

INTO

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
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THE PRIMITIVE

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an Englishwoman, 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 drunken stupor. Blake, stunned 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 wanted 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 weariness. 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. 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 sunburned skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overheard several conversations between Blake and Winthrop. Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with malaria. Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by the fire. Blake returned after nearly dying. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Would it not be best for Mr. Winthrop to rest during the noon hours?" "Fraid not, Miss Jenny. We're not on 'other side of Jordan yet, and there's no rest for the weary this side."

"What odd expressions you use, Mr. Blake!"

"Just giving you the reverse application of one of those songs they jolly us with in the mission churches."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Me, too, Miss Jenny! So, as that's settled, we'll be moving. Chuck some live coals in the pot, and come on."

He started off, weapons in hand. Winthrop made a languid effort to take possession of the pot. But Miss Leslie pushed him aside, and wrapping all in the antelope skin, slung it upon her back.

"The brute!" exclaimed Winthrop. "To leave such a load for you, when he knew that I could do so little!"

The girl met him outburst with a brave attempt at a smile. "Please try to look at the bright side, Mr. Winthrop. Really, I believe he thinks it is best for us to exert ourselves."

"He has other opinions with which we of the cultured class would hardly agree, Miss Leslie. Consider his command that we shall go thirsty until he permits us to return to the cliffs. The man's impertinence is intolerable. I shall go to the river and drink when I choose."

"Oh, but the danger of malaria!"

"Nonsense. Malaria, like yellow fever, comes only from the bite of certain species of mosquitoes. If we have the fever, it will be entirely his fault. We have been bitten repeatedly this morning, and all because he must compel us to come with him to this infected lowland."

"Still, I think we should do what Mr. Blake says."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, for your sake I will endeavor not to break with the fellow. Only, you know, it is deuced hard to keep one's temper when one considers what a boomer—what an unmitigated cad—"

"Stop! I will not listen to another word!" exclaimed the girl, and she hurried after Blake, leaving Winthrop staring in astonishment.

"My word!" he muttered: "can it be, after all I've done—and him, of all the low fellows—"

He stood for several moments in deep thought. The look on his sallow face was far from pleasant.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Serpent Strikes.

WHEN Winthrop came up with the others, they were gathering green leaves to throw on the fire which was blazing close beside the ant-hill.

"Get a move on you!" called Blake. "You're slow. Grab a bunch of leaves, and get into the smoke, if you don't want to be stung."

Winthrop neither gathered any leaves nor hurried himself, until he was visited by a highly irritated bee. Then he obeyed with alacrity. Blake was far too intent on other matters to heed the Englishman. Leaping in and out of the thick of the smoke, he rounded the ant-hill with his club, until he had broken a gaping hole into the cavity. The smoke, pouring into the hive, made short work of the bees that had not already been suffocated.

Blake caught Winthrop smiling with satisfaction as he licked his fingers.

"What's the matter with my expedition now, old man?" he demanded.

"I—ah—must admit, Blake, we have had a most enjoyable change of food."

"If you are sure it will agree with you," remarked Miss Leslie.

"But I am sure of that, Miss Genevieve. I could digest anything to-day. I'm fairly ravenous."

"All the more reason to be careful," rejoined Blake. "I guess, though, what we've had'll do no harm. We'll



snake—Lord! you're slow—I'll use mine!"



"Told You So! See Him Wiggle!"

let it settle a bit, here in the shade, and then hit the home trail."

"Could we not first go to the river, Mr. Blake? My hands are dreadfully sticky."

"Win will take you. It's only a little way to the bank here and there's not much underbrush."

"If you think it's quite safe—" remarked Winthrop.

"It's safe enough. Go on. You'll see the river in half a minute. Only thing, you'd better watch out for alligators."

"I believe that—er—properly speaking, these are crocodiles."

"You don't say! Heap of difference it will make if one gets you."

Miss Leslie caught Winthrop's eye. He turned on his heel, and led the way for her through the first thicket. Beyond this they came to a little glade which ran through to the river. When they reached the bank, they stepped cautiously down the muddy slope, and bathed their hands in the clear water. As Miss Leslie rose, Winthrop bent over and began to drink.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed: "please don't! In your weak condition, I'm so afraid—"

"Do not alarm yourself. I am perfectly well, and I am quite as competent to judge what is good for me as your—ah—countryman."

"Mr. Winthrop, I am thinking only of your own good."

Winthrop took another deep draught, rinsed his fingers fastidiously, and arose.

"My dear Miss Genevieve," he observed, "a woman looks at these matters in such a different light from a man. But you should know that there are some things a gentleman cannot tolerate."

"You were welcome to all the water in the flask. Surely with that you could have waited, if only to please me."

