

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were rescued 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 Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for their land. Their attack on the island. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing. He rose, spluttering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?

He thought of his companions. "Good God!" he groaned, "they're gone, anyway!" He stared dully at the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in—Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean." The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up he sank down almost flat and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrop and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating. "I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her—poor girl!" He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers until several yards from the path he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!" "What's that?" he croaked. He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blak—Blak!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthrop calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle and stared towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

Another call from Winthrop directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrop was waving to him.

"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!" Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrop held out one already opened. He snatched it from him and placed the hole in his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that coconut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening Winthrop had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinating spots gouged open with his penknife.



Blake Pushed Out from Among the Close Thickets.

"My dear sir, I have intimated before that, for reasons of—er—state—" "Oh, yes; you're travelling incog., in the secret service. Sort of detective—" "Detective!" echoed Winthrop, in a peculiar tone. "Well, it is rawther a nawsty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly my name is Cecil Winthrop!" "Oh-h! how lovely!—See-sill! See-sail!—Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are cokers for nicknames. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrop. "All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle." "You can't just say! And what are we going to eat?"

"Here are the cocoanuts." "Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones." Winthrop caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake he laid it on the bare ground and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrop needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrop's urging, she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She fell asleep while Winthrop was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail when Winthrop hobbled around and sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?" "And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed and're tracking me down by this time."

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—" "How about lions?" "They cannot; I'm sure of that." "Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

CHAPTER V.

The Re-Ascent of Man.

AFTERNOON was far advanced and Winthrop was beginning to feel anxious when at last Blake pushed out from among the close thickets. As he approached he swung an unshapely club upon his shoulder, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrop; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox." Blake showed that he was flattered. "Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."

"How's that?" "Show you later, Pat, me by. Now

trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping." "Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

"Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment. "It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrop. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat." As Winthrop caught up a nut the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment.

There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her dainty preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her dragged, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sundown; so, if you please, if you're ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?" "Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?" "Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrop's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though." "I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrop.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club he stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. As he rose with his burden Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dew here are like those in Central America they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

"Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrop and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall.

Winthrop and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white shirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on unless you want to come out on the other side in full evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking, but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path through the thicket?" inquired Winthrop. "Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrop took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrop drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrop, please! It scratches my neck."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW SENSATION FOR DOBBIN

Come to Think of It, He Would Have Felt Funny Sitting in the Position Indicated.

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?" "Yes, dear," answered her mother. A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting on the plush cushions.—Woman's Home Companion.

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Miserable's Wife Made Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

TRUE RESIGNATION.



Old Maid—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven? Doctor—Yes, I believe so. Old Maid (resignedly)—O, then, doctor, you needn't call again.

Wanted to Defer the Petition. A Los Angeles mother tells the following:

"One summer's eve my little son of six years was sent to bed at his usual time; but he could not sleep. Upon my inquiry what troubled him, he replied: 'I can't finish my prayer. I've got as far as 'Forgive us our trespasses'—but I can't get any further, for Howard licked me to-day and I want to lick him to-morrow."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Hard to Convince Him. "So you're going to marry old Gotrox' daughter, eh? Well, you know two can live cheaper than one." "I know, but I can't convince her father of that fact."

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

The good times we long for will not come in the guise of 45-cent watches. There's a rich, satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binder that is found in no other 5c cigar.

Does the ugly chorus girl come under the head of "stage frights?"

TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention. Delay is dangerous.



Alonso Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

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

The Same Old John L.

Old John L. Sullivan always had a fine Irish wit, and it remains with him in his advanced age. Not long ago he was appearing in a Baltimore theater and the manager, for business reasons, introduced him to a wealthy youth of the town. The youth was a typical chollyboy, the sort of a specimen that old John abhors. Sullivan was washing his face in the theater dressing room when the two arrived, and they waited patiently until he had finished his ablutions. When John had dried his countenance he gave the dude one look, and then said to the manager: "Well, I congratulate you, Jack, is it a boy or a girl?"

Teach Care of Home and Family. An interesting experiment is being made in the higher education of women at King's college, London. The idea is that there is just as much educational value in a careful study of the principles of managing the home and young children as in the course usually read for the taking of a degree.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

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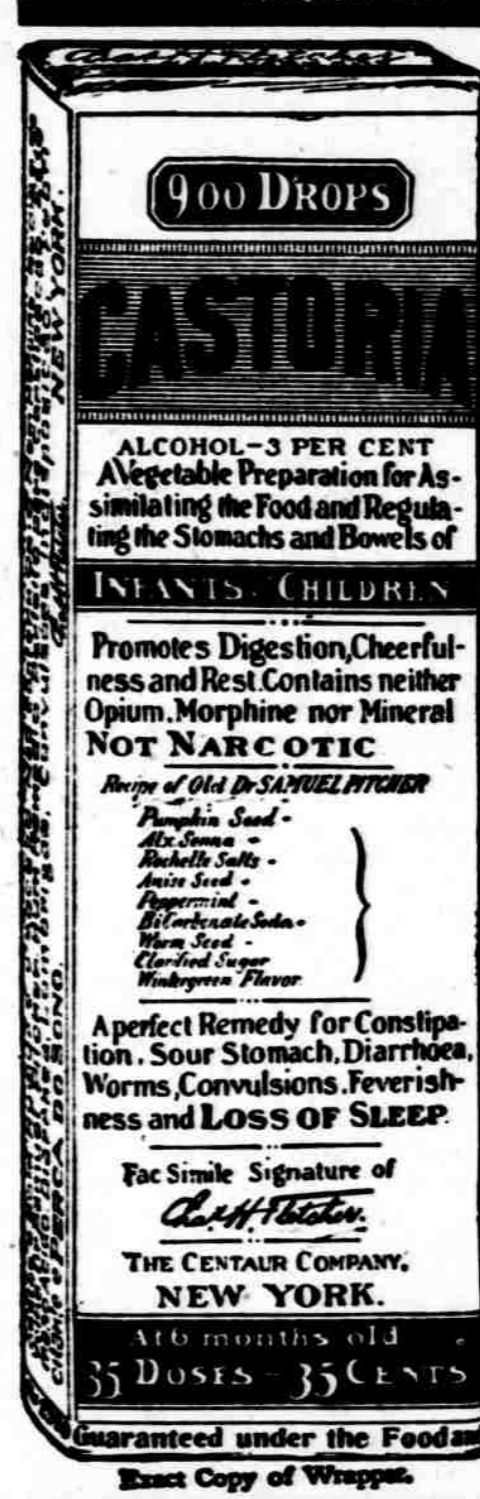
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Country Has Few Rich Men

They Are as Scarce in Bulgaria as Black Swans.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown, says the London Illustrated News. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent; and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food; they wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were 50 men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of \$5,000 a year.

Crocodiles Along the Nile.

At the sound of the shot the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam, exactly as a heavy wave had broken.

It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot.—Strand Magazine.

Indisputable. Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno.

"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."

"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."—Harper's Monthly.

Graham Crackers at their Best

There are no better Grahams than "Sunshines"—none half so good.

Sunshine Grahams are made of the best whole wheat graham flour, at the "Sunshine" bakeries—the finest in the world.

The ovens are of white tile and are on the top floor—sunshine and pure air all around them.

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Each package is protected by the triple seal. So you can be sure they are clean—pure and wholesome.

The "Sunshine Seal" on the end is proof of the genuine. Be sure it's there.

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