

White Steamers Use Kerosene as Fuel



THE WHITE STEAMER WHICH MADE A SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF KEROSENE AS FUEL ON THE RECENT 2650-MILE GLIDDEN TOUR.

The most interesting announcement ever made in connection with the automobile industry was undoubtedly that made a month or two ago to the effect that the new models of the White Steam Cars could be run on kerosene, or coal oil, instead of gasoline...

The complete success of the new fuel while on the 2650-mile public test, and the advantages gained in the following dispatch which were representative of the New York Sun...

The White Company report that the demand for their new steam cars is such that the fuel may be changed from kerosene to gasoline, or vice versa, may be made in a couple of minutes...

Do You Know What This Sign Means to You? THE Sherwin-Williams Co. started selling paints over 40 years ago.

LAST CHANCE TO GET 160 ACRES OF LAND FREE! CHEYENNE RIVER RESERVATION

3,000,000 Acres of good land will be thrown open to Settlers Oct. 4th to 23rd, '09. The General Land Office has designated Le Beau and Aberdeen, S. D.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. This splendid tonic has been successful for four generations in making sickly children strong and healthy...

THE PRIZE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY MULLEN COMPANY, 108 B. ACROSWOOD, N.Y.

CHAPTER XV--Continued. "Mr. Blake!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Wintrop is going off without a word, but I can't endure it. You have no right to send him on such an errand. It will kill him!"

Blake met her indignant look with a sober stare. "What if it does?" he said. "Better for him to die in the gallant service of his fellow-men than to sit here and rot. Eh, Win?"

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Genevieve. I hope I shall pull through all right. I feel."

"No, you shall not!" she said. "You are to stay here, Mr. Blake, until you are well. I am your nurse, and I shall be so."

"You are to stay here, Mr. Blake, until you are well. I am your nurse, and I shall be so." She ended in a state of utter bewilderment.

CHAPTER XVI. The Savage Manifest. AS WINTROPE had succeeded in dragging himself to the beach...



Uncertain Whether She Should Feel Relieved or Anxious.

"But I say, Blake," replied Winthrop, "I see animals over in the copices, and you should know that I am physically unable..."

"That is no coevert of you, Mr. Blake," remarked Miss Leslie. "Simple enough when you happen to be ill, but just the same, they are the only things you've got to look out for the ticks in the grass. They'll keep you interested. They bit me up in great shape at the recollection..."

"The ticks proved less annoying than they had anticipated after Blake's warning. But when they approached the mouth of the river, they were alarmed to hear about the rear of the surf, low morning, such as could only be made by large animals. Fearful Miss Leslie had roared and angered...

"Oh, look here!" she cried. "It's a whole herd of elephants trying to cross the river mouth where we did, and they're being drowned, poor things!"

No Harm Done. Goodard! You didn't actually tell him that I didn't think him much of a poet? Wiseman--Sure. Goodard--O! I wouldn't have had you do that for the world!--Wiseman--Nonsense! That doesn't hurt him. It only makes him pity you.--Catholic Standard and Times.

ery of his lack of readiness, a troupe of large green monkeys set up a wild chattering in a tree above the party. "I say, Miss Jenny, do you think you can lug the pot, if we go slow? It isn't far now..."

"Hello; this must be one of those north-anthills," he said, and he gave the mound a kick. Instantly a tiny object whirled up and struck him in the face.

"Guess they borrowed that ant-hill," replied Blake, gingerly fingering the something which marked the spot where the tree had struck him.

"Keep that till later. How goes for your dessert?" "Hello! You're in time to help," he called. "Where's Win?"

"I was very thirsty. Could we not boil a potful of the river water?" "Yes, when the ebbs gets going, if we can't do dry. First things, we'll make a try for coconuts. Let's hit up for the nearest grove."

"The water is so dangerous, I fear you will suffer here," said Miss Leslie. "He was very thirsty. Could we not boil a potful of the river water?"

Good Tobacco. It is asserted by a traveler that "the best cigarette tobacco in the world comes from Macedonia; that the best tobacco in the world is tobacco as it is known in the European countries comes from Macedonia; and that when it does not come from Macedonia it is said to come from Macedonia."

At the first pain-ful Blake stopped to gather a number of leaves, for their palm-leaf hats were now cracked and broken. At this farther on a large antelope, with lyrate horns, leaped out of the bush before them and dashed off toward the river below. Blake could string his bow as if it were a bow.

New Apparatus to Hold Umbrella. The Calcutta constable--or "para-sailah," as he is called--has an apparatus attached to his shoulder to support an umbrella over his head.