

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
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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 tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk 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 started 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 Leslie on account of weakness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed resting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chock full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stopped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Je-rusalum!" observed Blake; "this old bear must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken patch through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocconut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrop could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrop?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocconuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that if in the meantime not eaten themselves they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrop.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when fully satisfied he helped himself up with his club he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river, and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

Miss Leslie sighed. "If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrop turned abruptly to the cocconuts.

CHAPTER VII.

Around the Headland.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Slung on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrop.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take 'two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrop, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrop's knowledge. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrop. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to c-c-p you," she replied.

"Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's length, nervously conscious of the

rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrop. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—yes, you have. Damn it! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the cocconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of bowlders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 labor-

ers, 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.

The Language of Science.

"I must say," remarked the plain every-day man, "that I feel as if I had a cold in the head. And I'm so hoarse I can hardly speak."

"I see," answered the scientist. "You are suffering from a slight coxysa, causing congestion of the mucous membrane and suffusion of the optical organs, and inducing a somewhat phlogistic condition of the plethorria. Perhaps, however, you had better send for a physician."

"Send for a physician? No. I don't want a doctor. Send for an interpreter."

Home Help.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography. Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about and I'll write out the answer for you to learn. Small Daughter—The lakes of Africa. Cultured Mother—Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it.—New York Weekly.

COULDN'T GET SI TO ENTHUSE

Hired Man's Remarks Could Hardly Be Said to Be in Nature of Compliment.

The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began.

"Sometimes one thing, Lonny, an' sometimes nother."

"Well, Si, they have nominated me for county attorney."

"They might 'a done worse, Lonny. Howsomever, don't holler till you're out of the woods."

The young attorney was duly clected, and on his next visit to the farm announced the fact unctuously to Si, who was at the woodpile, saw in hand.

"Well, Si, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, Lonny, down in our parts where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper 'n' hadn't any cork, we generally took a corn cob."—Youth's Companion.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly.

Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. N. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

Patent Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Trsps., Boston.

COMFORTING.

Man in the Water—Help! Help! I'm drowning!

Droll Gen—What! you don't need help to drown, man.

Reputations.

"The Autocrat," remarked the Record Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out from college, you know, and in the habit of thinking hump-backed thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me: 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

In the Editorial Sanctum.

Editor—I like the last verse of your poem the best.

Poet—And why?

Editor—Well, principally because it is the last.—Judge.

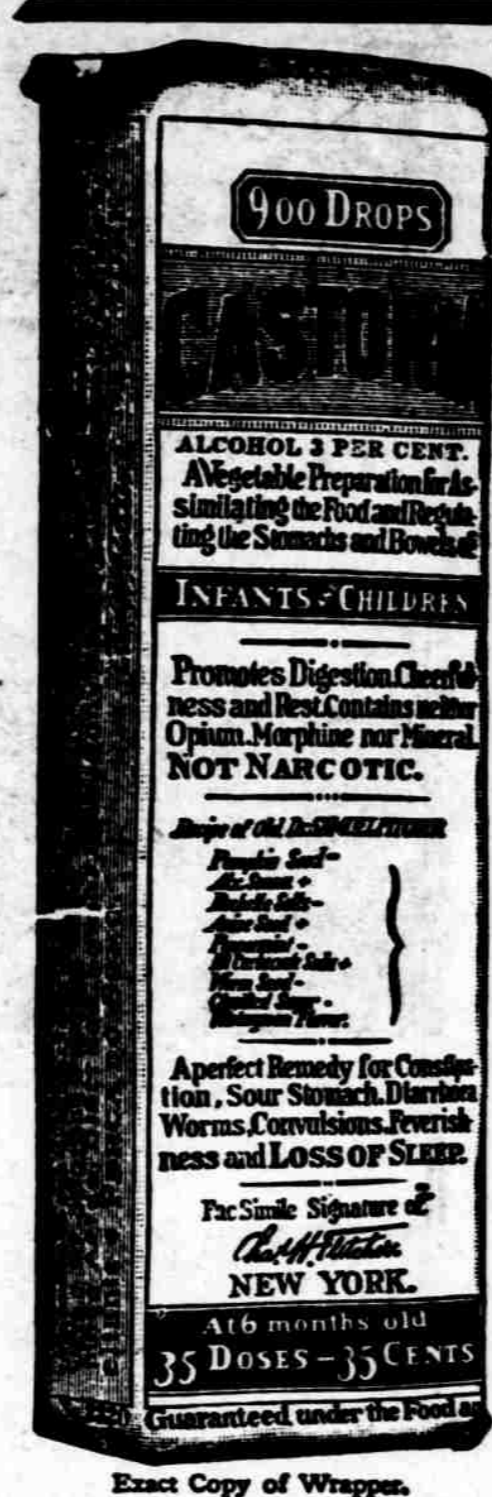
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years



He Bit.

