

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the wreckage 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 tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned 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.

CHAPTER III.—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.

CHAPTER IV.—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.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open plain. All three constructed hats 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.

CHAPTER VII.

Around the Headland.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression. "Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrop.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrop, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrop's knowledge had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrop. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied. "Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrop. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either

side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes, you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of coconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot, Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy coconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the coconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in

the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Starting upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seaweal.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seaweal and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Broddingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying

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FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

Continued next week.

THE LOCAL LORE

Crowded off the regular Local Page.

Clare Foster left Sunday for Plattsmouth.

Mrs. Jno. Oswald is visiting her parents near Stella.

L. C. Edwards spent Christmas at his home in Humboldt.

J. S. Lord is entertaining a sister, Mrs. Moore from Woodbine, Iowa.

Miss Edna DeWald was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lea Stewart last week.

J. W. Curran came up from Minneapolis, Kans., and spent Christmas with his family.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. W. H. Maddox next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. George Albright was the guest of her parents, J. J. Turner and wife in Humboldt the past week.

George Stumbo returned to Lincoln Sunday after spending Christmas at the home of Samuel Prater.

The Presbyterian ladies will hold their food exchange at D. W. Sowles store Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. John Conner and two children of Auburn are in the city visiting her mother, Mrs. Sue E. DeWald.

Edward Moody and wife of McPherson, Kans., are in the city visiting their daughter, Mrs. Jesse Nicholson.

Misses Lily Stump and Maud Lippold were the guests of the Misses Dodds, near Humboldt last week.

Miss Winifred Roper, a sister of Mrs. Chas. Hargrave, left Sunday for Chicago, after a short visit in this city.

Among the many pretty Christmas windows in our city was that at Wm. Mosiman's meat market. It was certainly tastefully decorated.

Misses Maud and Cora McCormack, who have spent some time with their sister, Mrs. G. L. Neide, returned to their home in Batesville, Ark., Wednesday.

C. G. Stumbo and wife, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Thomas, in this city, left Monday night for New York, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan D. May and little son of Auburn spent Christmas with relatives here. Mr. May returned to his work Monday morning but Mrs. May will remain in the city for several days.

On Christmas day at the home of G. J. Crook were assembled all his children and grandchildren. A nice Christmas tree was arranged for the children and all enjoyed a merry Christmas.

Miss Edna Corsant of Hiawatha gave a party at her home in honor of Miss Ruth Reavis, who has been visiting her for several days. Blain Yoder, Stanley Stump and Reavis Gist of this city were among the guests.

The appearance of our streets are changed to a great extent this week. The beautiful wreaths of holly and the many Christmas bells are gone from the windows, and the toys and dolls that made glad the little hearts have been put away until another year.

Mrs. Elva Sears Vincent returned from Denver to the home of her parents in this city Saturday. While her health has been very poor for some time, she is feeling quite well after the tiresome trip home. Her many friends will be glad to hear this welcome news.

On account of the condition of her health Mrs. J. M. Jellison, who has been identified with the Tribune for some time past, has decided to take a well-earned vacation, during which time we hope her usual good health will be restored. Mrs. Jellison has been a valuable employee and the Tribune will miss her greatly.

At the meeting of the Highlanders Tuesday evening several new members were initiated. After lodge closed all enjoyed a very pleasant evening dancing. At a late hour an elegant lunch was served.

H. W. Shubert of Ottawa, Kas., Frank Shubert, A. G. Shubert and J. F. Shubert of Shubert were in the city on Monday. While here the four brothers had their pictures taken.

Mrs. Dennis McCarthy was in Rulo during the week, called there by the illness of her father James Murphy. Mr. Murphy is suffering from cancer of the stomach.

Mrs. Mattie Stoughton went to Kansas City Sunday, being called there by her daughter Mrs. Wright who received injuries from falling down stairs.

Mrs. C. M. Wilson returned from the east this week. On her way home she stopped at Ames, Iowa, and visited with Mrs. M. K. Davies.

Clarence Wiltse and James Wiltse of Dawson and John Wiltse and their families were guests at the home of their father Sunday.

Fred Walters of Burlington, Iowa, returned home Sunday after visiting at the home of his uncle, George Capp and family.

