

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
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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 brisque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was seized for the hand of Miss Leslie. Winthrop wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. 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. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. 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. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrop stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrop was badly hurt.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! It may be, some hot broth—"
"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrop, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. See if you can't die like a man."
"Die! Gawd, but I can't die—I can't die—Ow! It burns!"
He flung up a hand, and sought to tear at his wounds.
"Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip.
Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cower the wretched man into a state of abject submission.

"S'elp me, I'll confess!—I'll confess!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I 'ad to take 'em out of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a running smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they never 'as a hinkling! Mr. Cecil Winthrop, hif you please, an' 'a but of a title—wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'caxer! Wot a lark! wot a lark!"

His voice shrilled out in quavering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—his grace's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you—"
Blake's deep voice, firm but strangely husky, broke in upon and stilled the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."
"Enough—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy—"
Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally.

Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure.
"Get back around the tree," he said harshly.
"What are you going to do?"
"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning-glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."
"You're not going to— You'll bury him!"
"Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!"
"I can't go," she half whispered, "not until—until I've learned— Do you—can you tell me just what is parano—"

Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.
"Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."
"Do you think that—" she hesitated—"that he had it?"
"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."
"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and you— you quarreled with him?"

Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"
"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"
"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"
Blake jerked his thumb upward.
"You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over— But, I say, look here!"
He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of



"I Wish He Hadn't Rushed Off So Suddenly."

"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows."

"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect—?" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them.

Blake frowned and hesitated; then burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's not blabbing to tell that much—I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."

"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wreckage and Salvage.



ALL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to feel any concern over the more damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While she worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smeared moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."
"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"
Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the cliff?"
"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over— But, I say, look here!"

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of

the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea.
"O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.

He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into his pocket.

"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess's jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this tight again, and—"
"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.

"Say, I didn't mean to— It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"
"Of course! It was only the—the thought that—"

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."
Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.

"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparklers! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"
"No; not as it is."
He nodded soberly. "All right, then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."
She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and turned to go again to her sewing.

"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."
"I do not—I am not hungry."
"That's no matter. Here!"

He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.

He bolted the last of his meat, and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.

His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his face cleared, and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrop, she had called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking his way over the remnant of the barricade, without a falter in his whistling. The deluge of rain had poured down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying bare the ledges in the channel of the spring hill. But aside from an occa-

sional boggy hole, the water had drained away.

At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge, and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm, and a slight breeze tempered the sun-rays.

He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day; but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river, and swam across, reckless of the crocodiles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments as well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reckless of the sharks as he had been of the ugly crocodiles in the river.

For all this, he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had stitched up the last slit in the torn flag.

She looked up at him, with a brave attempt at a smile.

"I am afraid I'm not much of a needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"
"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give me, now. I've got to get it up, and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp—and to-night I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."

"Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I take a turn on watch?"
Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep to-day, and work rebuilding the barricade to-night. Toward morning I might build up the fire, and take a nap."

He caught up the flag and its new staff, and swung away through the cleft.

He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected, and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboos over a ledge at the cliff foot, behind the baobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which, like Winthrop's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work, he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree."
"Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined—"not till it's dried out."

She glanced at his fact, and replied, without a moment's hesitancy: "Very well. I will do what you think best."
"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much needed sleep.

He awoke just soon enough before dark to see the results of her hard day's labor. All the provisions stored in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready for burning, was piled up against the baobab; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered together in heaps. Blake looked his admiration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.

"You oughtn't to've done so much," he admonished.

"I'll show you I can tote fair!" she rejoined. During the afternoon she had recalled to mind that odd expression of a southern girl chum, and had been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.

He stared at her open-eyed, and laughed.

"Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"

Thereupon, they fell to chatting like children out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure up on the cliff top and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them.

When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake sprang up, with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft. The girl looked after him with a lingering smile.

"I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for—for every thing!"

