

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 stranded upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, chafed on the head 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 wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. 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 huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie 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 Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake and Miss Leslie turned to stare at the droves of animals moving about between them and the border of the tall grass. Miss Leslie was the first to speak. "They can't be cattle, Mr. Winthrop. There are some with stripes. I do believe they're zebras!" "Get down!" commanded Blake. "They're all wild game. Those big ox-like fellows to the left of the zebras are eland. When wouldn't we be in it if we owned that water hole? I'll bet I'd have one of those fat beves inside three days." "How I should enjoy a juicy steak!" murmured Miss Leslie. "Raw or jerked?" questioned Blake. "What is 'jerked'?" "Dried." "Oh, no; I mean broiled—just red inside." "I prefer mine quite rare," added Winthrop. "That's the way you'll get it, damned rare—Beg your pardon, Miss Jenny! Without fire, we'll have the choice of raw or jerked."



"Bitten? Yes, by John Barleycorn!"

"Jerked meat is all right. You cut your game in strips—
"With a penknife!" laughed Miss Leslie.
Blake stared at her glumly. "That's so. You've got it back on me—Hutch-er a beef with a penknife! We'll have to take it raw, and dog-fashion at that."
"Haven't I heard of bamboo knives?" said Winthrop.
"Bamboo?"
"I'm sure I can't say, but as I remember, it seems to me that the varnish-like glaze—
"Silica? Say, that would cut meat. But where in—where in hades are the bamboos?"
"I'm sure I can't say. Only I remember that I have seen them in other tropical places, you know."
"Meantime I prefer coconuts, until we have a fire to broil our steaks," remarked Miss Leslie.
"Ditto, Miss Jenny, long's we have the nuts and no meat. I'm a vegetarian now—but maybe my month ain't watering for something else. Look at all those chops and roasts and stews running around out there!"
"They are making for the grass," observed Winthrop. "Hadn't we better start?"
"Nuts won't weigh so much without the shells. We'll eat right here."
There were only a few nuts left. They were drained and cracked and scooped out, one after another. The last chance to break evenly across the middle.
"Hello," said Blake, "the lower part of this will do for a bowl, Miss Jenny. When you've eaten the cream, put it in your pocket. Say, Win, have you got the bottle and keys and—"
"All safe—everything."
"Are you sure, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Miss Leslie. "Men's pockets seem so open. Twice I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's pocket."
"Locked?" echoed Blake.
"The ivory lock. Women may be curious, Mr. Blake, but I assure you, I did not look inside, though—"
"Let me—give it here—quick!" gasped Blake.
Startled by his tone and look, Miss Leslie caught an oval shaped object from the side pocket of the coat, and thrust it into Blake's outstretched hand. For a moment he stared at it, unable to believe his eyes; then he leaped up, with a yell that sent the droves of zebras and antelope flying into the tall grass.
"Oh! oh!" screamed Miss Leslie. "Is it a snake? Are you bitten?"
"Bitten?—Yes, by John Barleycorn! Must have been fuzzy drunk to put it in my coat. Always carry it in my fob pocket. What a blasted infernal idiot I've been! Kick me, Win,—kick me hard!"
"I say, Blake, what is it? I don't quite take you. If you would only—"
"Fire!—fire! Can't you see? We've got all hell beat! Look here."
He snapped open the slide of the supposed lock, and before either of his companions could realize what he would be about, was focusing the lens of a surveyor's magnifying-glass upon the back of Winthrop's hand. The Englishman jerked the hand away—
"Ow! That burns!"
Blake shook the glass in their bewildered faces.
"Look there!" he shouted, "there's fire; there's water; there's birds' eggs and beefsteaks! Here's where we trek on the back trail. We'll smoke out that leopard in short order!"
"You don't mean to say, Blake—"
"No; I mean to do! Most worry. You can hide with Miss Jenny on the point, while I engineer the deal. Fall in."
The day was still fresh when they found themselves back at the foot of

the cliff. Here arose a heated debate between the men. Winthrop, stung by Blake's jeering words, insisted upon sharing the attack, though with no great enthusiasm. Much to Blake's surprise, Miss Leslie came to the support of the Englishman.
"But, Mr. Blake," she argued, "you say it will be perfectly safe for us here. If so, it will be safe for myself alone."
"No play this game without him," she said. "No doubt. Yet if, as you say, you expect to keep off the leopard with a torch, would it not be well to have Mr. Winthrop at hand with other torches, should yours burn out?"
"Yes; if I thought he'd be at hand after the first crack."
Winthrop started off almost on a run. At that moment he might have faced the leopard single-handed. Blake chuckled as he swung away after his victim. Within ten paces, however, he paused to call back over his shoulder: "Get around the point, Miss Jenny, and if you want something to do, try braiding the coconut fiber."
Miss Leslie made no response; but she stood for some time gazing after the two men. There was so much that was characteristic even in this rear view. For all his anger and his haste, the Englishman bore himself with an air of well-bred nicety. His trim, erect figure needed only a fresh suit to be irrefragable. On the other hand, a careless observer, at first glance, might have mistaken Blake, with his flannel shirt and shouldered club, for a hulking navvy. But there was nothing of the navy in his swinging stride or in the resolute poise of his head as he came up with Winthrop.