Mrs. J. R. Wilhite went to Kansas City Tuesday to spend a few days with her son, Jule Schoenheit and family.

Miss Edna Murphy returned from Artesia, New Mexico, Friday. She was absent from this city about a year.

J. H. Holland, wife and daughter Florence of Salem attended the funeral of Uncle Jesse Crook here Saturday.

Miss Mable Greenwald came down from LeMars, Iowa, and spent Christmas with her mother in this city.

The Junior League of the M. E. church gave a social in the basement of the church Tuesday evening.

Etta Sheehan returned to her work at St. Joe after spending Christmas with her parents in this city.

John Ramel and family ate Christmas dinner with their daughter, Mrs. Glen Bronson, at Shubert.

D. M. Meyers and wife and C. A. Flickinger and wife of Morrill were guests of friends here Sunday.

Miss Mable Cutter of Lincoln spent Christmas in this city with her cousin, Mrs. F. E. Schmitt. Miss May Maddox is enjoying a vacation from her duties at V. G. Lyford's store.

Dr. Bert Windle spent Christmas at the home of Glen Bronson near Shubert.

Mrs. Kate Reiger spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Preston.

Miss Gertrude Lum came down from Verdon Tuesday to visit friends.

J. O. Stalder of Humboldt was a business visitor here during the week.

Mrs. W. S. Fast returned from a visit to her parents at Corning, Mo.

Frank Snethen of Humboldt transacted business here Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Hall, living in the east part of town is very sick.

V. G. Lyford was a business visitor in Humboldt Tuesday.

Mr. Hoehn spent Christmas with his parents in St. Joe.

Miss Martha King of Verdon was in town Tuesday.

A. J. Helmick was down from Stella Tuesday.

Roy Heacock made a trip to Omaha in his automobile this week.

Mrs. Lillian Stephenson and baby returned from a visit in Lincoln.

A baby girl was born to Clifford Aggee and wife Sunday morning.

Supt. Tobie and family spent Christmas with their parents in Hiawatha.

W. S. Korner returned Monday from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Harry Morrow in St. Louis.

Forest Wilson of Atchison spent Christmas in this city with his cousin Florence Beachaupt.

Albert Tanner of Lincoln was the guest of his grandmother and other relatives here during the week.

Little Billie Resterer who has spent some time in this city returned Monday to his home in St. Joe.

The Misses Patzman returned from Hollenberg, Kansas, where they spent a few days with their brother.

George Reichers and wife and son Fred spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Tom Davies in Auburn.

John Ward was down from Tecumseh, Tuesday. He was accompanied home by Raymond Miller, who spent Christmas there.

Wendell Beaver and wife of Diller spent Christmas in this city at the homes of Quinby Beaver and Ben F. Foster. They returned home the first of the week.

W. A. Hossack came down from Elk Point, S. D., and spent Christmas at home. He is employed as foreman of a bridge crew of the Western Bridge and Supply Co., of Omaha.

Frank Dorland and brother Wade, passed through Falls City enroute to their home at Humboldt the first of the week. They had been spending the holidays at Peru, with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dietsch and little daughter of Hastings spent Christmas with Mrs. Dietsch's mother, Mrs. Margaret Maddox. Before returning home Mr. Dietsch visited relatives in Rulo.

J. S. Jobe and wife were in Lincoln the past week looking after the interests of the Singer Sewing machine. Mr. Jobe was the leading salesman of the state the past year, having sold 145 machines.

—NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified not to skate on Pony Creek. I have it dammed up for the purpose of putting up ice off of it and do not want it cut up or dirty.

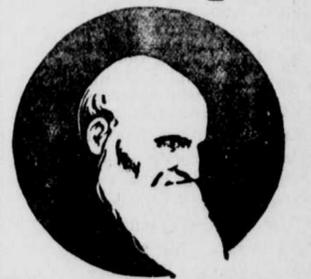
50 3t MARTIN GEHLING.

Hog Cholera Cure

I have a remedy to cure the cholera, the Dr. J. H. Snoddy Cholera Cure. I will take twenty-five nice well young shoats and put them in with sick hogs and give them the disease, then cure them all, and not lose a single hog. Will put up the money in the bank as security. At Lindell hotel.

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Old People



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