The color swept over her face in a deep blush, and she darted around to her tiny hut as though some one might have overheard her whisper.

Yet, after all, she had said nothing, or, at least, she had merely said "everything."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Only Once in Awhile.

Once in awhile you'll run across a woman who'd rather stay home and darn stockings than go to an after-noon card party.

Taking Care of Yourself.

There never was a time when people paid as much attention to their health and strength as they do now. Time was when fine stock and fine horses were fed more carefully than human beings.

The result of properly balanced rations has worked wonders with stock and recent experiments are proving that the same thing is true of mankind.

It has been found that Quaker Oats eaten often and regularly taking the place of heavy, greasy foods will work wonders in the health and strength of a family.

School children fed frequently on Quaker Oats thrive physically and are always capable of the best work at school. For athletes, laborers, it is the best food. One of the attractive features of Quaker Oats is the perfect way it is packed. Besides the regular size package there is the large size family package.

PICTURE ON MEMORY'S WALL.



Uncle—Well, Tommy, how was your report this term?
Nephew—I call feel it yet, uncle.

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—in One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could bear for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Suspicious.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams' horses came to him. "You lose your affection for me, boss?" he asked. "No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever." "Then," said Scipio, peevishly, "w'yn't you tie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dorg?"

A Lay Matter.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.
The Springfield man looked dubious.
"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"
"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying of floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have 'em unsectarian.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Size of North Pole.

"Dr. Cook tells us that the north pole is not larger than a quarter of a dollar," says the Montgomery Advertiser. However, a quarter of a dollar sometimes looks as large as the whole side of a barn.

Probably the reason some girls make such a fuss when a fellow steals a kiss is because they are afraid he won't give it back.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Lucky Christopher.
Columbus told his greatest joy.
"I have made an Atlantic trip without tips," he cried.
Herewith he pitied those who were to follow him.

Social Progress.

"The Fillets are getting on rapidly, aren't they?"
"Indeed, yes. They used to employ a washerwoman, but now they have a laundress."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

FERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER.

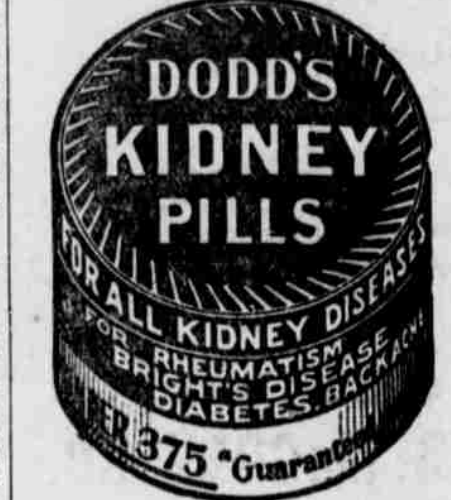
Nothing will thaw the frigid heart of a man as quickly as a pretty woman's tears.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

It's a lot easier for a child to inherit red hair than brains.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

The average man is a poor judge of his own importance.



WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in the West, and he has said in an interview:
"As an American I am delighted to see the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our country is stretching across the boundary in thousand miles, and I have not yet met one who admitted he had made a mistake. They are all doing well. There is scarcely a community in the Middle or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada fields crop for 1909 will yield to the farmer \$170,000,000.00 in cash. Free Homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$2.00 an acre. Railway and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farming opportunities for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlets "Last Best West," "Statistics as to soil, location and low settlers' rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Govt. Agent."

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When Cold Winds Blow

When cold winds blow, biting frost is in the air and back-draughts down the chimney deaden the fires, then the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device) shows its sure heating power by steadily supplying just the heat that is needed for comfort.

The Perfection Oil Heater is unaffected by weather conditions. It never fails. No smoke—no smell—just a genial, satisfying heat. The new

Automatic Smokeless Device

prevents the wick being turned too high. Removed in an instant.

Solid brass foot holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles. Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

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