Though the girl was not given to reflection, the contrast between the two could not but impress her. How well her countryman—coarse, uncultured, but full of brute strength and courage—fitted in with these primitive surroundings. Whereas Winthrop—and herself—
She fell into a kind of disquieted brown study. Her eyes had an odd look, both startled and meditative—such a look as might be expected of one who for the first time is peering beneath the surface of things, and sees the naked Realities of Life, the real values, based on masking conventions. It may have been that she was seeking to ponder the meaning of her own existence—that she had caught a glimpse of the vanity and wastefulness, the utter futility of her life. At the best, it could only have been a glimpse. But was not that enough?
"Of what use are such people as I?" she cried. "That man may be rough and coarse—even a brute; but he at least does things—I'll show him that I can do things, too!"
She hastened out around the corner of the cliff to the spot where they had spent the night. Here she gathered together the coconut husks, and seating herself in the shade of the overhanging ledges began to pick at the coarse fiber. It was cruel work for her soft fingers, not yet fully healed from the thorn wounds. At times the pain and an overpowering sense of injury brought tears to her eyes; still more often she dropped the work in despair of her awkwardness. Yet always she returned to the task with renewed energy.
After no little perseverance, she found how to twist the fiber and plait it into cord. At best it was slow work, and she did not see how she should ever make enough cord for a fish-line. Yet, as she caught the knack of the work and her fingers became more nimble she began to enjoy the novel pleasure of producing something. She had quite forgotten to feel injured, and was learning to endure with pa-

a gun. Having nothing else than fire, I think it was all very brave of him. Now we are sure of water and food. Had we not been going?"
"It was to fetch you that Blake sent me."
Winthrop spoke with perceptible stiffness. He was chagrined, not only by her commendation of Blake, but by the indifference with which she had met his agitation.
They started at once, Miss Leslie in the lead. As they rounded the point she caught sight of the smoke still rising from the cleft. A little later she noticed the vultures which were streaming down out of the sky from all quarters other than seaward. Their focal point seemed to be the trees at the foot of the cleft. A nearer view showed that they were alighting in the thorn bushes on the south border of the wood.
Of Blake there was nothing to be seen until Miss Leslie, still in the lead, pushed in among the trees. There they found him crouched beside a small fire, near the edge of the pool. He did not look up. His eyes were riveted in a hungry stare upon several pieces of flesh, suspended over the flames on spits of green twigs.
"Hello!" he sang out, as he heard their footsteps. "Just in time, Miss Jenny. Your broiled steak'll be ready in short order."
"Oh, build up the fire! I'm simply ravenous!" she exclaimed, between impatience and delight.
Winthrop was hardly less keen; yet his hunger did not altogether blunt his curiosity.
"I say, Blake," he inquired, "where did you get the meat?"
"Stew it, Win, my boy. This ain't a packing house. The stuff may be tough, but it's not—er—the other thing. Here you are, Miss Jenny. Chew it off the stick."
Though Winthrop had his suspicions, he took the piece of half-burned flesh which Blake handed him in turn and fell to eating without further question. As Blake had surprised, the roast proved far other than tender. Hunger, however, lent it a most appetizing flavor. The repast ended when there was nothing left to devour. Blake threw away his empty spit and rose to stretch. He waited for Miss Leslie to swallow her last mouthful and then began to chuckle.
"What's the joke?" asked Winthrop.
Blake looked at him solemnly.
"Well now, that was downright mean of me," he drawled; "after robbing them, to laugh at it!"
"Robbing who?"
"The buzzards."
"You've fed us on leopard meat! It's—it's disgusting!"
"I found it filling. How about you, Miss Jenny?"
Miss Leslie did not know whether to laugh or to give way to a feeling of nausea. She did neither.
"Can we not find the spring of which you spoke?" she asked. "I am thirsty."
"Well, I guess the fire is about burnt out," assented Blake. "Come on; we'll see."

The cleft now had a far different aspect from what it had presented on their first visit. The largest of the trees, though scorched about the base, still stood with unwithered foliage, little harmed by the fire. But many of their small companions had been killed and partly destroyed by the heat and flames from the burning brush. In places the fire was yet smouldering. (TO BE CONTINUED.)
"Navigates" His Farm.
A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Cranberry Isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the veracious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that Le shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.
Work on Three Branches.
Inventors are now confining their attention almost entirely to three branches—airships, automobiles and improvements in electrical appliances.

administratively valid, and that she continued to be a boy.
Administrative reports, procedure, and a decision of the courts, all at the parents' expense, will be required before the law acknowledges Mdlle. Eugenie to be of the feminine sex and allows her to marry.
Canal That Russia Needs.
Russia's ministry of ways and communications has appointed a board of engineers to make preliminary surveys for the long-projected canal to connect the Baltic with the Black sea. The canal, in the making of which several rivers will be turned to account, will have its northern end at Riga on the Gulf of Riga, 309 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, while the southern end will be Kherson, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 92 miles east-northeast of Odessa. When this project is completed Russia may move her own ships to and from the Black sea without asking permission.

