

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 washed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat because of his roughness, became here a preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. All three could not tolerate to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detected his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake recovered his survivor's magnifying glass, thus lighting fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several others. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. He and Blake discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake and Winthrop were attacked by a tiger. Blake and Winthrop were attacked by a tiger. Blake and Winthrop were attacked by a tiger.



"I Know Already—I Know All."

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Mr.—Mr. Blake, pray do not get excited—I mean, please excuse me. I'm—"
"You're coming down sick!" he said.
"No, no! I have no fever."
"Then it's the sun. Yet you ought to keep up there where the air is freshest. I'll make you a shade."
She protested, and withdrew, somewhat hurriedly, to her tree.
In the morning Blake was gone again; but instead of a note, beside the fire stood the smaller antelope skin converted into a great bamboo-ribbed sunshade.

She spent the day as usual on the headland. There was no wind, and the sun was scorching hot. But with her big sunshade to protect her from the direct rays, the heat was at least endurable. She even found energy to work at a basket which she was attempting to weave out of long, coarse grass; yet there were frequent intervals when her hands sank idle in her lap, and she gazed away over the shimmering glassy expanse of the ocean.
In the afternoon the heat became oppressively sultry, and a long slow swell began to roll shoreward from beyond the distant horizon, showing no trace of white along its oily crests until they broke over the coral reefs. There was not a breath of air stirring, and for a time the reefs so checked the rollers that they lacked force to drive on in and break upon the beach.

Steadily, however, the swell grew heavier, though not so much as a cat's paw ruffled the dead surfaces of the watery hillocks. By sunset they were rolling high over both lines of reefs and racing shoreward to break upon the beach and the cliff top in furious surf. The still air reverberated with the booming of the breakers. Yet the girl, inland bred and unaccustomed to the weather here, sat heedless and indifferent her eyes fixed upon the horizon in a vacant stare.
Her reverie was at last disturbed by the peculiar behavior of the seaweed. Those in the air circled around in a manner strange to her, while their mates on the ledges waddled restlessly about over and between their nests. There was a shriller note than usual in their discordant clamor.

Yet even when she gave heed to the birds, the girl failed to realize their alarm or to sense the impending danger. It was only that a feeling of disquiet had broken the spell of her reverie; it did not intrude upon the field of her conscious thought. She sighed and rose to return to the cleft, idly wondering that the air should seem more sultry than at mid-day. The peculiar appearance of the seaweed and the western sky meant nothing more to her than an odd effect of color and light. She smilingly compared it with an attempt at a sunset painted by an artist friend of the impressionist school.

Neither Winthrop nor Blake was in sight when she reached the baobab, and neither appeared, though she delayed supper until dark. It was quite possible that they had eaten before her return and had gone off again, the Englishman to doze and Blake on an evening hunt.

At last, tired of waiting, she covered the fire and retired into her tree-cave. The air in the cleft was still more stifling than on the headland. She passed, with her hand upraised to clear the swinging door. She had propped it open when she came out in the morning. After a moment's hesitation, she went on across the hollow, leaving the door wide open.

"I will rest a little, and close it later," she sighed. She was feeling weary and doped. An ominous stillness lay upon the cleft. Even the cicadas had hushed their shrill note. The only sound was a muffled reverberating echo of the surf roaring upon the seashore. Beneath the giant spread of the baobab all was blackness.

its dazzling coruscation. This time the creeping figure did not halt. Again and again the forked lightning streaked across the sky, every stroke more vivid than the one before. The rumble of the distant thunder deepened to a heavy rolling which dominated the dull roar of the breakers. The storm was coming with the on-rush of a tornado. Yet the leaves hung motionless in the still air, and there was no sound other than the thunder and the booming of the surf. The lightning flared, one stroke upon the other, with a brilliancy that lit up the cave's interior brighter than at mid-day.

In the white glare the girl saw Winthrop, crouched beneath her upswung door; and his face was as the face of a beast.

CHAPTER XX.

The Hurricane Blast.

FOR a moment that seemed a moment of eternity she lay on her bed staring into the blank darkness. The storm burst with a crashing uproar that brought her to her feet with a shriek. Her giant tree creaked and strained under the impact of the terrific hurricane blasts that came howling through the cleft like a rout of shrieking fiends. The peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, beneath which the solid ledges of rocks jarred and quivered. The sky was a pall of black clouds, meshed with a dazzling network of forked lightning.

The girl stood motionless, stunned by the uproar, appalled by the blinding glare of the thunderbolts; yet even more fearful of the figure which every flash showed her still lurking beneath the door. A gust-borne blow struck with numbing force against her upraised arm. But she took no heed. She was unaware of the swirl of rain and sticks and leaves that was driving in through the open entrance.

