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them. His first concern was for the barri-

When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake cade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches sprang up, with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft. The The labor were scattered to the four cor- girl looked after him with a lingering smile.

"I wish he hadn't rushed off so sud he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his denly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for-for every thing!" face cleared, and he began to whistle

in a plaintive minor key. He was The color swept over her face in a thinking of how she had looked when deep blush, and she darted around to she darted out of the tree at his call her tiny hut as though some one might have overheard her whisper. -of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrope, she had

Vet. after all, she had said nothing or, at least, she had merely said "everything."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Only Once in Awhile.

down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying Once in awhile you'li run across a woman who'd rather stay home and darn stockings than go to an after noon card porty

new moon over yoh righ der?'

"Sho I does," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkney. "Dese here stormy days you's lucky to see any kind of a moon anyway."—Washington Star.

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



The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Latest Scheme "That new hotel will have red wall paper in all the rooms."

"Heavens! Why?" "So that when the guests kill-eranything, it won't show.

Children Who Are Sickly. Mothers should never be without a box on Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They break up colds in 24 hours, cure Feverish ness, Constipation, Headache, Teething Dis orders and Stomach Troubles. Over 10,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Ask to day. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Modern Polonius

"Pay your debts promptly, my son. "All right, dad." "Then when Opportunity knocks you

won't be afraid to go to the door'

acre fruit ranch means health and wealth. A te who can invest \$2.50 per month can become in terested. Give us a chance to prove our state ments. Will send you map of Colorado and literature FREE. The Colorado Orchard Co Box 1516, Denver, Colo. COLORADO means health and wealth.

There is no conversation so agree able as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to be-tray, and speaks without any intention to deceive .-- Plato.



which he had gathered with so much ners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but