"Ah, if you put it that way, I must beg pardon. Anything to please you, I'm sure! Pray forgive me, and forget the incident. It is now past."

"I hope so!" she murmured; but her heart sank as she glanced at his sallow face, and she recalled his languid, feeble movements.

Piqued by her look, Winthrop started back through the glade. Miss Leslie was turning to follow, when she caught sight of a gorgeous crimson blossom under the nearest tree. It was the first flower she had seen since being shipwrecked. She uttered a little cry of delight, and ran to pluck the blossom.

Winthrop, glancing about at her exclamation, saw her stoop over the flower—and in the same instant he saw a huge, vivid coil, all black and green and yellow, flash up out of the bedded leaves and strike against the girl. She staggered back, screaming with horror, yet seemed unable to run. Winthrop swung up his stick, and dashed across the glade toward her.

"What is it—a snake?" he cried.

The girl did not seem to hear him. She had ceased screaming, and stood rigid with fright, glaring down at the ground before her. In a moment Winthrop was near enough to make out the brilliant glistening body, now extended full length in the grass. It was nearly five feet long and thick as his thigh. Another step, and he saw the hideous triangular head, lifted a few inches on the thick neck. The cold eyes were fixed upon the girl in a malignant, deadly stare.

"Snake! snake!" he yelled, and thrust his cane at the reptile's tail.

Again came a flashing leap of the beautiful orate coil, and the stick was struck from Winthrop's hand. He danced backward, wild with excitement.

"Snake!—Hi, Blake! monster!—"

Run, Miss Leslie! I'll hold him—I'll get another stick!"

He darted aside to catch up a branch, and then ran in and struck boldly at the adder, which reared hissing to meet him. But the blow fell short, and the rotten wood shattered on the ground. Again Winthrop ran aside for a stick. There was none near, and as he paused to glance about, Blake came sprinting down the glade.

"Where—Hi! look out! You'll be on him!"

Blake stopped short, barely beyond striking distance of the hissing reptile.

"Wow!" he yelled. "Puff adder! I'll fix him."

He leaped back, and thrust his bow at the snake. The challenge was met by a vicious lunge. Even where he stood Winthrop heard the thud of the reptile's head upon the ground.

"Now, once more, tootsie!" mocked Blake, swinging up his club.

Again the adder struck at the bow up, more viciously than before. With the flash of the stroke, Blake's right foot thrust forward, and his club came down with all the drive of his sinewy arm behind it. The blow fell across the thickest part of the adder's outstretched body.

"Told you so! See him wiggle!" shouted Blake. "Broke his back, first lick—What's the matter, Miss Jenny? He can't do anything now."

Miss Leslie did not answer. She stood rigid, her face ashy-gray, her dilated eyes fixed upon the writhing, hissing adder.

"I think the snake struck her!" gasped Winthrop, suddenly overcome with horror.

"God!" cried Blake. He dropped his club, and rushed to the girl. In a moment he had knelt before and fung up her leopard-skin skirt. Her stockings ripped to shreds in his frantic grasp. There, a little below her right knee, was a tiny, red wound. Blake put his lips to it, and sucked with fierce energy.

Then the girl found her voice. "Go away—go away! How dare you!" she cried, as her face flushed scarlet.

Blake turned, spat, and burst out with a loud demand of Winthrop: "Quick! the little knife—I'll have to slash it! Ten times worse than a rat-

Backache is kidneyache. Usually there are other troubles to prove it. Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say: "Oh, my back!"

Thompson, Watkins, professional nurse, 429 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney pills. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

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

Dorothy and the Stork. When little Dorothy Walworth was introduced to her baby brother in the First Methodist Episcopal Parsonage in Yonkers, N. Y., she manifested intense interest, but was not astonished.

"I knew he was coming," she exclaimed; "I knew it."

Pressed for an explanation, the five-year-old said: "I was down to the Bronx zoo the other day and saw the stork in his cage. I recognized him by the black stripes on his wings that papa said were there. Well, when the stork was standing alone on one leg, I went close to him and whispered in his ear that I wanted him to bring me a baby brother or sister. He didn't say anything, but I knew he would do it, because he bent his head toward me and winked an eye."

Joe Medicine. He is a very practical, serious-minded man of business. The other day he met a friend, and related to him an alleged joke, and at its conclusion laughed long and heartily.

The friend looked awkward for a moment, and then said: "You'll have to excuse me, old man, but I don't see the point."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I don't just see the point myself. But I've made it a rule to laugh at all jokes; I think it's good for the health."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the use of Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running nose or imperfect hearing, and if it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Also cases of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hays' Catarrh Cure, send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hays' Family Pills for constipation.

How She Knew. The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.

"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" was asked.