On a sudden the door shook free from its props and whirled violently around on its balance-bar. There was a shriek that pierced above the shrilling of the cyclone—a single human shriek.

The girl sprang across the cave. The heavy door swished up before her and down again, its lower edge all but grazing her face. For a moment it stopped in a vertical position and hung quivering, like a beast about to leap upon its prey. Too excited to comprehend the danger of the act, the girl sprang forward and shot one of the thick bars into its socket.

A fierce gust leaped against the outer edge of the door and thrust in upon it, striving to burst it bodily from its bearings. The top and the free side of the bottom bowed in. But the branches were still green and tough, the bamboo like whalebone and the shrunken creepers held the frame together as though the joints were lashed with wire rope. Falling to smash in the elastic structure or to snap the crossbar it were as if the blast flung itself alternately against the top and bottom in a fierce attempt to again whirl the frame about. The white glare streaming in through the sliterices showed the girl her opportunity. She grasped another bar and shot it into its socket as the lower part of the door gave back with the shifting of the pressure to the top. It was then a simple matter to slide the remaining bars into the deep-sunk holes. Within half a minute she had made the door fast from the first bar to the sixth.

A heavy spray was beating in upon her through the chinks of the frame-work. She drew back and sought

shelter in a niche at the side. Narrow as was the slit above the top of the door, it let in a torrent of water, which splashed clear across and against the far wall of the cave. It gushed down upon her bed and was already flooding the cave floor.

She piled higher the coconuts stored in her niche, and perched herself upon the heap to keep above the water. But even in her sheltered corner the eddying wind showered her with spray. She waded across for her skin-covered sunshade, and returned to huddle beneath it. In the still misery and terror of a hunted animal that has crept wounded into a hole.

During the first hurricane there had been companions to whom she could look for help and comfort, and she had been to a degree unaware of the greatness of the danger. But in the few short weeks since she had caught more than one glimpse of Primeval Nature—she of the bloody fang, blind, remorseless, insensate, destroying, ever destroying.

True, this was on solid land, while before there had been the peril of the sea. But now the girl was alone. Outside the straining walls of her refuge, the hurricane yelled and shrieked and roared—a headless, formless monster, furious to burst in upon her, to overthrow her stanch old tree giant, that in his fall his shattered trunk might crush and mangle her. Or at any instant a thunder-bolt might rend open the great tower of living wood, and hurl her blackened body into the pool on the cave floor.

Once she fancied that she heard Blake shouting outside the door; but when she screamed a shrill response, the blast mocked her with echoing shrieks, and she dared not venture to free the door. If it were Blake, he did not shout again. After a time she began to think that the sound had been no more than a frisson of the shifting wind. Yet the thought of him out in the full fury of the cyclone served to turn her thoughts to her own danger. She prayed aloud for his safety, beseeching God that he be spared. She sought to pray even for Winthrop. But the vision of that nearly face rose up before her, and she could not—then.

Presently she became aware of a change in the storm. The terrific gusts blew with yet greater violence, the thunder crashed heavier, the lightning flared the air with a flame of dazling white light. But the rain no longer gushed across on the spot

where her bed had been. It was entering at a different angle, and its force was broken by the bend in the thick wall of the entrance. After a time the deluge dashed against the entrance, gushing down the door in a cataract of foam.

Another interval, and the driving downpour no longer struck even the edge of the opening. The wind was veering rapidly as the cyclone center moved past on one side. The area of the hurricane was little more than three that of a tornado, and it was advancing along its course at great speed. An hour more, and the outermost rim of the huge whirl was passing over the cleft.

Quickly the hurricane gusts fell away to a gale; the gale became a breeze; the breeze lulled and died away, stifled by the torrential rain. Within the baobab all was again dark and silent. Utterly exhausted, the girl had sunk back against the friendly wall of the tree, and fallen asleep. She was awakened by a hoarse call: "Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny, answer me! Are you all right?"

She started up, barely saving herself from a fall as the big unshooked nuts rolled beneath her feet. The morning sunlight was streaming in over her door. She sprang down ankle-deep into the mire of the cave floor, and ran to loosen the bars. As the door swung up, she darted out, with a cry of delight: "You are safe—safe! Oh, I was so afraid for you! But you're drenched! You must build a fire—dry yourself—at once!"

"Wait," said Blake. "I've got to tell you something."
He caught her outstretched hands, and pushed them down with gentle force. His face was grave, almost solemn.

