

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, 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 drunk stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as a prospector 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 higher land. Their attack on the jungle was hampered by the entry of Miss Leslie on account of her nervousness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roasting light 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. Blake recovered his nervousness by making a class, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smoothing the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell across the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was dewed upon as a signal.



they're considered all kinds of dog. Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there up."

"You will excuse me, please."

"Yes, you can go alone," interposed Winthrop. "I am indisposed this morning, and what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly come to an end. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Leslie is a lady, and if she don't want to go, that settles it. But as for you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrop cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake—Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered. "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and no more to blame for doing the baby act than he'll be when he gets the delirium, and gables."

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrop. "You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing—do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrop. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impudence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence—"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrop turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrop, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surface of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrop to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crashed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

One after another, the keys were welded together, end to end, in a narrow ribbon of steel. The thinnest one, however, was not fastened to the tip until it had been used to burn a groove in the edge of a rib, selected from among the bones which Miss Leslie had thrown out of the baobab. The last key was then fastened to the others; the blade ground sharp, tempered, and inserted in the groove. Finally, pieces of the keying were fitted in bands around the bone, through notches cut in the ends of the steel blade. The result was a bone-handled, bone-backed knife, with a narrow cutting edge of fine steel.

Long before it was finished Miss Leslie had been forced away by the requirements of her own work. In fact, Blake did not complete his task until late in the afternoon. At the end, he spent more than an hour grinding the handle into shape. When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a bone, eh?"

"You are certainly very ingenious, Mr. Blake!"

"Nix! There's little of the inventor in my top piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of Eskimo work."

"Still, it is very skillfully done."

"That may be— Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me—dull when you hit a piece of bone. I'm ready now to skin a rhinoceros."

"If you can catch one!"

"Guess we could find enough of them around here, all right. But we'll start in on some of Win's sheep and cattle."

"Oh, do! One grows tired of eggs, and all these sea-birds are so tough and fishy, no matter how I cook them."

"We'll sneak down to the pool, and make a try with the bows this evening. I'll give odds, though, that we draw a blank. Win's got the aim, but no drive; I've got the drive, but no aim. Even if I hit an antelope, I don't think a bamboo-pointed arrow would bother him much."

"Don't the savages kill game with out iron weapons?"

"Sure; but a lot have flint points, and a lot of other use poison. I know that the Apaches and some of those other southern Indians used to fix their arrows with rattlesnake poison."

"How horrible!"

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. I guess they thought guns more horrible when they tackled the whites and got the daylight let through 'em. At any rate, they swapped arrows for rifles mighty quick, and anyone who knows Apaches will tell you it wasn't because they thought bullets would do less damage."

"Yet the thought of poison—"

"Yes; but the thought of self-preservation! Sooner than starve, I'd poison every animal in Africa—and so would you."

"I—I— You put it in such a horrible way. One must consider others, animals as well as people; and yet—"

"Survival of the fittest. I've read some things, and I'm no fool, if I do say it myself. For instance, I'm the boss here, because I'm the fittest of our crowd in this environment; but back in what's called civilized parts, where the law lets a few shrewd fellows monopolize the means of production, a man like your father—"

"I'm Unprepared to Climb Precipices, Even Though My Costume Is That of a Savage."

I know what it'll be like. I've rubbed elbows enough with snobs and big bugs to know what kind of consideration they give one of the mahabees—unless one of the mahabees has the drop on them. Hello, Win! What's kept you so late?"

"None of your business," snapped Winthrop.

Miss Leslie glanced at him, even more puzzled and startled by this outbreak than she had been by Blake's strange talk. But if Blake was angered, he did not show it.

"Say, Win," he remarked gravely. "I was going to take you down to the pool after supper, on a try with the bows. But I guess you'd better stay close by the fire."

"Yes; it is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it," rejoined Winthrop, with a peevishness of tone and manner which surprised Miss Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man. Just draw up your chair, and get all the hot broth aboard you can stow," answered Blake, soothingly.