The city man was jogging on toward the summer boarding-house in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there," he ventured, after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Get up here, hosses."

The Thrifty Scot.

A Scotman and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deelin', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deelin' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drowned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldn't cost sae muckle to bury."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Well, Not Very Often.

The little daughter of a Republican candidate for a local office down in Philadelphia, when told that her father had received the nomination, looked serious for a moment, then her voice trembled a bit as she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! do they often die of it?"

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlin's Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

It is easy for a woman with false teeth to bite off more molasses candy than she can chew.

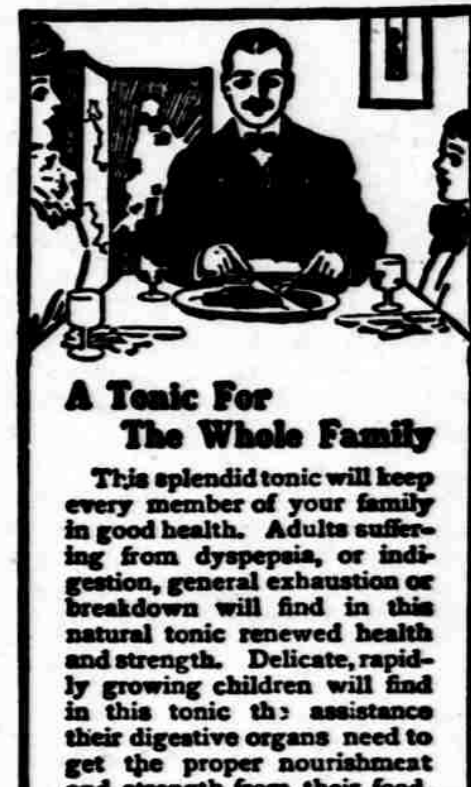
PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER. For all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid imitations. 25c. 50c and 75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. 50c and 75c.

Duty has a stern face only when looked at askance.

Lewis' Single Binder straight six cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Gifts to God can never make up for thefts from men.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 31-1908.



A Tonic For The Whole Family

This splendid tonic will keep every member of your family in good health. Adults suffering from dyspepsia, or indigestion, general exhaustion or breakdown will find in this natural tonic renewed health and strength. Delicate, rapidly growing children will find in this tonic the assistance their digestive organs need to get the proper nourishment and strength from their food.

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

acts directly on the stomach and other digestive organs, toning them up and enabling them to do their work properly. In this way it brings about permanent health and strength. On the other hand, ordinary tonics, which give artificial strength by stimulation and supplying food material, are only effective as long as they are taken.

Sold by All Druggists—25c. 50c, and 75c.

Take Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic if you want to get rid of your Cough or Cold.

SICK HEADACHE

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, etc. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

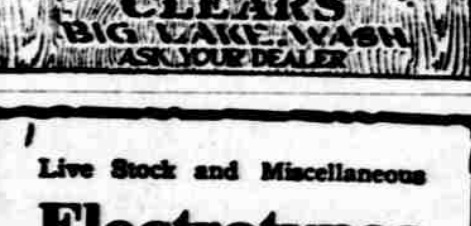


STEEL GRAIN BINS

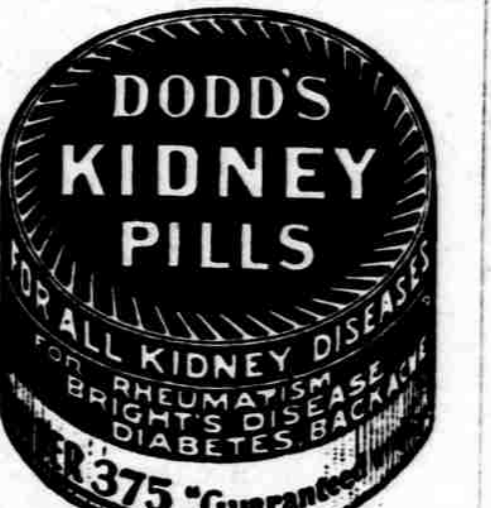
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on sides as well as the roof. Get your architect to show you plans of cottages with shingle siding and insist on his specifying the brand shown below.



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