"Think you can stand bad news—a shock?"
"—What is it? You look so strange!"
"—It's about Winthrop—something very bad—"
She turned, with a gasp, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering with horror and loathing.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "I know already—I know all!"
"—All?" demanded Blake, staring blankly.
"—Yes; ah! And—and he made me think it was you!" She gasped, and fell silent.

Blake's face went white. He spoke in a clear, vibrant voice, tense as an overstrained violin string: "I am speaking about Winthrop—understand me?—Winthrop. He has been badly hurt."
"—The door swung down and struck him, when he was creeping in."
"—God!" roared Blake. "I built him up like a sick baby—the beast!—stead of grinding my heel in his face! God! I'll—"
"—Tom! don't—don't even speak of it! Tom!"

"God! When a helpless girl—when a—!" He choked, beside himself with rage.
She sprang to him, and caught his sleeve in a convulsive grasp. "Hush, for mercy's sake! Tom Blake, remember—you're a man!"

He calmed like a ferocious dog at the voice of its master; but it was several minutes before he could bring himself to obey her insistent urging that he should return to the injured man.

"I'll go," he at last growled. "Wouldn't do it even for you, but he's good as dead—lucky for him!"
"—Dead!"
"—Dying. You stay away."
He went around the baobab and a few paces along the cleft to the place where a limp form lay huddled on the ledges, out of the mud. Slowly, as though drawn by the fascination of horror, the girl crept after him. When she saw the broken, storm-beaten thing that had been Winthrop, she stopped, and would have turned back. After all, as Blake had said, he was dying—

When she stood at the feet of the writing figure, and looked down into the battered face, it required all her will-power to keep from fainting. Blake frowned up at her for an instant, but said nothing.

Winthrop was speaking, feebly and brokenly, yet distinctly: "Really, I did not mean any harm—at first—you know. But a man does not always have control—"
"—Not a beast like you!" growled Blake.
"—Ow! Don't! It me! I say now, I'm done for! My legs are cold already—"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LITTLE COLD.

He caught a little cold— That was all. So the neighbors sadly said. As they gathered round his bed. When they heard that he was dead.

He caught a little cold— That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Made Sure Pair Was There. A through train stopped a few moments at a small station the other day. A passenger got off to walk around a little. As the train began to move again the passenger jumped aboard, but just then he discovered that he had but one overshoe. Thinking that he dropped the other somewhere on the platform, and as the train was going too fast for him to jump off and recover it, he pulled off the remaining shoe and threw it on the platform, exclaiming: "There, that makes a good pair of overshoes for somebody." Entering the car, he proceeded to his seat. There, to his great astonishment, was his overshoe. A look of intense disgust came over his face, but he did not hesitate. Quickly picking up the lone article, he hurried to the platform, threw the shoe as far as he could back toward the other one, and shouted: "By jimminy, there is a pair of overshoes for somebody!"

Lost in Antiquity. A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation. "Mother," he asked, "did grandpa have a father when he was a little boy?" "Yes," answered his mother, impressively. "And did his father thrash him when he was little?" "Yes." "And did his father thrash him?" "Yes." "And did his father thrash him?" "Yes." "Well, who started this thing, anyway?"—Caseell's Saturday Journal.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We have discovered a new and effective remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, and other organs. It is a simple, safe, and sure cure. It is sold by all druggists.

Sing Sing to Be Removed. Sing Sing prison is to be removed across the Hudson river 15 or 20 miles northward, just eight miles south of West Point, where a large tract of land has been purchased and a gang of several hundred convicts has been working for two years. The present prison was also built by convicts in 1826, with material found on the grounds, but although it has been enlarged every few years, and is now one of the largest penitentiaries in the world, it is not large enough.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Ruled by Kindness. Lucy Burd's success with boys at the reform school in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, she thinks, is due entirely to kindness. She has reformed more than 100 boys in her term of five years as superintendent. Some of her boys are in the navy some on farms. Few have gone back to their old ways after coming under her influence.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Hubs, being all poison, one life box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cabs that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny ready-for-use devices.

When a man tells a young widow that she is the only woman he ever loved she is sure he is eligible for membership in an Ananias club.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—Ruskin.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH. It certainly ticks your system and may run into something serious. Always get the relief that is quick and permanent. For sale at all druggists.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

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

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

A Matter on Which All Success in Life is Dependent.

A physician tells me that he goes through his medical library every year and throws out a lot of books which have become useless to him because the new, up-to-date, more progressive, are pushing out the old. We all know that some of the scientific books published are useless a year after they appear in print. There never was a time in the history of the world when the new in every line of endeavor crowded out the old as it does today.

some ways of doing things; a lot of red tape in your methods. Remember that nothing else is improving faster than business methods. If you are keeping books as they were kept a quarter of a century ago, if you are using the same business systems, you will find that you are way behind the times.—Success Magazine.