Winthrop sat down; but throughout the meal, he continued to complain over trifles with the peevishness of a spoiled child, until Miss Leslie blushed for him. Greatly to her astonishment, Blake endured the nagging without a sign of irritation, and in the end took his bow and arrows and went off down the cleft, with no more than a quiet reminder to Winthrop that he should keep near the fire.

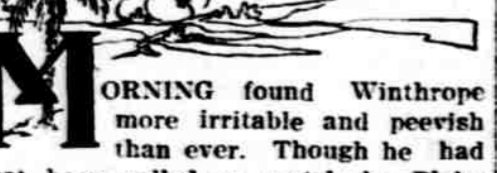
When, shortly after dark, the engineer came groping his way back up the gorge, he was by no means so calm. Out of six shots, he had hit one antelope in the neck and another in the haunch; yet both animals had made off all the swifter for their wounds.

The noise of his approach awakened Winthrop, who turned over, and began to complain in a whining falsetto. Miss Leslie, who was peering out through the bars of her screen, looked to see Blake kick the prostrate man. His brown showed only too clearly that he was in a savage temper. To her astonishment, he spoke in a soothing tone until Winthrop again fell asleep. Then he quietly set about erecting a canopy of bamboos over the sleeper.

Just why he should build this was a puzzle to the girl. But when she caught a glimpse of Blake's altered expression, she drew a deep breath of relief, and picked her way around the edge of her bamboo stakes, to lie down without a trace of the fear which had been haunting her.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mark of the Beast.



MORNING found Winthrop more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the thieves and put them to flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, with his broad back to Winthrop, when Miss Leslie appeared. The sudden cessation of Winthrop's complaints brought his companion around on the instant. The girl stood before

Even Though My Costume Is That of a Savage."

him, clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" he exclaimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"I fear it will be warm. Do you think it becoming?" she asked, flushing, and turning as though to show the fit of the costume.

"Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

"Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"If it's put up. Seems a pity, though, to do that, when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little colony of our own?"

Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her face became white as the cloth.

"Well!" demanded Blake soberly, though his eyes were twinkling.

"You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly, and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he admitted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie murmured her thanks, and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrop to accompany him.

"You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he added. "You haven't been on the cliff yet, and you ought to celebrate the occasion."

"No, thank you," replied the girl. "I'm still unprepared to climb precipices, even though my costume is that of a savage."

"Savage? Great Scott! That leopard dress would win out against any set of Russian furs a-going, and I've heard

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Send Back Ship's Sounds

Experiments with New Safety Device for Foggy Weather.

The United States government is experimenting in San Francisco bay with a safety device for foggy weather which is remarkable in the uniqueness of its idea. It is nothing less than a fog buoy which will make no noise of its own, but which will be expected to catch the sound waves of a vessel's whistle and echo them back across the water.

The buoy, or structure, is constructed of corrugated iron sheeting, placed on piles, and built in three wings placed at different angles. Each wing is 32 feet square.

The idea was given birth accidentally. There has always been much trouble in the upper part of San Francisco bay because the shore lights cannot be seen when the weather is bad. Pilots and skippers began to notice, however, how clearly the corrugated steel warehouses around Benicia returned the sound of their whistles, and for some time have been guiding their way along by the echoes. The government is confident that the new buoys will act in the same manner.

A love letter from the right person is worth all the literature in the world when it comes to heart interest.

A Harder Job.

The tributes to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way.

"He's a real good boy, that boy o' yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lotthrop James added his word of approval.