Cupid Must Fight Red Tape

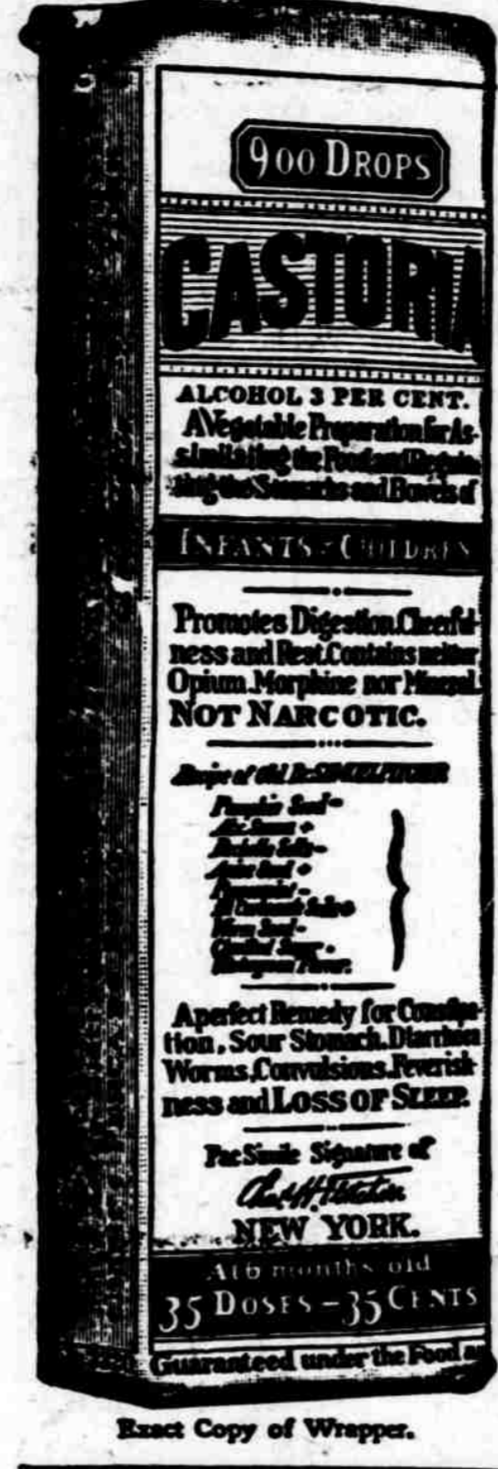
Ludicrous Mistake in French Law Hard to Correct.
Curious difficulties occasionally beset young people who wish to marry in France. A young Frenchman proposed recently to a Mlle. Eugenie, and was accepted. The parents began collecting the mass of legal papers required for French marriages. Among the first to be obtained was Mdlle. Eugenie's birth certificate, and when they got it they found that she was registered a boy. She is put down in the big book as a male, and a male she remains legally and administratively.
Her parents pointed out first, that she was obviously, de facto, a girl; second, that the Christian name of Eugenie entered in the register was feminine; and third, that if she had been a boy she would already have been called up for the conscription, being of age. The authorities replied that none of these arguments were legally and

administratively valid, and that she continued to be a boy.
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Dr. E. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."
Dr. J. B. Burgess, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."
Dr. E. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."
Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."
Dr. Edwin F. Fardeco, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THOSE NEW HATS.



"Come into the garden, Maud," said facetious-minded Fred. "What's the use?" said Maude. "I have it on my head."

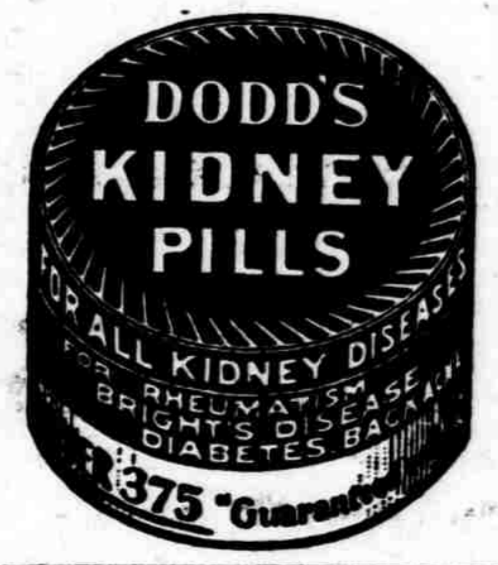
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"In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908."
Peter Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Props., Boston.

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Father—But think of all the new ailments!
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