"Because in his sleep he said: 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't want to draw.'—Lippincott's Magazine.

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A girl never feels more important than when she is getting married, and a man never looks more inconspicuous.

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE must be reached before it can be cured. Allen's Lung Balm goes to the root of your cough, and cures it. Harmless and sure. At all drug stores.

We live truly for ourselves only when we live for others.—Seneca.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, and cures colic, in a few minutes.

Money talks, but it often fails to tell the truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HIRED TO MAKE A DISPLAY

Secret as to Profusion of Wedding Presents Divulged.

The Cleveland multi-millionaire who recently sent out invitations to his daughter's wedding bearing in bold script "no presents will be received," set an excellent example, which, if generally followed, would save the expense in fashionable circles of hiring presents for the grand occasion. Several London, Paris and New York firms have grown rich by letting out for a night or day all sorts of finery and trumpery to make believe that friends of the bride and bridegroom have contributed handsomely.

At a recent New York wedding the guests were more than amazed at the display of presents. Five rooms were filled with the costliest jewelry, bric-

abrac, tapestries, paintings, cutglass, china, ceramics, rugs, furniture, laces, etc., world without end, Amen! The father of the bride is a practical joker. He couldn't keep a family secret to save his life. "What did you think of Carrie's presents?" he asked an old friend two or three weeks after the wedding. "Why, George, old fellow, I was thunderstruck! And just think of the hard times! There must have been half a million dollars' worth of stuff." George laughed. "Never breathe it to my wife," he whispered, "but all that vast outlay cost me only \$2,000. I hired four roomfuls for the occasion from — E. Co., and we had 'em on exhibition for a week. The few things in the hall bedroom were ours."

WAS IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE

Prisoner Put Coming Gastronomic Joy Ahead of a Brief Period of Liberty.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few years when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnsing, I sho is glad you all is gwine to git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out till late evenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some o' dem greens befo' I leaves dis place!"—Lippincott's.

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madam: Don't be misled

Cheap and Big Can Baking Powder is Only Big in Size—Not in Satisfaction—Not in Economy

A large can and a small cost does not make baking powder cheap—or even less expensive than Calumet—the high-quality, moderate-price kind. It certainly cannot make it so good. Don't judge baking powder in this way—the real test—the proof of raising power, of evenness, uniformity, wholesomeness and deliciousness will be found only in the baking.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

is a better baking powder than you have ever used before. And we will leave it to your good judgment for proof. Buy a can today. Try it for any baking purpose. If the results are not better—if the baking is not lighter, more delicious, take it back and get your money. Calumet is medium in price—but great in satisfaction. Free—large handsome recipe book, illustrated in colors. Send 4c and slip found in pound can.

Calumet Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition

The highest medical authority on foods,

Sir James Crichton Browne, LL. D.—F. R. S. of London, gives the best reasons for eating more

Quaker Oats

In an article published in the Youth's Companion of September 23rd, 1909, Dr. Browne, the great medical authority on foods, says, about brain and muscle building—

"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal."

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it pro-

duces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body.

In conclusion he says—"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

GENTLE REBUKE FROM PULPIT

Yet One Somehow Cannot Help Wondering Whether Sermon Was Worth Listening To.

Somewhere in the pages of her pleasant "Book of Joys" Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins tells a delightful story of her New England clerical grandfather, who was a man of ingenuity and resources. She says: "He employed more than one device to secure wakefulness on the part of his weary congregation. Standing during the prayer was but one of many. My grandfather used to tell us with pride of an instance which occurred at a time when a new church edifice had been proposed, and was under warm discussion. Great-grandfather thought this a worldly and unnecessary expense, and emphasized his opinion by pausing in the midst of his sermon on a Sunday, saying impressively, as he fixed the somnolent members of his congregation with a stern look:

"You are talking about building a new church. It seems to me quite unnecessary, since the sleepers in the old one are all sound!"—Youth's Companion.

His Proper Field. A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard. "Hit wouldn't no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain this thing to yo' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Editorial Amenities. Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantagraph has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?" "It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.—Everybody's.

Hixon—"Did the operation on your wife's throat do her good?" Dixon—"It did us both good. She hasn't been able to talk for six weeks."—Boston Herald.

Tell the Dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality. Live up to the Bible you know, and your Bible will grow.

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh! it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all ailments brought on by the bowels. Millions benefit a month.

DEFIANCE STARCH—It causes no defecation, only 12 courses—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PATENTS—Washburn & Moen, Lowell, Mass. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 43-1909.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more pure, brighter and faster than any other dye. One tin packages colors all shades. They dye to color better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without staining apart. Wash for true results—dye in hot water and fix colors. ADVANCE DYEING CO., Quakertown, Pa.