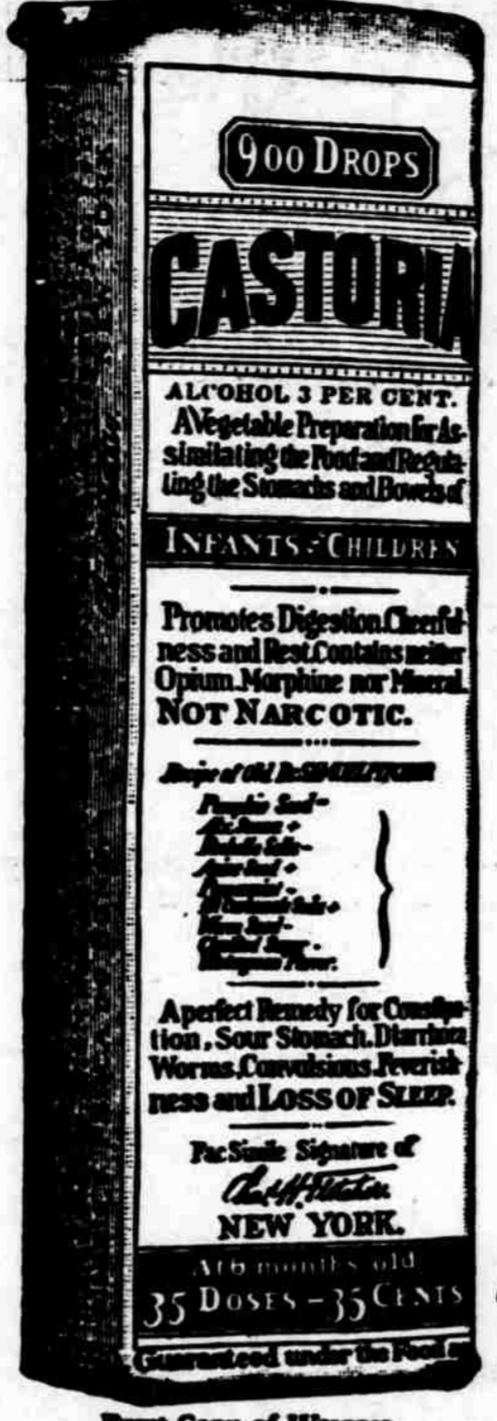
"I like the cut of his jib," he announced, with decision, and I like his ways; he ain't too forth-putting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish."

"Thing of it is you and his haven't tried to have him brought up, same as most of the summer folks do with their children; he's just been 'raised' like we were, and that's why he gets on with everybody in this town, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

Encouragement in New South Wales. The first poll taken under the provisions of the new liquor act in New South Wales gives the temperance people much encouragement. The ballots show an aggregate of 175,600 votes against license. Owing to the provisions of the law calling for a three-fifths majority, no district discredited license. The agitation will be continued, and another campaign will be carried on.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: First—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless. Second—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food. Third—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrup, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory." Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place." Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent." Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's." Dr. Wm. J. McCann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home." Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy." Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

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Mottoes of a Queen.

Her majesty, the queen of Portugal, plus her faith, it is said, to the following mottoes: Keep out of doors all you can. Breathe outdoor air, live in it, revel in it. Don't shut yourself up. Build your houses so that the air supply and bric-a-brac. Don't have useless trifles about you. Have a favorite form of exercise and make the most of it. Ride on horseback if you can; cycle if you can't get a horse; do anything to get out in the open air. Don't overeat. Drink little and let that little be pure. Don't try to dress too much, yet dress as well as you are able. Wear everything you can to make yourself lovely.

The Doctors' Orders.

A lady whose husband seemed to be doing little but lie in the hammock and eat apples, was asked by a sympathetic neighbor what the trouble with him was. "Doctors," she replied, sadly, "No, he hasn't come into a fortune." A writer in To-Day's Magazine tells the story.

"You see," explained the wife, "he's been having some sort of matter with his stomach, and he consulted two different doctors about it. One told him to eat a ripe apple every hour, and the other said to rest an hour after eating. So he's trying to do both."

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-PASTE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, etc. Ask to-day.

When a girl orders flowers sent home it's a sign that she expects the neighbors to think some man sent them.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped, only tobacco in its natural state.

Watch any man long enough and you will see him do something he ought to be ashamed of.

FERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER. Druggists often refuse to supply slight stocks of infection. Avoid trouble by taking Painkiller for it and many ailments. 25c, 50c and 75c sizes.

Plans are being made for the electrification of the more important state railroads of Sweden.



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Where Rice Exalts. "My mamma says that rice is a better food than wheat." "Why is it?" "Because of the food elephants it contains." His Helping Hand. First Him—When that man fell overboard, why did you throw the cigar I gave you after him? Second Him—I thought I heard the poor devil call for a rope!

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