Not Yet. When tailors give three-cornered hats in Piccadilly and Bond street it will be time enough to lay in a stock of pink dress suitings. But unless we are mistaken, this sort of thing will not trouble the present generation. The present rage is for quiet tones.—Tailor and Cutter.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

- Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvena Sperling, 11 Langdon Street.
- London, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
- Knox, Ky.—Mrs. John Gifford Deenan.
- Scott, N. Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
- Cornwall, N. Y.—Mrs. Wm. Brougham.
- Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. H. Housh, 2511 Vine St.
- Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Lane, 825 1st St., Cor. 2nd.
- Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Fred Curtis, 294 S. 1st St.
- Leopold, Wis.—Mrs. Lida Holland.
- Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Longmire, 25 S. Market St.
- Paterson, N. J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 137 Washington Avenue.
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. E. E. Garrett, 2427 North Garret Street.
- Kewanna, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dehler.
- Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Doyice Cook, 117 South Main Street.
- Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. F. Anderson, 1237 E. First Street.
- Big Horn, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
- Airport Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muehlbach, 1111 Broadway.
- Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2155 Gilbert Avenue.
- Mogador, Ohio.—Mrs. Leo Mangus, Box 121.
- Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. A. A. Gillet.
- Johnstown, N. Y.—Mrs. James S. Deenan, 103 E. Main Street.
- Bartonsville, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbach.
- Organic Displacements. Hampton, Md.—Mrs. J. H. Dandy.
- Adrian, Ga.—Mrs. V. Henry, Route No. 2.
- Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. E. V. Piper, 21 South Adams Street.
- London, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 222 Fourth St.
- Scotts Wadesboro, N. C.—Mrs. Lillian Robinson, 111 Depot Light Station.
- Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Rossman, 544 Michigan Avenue, German.
- Organic Displacements. Mosler, Ill.—Mrs. Mary Ball.
- Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.
- Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Waterman, R. F. D. No. 1.
- Brooklyn, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
- Leicester, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 28 Oxford Street.
- Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 212 Second Street, N.
- Shamokin, Mo.—Mrs. Joe Ham, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 2.
- Marion, N. J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 2, Box 2.
- Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
- Oella, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Child.
- Pewee, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R.R. 44.
- Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.
- A pause.
- "Well, who started this thing, anyway?"—Caseell's Saturday Journal.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

Difference That Ten Minutes Make

From 35 degrees to 70 degrees—from an unbearable cold to a glowing heat that contributes the cheery comfort you want in your home is the difference that can be made in 10 minutes when you have the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device) to do your heating. It is unrivaled for quick work—and effective, clean, ly work.



Impossible to turn the wick too high or too low—impossible to make it smoke or emit disagreeable odor—the self-locking Automatic Smokeless Device absolutely prevents smoke. Lighted in a second—cleaned in a minute—burns Nine Hours with one filling. Rustless brass font.

Automatic smokeless device instantly removed for cleaning. Highest efficiency in heating power—Beautifully finished in Japan or Nickel—an ornament anywhere—a necessity everywhere. Variety of styles. Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

The Wizard of Horticulture

Hon. Luther Burbank says: "Delicious is a gem—the finest apple in all the world. It is the best in quality of any apple I have so far tested,"—and Mr. Burbank knows. Delicious is but one of the hundreds of good things in Stark Trees—the good things you should know about before you plant this fall or next year.

Let us tell you about them by writing today for our complete, illustrated price-list-catalogue which describes our complete line of fruit trees, ornamentals, etc.

Wanted—A Bright, Capable Man

in each county of this state to sell Stark Trees on commission. No previous experience necessary. The work is pleasant, clean work, highly profitable, and the positions are permanent to the right men, who apply immediately. Many of our salesmen are earning \$50 to \$80 per month and expenses; some are making more. You can do as well or better if you're a hustler and trying to succeed. No investment called for; we furnish complete order-getting outfit free and the most liberal contract.

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Five Minutes in the Morning NO STROPPING NO HOOPING KNOW THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. It is the best hair dressing ever made. It is sold by all druggists and is the only one that is guaranteed to be pure and safe. It is the only one that is guaranteed to be pure and safe.

DEFIANCE STARCH. It is the best starch ever made. It is sold by all druggists and is the only one that is guaranteed to be pure and safe. It is the only one that is guaranteed to be pure and safe.

WIZARD OIL. THE OIL THAT PENETRATES. GREAT FOR PAIN.